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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1904

WASHINGTON IN WARTIME

FROM THE JOURNAL OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

MR. EMERSON was invited by the Smithsonian Institution to deliver a lecture in Washington, on the last day of January, 1862. This was the occasion of the visit, the record of which is here presented. It is the only case in which he wrote in his journals so detailed a story of his experiences when away from home, except when in Europe. But this was during a great crisis in the nation's life, and the persons whom he met were those upon whom the great responsibilities of the day rested.

In a lecture called "American Civilization" he urged emancipation of the slaves as the duty of the hour. It has been stated that President Lincoln and his Cabinet heard the lecture, but Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, who showed attentions to Mr. Emerson during his visit, told me that neither he nor either of the President's secretaries has any recollection that such was the case, and the Washington newspapers made no mention of their presence. The lecture was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1862. Later it was separated into the essay on the general theme "Civilization" printed in *Society and Solitude*, and the appeal for the political exigency of the moment, included in the *Miscellanies*, entitled "American Civilization." — EDWARD W. EMERSON.

AT WASHINGTON, 31 *January*, 1862.

31 January, 1 Feb., 2, and 3, saw Sumner, who on the 2nd carried me to Mr. Chase, Mr. Bates, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Welles, Mr. Seward, Lord Lyons, and President Lincoln. The President impressed me more favorably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well-meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good, clear statement of his fact, correct enough, not vulgar, as described; but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on Commencement Days show, in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remark, he looks up at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth, and laughs. He argued to Sumner the whole case of Gordon, the slave-trader, point by point, and added that he was not quite satisfied yet, and meant to refresh his memory by looking again at the evidence. All this showed a fidelity and conscientiousness very honorable to him. When I was introduced to him, he said, "Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture, that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners, 'Here am I; if you don't like me, the worse for you.'"[1]

In the Treasury Building I saw in an upper room a number of people, say twenty to thirty, seated at long tables, all at work upon Treasury Notes, some cutting and some filling up, &c., but the quantity under their multitudinous operation looked like paper-hangings, and when I saw Mr. Chase, I told him I

[1] Mr. Lincoln quoted from a lecture called "Manners and Customs of New England," one of a course given by Mr. Emerson in New York in February, 1843. The lectures were reported in the *Weekly Tribune* at the time.

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thought the public credit required the closing of that door on the promenaders of the gallery. Mr. Hooper told me that in the manufacture of a million notes (I think) $66. disappeared.

Mr. Stanton, who resembles Charles R. Train, though a heavier and better head and eye, made a good impression, as of an able, determined man, very impatient of his instruments, and, though he named nobody, I thought he had McClellan in mind. When somewhat was said of England, he said "England is to be met in Virginia. — 'Mud'! O yes, but there has been mud before. Ah, the difficulty is n't outside, — 't is inside." He had heard that Governor Andrew had come to the city to see him about the Butler-Andrew difficulty. "Well, why does n't he come here? If I could meet Governor Andrew under an umbrella at the corner of the street, we could settle that matter in five minutes, if he is the man I take him for. But I hear he is sitting on his dignity, and waiting for me to send for him, and, at that rate, for I learn there are seventy letters, I don't know that anything can be done." Both Sumner and I assured him that Governor Andrew was precisely the man to meet him cordially and sensibly, without parade and off hand.

Mr. Seward received us in his dingy State Department. We spoke as we entered the ante-room, or rather in the corridor, with Governor Andrew and Mr. Forbes,[1] who were waiting. Sumner led me along, and upstairs and into the Secretary's presence. He began, "Yes, I know Mr. Emerson. The President said yesterday, when I was going to tell him a story." . . .

Well, with this extraordinary exordium, he proceeded to talk a little more, when Sumner said, "I met Governor Andrew waiting outside. Shan't I call him in?" "O yes," said Seward. Sumner went out and brought in him and Mr. Forbes. Mr. Seward took from the shelf a large half-smoked cigar, lighted and pulled at it. Sumner went into a corner, with Andrew; and Mr. Forbes seized the moment to say to the Secretary, that he saw there was an effort making to get Gordon, the slave-trader, pardoned. He hoped the Government would show to foreign nations that there was a change, and a new spirit in it, which would not deal with this crime as heretofore.[2] Seward looked very cross and ugly at this; twisted his cigar about, and, I thought, twisted his nose also, and said coarsely, "Well, perhaps you would be willing to stand in his place," or something like that, and rather surprised and disconcerted Mr. Forbes, but, Mr. Forbes seeing that, though we had risen to go, Sumner still talked with Andrew, went up to him, put his hands about him, and said, "don't you see you are obstructing the public business?" or somewhat to that effect; and so, we made our adieus. Mr. Seward came up to me, and said, "Will you come and go to Church with me to-morrow, at a quarter past ten? and we will go home afterwards, and get some lunch or dinner." I accepted. And Sumner then carried me into some of the chambers of the Department, into the office of Mr. Hunter, who has been chief clerk, I believe he said, for fourteen or fifteen years; into the Library, where Mr. Derby presided, and where I found Gurowski at his desk, growling; into the Chamber where the Treaties with foreign nations, some of them most sumptuously engrossed and bound, and inclosed, were shown us, as the Belgian treaty, — and a treaty with the French Republic signed by

[1] The patriotic and useful citizen, John Murray Forbes.

[2] The case of N. P. Gordon, captain of the slaveship Erie. About this time, Mr. Forbes, in a letter in the New York *Evening Post*, wrote, "Cannot we at least hang one of the pirates who have sacrificed such hecatombs of Africans? and thus hint to the civilized world that there has been a change of administration since slavers were protected, England bullied, and Cuba plotted against in the interest of slaveholders!" Gordon was executed in New York, February 2, 1862.

Buonaparte, countersigned by Talleyrand; — and, far richer than all, the Siamese Treaty, and presents, — Siamese, I think, not Japanese treaty, tied up with rich red silken ropes and tassels, and the sublime of tea-caddy style, written as on moonlight. Then, in another chamber, the Washington Papers, bought of Judge Washington by Congress for $20,000, were shown us. We opened several volumes to see the perfect method and clerical thoroughness with which Washington did all his work. I turned to the page on which the opinion of Marquis De Lafayette was given in answer to a requisition of the General; before the battle of Yorktown, vols. of original letters, &c., of Washington. All these inestimable books preserved in plain wooden cabinets here on the ground floor, not defended from fire; and any eager autograph-hunter might scale the windows, and carry them off.

We then went to Lord Lyons, and had a pleasant interview. He told us that the Queen had sent him the order of the Bath, &c., on which Sumner congratulated him.

Sumner insisted on carrying me to Baron Gerolt, the dean of the Diplomatic Corps, as the oldest resident, saying that nothing could be more charming than he and his family, his daughters looking like pastel pictures, and he told me very pleasing anecdotes of his intercourse with the Baron. President Lincoln had said to Sumner, "If I could see Lord Lyons, I could show him in five minutes that I am heartily for peace." Sumner had thought nothing could be more desirable, but it would not do to come between Seward and the President, nor to tell Seward, who would embroil them, nor to tell Lord Lyons, whom it would embarrass; so he had gone to Baron Gerolt, to state to him the President's remark, and ask his counsel. The Baron was enchanted with the expression of the President, but afraid, with Sumner, it was impossible to put them (President and Lord Lyons) face to face, without grave impropriety and mischief. And Seward and Lyons, it seems, are strangers, and do not understand each other; whilst Lyons and Sumner are on the most confidential footing. Well, now that the prisoners are surrendered, Sumner went to Lyons, and told him what had passed, and he too was very much gratified with it, and thanked Sumner for not telling him before, as it would only have distressed him. Meantime, I did not see the Baron, who was ill in bed, nor the pastel daughters. We called on the Russian Minister, but he was not at home.

As Judge Chase had invited us to dine with him at 5 o'clock, we went thither, and saw his pretty daughter Kate, who alone with her father did the honors of the house. Mr. Chase said, "Slavery is not to be destroyed by a stroke, but in detail. I have twelve thousand boys (slaves) at Port Royal, whom I am organizing, and paying wages for their work, and teaching them to read, and to maintain themselves. I have no objection to put muskets in their hands by and by. I have two men, Mr. Reynolds and Edward L. Pierce, who are taking the care. And I want Congress to give me a little box of government, about as big as that escritoire (two or three officers, a superintendent, &c.), and I think we shall get on very well." He and Sumner appeared to agree entirely in their counsels. They both held, that, as soon as a state seceded, it gave up its state organization, but did not thereby touch the national Government. The moment Arkansas or Mississippi seceded, they would have said, "Certainly, if you do not like your state Government, surrender it, and you lapse instantly into U. S. territory again;" and they would have sent immediately a territorial governor to the first foot of that land which they could reach, and have established U. S. power in the old form.

From Mr. Chase we went to General Fremont, but unhappily he had stepped out, and Mrs. Fremont detained us, "because he would surely step in again, in a few minutes." She was excellent company, a musical indignation, a piece of good sense and good humor, but inces-

santly accusing the government of the vast wrong that had been done to the General. Mr. Senator Wade had read all their documents (Wade, the Chairman of the Joint Committee of Inquiry of the two Houses), and had expressed himself, in terms more terse than elegant, to her on the outrage done to Fremont, and she sat wondering when the Report of the Committee was to burst like a shell on the government. She introduced me to Major Zagyoni, the captain of Fremont's Body Guard, the hero of Springfield, Mo., a soldierly figure, who said, that "he was as well as his inactive life permitted."

She showed me two letters of her son, who had once been designed for our Concord school, but when she came to find how much his reading, spelling, and writing had been neglected in his camp education, — for he could ride, and perform the sword exercise, but was a shocking bad writer, — she was afraid to send him among cultivated boys, and had sent him into Connecticut, where he had made already great progress. She showed me two of his letters in proof, one written at his first coming to school, very rude, and one later, showing great improvement.

The next morning, at quarter past ten, I visited Mr. Seward, in his library, who was writing, surrounded by his secretary and some stock brokers. After they were gone, I said, "you never came to Massachusetts." "No," he said, "I have neither had the power nor the inclination." His father died early, and left him the care not only of his own family, but of his cousin's property, three fiduciary trusts, and he had much on his hands. Then he early saw, that whatever money he earned was slipping away from him, and he must put it in brick and stone, if he would keep it, and he had, later, obtained a tract of land in Chatauqua County, which, by care and attention, had become valuable, and all this had occupied him, until he came into public life, and for the last fifteen (?) years, he had been confined in Washington. Besides, Massachusetts was under a cotton aristocracy, and Mr. Webster worked for them; he did not like them, and had as much as he could do to fight the cotton aristocracy in his own state: so he had never gone thither.

On general politics, he said: "I am a peacemaker. I never work in another method. Men are so constituted that the possession of force makes the demonstration of force quite unnecessary. If I am six feet high and well proportioned, and my adversary is four feet high and well proportioned I need not strike him, — he will do as I say. On the day when the political power passed over to the free states, the fate of slavery was sealed. I saw it was only a question of time, and I have remained in that belief. I was not wise enough to foresee all that has happened since. But it is not important, all was then settled, and is turning out as I expected. All the incidents must follow, both at home and abroad. England and France are only incidents. There is no resisting this. The Supreme Court follows too. Grier and Wayne at this moment are just as loyal as any judges."

But he spoke as if all was done by him, by the executive, and with little or no help from Congress. "They do nothing. Why, there are twelve points which I gave them, at the beginning of the session, on which I wished the action of the government legitimated, and they have not yet touched one of them. And I am liable for every one of all these parties whom I have touched in acting for the government. And the moment I go out of office, I shall put my property into the hands of my heirs, or it might all be taken from me by these people."

He said, "A soldier in the Wisconsin regiment mutinied; his time was out, and he would go home. I ordered him to be arrested. I was presently summoned to appear before Judge —— of the Supreme Court, by the habeas corpus. I said, 'Go instantly to Judge ——, and ask him whether he will give a decision for the Government; if he will, he may have the soldier; if he will not, the summons must

be disobeyed.' Judge —— answered, he would decide for the Government; and so I suffered the soldier to be sent to him. Well, this was against all law, but it was necessary. If we had done otherwise, all the regiments would have disbanded, and Washington been left without protection."

We went to Church. I told him "I hoped he would not demoralize me; I was not much accustomed to churches, but trusted he would carry me to a safe place." He said, he attended Rev. Dr. Pyne's Church. On the way, we met Governor Fish, who was also to go with him. Miss Seward, to whom I had been presented, accompanied us. I was a little awkward in finding my place in the Common Prayer-Book, and Mr. Seward was obliging in guiding me from time to time. But I had the old wonder come over me at the Egyptian stationariness of the English Church. The hopeless blind antiquity of life and thought — indicated alike by prayers and creed and sermon — was wonderful to see, and amid worshippers and in times like these. There was something exceptional, too, in the Doctor's sermon. His church was all made up of Secessionists; he had remained loyal, they had all left him, and abused him in the papers: and in the sermon he represented his grief, and preached Jacobitish passive obedience to powers that be, as his defence.

In going out, Mr. Seward praised the sermon. I said that the Doctor did not seem to have read the Gospel according to San Francisco, or the Epistle to the Californians; he had not got quite down into these noisy times.

Mr. Seward said, "will you go and call on the President? I usually call on him at this hour." Of course, I was glad to go.

We found in the President's Chamber his two little sons, — boys of seven and eight years perhaps, — whom the barber was dressing and "whiskeying their hair," as he said, not much to the apparent contentment of the boys, when the cologne got into their eyes. The eldest boy immediately told Mr. Seward, "he could not guess what they had got." Mr. Seward "bet a quarter of a dollar that he could. — Was it a rabbit? was it a bird? was it a pig?" He guessed always wrong, and paid his quarter to the youngest, before the eldest declared it was a rabbit. But he sent away the mulatto to find the President, and the boys disappeared. The President came, and Mr. Seward said, "you have not been to Church today." "No," he said, "and, if he must make a frank confession, he had been reading for the first time Mr. Sumner's speech (on the Trent affair)." Something was said of newspapers, and of the story that appeared in the journals, of some one who selected all the articles which Marcy should read, &c., &c. The President incidentally remarked, that for the *N. Y. Herald*, he certainly ought to be much obliged to it for the part it had taken for the Government in the Mason and Slidell business. Then Seward said somewhat to explain the apparent steady malignity of the *London Times*. It was all an affair of the great interests of markets. The great capitalists had got this or that stock: as soon as anything happens that affects their value, this value must be made real, and the *Times* must say just what is required to sell those values, &c., &c. The Government had little or no voice in the matter. "But what news today?" "Mr. Fox has sent none. Send for Mr. Fox." The servant could not find Mr. Fox.

The President said, he had the most satisfactory communication from Lord Lyons; also had been notified by him, that he had received the order of the Bath. He, the President, had received two communications from the French Minister. France, on the moment of hearing of the surrender of the prisoners, had ordered a message of gratification to be sent, without waiting to read the grounds; then, when the despatches had been read, had hastened to send a fresh message of thanks and gratulation. Spain also had sent a message of the same kind. He was glad of this that Spain had done. For he

knew, that, though Cuba sympathized with Secession, Spain's interest lay the other way. Spain knew that the Secessionists wished to conquer Cuba.

Mr. Seward told the President somewhat of Dr. Pyne's sermon, and the President said, he intended to show his respect for him some time by going to hear him.

We left the President, and returned to Mr. Seward's house. At dinner his two sons, Frederic, his private secretary, and William (I think), with Miss Seward, were present. Mr. Seward told the whole story of the conversation with the Duke of Newcastle. On seeing the absurd story in the English papers, he wrote to Thurlow Weed, to go to the Duke, and ask an explanation. Mr. Weed called on the Duke, who said, that he was exceedingly grieved that he had given publicity to the circumstance, but that the facts were substantially as they had been stated in the *Times*. "Now," said Seward, "I will tell you the whole affair as it happened. When those people[1] came here, I gave them a precise programme for their whole journey, which they exactly kept. If they went to the prairie, it was because I had so set it down; if they went to New York or to Boston, I had so directed; if they were received at the White House, instead of being sent to a hotel in Washington, I had so directed. I did not go to meet them at Philadelphia, or New York, or Boston, but kept away. But, at last, when they were ready to leave the country, I went to Albany, to dine with them at Governor Morgan's. There were twenty-four or twenty-five at table, and there never were people more happy than they were. They were entirely gratified and thankful for all that had been done for them, and all the course of the tour. The conversation lapsed at table, as it will, into tête-à-tête, and I occasionally spoke across the table to the Duke, and said to him, that I had not joined them at Boston, or at New York: indeed, that, as there was always a certain jealousy of England, in the dominant democratic party, and I wished to serve them, and keep up the most friendly feeling in the country toward them, I had avoided going too much to them. Well, they all understood it, and we parted; both the Prince and the Duke expressed their gratitude and good feeling to me in language which I cannot repeat, it was so complimentary."

Mr. Seward said, that his most intimate friend had been, for very many years, Mr. Thurlow Weed, of Albany. He was in the habit of fullest correspondence with him on all subjects, "and every year, on the first of January, Mr. Weed's daughter has my last year's letters bound up into a volume. And there they all lie, twelve volumes of my letters, on her centre table, open to all to read them who will." In all this talk, Mr. Seward's manner and face were so intelligent and amiable, that I who had thought him so ugly, the day before, now thought him positively handsome. Mr. —— told me, at Buffalo, that there was a time when he thought Mr. Seward was in danger of being only a moral demagogue, and (I think) was only saved from it by Mr. Weed's influence.

At 6 o'clock, I obeyed Mrs. Hooper's invitation, and went to dine (for the second time that day). I found Mr. Hooper and his son and daughters, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and Mrs. Schuyler. Governor Andrew had much to say of Mr. Seward. He thought he surpassed all men in the bold attempt at gas-ing other people, and pulling wool over their eyes. He thought it very offensive. He might be a donkey, — a good many men are, — but he did n't like to have a man by this practice show that he thought him one." I told him that I had much better impressions of Mr. Seward, but I did not relate to him any conversations. Mrs. Schuyler, I found, had very friendly feelings towards Mr. Seward, and I found he had told her the same story about the Prince and Newcastle. She told me how much

[1] The reference is to the then recent visit of the Prince of Wales to this country.

attached Talleyrand, when in this country, had been to her grandfather, General Hamilton; that, after his death, he had borrowed a miniature portrait of him of Mrs. Hamilton; that Mrs. Hamilton had begged him to bring it back to her, but he had refused, and had carried it with him to France; that when Colonel Burr was in Paris, he had written a note to Talleyrand, expressing his wish to call on him, and asking him to appoint an hour. Talleyrand did not wish to see him, but did not know how to decline it. So he wrote him a note, saying, that he was ready to see him when he should call, but he thought it proper to say, that the picture of Colonel Hamilton always hung in his cabinet. Burr never called.

I ought not to omit, that, when Sumner introduced me to Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and asked him if there were anything new? Mr. Welles said, "No, nothing of importance," and then remarked, that he observed the journals censured him for sending vessels drawing too much water, in the Burnside expedition. Now, he said, this was not the fault of his department. "We (the Navy) only sent seventeen (I think) vessels in all the hundred sail; the War Department sent all the rest; he had nothing to do with them, and the over-drawing vessels were all storeships and transports, &c., of the War Department's sending."

I breakfasted at Mr. Robbins's with Mr. Sherman of the Senate, and Colfax of the House. In talking with the last, he said, that Congress had not yet come up to the point of confiscating slaves of rebel masters, no, but only such as were engaged in military service. I said, "How is it possible Congress can be so slow?" He replied, "It is owing to the great social power here in Washington, of the Border States. They step into the place of the Southerners here, and wield the same power."

When I told Sumner what Seward had said to me about England and the Duke of Newcastle, he replied, "He has not been frank with you. I have heard him utter the most hostile sentiments to England." . . .

Sumner showed me several English letters of much interest which he had just received from Bright, from the Duke of Argyll, from the Duchess of A., all relating to our politics, and pressing emancipation. Bright writes that thus far the English have not suffered from the war, but rather been benefited by stopping manufacturing and clearing out their old stocks, and bringing their trade into a more healthy state. But, after a few months, they will be importunate for cotton. The Duchess of A. sent Seward some fine lines of Tennyson written at the request of Lord Dufferin for the tomb of his Mother.

The Architect of the Capitol is Mr. Walter of Boston.

I spent Sunday evening at the house of Charles Eames, late Minister to Venezuela, whom I knew many years since at the Carlton House, New York. At his house I found many new and some old acquaintances. Governor Fish, Governor Andrew, N. P. Willis, Gurowski, Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, and another young gentleman who shares, I believe, the same office and is also I was told a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but whose name I have forgotten.[1] Young Robert Lincoln, the President's son, was also there, and Leutze, the painter, who invited me to see his picture which he is painting for a panel in the Capitol, "The Emigration to the West." No military people, I think, were present. And when I went home at a late hour I was vexed to have forgotten that Mr. Secretary Stanton had invited me to call on him at his house this evening.

I was delighted with the senate-chamber in the Capitol, and its approaches. I did not remember in France or in England that their legislative bodies were nobly housed. The staircases and surrounding chambers are sumptuous and beautiful. The structure is so large, that

[1] Later, Mr. Emerson wrote, "Hay, probably," above this clause.

I needed a guide, and could not find my way out, after I left Spofford. It is the fault of the building that the new wings are built in a larger style, so that the columns of the centre look small. And the Capitol fronts the wrong way, its back being towards the present city of Washington. It was designed that the City should occupy the other slope, and face the Capitol. But the owners of the land held prices so high, that people bought the other side of the Capitol, and now the city is grown there.

In the Congressional Library I found Spofford assistant librarian. He told me, that, for the last twelve (?) years, it had been under Southern domination, and as under dead men. Thus the medical department was very large, and the Theological very large, whilst that of modern literature was very imperfect. There was no copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*, or of the *Knickerbocker*, none of the *Tribune*, or *Times*, or any N. Y. journal. There was no copy of the London *Saturday Review* taken, or any other live journal; but the London *Court Journal*, in a hundred volumes, duly bound. Nor was it possible now to mend matters, because no money could they get from Congress, though an appropriation had been voted.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

III

1860–1867

The year 1860, in which the fifth and last volume of *Modern Painters* was published, was the exact middle year of Ruskin's life. The great work of his youth which had been his main occupation for nearly twenty years was completed, but its completion brought no sense of relief at the ending of a long task, and was not succeeded by a period of repose. He had begun in the autumn of 1858 to question the correctness of convictions concerning the fine arts which he had hitherto held firmly and maintained with ardor; the religious teachings which he had received, and on which his faith had rested as on absolute truth, were proving false in the light of widening experience and deeper thought; his sense of the evil in the world was growing daily more intense and bitter, and, in view of the selfishness and wastefulness of the rich and the misery of the poor, he was rejecting with scorn the popular and accepted theories of social duties and political economy.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his excellent and sympathetic *Life of Ruskin*, in the English Men of Letters Series, cites with great felicity, as appropriate to this moment of Ruskin's life, the opening words of the *Divine Comedy*, — "Midway upon the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost." But, unlike Dante, Ruskin found no guide to lead him from the wood; henceforth he was to wander through it alone with unremitting endeavor to recover the true path, and to show it to those who, like himself, were astray in the forest of this world.

Other trials also were making life hard for him. In 1858, he had had for a pet and pupil in drawing a girl of ten years old, who became, as time went on, the mistress of his heart, and ruled it till her death in 1875. Her scrupulous con-

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science, quickened by various sad influences into morbid susceptibility, wrought unhappiness for them both. She loved him, but refused to be his wife, because, holding a strict evangelical creed, she could not make up her mind to marry a skeptic. Thus, through many years, beginning from this period, there were alternate hopes and despairs, and a continual restlessness and trouble of spirit.

A trial of another sort was due to the gradual divergence from his father and mother, which resulted from the change in Ruskin's opinions, and from his writings on the questions which were now chiefly engaging his attention. He spent a great part of 1860–61 abroad, without the companionship of his parents. His father, who had fully sympathized with his work on the fine arts, and had taken great pride in it, was at first vexed at his son's excursions into a field with which he felt himself to be the better acquainted. He disliked the heretical doctrines, and he was deeply grieved that his son should expose himself by the manner, as well as by the substance, of his new essays to extremely hostile and bitter criticism which was plainly in part well-founded.

"In the summer of 1860," wrote Ruskin eleven years later, "perceiving fully what distress was about to come on the populace of Europe through the errors of their teachers, I began to do the best I might to combat them, in the series of papers for the *Cornhill Magazine*, since published under the title of *Unto this Last*." The outcry against them was such that the series was brought to an end with the fourth number, in November. It was an outcry of similar character to that with which the heresies of the first volume of *Modern Painters* had been greeted, and like that it has died away in the course of the years, while some, at least, of the heresies of 1860 have become the orthodox doctrine of 1900.

The following letters show the overwrought condition of Ruskin's mind and its feverish activity. The lighter mood in which he had occasionally written in earlier years seldom recurs. The distress occasioned by the conflict between his traditional convictions and the truths to which he had of late attained affected the whole temper of his life. The evil results of his solitariness, self-confidence, and lack of self-restraint become more apparent, while the essential sweetness of his nature and his affectionate and generous disposition are as manifest as ever.

[Denmark Hill, *May* 15, 1860.]

Dear Norton, — My hand is so tired that I cannot write straight but on this ugly paper. I have had much trouble in concluding my own work, owing to various perceptions of sorrowful things connected with the arts; and occurrences of all kinds of insuperable questions, as you will see in due time. I have still to put in a sentence or two in the last two chapters; else I had hoped to be able to tell you to-day it was done. But it is so to all intents and purposes, and I hope (the last sheet revised) to leave for Switzerland on the 22nd inst.

I pressed Rossetti hard about the portrait, till I got so pale and haggard-looking over my book that I was ashamed to be drawn so. I think your chief object in getting it done would not have been answered. I hope to get into a natural state of colour (red-nosed somewhat, by the way) among the Alps, and to send you the portrait for a New Year's gift, and to behave better in all ways than I've done.

I will tell you by letter from abroad all about myself and my life which can interest you, or be useful to any one. . . .

Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

[P.S.] I'm going to have the portrait done: to-morrow R. begins.

Neuchâtel, 12th *July*, '60.

Dear Norton, — I fear you have not received my last letter, sent, I think, just before I left England. Now, I have yours and Lowell's, which I need not say give me more pleasure than any letters I have

received or could receive on this subject. They are the more comforting to me because the changes in feeling which you both accept as wise, or conclusive, in me, are, to me, very painful pieces of new light, and the sunshine burns my head so that I long for the old shades with their dew again. That depreciation of the purist and elevation of the material school is connected with much loss of happiness to me, and (as it seems to me) of innocence; nor less of hope. I don't say that this connection is essential, but at present it very distinctly exists. It may be much *nobler* to hope for the advance of the human race only, than for one's own and their immortality; much less selfish to look upon one's self merely as a leaf on a tree than as an independent spirit, but it is much less pleasant. I don't say I have come to this — but all my work bears in that direction.

I have had great pleasure, and great advantage also, in Stillman's[1] society this last two months. We are, indeed, neither of us in a particularly cheerful humor, and very often I think succeed in making each other reciprocally miserable to an amazing extent — but we do each other more good than harm — at least he does me; for he knows much good of the part of the world of which I know nothing. He is a very noble fellow — if only he could see a crow without wanting to shoot it to pieces.

We made a great mistake in staying half our time at Chamouni, which is not a place for sulky people by any means. I hope you have got a letter which Stillman wrote to you from St. Martin's, where we thought much of you — and I looked very wistfully often at the door of the room in which you introduced me to your Mother and Sisters, and at the ravine where we had our morning walk. . . .

[1] The late W. J. Stillman, who, in chapter xvii of his extraordinarily interesting *Autobiography of a Journalist* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1891), gives an account of this summer with Ruskin in Switzerland. "More princely hospitality than his," he wrote, "no man ever received, or more kindly companionship; but as might have been expected, we agreed neither in temperament nor in method. . . . Apart from questions of art, he always remains to me one of the largest and noblest of all the men I have known, liberal and generous beyond limit, with a fineness of sympathy in certain directions and delicacy of organization quite womanly. Nothing could shake my admiration for his moral character, or abate my reverence for him as a humanist."

[Denmark Hill] 25 *February*, 1861.

My dear Norton, — . . . Touching my plans, they are all simplified into one quiet and long: — to draw as well as I can without complaining or shrinking because that is ill, for ten years at least, if I live so long: in hopes of doing, or directing some few serviceable engraved copies from Turner and Titian. I am getting now into some little power of work again. My eyes serve me well, and as I have no joy in what I do (the utmost I can do being to keep myself from despair about it and do it as I would break stones), I am not tempted to overwork myself. I hope to finish my essay on Political Economy some day soon, then to write no more. I felt so strongly the need of clear physical health in order to do this, and that my present life so destroyed my health, that I was in terrible doubt as to what to do for a long time this last summer and winter. It seemed to me that to keep any clear-headedness, free from intellectual trouble and other pains, no life would do for me but one as like Veronese's as might be, and I was seriously, and despairingly, thinking of going to Paris or Venice and breaking away from all modern society and opinion, and doing I don't know what. Intense scorn of all I had hitherto done or thought, still intenser scorn of other people's doings and thinkings, especially in religion; — the perception of colossal power more and more in Titian and of weakness in purism, and almost unendurable solitude in my own home, only made more painful to me by parental love which did not and never could help me,

and which was cruelly hurtful without knowing it; and terrible discoveries in the course of such investigation as I made into grounds of old faith — were all concerned in this: and it would have been, but for the pain which I could not resolve to give my parents. . . .

You have also done me no little good . . . and I don't think there's any chance now of my going all to pieces. . . .

So there's a letter — about myself and nothing else. I wonder I have the face to send it, but you know you asked me once to write you a sort of account of the things that made me, as you were pleased to say, "what I am," which is at present an entirely puzzled, helpless and disgusted old gentleman.

As for things that have influenced me, I believe hard work, love of justice and of beauty, good nature and great vanity, have done all of me that was worth doing. I've had my heart broken, ages ago, when I was a boy — then mended, cracked, beaten in, kicked about old corridors, and finally, I think, flattened fairly out. I've picked up what education I've got in an irregular way — and it's very little. I suppose that on the whole as little has been got into me and out of me as under any circumstances was probable; it is true, had my father made me his clerk I might have been in a fair way of becoming a respectable Political Economist in the manner of Ricardo or Mill — but granting liberty and power of travelling, and working as I chose, I suppose everything I've chosen to have been about as wrong as wrong could be. I ought not to have written a word; but should have merely waited on Turner as much as he would have let me, putting in writing every word that fell from him, and drawing hard. By this time, I ought to have been an accomplished draughtsman, a fair musician, and a thoroughly good scholar in art, literature, and in good health besides. As it is, I've written a few second rate books, which nobody minds; I can't draw, I can't play nor sing, I can't ride, I walk worse and worse, I can't digest, and I can't help it — there. Good-by, love to your Mother and Sisters,

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Holyhead, 26 *August*, 1861.

Dear Norton, — Glad, and glad, and glad again have I been of your letters — though I do not answer them, because if I did, it would make you sorry. This last, however, I must — though but to say it is impossible for me to come to America. The one thing I need seems to be, for the present, rest; and the power of slowly following some branch of natural history or other peaceful knowledge; not that natural history is in one sense peaceful, but terrific; its abysses of life and pain; of diabolic ingenuity, merciless condemnation, irrevocable change, infinite scorn, endless advance, immeasurable scale of beings incomprehensible to each other, every one important in its own sight and a grain of dust in its Creator's — it makes me giddy and desolate beyond all speaking: but it is better than the effort and misery of work for anything human. It is of no use for me to talk or hear talking as yet. What can be said for good, I have for the most part well heard and thought of — no one much comforts me but Socrates. Is not this a glorious bit of antimaterialism, summing nearly all that can be said: —

Εἰδὼς ὅτι γῆς τε μικρὸν μέρος ἐν τῷ σώματι, πολλῆς οὔσης, ἔχεις, καὶ ὑγροῦ βραχὺ, πολλοῦ ὄντος, . . . νοῦν δὲ μόνον ἆρα οὐδαμοῦ ὄντα σε εὐτυχῶς πως δοκεῖς συναρπάσαι; καὶ τάδε ὑπερμεγέθη καὶ πλῆθος ἄπειρα δι' ἀφροσύνην τινὰ οὕτως οἴει εὐτάκτως ἔχειν; [1] — (*Memorabilium*, i, 4.)

[1] "Knowing that you have in your body but a small bit of the earth which is vast, and a little of the water which is vast . . . do you think that you alone have by some good fortune seized for yourself intelligence which exists nowhere else? and that this immense and countless assemblage of things is maintained in order by something devoid of reason?"

This is all well, but it is to me so fearful a discovery to find how God has allowed all who have variously sought him in the most earnest way, to be blinded — how Puritan — monk — Brahmin — churchman — Turk — are all merely names for different madnesses and ignorances; how nothing prevails finally but a steady. worldly-wise labour — comfortable — resolute — fearless — full of animal life — affectionate — compassionate. — I think I see how one ought to live, now, but my own life is lost — gone by. I looked for another world, and find there is only this, and that is past for me: what message I have given is all wrong: has to be all re-said, in another way, and is, so said, almost too terrible to be serviceable. For the present I am dead-silent. Our preachers drive me mad with contempt if I ever read or listen to a word; our politicians, mad with indignation. I cannot speak to the first any more than I could to pantaloons in a bad pantomime, or to the last more than to lizards in a marsh. I am working at geology, at Greek — weakly — patiently — caring for neither; trying to learn to write, and hold my pen properly — reading comparative anatomy, and gathering molluscs, with disgust.

I have been staying at Boulogne nearly two months. I went out mackerel fishing, and saw the fish glitter and choke, and the sea foam by night. I learned to sail a French lugger, and a good pilot at last left me alone on deck at the helm in mid channel, with all sail set, and steady breeze. It felt rather grand; but in fact would have been a good deal grander if it had been nearer shore — but I am getting on, if I don't get too weak to hold a helm, for I can't digest anything I think. I tried Wales after that, but the moorland hills made me melancholy — utterly. I've come on here to get some rougher sailing if I can — then I'm going over to Ireland for a day or two. . . . Then I'm going straight to Switzerland, for the fall of the leaf; and what next I don't know. There's enough of myself for you. . . . I'm so glad you think hopefully about the war. It interests me no more than a squabble between black and red ants. It does not matter whether people are free or not, as far as I can see, till when free they know how to choose a master. Write to me, please, *poste restante*, Interlachen, Switzerland. I'm hoping to find out something of the making of the Jungfrau, if the snows don't come too soon, and my poor 42-year-old feet still serve me a little. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, 6 *January*, '62.

Dear Norton, — At home again at last, after six months' rest. I have two letters of yours unanswered. But after six months of doing nothing — I feel wholly incapable of ever doing anything any more, so I can't answer them. Only, so many thanks, for being nice and writing them. Thanks for *Atlantic*. Lowell is delicious in the bits. "The coppers ain't all tails,"[1] and such like; but I can't make out how it bears on the business — that's laziness too, I suppose. Also, for said business itself, I am too lazy to care anything about it, unless I hear there's some chance of you or Lowell or Emerson's being shot, in which case I should remonstrate. For the rest, if people want to fight, my opinion is that fighting will be good for them, and I suppose when they're tired, they'll stop. They've no Titians nor anything worth thinking about, to spoil — and the rest is all one to *me*.

I've been in Switzerland from the 20th September to day after Christmas. Got home on last day of year. It's quite absurd to go to Switzerland in the summer. Mid-November is the time. I've seen a good deal — but nothing ever to come near it. The long, low light, — the float-

[1] "But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use; an' ef the fust throw fails,
Why, up an' try agin, thet 's all, — the coppers ain't all tails."
Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow.

ing frost cloud — the divine calm and melancholy — and the mountains all opal below and pearl above. There's no talking about it — nor giving you any idea of it. The day before Christmas was a clear frost in dead-calm sunlight. All the pines of Pilate covered with hoar-frost — level golden sunbeams — purple shadows — and a mountain of virgin silver.

I've been drawing — painting — a little; with some self-approval. I've tired of benevolence and eloquence and everything that's proper — and I'm going to cultivate myself and nobody else, and see what will come of that. I'm beginning to learn a little Latin and Greek for the first time in my life, and find that Horace and I are quite of a mind about things in general. I never hurry nor worry, I don't speak to anybody about anything; if anybody talks to me, I go into the next room. I sometimes find the days very long — and the nights longer; then I try to think it is at the worst better than being dead; and so long as I can keep clear of toothache, I think I shall do pretty well.

Now this is quite an abnormally long and studied epistle, for me, so mind you make the most of it — and give my love to your Mother and Sisters, and believe me

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, 28th *April*, 1862.

Dear Norton, — . . . Where one's friends are, one's home ought to be, I know — whenever they want us; but every day finds me, nevertheless, sickening more and more for perfect rest — less and less able for change of scene or thought, least of all for any collision with the energies of such a country and race as yours. Nay, you will say, it would not be collision, but communion — you could give me some of your life. I know you would if you could. But what could you do with a creature who actually does not mean to enter the doors of this Exhibition of all nations, within five miles of his own door?

14th *May*.

I have kept this hoping to be able to tell you some cheerful thing about myself, but few such occur to me. To-morrow I leave England for Switzerland; and whether I stay in Switzerland or elsewhere, to England I shall seldom return. I must find a home — or at least the Shadow of a Roof of my own, somewhere; certainly not here.

May all good be with you and yours.
Ever your affectionate
J. Ruskin.

Look in *Fraser's Magazine* for next month [1] — June — please.

Mornex, Haute Savoie,
28th *August*, 1862.

Dear Norton, — During the summer I was at Milan, trying to copy some frescoes of Luini's. I suppose it will be the last drawing work I shall ever try, for all my strength and heart is failing. All my work has been done hurriedly and with emotion, and now the reaction has come. I found myself utterly prostrated by the effort made at Milan — so gave in on my way hence, and have rented a house for a month on the slope of the Salève. I saunter about the rocks, and gather a bit of thistledown or chickweed — break a crystal — read a line or two of Horace or Xenophon — and try to feel that life is worth having — unsuccessfully enough for that. I have no power of resting — and I can't work without bringing on giddiness, pains in the teeth, and at last, loss of all power of thought. The

[1] It was to look for the first of the four essays, afterward collected in a volume under the title of *Munera Pulveris*, essays intended as a preface to an exhaustive treatise on Political Economy, which "I resolved," wrote Ruskin, "to make the central work of my life." They were written in the autumn of 1861, partly at Milan, partly at the pretty village of Mornex on the southeastern slope of the Mont Salève, not far from Geneva.

doctors all sing "rest, rest." I sometimes wish I could see Medusa.

And you can't help me. Ever so much love can't help me — only time can, and patience. You say "does it give you no pleasure to have done people good?" No — for all seems just as little to me as if I were dying (it is by no means certain I'm not) — and the vastness of the horror of this world's blindness and misery opens upon me — as unto dying eyes the glimmering square (and I don't hear the birds).

As for your American war, I still say as I said at first, if they want to fight, they deserve to fight, and to suffer. It is entirely horrible and abominable, but nothing else would do. Do you remember Mrs. Browning's Curse of America? I said at the time "she had no business to curse any country but her own." But she, as it appeared afterwards, was dying — and knew better than I against whom her words were to be recorded. We have come in for a proper share of suffering — but the strange thing is how many innocent suffer, while the guiltiest — Derby and d'Israeli, and such like — are shooting grouse. . . .

Ever your affectionate
J. Ruskin.

Mornex, Haute Savoie, France,
Shortest day, 1862.

Dear Norton, — It is of no use writing till I'm better; though till I am, I can't write a pleasant word, even to you. I've had a weary time of it since last I wrote, and have been quite finally worried and hurt, and the upshot of it is that I've come away here to live among the hills, and get what sober remnant of life I can, in peace, where there are no machines, yet, nor people, nor talk, nor trouble, but of the winds.

I've become a Pagan, too; and am trying hard to get some substantial hope of seeing Diana in the pure glades; or Mercury in the clouds (Hermes, I mean, not that rascally Jew-God of the Latins). Only I can't understand what they want one to sacrifice to them for. I can't kill one of my beasts for any God of them all — unless they'll come and dine with me, and I've such a bad cook that I'm afraid there's no chance of that.

I'm bitterly sorry to leave my father and mother, but my health was failing altogether and I had no choice.

I'm only in lodgings yet — seven miles north of Geneva, nearer the Alps; but I'm going to build myself a nest, high on the hills, where they are green. Meantime, I've a little garden with a spring in it, and a gray rough granite wall, and a vine or two, and then a dingle about 300 feet deep, and a sweet chestnut and pine wood opposite; and then Mont du Reposoir, and Mont Blanc, and the aiguilles of Chamouni, which I can see from my pillow, against the dawn. And behind me, the slope of the Salève, up 2000 feet. I can get to the top and be among the gentians any day after my morning reading and before four o'clock dinner. Then I've quiet sunset on the aiguilles, and a little dreaming by the fire, and so to sleep. Your horrid war troubles me sometimes — the roar of it seeming to clang in the blue sky. You poor mad things — what will become of you?

Send me a line just to say if you get this. After saying nothing so long, I want this to go quickly.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Mornex, 10th *February*, 1863.

My dear Norton, — Glad was I of your letter, for I had been anxious about you, fearing illness, or disturbance of your happiness by this war. It is a shame that you are so comfortable — but I'm glad of it.

It is no use talking about your war. There is a religious phrensy on such of you as are good for anything, just as wild, foolish, and fearful as St. Dominic's and as obstinate as de Montfort's. Mahomet's was mild, Christian-like and

rational, in comparison. I have not, however, seen a single word, spoken or written, by any American since the war began, which would justify me in assuming that there was any such noble phrensy in the matter; but as Lowell and you are in it, I am obliged to own the nobility, and only wish I could put you both in straight waistcoats. The miserablest idiocy of the whole has been your mixing up a fight for dominion (the most insolent and tyrannical, and the worst conducted, in all history) with a *soi disant* fight for liberty. If you want the slaves to be free, let their masters go free first, in God's name. If they don't like to be governed by you, let them govern themselves. *Then*, treating them as a stranger state, if you like to say, "You shall let that black fellow go, or "— etc., as a brave boy would fight another for a fag at Eton — do so; but you know perfectly well no fight could be got up on those terms; and that this fight is partly for money, partly for vanity, partly (as those wretched Irish whom you have inveigled into it show) for wild anarchy and the Devil's cause and crown, everywhere. As for your precious proclamation —

"A gift of that which is not to be *given*
By all the assembled powers of earth and heaven" —

if I had it here — there's a fine north wind blowing, and I would give it to the first boy I met to fly it at his kite's tail. Not but that it may do mischief enough, as idle words have done and will do, to end of time. . . .

I *am* resting, and mean to rest, drawing, chiefly, and sauntering and scrambling. The only thing I shall keep doing — a sentence of, sometimes — only when I can't help it — is political economy. Look at the next *Fraser's Magazine* (for March); there are, or I hope will be, some nice little bits about slavery in it. . . .

Affectionate regards to your mother and sisters.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

As soon as I've got a house, I'll ask you to send me something American — a slave, perhaps. I've a great notion of a black boy in a green jacket and purple cap — in Paul Veronese's manner. As for concentrated wisdom, if I have n't enough to make me hold my tongue, I have n't enough to put on the end of it.

Mornex, 10th *March*, 1863.

My dear-est Norton, — I shall give you the dissyllable — henceforward. . . .

Well, I will do as you say, and write a little word daily — or other daily — for you. I shall like it — for the loneliness is very great, if the peace in which I am at present — and the peace is as if I had buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battlefield wet with blood — for the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually if I do not lay my head to the very ground — the folly and horror of humanity enlarge to my eyes daily. But I will not write you melancholy letters. I will tell you of what I do and think, that may give you pleasure. I should do myself no good and you, sometimes, perhaps harm, if I wrote what was in my heart — or out of it. The surface thought and work I will tell you.

I wrote you a letter the other day — you either have it by this time and are very angry with me for once, or have it not, and are forgiving me for supposed neglect of your kind last letter. . . .

Do letters come pretty regularly in these pleasant times of yours? . . .

Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin.

I'll get that book of Jean Paul's.

I know well that happiness is in little things — if anywhere — but it is essentially within one, and being within, *seems* to fasten on little things. When I have been unhappy, I have heard an opera from end to end, and it seemed the shrieking of winds, when I am happy, a sparrow's chirp is delicious to me. But it is not the chirp that makes me happy, but I that make *it* sweet.

I received one or two letters from Ruskin in the summer and autumn of 1863, but there followed a long interval without a word. His feeling in regard to our war, and his want of sympathy with those whose hearts were engaged in it, checked for the time the desire for the interchange of letters. It was a period in which a great change took place in his own life, to which, indeed, he made no reference when, after a ten months' silence, he sent to me the brief and bitter letter which follows.

[Denmark Hill] 6th *August*, 1864.

My dear Norton, — The truth is I am quite too lazy, with a deathful sort of laziness, to write — I hate the feeling of having to drive pen up and down lines, quite unconquerably, and I have really nothing to say. I am busy with Greek and Egyptian mythology, and all sorts of problems in life and death — and your American business is so entirely horrible to me that, somehow, it cuts you off from all possibility of my telling you any of my thoughts. It is just as if I saw you washing your hands in blood, and whistling — and sentimentalizing to me. I know you don't know what you are about and are just as good and dear as ever you were — but I simply can't write to you while you are living peaceably in Bedlam. I am getting my house in order, and perhaps shall die as soon as I've done it — but I'm a little better. When I'm quite settled, I will write to you with some general facts.

Ever, with faithful regards to your Mother and Sisters,

Yours affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

On the 3d of March, 1864, his father had died, an old man in his seventy-ninth year, but with his faculties clear and strong to the end. "By his father's death," says Mr. Harrison in his *Life of Ruskin*, "Ruskin inherited a fortune of £157,000,[1] in addition to a considerable property in houses and land, the whole of which estate the elder had accumulated by industry and sagacity in legitimate business. He was not only an entirely honest merchant, but a man of great generosity, of shrewd judgment, and of persevering culture in poetry and art. His erratic genius of a son, on whom he had lavished his wealth and his anxieties, had long parted from him in ideas of religion as well as economics. But the affection between them remained unimpaired."

[1] His father left to Ruskin outright £120,000, and to his mother £37,000.

The loss of his father was a graver calamity to Ruskin than a similar loss is to most men of forty-five years old. Although of late he had lived much apart from his parents, and had followed his own ways of conduct and of thought, yet his father's good judgment and restraining counsel still had weight with him, and exercised an influence which, though limited, was wholesome.

Ruskin's education and pursuits had not fitted him for the charge of a large property. But his now independent wealth gave him full opportunity for the satisfaction of his lavish impulses and the gratification of his tastes. The immediate duties which fell upon him in connection with the winding up of his father's affairs, and in the attendance upon his mother, now more than eighty years old, kept him in England during 1864 and 1865, and the winter of 1866.

He was not idle, his mind was incessantly active; he wrote much on a great variety of subjects. In 1865 he published, under the enigmatic title of *Sesame and Lilies*, two lectures, one on the worth and use of books, the other on the ideals and duties of women; in 1866 came a series of lectures on "Work," "Traffic," "War," and "The Future of England," gathered into a volume called the *Crown of Wild Olive;* in the same year appeared the *Ethics of the Dust*, lectures given to a girls' school in the country, professedly on the elements of Crystallization, but with "the purpose of awaking in the minds of

young girls a vital interest in the subject of their study." Nor were these by any means all his writings.

A year passed from the date of the last letter before I received another from him.

DENMARK HILL, 15th *August*, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON, — I have just received your book on the portraits, which is very right and satisfactory, and pleasant to have done.[1] There won't be many old walls left, frescoed or whitewashed either — in Florence now. I should have liked to have seen it once again — before they build iron bridges over Arno — but it is no matter.

Now you've done fighting, I can talk to you a little again — but I've nothing to say. I keep the house pretty fairly in order, and keep my garden weeded — and the gardeners never disturb the birds; but the cats eat them. I am taking up mineralogy again as a pacific and unexciting study; only I can't do the confounded mathematics of their new books. I am at work on some botany of weeds, too, and such like, and am better on the whole than I was two years ago. My mother is pretty well, too — sometimes I get her out to take a drive, and she enjoys it, but always has to be teased into going. Carlyle has got through the first calamity of rest, after Frederick, among his Scotch Hills — and I hope will give us something worthier of him before he dies. Rossetti and the rest I never see now — they go their way and I mine; so you see I've no news — but I'm always

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, 11th *September*, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON, — . . . I should have written to you some news of myself, though the war has put a gulph between all Americans and me in that I do not care to hear what they think, or tell them what I think, on any matter; and Lowell's work and Longfellow's is all now quite useless to me. But I shall send you an edition of my last lectures, however, with a new bit of preface in it, and anything else I may get done in the course of the winter, and I am always glad to hear of you. I am somewhat better in health, and busy in several quiet ways, of which, if anything prosper in them, you will hear in their issue — and nobody need hear until then. Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, 27 *March*, 1866.

MY DEAR NORTON, — . . . First, please be assured, as I think you must have been without my telling you, that when I would not write to you during the American war, it was not because I loved you less, but because I could no otherwise than by silence express the intensity of my adverse feeling to the things you were countenancing — and causing; for of course the good men in America were the real cause and strength of the war. Now, it is past, I have put in my protest, and we are the same full friends as always, except only that I can't read American sentiment any more — in its popular form — and so can't sympathize with you in all things as before. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

The portrait has been a little checked, but is going on well. In about three weeks I am going to try to get as far as Venice, for change of thought. I want to see a Titian once more before I die — and I'm not quite sure when that may not be (as if anybody was), yet, on the whole, my health is better. I've some work in hand which you will like, I think, also. Affectionate regards to your mother and sisters.

DENMARK HILL, 23rd *January*, 1867.

DEAR NORTON, — I have just got your New Year's letter (for which a thousand

[1] *The Original Portraits of Dante*, a privately printed volume on occasion of the celebration in Florence of the sixth centenary of Dante's birth.

thanks and thoughts). . . . I am painting birds, and shells, and the like, to amuse myself and keep from sulking, but I sulk much.

Yes, it is indeed time we should meet — but it will be to exchange glances and hearts — not thoughts, for I have no thoughts — I am so puzzled about everything that I've given up thinking altogether. It seems to me likely that I shall draw into a very stern, lonely life, if life at all, doing perhaps some small work of hand with what gift I have, peacefully, and in the next world — if there is any — I hope to begin a little better and get on farther. I want to send this by "return of post" and must close.

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin.

My mother's love. She is well — but her sight is failing fast now. She may revive a little in spring: — perhaps may only last long enough to let her see my father's tomb. I have made it quite simple, with a granite slab on the top — so [1] — supported by a pure and delicate moulding from my favorite tomb of Ilaria di Caretto, at Lucca (a slender green serpentine shaft at each corner) and on the granite slab, — this,

Here rests
From Day's well-sustained burden,

John James Ruskin.

Born in Edinburgh, May 10th, 1791
He died in his home in London March 3rd, 1864.

He was an entirely honest Merchant
And his memory
Is, to all who keep it,
Dear, and helpful.

His son,
Whom he loved to the uttermost,
And taught to speak truth,
Says this of him.

Ambleside, 8 *August*, 1867.

My dear Norton, — I was *very* glad of your letter. . . . I want to say a word about the Turners,[2] which I am very thankful for all your kind thoughts about — but indeed the only "kindness" of mine is in putting you, as it were ten years back, on fair terms of purchase — I wish I *had* the pleasure of giving — all my art treasures are now useless to *me*, except for reference; the whole subject of art is so painful to me, and the history of Turner and all my own lost opportunities of saving his work, are a perpetual torment to me, if I begin thinking of them.

But this was what I wanted to say — Your American friends, even those who know not of art — may be much disappointed with the *Liber Studiorum*, for the nobleness of those designs is not so much in what *is* done, as in what is *not* done in them. Any tyro — looking at them first — would say, Why, *I* can do trees better than that — figures better — rocks better — everything better. "Yes — and the daguerreotype — similarly — better than *you*," is the answer, first; but the final answer — the showing how every touch in these plates is related to every other, and has no permission of withdrawn, monastic virtue, but is only good in its connection with the rest, and in that connection *infinitely* and inimitably good — and the showing how each of the designs is connected by all manner of strange intellectual chords and nerves with the pathos and history of this old English country of ours; and on the other side, with the history of European mind from earliest mythology down to modern rationalism and *ir*-rationalism — all *this* showing — which was what I meant to try for in my closing work — I felt, long before the closing, to be impossible; and the mystery of it all — the God's making of the great mind, and the martyrdom of it, and the uselessness of it all forever, as far as human eyes can see or thoughts travel — All these things it is of no use talking about.

I am here among the lakes resting, and trying to recover some tone of body. I

[1] Here was a slight drawing.

[2] Some plates from the *Liber Studiorum*, and some pencil drawings.

entirely deny having lost tone of mind (in spite of all pain) — yet. And yesterday I walked up Helvellyn, and the day before up Skiddaw (and walked twelve miles besides the hill work yesterday) — both of them 3000 feet of lift — so I think there may be some life in the old dog yet. . . .

All you say of religion is true and right — but the deadly question with me is — What next? or if anything is next? so that I've no help, but rather increase of wonder and horror from that.

One word more about Turner. You see every great man's work (*his* pre-eminently) is a *digestion* of nature, which makes glorious HUMAN FLESH of it. All my first work in *Modern Painters* was to show that one must have *nature* to *digest* — not chalk and water for milk. . . .

Ever lovingly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

20th *November*, 1867.

DEAR NORTON, — . . . I am putting my old work together, that had been wasted, and drawing a little — not ill, and variously getting myself together, what is left of me.

In the meantime your letters have given to me continual pleasure. . . . Also, your various presents. Longfellow's excellent *Dante;* and your own *Vita Nuova*, with all their good help to me, came to hand, one by one — they are all in my special own shelf of bookcase, and will take me back again to long ceased Dante studies — though in returning to him, the terrible "What *do* you mean, or believe of all this?" fronts me with appalling strangeness. Longfellow's translation is excellent and most helpful. The *Vita Nuova* falls in much with my own mind — but when death or life depends on such things — suppose it should be *morte nuova* day by day? I am also working at Greek myths and art, and the like, and hope to give you some account of myself one day, and of my time.

Of the Turners I can tell you nothing, except that I wholly concur in your judgment of their relative merits, and that the subjects you enquire about are, I think, all on the Rhine, but none of them absolutely known to me. I shall try and find one or two more for you, and give you some better account of them.

I am thankful that you believe such things can be of service in America. My own impression is that they are useless, everywhere — but better times may come.

I wish you would come here once again — I *need* you now. I only enjoyed you before.

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

(*To be continued.*)

SAINT-GAUDENS' STATUE OF GENERAL SHERMAN

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THIS is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that War is hell:
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife,
And rides through hell to save his country's life.

THE COMMON LOT

BY ROBERT HERRICK

XXV

. . . He had been lying there long hours close to the warm earth that was preparing for a new life. The thin branches of the trees rose bare and severe between him and the blue sky, mementos of the silent winter. The ground about their trunks was matted with dead leaves, through which nothing green had yet pushed its way. Nevertheless, the earth seemed yeasty with promise. The intense, unwonted heat of the April days had broken the crust of soil, and set the sap of life in motion once more. The air was heavy with earthy odors, — a fragrant forecast of Nature's regeneration. Deep down in the little ravines, and among the pools of the meadowland beyond, frogs were croaking harshly, filling the solitude of the still slumbering woods with the clamor of awakening life. And through the brown tree trunks, above the tracery of the topmost branches, over the flat fields, there swam the haze of earliest spring, — a vague atmosphere of renascence, the warm breath of mother earth.

The man lay there, empty of thought, feeling merely the mighty movement of things around him, — an inert mass in a vital world. The odors of the earth stirred in him old sensations of vivid springtimes in his youth. He saw again the morning mist swimming above the little Wisconsin lakes where he used to hunt, and felt the throb of joy for the incoming spring. And he remembered how this outer world had spoken to him one day while he was sitting over his work in Paris. Something imperceptible had crept into the room over the endless roofs, and called to him in a low, persistent voice. Then he had listened, joyously putting aside his task, and obeyed the invitation, wandering idly forth into the germinating fields, which in some mysterious way had purified his soul. In his youth that experience had come to him again and again, an impulse from beyond his world, which had led him forth from himself, from the soil of living, to fresh vigor and purity of soul. Latterly, there had come to him no call like this; he had known no abandonment of self in the enveloping force of Nature, no purification of spirit. The trees and the grass, the earth and the sky, all the multitudinous voices of unconscious life, had not spoken to him. Shut within himself, driven by the bitter furies of his own little heart, he had worked from season to season, forgetting the face of Nature. True, he had lived the outdoor life of the world, passed through the beautiful fields each season, just as he had gone to the theatre or the opera. But the earth had not spoken to him, alone, personally, out of her abundant wisdom, garnered through the limitless years. For all the period of his maturity he had forgotten the great mother of life!

Now, wrecked and bruised, he lay there on her breast, as a sick man might lie in the silent room of a hospital and listen to the large commotion of life without. He was content to rest there on the warm earth, listening and waiting for the voice which should come from beyond; content to forget himself, — a creature that had been industriously shaped for eight busy years, a creature of the city and of men, with a self that was his in part only, and was mixed with all those others whom he had touched. That figure of deformity, made in the strife of the city, he no longer recognized to be his. . . . The sun sank into the deepening blue haze of the heavens; the thin shadows of the trees faded

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from the brown earth; the south wind from the prairies began to rise, blowing strongly, scented by the breeding land over which it had come. As the day drew to its close, the murmuring voices of re-created life ascended from all parts of the earth with a strengthened note. The tree-toads were chorusing in the damp hollows, and the spice of roots and mould sucked out by the hot sun was descending once more in damp fragrance to the earth. The moist, crumbling soil beneath the man's body was opening itself, — stirring, awakening, preparing for the gigantic tasks of renewal, of re-creation, of conception, and birth. An immense, powerful, impersonal life, the greatest Life of all, was going forward all about him. In the midst of this mystery he was but an atom, — an accident which counted for nothing.

That terrible vision of dying men and women no longer haunted the man's mind. The catastrophe which had shaken him to the roots of his being sank into its place behind the long procession of his acts, which had made him what he was. Now, at last, he began to think coherently, to see himself in the whole, step by step, as he had come to be. He saw the old man's funeral; he remembered his one restless preoccupation about the money which was soon to be his; he recalled his resentment over the will, and his growing lust for that money which had slipped from his grasp. Then he saw the thread of that devious course which he had followed in his efforts to make money. From the first day, in the struggle for success, there rose before his eyes the man Graves. The contractor's fat, bearded face was the image of his sin, familiar in its cupidinous look. It was the image of that greed to which he had submitted himself, with which he had consented to do evil. From the very hour when he had caught the contractor's eye in the Canostota, and the two had committed fraud over the weight of steel in an I-beam, there had set forth a long, long train of petty dishonesties, which had created in him the vitiating habit of insincerity. One by one he remembered the fraudulent buildings in which he had had a part, — the school from which he had tried to steal some of the money his uncle had denied him, and finally this hotel which had crumbled at the touch of fire. That was the strange, dramatic climax of the story, fated so to be from the first petty lust for money, from the first fraud!

Greed, greed! The spirit of greed had eaten him through and through, the lust for money, the desire for the fat things of the world, the ambition to ride high among his fellows. In the world it had a dignified name; it was called enterprise and ambition. But now he saw it for what it was, greed and lust, nothing more. It was in the air of the city which he had breathed for eight years. And he had justified knavery by Success. He had judged himself mean and small merely because he had failed to cheat and steal and trick "in a large way." Only the little and the weak need be honest; to the strong all things were right, — he had said glibly. Now, for the first day since his manhood, he saw acts, not blurred by his own passions, not shifting with the opinions of the day; but he saw them fixed and hard, — acts, living, human acts, each one in its own integrity, with its own irrevocable fate. Acts expressed in lowered eyelids of consent, in shrugs, in meaningful broken phrases, apparently innocent, but torturously deep; acts unprofessional, sharp, dishonest, criminal!

He lay in the gathering twilight, listened, and saw. And at last the soul of the man, which had been long in hiding, came back, and flowed into him once more. A deep, new longing filled his heart, a desire to be once again as he had been before, to rise from his debasement and become clean, to slough off this parasitic self into which he had grown all these years of his strife in the city, to be born anew like the springtime earth. For such longings come to men sickened with the surfeit of their passions.

. . . He knew now why his wife had left him. She had felt the leper taint,

which had been growing all the years of their marriage, and had repudiated it. She had cried out against the mere getting and spending of money, to which point those lofty ambitions of his youth had descended. She had loved him as the creator, the builder; and he had given her no visions, but only the sensualities of modern wealth. "Let us begin again and live the common life," she had cried out to him. "Let us live for work and not for money!" And he had put her aside with contempt. Now he knew that she had done well to leave him to his own day of judgment. And the first impulse in the man's new soul was to go to her, humbly, and say to her: "You were right! I have sinned against myself, against you, against life, all along the way. Will you accept my repentance, and love me again from the beginning, knowing now the truth?" He desired wistfully to hear her answer; his heart left him in doubt as to what that answer might be. For he understood at last that he had never known this woman, who had been his wife for eight years.

Nevertheless, despite this hunger of his heart for the woman he loved, there rose in him slowly a purging sense of relief from crime and sin committed. It had passed away, was put off from himself. He was to come once more into peace! The upspringing life of the reincarnated earth chanted all about him but one song: "Here I leave my uncleanness. Life is strong and good. There is forgiveness and peace. Here I bury the filth of my deeds, and renew my hope." Thus man rises again and again from the depths of his abasement; thus springs in him a new hope, a vital, imperishable element, the soul of his being, and he is prepared afresh for the struggle. Yet more, — blindly convinced of the power to rise, to renew himself!

Thus, after the tempest of debauch, little men wake from their carnal desires, and, leaving behind them the uncleanness of their flesh, go forth into the pure morning, subdued and ashamed, yet irresistibly sure that life is good and holds forgiveness and hope for them, too. With the new day they will become like their dreams, clean and pure. Thus, also, those larger men, not eaten by bodily lusts, those greater sinners who are caught on the whirling spikes of bolder passions, who are torn and twisted, — these return at certain hours to the soul within them, and renew there the pure fire of their natures, so that they may enter again the endless contest having hope and health. Thus, above all, the great heart of things, the abundant mother of life, the earth, renews herself eternally according to the laws of her being, and comes forth afresh and undiminished for the business of living.

So, the mere lump of man lying there inert upon the ground felt the great process of renewal all about him, and sucked in fresh life and health. In like manner, years before, in his youth, he had gone down to the ocean, and there had learned something of this mysterious sensation of renewal. When his body was plunged in the cool, black sea-water he had drawn through the pores of his flesh the elemental currents of life. He longed now to escape again from men, to go down to the sea and touch the waters washing in from their remote tidal courses up and down the earth. By such means Nature cleanses and teaches man! Heedless of man, unconcerned with his follies and vices, impersonal, irresistible, majestic, she receives his head upon her breast, and renews within him his spirit, the power to battle, the power to live.

The fruitful earth holds in her bosom death and life, both together, and out of her comes health. In like manner there lie in the heart of man diverse instincts, — seeds of good and evil, ready to germinate. For long seasons seeds of one kind burst forth in the soil of a man's nature and thrive. Accident, the intricate web of fate, gives them their fit soil, their heat, their germinating impulse. And the world, seeing the fruit of these seeds alone, calls the man good or bad, and thus makes its rude anal-

ysis of character, as something set and fixed, stamped upon the soul forever. But in their own time other seeds, perchance ripening late and slowly, come to their day of germination, seeds of unlike nature, with diverse fruit. Such sprout and send their life forth into the man, creating a new nature which the world will not recognize as his. Thus it was happening with this man: commingled in his heart and brain there had lain diverse seeds of many kinds, — seeds of decay and seeds of life. Impulses of creative purpose, of unselfish work, — these had been long dormant; impulses of lust and greed and deceit, — these had grown rankly in the feverish life of the city until they had flowered in crime. Now had come to him the time of fate: the first harvest of his acts was garnered, and the new seeds of his life were ready to wake from their inhibition in the depths of his being, and put forth their energies, their demands. Some great shock — the agony of dying men and women — had quickened this new growth. So happens the miracle of rebirth, hidden far away from all human observation, revealing itself first in a consciousness of renewed health and purification.

The song of the springtime earth rose ever upward, calming and healing the man, who at last had caught its message. It said to him, — "Another sun, a new day, an earth ever fresh from the hand of God! Eternal hope — the burial of the corrupt body with its misdeeds; health, and not decay; life, and not death. For life is good! There is forgiveness and renewal for all those who heed." . . . Through the misty heavens above the trees, the stars glimmered faintly. Over the prairie fields and woodland the night wind passed, — soft, odorous, charged with the breath of the earth in the conceiving time of life. . . .

Under the starlight of the spring night there might be seen the figure of a man walking steadily southwards toward the black horizon of the great city. He walked neither fast nor slow, but steadily, evenly, as if urged by one powerful purpose, some magnetic end that set his nerves and his muscles to the rhythm of action.

XXVI

The architect had a long time to wait in Wheeler's office that morning. The lawyer rarely came in before ten, so the stenographer said, looking suspiciously into the man's white, unshaven face. She knew Hart quite well, and she was wondering what was the matter with him, — whether he had been on a spree. He sat in one of the armchairs of the outer office provided for waiting clients, and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, stared at the square of green carpet beneath his feet. When the lawyer entered, with a glance at the seated figure, he said blankly, —

"Come in here!"

Wheeler opened the door to his little office, where he had confessed many a man, and without a word pointed to a chair beside his littered desk. Then he sat down and waited, examining the architect's face with his dispassionate eyes.

"Everett, I wanted to see you about" — Hart began. Then he stopped, as though surprised by his own voice, which sounded far away, unfamiliar, and unused. The lawyer waited a moment for him to continue, and then he asked in his indifferent manner, —

"So you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, I want to tell you something," Jackson began again.

The lawyer wheeled toward his desk, and picked up a little silver letter-opener, which he fingered.

"About that fire?" he asked.

"Yes, — that and other things."

Wheeler went to the door, closed it, and returning to his chair, wheeled his face away from his cousin.

"Well, what about it?"

"You know — you saw it in the papers — how the Glenmore burned? You know it was one of Graves's buildings. I

did the plans for him. Well, the newspapers were right: there was crooked work. The plans were all altered after they had been through the Building Department. Graves is in with the whole gang over there. He has all the inspectors in his pocket!"

Hart waited again. He was not saying what he came there to tell. His mind seemed strangely unreliant and confused. While he stumbled, the frown on his cousin's face deepened into an ugly crease between the eyes. It said as plainly as words, "What in hell do you come here for, blabbing this to me?" Jackson, reading his look, caught himself and continued more steadily:—

"But I did n't come here to talk of the fire. It's about the school. Pemberton was right about that. It was crooked, too! I want to tell you what I know about that."

Wheeler put down the letter-opener, and rested his chin on the tips of his fingers. The architect told his story slowly, without excitement, trying to give all the details, and the exact figures, busying himself with being precise. The matter was complicated, and it led him to speak again of the hotel and of other affairs, of his entire connection with the contractor, — to tell the complete story of his business career in the city. The lawyer did not try to stop him, although his face betrayed no interest or comment.

"Well, the upshot of the matter is," Hart ended, "that I am through with the whole business, Everett. I am going to get out of it, somehow. And first, I wanted you to know the truth about the school, and to take this for the trustees."

He laid on the desk a large, fat envelope, which he had filled that morning from his safety deposit box.

"There's about thirty thousand there, in stocks and bonds and some land. I thought I would n't wait to put it into cash," he explained. "It's pretty nearly all I have got, Everett. Part of that stock in the Glenmore Graves gave me was for legitimate commission, but I have put that in, too. You can force Graves to make good the rest. I can figure out for you what he owes. And I'll do what I can to help you make him square the account. If you can't get hold of Graves, why, I'm ready to give you my personal note for the rest and pay it as soon as I can."

Wheeler poked the envelope on the desk without taking it up.

"Conscience money?" he remarked slowly. "I don't want your wad. I wish you had chucked it in the river, done anything with it but brought it here! I fixed that matter up once."

The architect was able to realize the contempt, the ironical humor with which Wheeler's tone was charged, and his lips tightened. But he made no reply. After the experiences of the last two days he cared little for what his cousin might say or think. In some manner he had passed completely outside of the world where such matters counted. He was dulled to all but a few considerations.

"Say!" the lawyer iterated, "I thought we'd closed that little matter for good. But I can tell you there's one person who'll be tickled," he laughed disgustedly. "And that's old Pemberton. He thought you were a scamp from the word go. Now he'll be well set up when the judge tells him this. He'll take an irreligious pleasure in it!"

Hart said nothing, and the two men faced each other sombrely. Finally, the lawyer exclaimed, —

"So you lost your nerve!"

That was not what Hart thought of it, and he winced perceptibly, as he replied:—

"Well, you can call it that! And I guess that if you had seen those people dropping into that burning building, and known what I knew — Well, what's the use of talking! I am done with the whole thing, — done with it for good."

The lawyer eyed him sharply, unsympathetically, curious, in a cold manner, of the psychology of the man before him. Hart's sturdy body, which was a trifle inclined to fleshiness, seemed to have

shrunken and to be loose in his clothes. The bones of his jaw came out heavily in his unshaven face, and below his eyes the flesh was black, shading into gray. His tweed office suit was rumpled out of shape, and there were signs of the muddy roads on his trousers and boots. Usually so careful and tidy in dress, he now seemed to have lost all consciousness of his appearance.

Wheeler had never felt much respect for his cousin as a young man. Then the lawyer considered him to be somewhat "light-weight," given to feminine interests in art and literature, feeling himself to be above his homely American environment. But since their uncle's death, the architect had won his approval by the practical ability he had shown in pushing his way in the Chicago world, in getting together a flourishing business, and making a success of his profession. Now that there was revealed to him the uncertain means by which this outward success had been obtained, he reverted easily to his earlier judgment. The man was really a light-weight, a weakling. The lawyer despised weaklings: they made the real troubles in this life. He could not see to its depth the tragedy before him, even as the stern Pemberton might have seen it. He merely saw another nasty mess, a scandal that would probably get about the city, even if his cousin and the contractor escaped the Grand Jury for this Glenmore affair. He had little use for men who went wrong and "lost their nerve"!

"Well," he said at last, "you need n't bother about that note just yet. You'll have troubles enough for one while, I expect. I suppose I shall have to take this, though," — he tapped the fat envelope, — "and lay the matter before the trustees. I'll let you know what they decide to do."

"All right," Hart answered. As he did not rise immediately from his chair, the lawyer turned to his desk with an air of dismissal. When the architect at last got wearily to his feet, Wheeler asked, without looking up, —

"Have you seen that man Graves this morning?"

"No, I came here the first thing."

"He was in here to see me late yesterday. He seemed afraid that you might split on him in this Glenmore business."

Hart listened, his eyes looking over his cousin's head far out through the office window, his mind concerned with other matters.

"Had n't you better get out of here for a few weeks?" the lawyer suggested casually. "Take a vacation. You seem to need a rest, bad. The papers'll quiet down after a while, — they always do," he added explanatorily.

As a matter of fact, he had promised the contractor that he would do what he could to keep Hart from making any trouble. It was obviously best for the architect to be out of sight for the present, in some safe place where he could not be got at for awkward explanations.

"I've been thinking of going away for a few days," Jackson replied slowly, a flush spreading over his pallid face. "I'm going on to the Falls to see Helen. But I'm not going to run away. They can find me when they want me. And I shall be back before long, anyway."

Wheeler did not tell him that the coroner had already summoned his jury, and that the first inquiry was to begin the next day. If he were going to Vermont, it was just as well that he should get away before he was summoned by the coroner.

"Well," he said, taking another look at his cousin, "whatever you do, get your nerve together. Men like you should n't play with fire. They'd better stick to the straight game!"

The architect knew what that meant! If he had been some cunning promoter who had had wit enough to swindle the public out of any sum of money that ran into the millions, or if he had been some banker who had known how to ruin the credit of an enterprise which he wished to buy cheaply, Wheeler would have extended to him a cynical tolerance, and if his honesty were questioned, would have

admitted merely that "there were stories about, of course, — there always were stories when a man was smart enough to make some money quick!" But, unfortunately, he belonged to the category of unsuccessful, petty criminals, and he "had lost his nerve"!

He realized all this, and yet in the wreck which he had made of his life, he was indifferent to the world's injustice. What men thought or said about him had marvelously little importance just now. This crisis had wonderfully simplified life for him: he saw a few things which must be done, and to these he was setting himself with a slow will. His face held new, grave lines, which gave it a sort of manliness that it had not possessed before.

"You'd better see Graves before you leave, and get together on this thing," Wheeler remarked.

"I can't see any use in that," Jackson protested slowly. "I saw him yesterday and told him my views. He made me the treasurer of his company, and if they get me up and ask me questions, — why, I shall tell what I know about it. That's all there is to that!"

"Are you going to tell Helen the whole story, too?" the lawyer asked bluntly.

"Yes! That's why I'm going down there." Jackson felt his face burn with humiliation for the first time since he had begun his story.

"I suppose she'll have to know," Wheeler admitted softly. "It will cut her pretty deep."

He was wondering whether she could forgive this weak fellow, crawling back to her now, his courage gone, broken for life, as he judged. He suspected that she might pardon him, even though she had left him inexplicably. She would forgive her husband when he was at the end of his rope; she was made that way. For the moment, the softness of character in such women irritated him. There were other women whom he liked and admired less than her, — Mrs. Phillips was one, — who would not tolerate a flabby sinner like this man. But to Helen, disgrace would make little difference. And he was sorry for it all, because he loved the woman, and he could feel *her* tragedy, though he was impervious to the man's.

"Women have bum luck sometimes," he reflected aloud. "They have to take all the man's troubles as well as their own." Then he added not unkindly, "You had better think well what it means to her and to the children before you do anything to make matters worse. I'll keep an eye on what goes on here, and let you know if you're needed, — if you can do any good."

Neither offered to shake hands, and Hart went out of the office without replying to the last remark. At the street entrance he hesitated a moment, as if to get his bearings, and then slowly walked down the crowded street in the direction of his office. The city sights were strangely foreign to him, as if he had come back to them after a long period of absence. The jostle of human beings on the pavement, the roar in the streets, were like the meaningless gyrations of a machine. With a repugnance that weighted his steps he turned in at the door of his building, and crowded into one of the cages that were swallowing and disgorging their human burdens in the mid-forenoon. In his office there had settled an air of listless idleness, now that Cook, the mainspring of the place, was no longer at his post. Without looking at the accumulated mail on his desk Hart called the stenographer, and dictated to her some instructions for his partner, Stewart, who had just landed in New York on his way home from a vacation in Europe. The girl received his dictation with an offish, impertinent glance in her eyes that said, "Something's wrong with this place, I guess!" When Hart had finished, she said, —

"Say, Graves was in here twice this morning, and wanted me to let him know as soon as you came in. He wanted to know where you were. What shall I say to him?"

Hart thought a moment before reply-

ing. He did not wish to see the contractor, that was very clear, and yet he was unwilling to seem to run away, to escape the man. Moreover, he realized vaguely a certain claim in complicity. There was trouble ahead for them both, surely, and Graves had his right to be considered.

"If Mr. Graves calls, bring him in here," he said to the stenographer, and turned to his mail.

He had some final matters to attend to, and then he should take the train. If the contractor came back before he got off, he would see him. Half an hour later, while he was still tearing open his letters and jotting notes for the answers, his door opened and Graves walked in. He had less assurance than on the afternoon before. The strain was beginning to tell even on his coarse fibre.

"So you've come to!" he exclaimed with an attempt to be at his ease, taking a chair beside the desk.

"What do you want?" the architect demanded sharply.

"Say, did you see the papers this morning?" Graves asked, ignoring the question.

Hart shook his head; he had no curiosity to know what the newspapers were saying.

"They're making an awful kick! It's mostly politics, of course. They've got the mayor on the run. He's suspended the head of the department. Bloom was a good friend of mine. That'll scare the rest considerable. And then there's talk of bringing civil suits against the hotel company, and the officers individually."

He paused to see what impression this news might make on the architect.

"They can't get much out of me!" Hart answered quietly. "I turned over to Wheeler pretty nearly every dollar I have got. That's on account of the school business," he added, thinking the contractor would not comprehend rightly his meaning.

Graves stared at him in disgust. He had some idea of getting the architect to pay part of the expense of "keeping the City Hall quiet." Now the man had outwitted him and put his money beyond his reach.

"So you've seen Mr. Wheeler?"

"Just come from there."

"He told you he'd help us out of this hole?"

"We did n't discuss it."

"I've seen to Van Meyer myself. He's where he can't do no harm. And I guess it's all right over there," — he pointed with his thumb in the direction of the city hall, — "though it'll cost a sight of money if those fellers lose their jobs! Now, if we keep quiet, they can't do nothing but bring their suits for damages. I ain't afraid of that!"

"I suppose not," Hart replied dryly. "It does n't touch *you*. They're all straw names but mine, are n't they?"

"Just now, there's this damned coroner," Graves went on, ignoring the last remark. "The inquest begins to-morrow. He'll try to fix the blame, of course, and hold some one to the Grand Jury. He's got to, to quiet the papers."

"I suppose so," Hart assented wearily.

"But they've got nothing to go on, if you only hold your tongue," Graves ripped out incautiously. "And you've got to hold your jaw!"

The man's dictatorial manner angered the architect. He rose hastily from his desk, gathering some papers and putting them into his bag.

"I told you yesterday, Graves, that I would have nothing more to do with you in this Glenmore business. I don't see what you came in here for. Let them go ahead and do what they can. I'll stand for my share of the trouble."

"You" — Graves burst out. "You" —

"I've got an engagement, Mr. Graves, and there's no use in our talking this matter over any more."

He reached for his coat and hat.

"But I tell you, Hart, that you can't be a quitter in this business. Did n't your cousin tell you that, too?"

"It makes no difference what he might say," Hart retorted doggedly, holding open the door into the hall.

"I'll smash you, sure thing, if you do me up this dirty way!"

The contractor crossed the room to where Hart stood, as if he meant to strike then and there. Hart looked at him indifferently. The man disgusted and irritated him: he wondered how he could ever have submitted himself to him. He held the door open, and the contractor passed out into the hall, which was empty.

"I'll smash you!" he repeated, less loudly.

"All right!" the architect muttered. "I guess that won't matter much now."

Graves kept by his side in the elevator, and followed him out into the street.

"Say! Step over to Burke's place with me," he urged in a more conciliatory tone.

"See here!" the architect answered, stopping on the sidewalk. "It's no use talking. I've done with you and your methods. Can't you see that? I don't intend to get you into trouble if I can help it. But I don't mean to sneak out of this or tell any lies to save your hide. I'm on my way out of the city now, to see my family, and shall be away for a few days. Wheeler knows where I shall be, and he'll let me know when I am wanted. They won't get around to me for some little time yet, probably. If they summon me, why, I suppose I shall come back!"

The contractor, hearing that Hart was about to leave the city, felt relieved. It would be easier to deal with his cousin, the lawyer, who might be able to keep the architect from making a fool of himself. So he walked on with Hart toward the station in a calmer frame of mind. As if he realized the mistake he had made in trying to bully his accomplice, he began to put forward his personal difficulties apologetically.

"This fire has hit me hard. Of course the Glenmore will be a dead loss, and the banks have begun to call my loans. Then it'll take a lot of ready money to keep those fellers over there quiet. I was just getting where I could n't be touched when this fire came, and now I shall have to begin over pretty nearly. You don't know, Hart, what hard sledding it's been to build up my business with nothing back of me to start on!"

The architect realized that Graves was making an appeal to his sympathies, and although this confession of weakness roused his contempt, he began to see more dispassionately the contractor's point of view. The man was fighting for his life, and there could be nothing reasonable to him in a determination to make a bad matter worse. No speaking out now could save those hapless victims of greed, who had lost their lives in the wretched building.

"I don't want to ruin my family no more than you do, Mr. Hart," the contractor persisted. "And you can't make me so much trouble as you will yourself. You can see that!" he added meaningly.

Hart turned on the man angrily.

"I have heard about enough, Graves! It's no use your going on. I tell you I mean to come back, and stand my share of the trouble, — yes, — if it breaks me! Do you hear? If it breaks me! Now good-day."

The contractor turned away, scowling, like a dog that had been kicked into the street. Hart hurried into the station and bought his ticket. He had not looked up his eastern connections, remembering merely that Helen had left Chicago by this road, and he took the first train east in his overwhelming desire to get to her, to tell her all, to submit. . . . As the heavy train moved slowly out of the station, he felt strangely relieved from the perplexities of the morning. The unconscious physical influence of mere motion, of going somewhere, soothed his irritated nerves.

He had been goaded into his final declaration to the contractor, for he had felt the ground slipping from his resolution under the persistent appeals of the man. But as the train shot out into the prairie he turned the thing over in his mind with all its varying aspects. Could he come back, as he had said, and bring on himself and his family the shame and disgrace of public exposure? He comforted himself

with the thought that he had the courage, that in leaving the city he was not merely running away to escape the consequences of his connivance with fraud. Yes, he could go back, — if it were necessary! While the train moved across the states, his heart grew calmer, stronger: whatever might be the outcome, he knew that his instinct had been right, — that he had done well to go first to his wife.

XXVII

The old Jackson homestead at Vernon Falls was a high, narrow, colonial house with three gables. Upon the broad terrace facing the south side there was a row of graceful, "wineglass" elms. Below the terrace reached a broad, level meadow, which was marked irregularly by a dark line where a little brook wandered, and beyond the meadow passed the white road to Verulam, the nearest station. From this highway a lane led through copses of alder and birch along the east side of the meadow to the old house, which was withdrawn nearly an eighth of a mile from the public road.

It was an austere, silent, lonely place. Powers Jackson during the last years of his life had built a great barn and sheds behind the house with the purpose of making a stock farm, but since his death these had been shut up. He had also built a broad veranda on the terrace along the south side, which contrasted strangely with the weather-beaten, hand-made clapboards of the old building. The gaunt, lofty house seemed to be drawing away from the frivolous addition at its base.

Hart had often spent his long vacations at the farm with his mother when he was at college. Yet that April afternoon, when he came upon it from the bend in the Verulam road, it seemed to him strange and unreal. His memories of the house and the meadow in front of it had grown and flowered, until in his imagination it was a spot of tender, aristocratic grace, a harmony of swaying elm branches and turfy lawn, lichened stone walls and marvelous gray clapboards. To-day it rose bare and severe across the brown meadow, unrelieved by the leafless branches of the elms that crisscrossed the south front. The slanting sun struck the little panes of the upper windows, and made them blaze with a mysterious, intensely yellow fire. Involuntarily his pace slackened as he turned from the highroad into the lane. The place appeared silent, deserted. Was Helen there in the old house? Could she understand? Could she forgive him? . . .

The northern spring had barely begun. It was cold, grudging, tentative, scarcely touching the brown meadow with faint green. Hiding its charm, like the delicate first beauty of Puritan women, it gave an uncertain promise of future performance, — of a hidden, reticent beauty!

The architect lingered in the lane, watching the sun fade from the windows of the house, until the air suddenly became chill and the scene was blank. Then, as he stepped on toward the house, he caught sight of a woman's figure stooping in the thicket beside the road. His heart began suddenly to beat, telling him, almost before his eyes had recognized the bent figure, that this was his wife. She looked up at last, and seeing him coming toward her, rose and stood there, her hands filled with tendrils of some plant that she had been plucking up by its roots, her face troubled and disturbed.

"Nell!" he called as he came nearer, "Nell!" And then he stopped, baffled. For long hours on the train he had thought what he should say when he met her, but now his premeditated words seemed to him futile. He saw the gulf that might lie between them forever. He looked into her troubled face. She was wonderfully, newly beautiful! Her hair was parted in the middle, and rippled loosely over the temples to the ears, in the way she had worn it as a girl, a fashion which he had laughed her out of. She had grown larger, ampler, and in her linen dress, with its flat collar revealing the white neck, without ornament of any sort, her features

came out strong and distinct. That curve of the upper lip, which had always made the face appealing, no longer trembled at the touch of emotion. There was a repression and mature self-command about her, as if, having been driven back upon her own heart, she had recovered possession of herself once more, and no longer belonged to a man. She was beautiful, wholly woman, and yet to the husband waiting there she was his no longer!

"Nell," he began once more, still waiting at a little distance from her, "I have come here to you, as you said."

Her arms hung limply at her sides, with the trailing plant drooping across her skirt, as though, thus taken by surprise, she were waiting for him to declare himself. He stepped nearer quickly, moved by a terrible fear that, after all, it was too late, that she had passed beyond his reach.

"You know what I mean! I have come to tell you that you were right when you went away. You were right all along, and I have been wrong!"

But as he spoke she reached out her arms to him, beseeching him, drawing him to her, in commiseration for him. She put her arms on his shoulders, clasping them behind his neck, thus drawing him and holding him from her at the same time. Her lips trembled, and her breath fluttered as she looked into his eyes. . . .

"Francis! Francis!" she murmured, holding him as he tried to take her in his arms. . . .

And by the murmur of his name he knew that she could forgive him; but he felt strangely humble and little beside her. He saw himself in her eyes as he had never seen himself before. Slowly she drew him to her and kissed his lips, tenderly, unpassionately.

"The boys are over there by the brook," she pointed across the meadow.

They sat down on the crumbling stone wall to wait for them, and presently, seeing their father, they came tumbling over the wall with cries of, "Dad, it's dad, — he's come!" and together they went on to the house.

Mrs. Spellman received her son-in-law in her equable, unknowing manner, as if she had expected him to arrive on that day. After supper husband and wife sat in the west parlor, which the architect remembered just as it was this day, with the same faded drab carpet, the brass fireirons, and worn furniture. The high-backed walnut writing-table stood in the same corner beside the window. Outside, a drooping elm branch swept softly across the glass pane. Nothing here was altered, nothing added, save the new lives of the modern generation. When Mrs. Spellman had taken the boys away to bed, Jackson turned to his wife:—

"Now I must tell you the whole story, Nell!"

"Yes," she answered.

And he began slowly to tell her the story as he had lived through it that night when he lay exhausted on the earth beneath the stars, — the story of his work in the city, of the acts which for eight years he had hidden from all, even himself. He explained as well as he could the tangled web of his dealings with the contractor from the day when he had met him in the Canostota until the time of the arrangement over the school and the hotel. When he came to the end, to the horrible fire which had licked up the fraudulent Glenmore before his own eyes, tears fell upon his hands, which his wife held tightly in hers, and he could feel her body tremble against his.

"And that was the end! It made me know — what it all meant! Of course, those men and women might have been caught anyway, no matter how well the building was put up, — there's no telling, — and Graves would have done the same job whether I had been in with him or not. Still, that does n't count. When I saw them there, trapped, fighting helplessly for their lives, I felt as if I had stood by and let them be murdered, — and made money by it, too!"

The horror of those minutes revived as

he went over the story, and he paused wearily.

"Somehow," he resumed, "it was all of a piece, — dirty work. Everything I had touched, pretty nearly, since I had started, seemed rotten. It made me sick all over. . . . Well, that was the end! I went to Everett and tried to square the school matter as well as I could. I gave him all I had made out of it and more, — about every dollar I had. It leaves us where we started. But, Nell, I knew you would want me to do that first before I came here!"

He was glad that he could give her this proof of his sincerity. She said nothing, but she raised her eyes, still filled with tears, to his face with a calm, answering look.

"It's a bad story, as bad as it could well be," he resumed. "I see it clearly enough now. I wanted uncle's money, wanted the easy time, and the good things, and all that. Then, when I did n't get it, I went in to make a big success and get the stuff anyhow. I saw a lot of men, no more able than I, who were making a lot of money, and nothing seemed to count so long as somehow you made good. I wanted to make good. It was a pretty cheap ambition!"

"Yes!" she exclaimed fervently, "cheap. Oh, so cheap!"

Yet, in these eight months that she had lived by herself she had come to see more justly the causes of things, — she had grown wiser. She held him now less rigidly, less remorselessly to her own ideal of life. For she had begun to understand that the poison which had eaten him was in the air he had breathed; it was the spirit of the city where he worked, of the country, of the day, — the spirit of greed. It presented itself to men in the struggle for existence at every turn of the road, insidiously and honorably disguised as ambition and courage. She saw the man's temptation to strive with his competitors, as they strove, for the things which they held to be desirable. And she had come to know that to stand firmly against this current of the day demanded a heat of nature, a character, that the man she had married and worshiped had never possessed. He was of his time, neither better nor worse than his fellows, with their appetite for pleasure, their pride, — that ancient childish pride of man in the consideration and envy of his kind. . . .

"So you have it all, and it's bad enough, God knows! Nell, can you ever really forgive it, forget it, and love me again?"

For answer she kissed him understandingly. Now that her heart knew him utterly, with all his cowardice and common failings, she might still love him, even foreseeing the faltering and unideal way of his steps, giving him, like many women, her second love, the love that protects in place of the love that adores. And with that kiss there began a new marriage with the man she had seen large in her dreams the man who had been her hero. . . .

The elms swayed softly in the night wind, brushing across the window by their side. The old house was very still with the subdued calm of age, and man and wife sat there together, without words, looking far beyond them toward the future that was to be theirs.

XXVIII

The next day and the next went by in the peace of the old house. Now that the event which had so wholly occupied Hart's mind since the night when the Glenmore burned had come about; now that he was here in the old place, and had his wife and children once more, he began to consider the wreck of his affairs which had been left behind in Chicago. And he began to ask himself whether, after all, it was necessary for him to return to the city and make public his shame at the hearing before the coroner. He was not clear what service to justice or to the dead who had been sacrificed, as much through the corruption of civic government as by his own wrong-doing, his testimony

would accomplish. That it would surely ruin him professionally was beyond the shadow of a doubt. He could well picture to himself the ferocious glee with which the *Thunderer* would receive his evidence! Was it necessary to give his wife and his children into the *Thunderer's* merciless hands?

The evening mail of the second day brought a letter from Wheeler. The coroner's inquest, the lawyer wrote, was likely to drag on for a week or more. The coroner was a Republican, and "had it in for the city administration." He was trying to make all the personal and political capital that he could out of the affair. At present, as Jackson could see from the newspapers, they were engaged in examining minor witnesses,— the servants and employees of the Glenmore, the police and the firemen,— trying to account for the origin of the fire. So the architect could be of no use now, at any rate, and had better stay quietly where he was until the matter took more definite shape. In the meantime it was understood that he was ill at his summer home. Graves, so Wheeler added, had been in to see him again. It was foolish to irritate the contractor, and make the matter worse than it was already, etc.

Then Hart opened the bundle of newspapers, and glanced through their padded pages. His eye was caught by an editorial caption:—

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GLENMORE TRAGEDY?

The article was a sarcastic summary of the results thus far of the inquest, done in the *Thunderer's* best manner. So far, the editorial writer pointed out, the inquiry had been confined to examining chamber-maids, bell-boys, and the police, and to quarreling about the exact location of the fire when it started. The *Thunderer* hoped that before closing the inquest the coroner would have the courage to go higher, and to probe the Building Department, and to ascertain what Mr. Bloom's connection with the matter was, and whether his inspectors had ever made a report on the Glenmore. Further, the coroner might to advantage summon the officers of the hotel company, who had erected this fire-trap, and the architect whose plans for a fire-proof structure had been so lamentably inadequate. The *Thunderer* understood that the Glenmore Hotel Corporation was one of those paper corporations, officered by clerks, behind which unscrupulous capitalists shielded themselves. Of the officers whose names appeared in the papers of incorporation, three were clerks in the employ of a contractor named Graves, and a fourth was a prominent young architect who had prepared the plans for the building. The people of Chicago wanted to hear what these men had to say about the Glenmore hotel, especially *Bloom*, *Graves*, and *Hart*. "Look higher, Mr. Coroner!" the *Thunderer* concluded solemnly.

When Helen came into the room a little later, she found her husband plunged in thought, the sheets of the newspaper scattered about him.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

He picked up the paper and handed it to her. She read the article in the *Thunderer*, her brow wrinkling in puzzle as she went on. When she had finished it, she let it fall from her hands, and looked at her husband inquiringly.

"They want you to go out there and tell about the building of the hotel?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered dully. "I knew it would come. You see Graves made me the treasurer of the corporation. I was only a dummy like the others," he explained. "The corporation was just Graves! But I told Everett that I should go back and tell what I knew. Only he does n't think it necessary, now!"

"What would happen? What does it all mean?"

He explained to her what the legal results might be in case the coroner's jury held him and others to the Grand Jury, as criminally liable for the disaster.

Then, if the Grand Jury found a true bill against him, whenever he returned to Chicago he could be tried for manslaughter. But even if in his absence he should be held to the Grand Jury, there were many steps in the complex machinery of legal justice, and he could probably escape without trial. Evidently Wheeler, who knew the involutions of the district attorney's office, was counting on the probability that no one would be brought to trial in this hotel case, — that the disaster would be buried in that gulf of abortive justice where crimes against the people at large are smothered.

"And in that case," Hart concluded, "there would be no use in letting them tear me to pieces in the papers!"

"But you must go back!" she exclaimed, brushing aside his reasoning. "You must tell all!"

"Everett does n't think so," he protested, "and I can't see the good of it. They won't do anything. It's just politics, the whole investigation. But the newspapers would hound me to a finish. It would be impossible for me to get work in Chicago for a long time, if ever. And it would cover you and the boys with disgrace. I have paid enough!"

"It must be done," she repeated in a low voice.

She was not clear what good might come of his testimony: she was ignorant of the legal conditions. But she had a fundamental sense of justice: men must pay for the evil they do, — pay fully and pay publicly. A private repentance and a private penance were to her incomplete and trivial.

"I've got to earn our living," he urged. "You must think of that! If I am shut out of Chicago, we must begin somewhere else at the bottom."

She was not ready to consider that question.

"You must n't think of us," she answered. "Francis, you can't really pay for all the wrong that has been done: But perhaps the truth will do some good. And unless you are ready to face the open disgrace, — why, you have done nothing! The money you gave back to the trustees is nothing. This is the only way!"

It was the only way for him, at least. With his buoyant, pliant nature, as she understood it, some final act, definite, done in the eyes of the world that knew him, was needed to strengthen the fibre of his being, to record in his own soul its best resolve.

He had been ready enough in the stress of his first feeling after the catastrophe to stand before the world and confess his share in the wrong that had been done. Then he was eager to free his mind of its intolerable burden. But now that his excitement had faded, leaving him to face the difficulties of his future, he saw in all its fatal detail what public disgrace would mean, and he drew back. It was folly to invite ruin!

Yet in the end the woman held him to her ideal. Late that night he consented to telegraph Wheeler of his immediate return, and to take the first train for the west, there to await the coroner's summons.

"I shall go on with you, of course," she said. "We will all go, — the boys, too. Mamma will stay and close the house. Perhaps you can't get away very soon after it is over. I want to be there with you," she answered to all his objections.

"You know what it will mean!" he exclaimed warningly, as the last log burst into ashes on the hearth. "Nell, it's worst for you and the boys. It means ruin, nothing less!"

"Never!" she protested. "Ruin is in ourselves. It means that we shall have to do without friends, and society, and things, especially things. And I have come to hate things. They make one small and mean. I never thought we should have them. And I don't want them for the boys, either. There is work! the best thing in life, — work for itself, without pay in things, without bribes! We'll have that and bread, Francis!"

"But the public disgrace," he still objected.

"Better even that than the disgrace between us," she whispered. "No, no! There is no other way."

At least there was no other way to her love, and that love he could not live without, cost him what it might.

"You are strong!" he confessed his admiration.

"And you, too!" she whispered back, her face illumined with the courage of her nature.

Little Powers, the younger boy, had not been well, and the next morning, when he was no better, Jackson urged that it would be unwise to take him, that he had best go back alone. But Helen would not consent, knowing that he made the most of the child's illness to spare her the trial which was to come.

"It is nothing," she said. "Mother thinks it will do no harm to take him. And if he is going to be sick, it would be better for us to be there in the city than here."

So they drove over to Verulam and took the train. After the boys had been put to bed for the night, Helen came back to the section where the architect was sitting, looking dully into the black fields.

"What do you think of this?" she exclaimed, putting a letter into his hands. "I got it just as we were leaving. It's from Venetia,—read it!"

He took the thick envelope from her hands, remembering suddenly the girl as he had last seen her, when she had summed him up in one bitter, opprobrious word. The sting of that word had gone, effaced by the experience which he had suffered since, and he opened the letter listlessly.

My dear Mother Superior,— Do you recognize the Forest Park postmark? I am not going abroad after all. At least not just yet. Mother's gone, sails this week. Now listen, and I'll make your hair stand on end.

First mother! She's had a grievous disappointment lately. Colonel Raymond,— you know him of course,— the little gray-whiskered railroad man, mother's pet indulgence for I can't say how long,—has at last been freed from the legal attachment of one wife and is about to take another at once. Whom do you think? The youngest Stewart girl! ! ! The wedding is for the 3d of June. We are not going, naturally. It was a crushing blow to poor mamma,—she put her sailing forward a whole week to escape from her friends. She was positively getting old under it.

I know you don't like this, so I cut it very short. Now prepare! I am going to embrace the serious life, at last,—I mean matrimony. Really and truly, this time. You know the man, but you'd never think: he's *our* doctor, Dr. Coburn. Yes! Yes! ! Yes! ! !

Mother threw a fit when I told her, and then, of course, I knew I was right. We are to be married any time, when he finishes up some work he has on hand, so that he can give me some attention. We might look in on you in your convent retirement, if sufficiently urged. Then I'll tell you all about it, and make him show you all the little tricks I have taught him. Mamma still calls him "that fellow," but he's by way of being a very distinguished man on account of some bug he's discovered. The medical journals are taking off their hats to him. I read the notices,— don't you believe I am fast enough in love?

Well, I have had to send mamma abroad to recover her nerves, and I am out here fixing the place, which is to be rented to some awful people, whom you never heard of. By the way, the doctor is n't going to let me use my money,— mother ought to thank him for that!— and he won't promise to earn much money, either. He has no idea of keeping me in the state to which the Lord called me. He says if I want that, I can marry Stephen Lane or any other man. He means to earn enough for a sensible woman to live on, and if I am not con-

tent I can go out and learn how to earn some more for myself. Did you ever hear of a man who had the nerve to talk that way to the woman he wants to marry? . . .

We are going to have a laboratory on the West Side,—that gave Mrs. P. another fit,—and over it we'll have our rooms. Then when he's made enough rabbits dotty with his bug, and has written his papers, maybe we'll go abroad. . . .

There are lots of other things, *your* things, I want to talk over, but my pen is too blunt for them. Only, I hope, oh, so much, dear, that you are to be happy again. Mr. Wheeler told me that Jack was with you now. My love to the Prodigal Man. Good-by, dear. . . .

"Is n't it good!" Helen exclaimed, with the readiness good women have to welcome a newcomer to that state which has brought them such doubtful happiness.

"I should n't think he would have been the man to satisfy her," Jackson answered. "I always thought she was ambitious, could n't find any one out there to give her everything she was after."

"Perhaps Venetia has seen enough of that kind of thing!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE VOICE OF THE SEQUOIA

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

I THOUGHT it spoke to me,
The lingering spirit of the giant tree

Fallen on the western shore,—
The redwood Saul with fourteen centuries hoar:

"In this huge husk I yet
Abide — Who may the old home soon forget? —

"Abide long as I may,
Dreaming my dreams until they fade away.

"The morning I did push
My twigs the little height of yonder bush,

"Ruddy Justinian saw,
Busied betwixt the bishops and his Law;

"Mahomet knew those skies,
Lithe-limbed, the fire of prophets in his eyes.

"I can recall the day
The Frank set forth upon his warrior's way —

"He that could Cæsar be
And Alfred too, the flower of empery; —

"The day great Saladin
Threw open Judah's gate, and entered in,

"When Christian lance and sword
Dealt all that death, nor broke the alien horde.

"But there were happier things
And lovelier mingled in my murmurings:

"The woodland wail divine
Of Dante's grief — Dante, the human pine;

"Spring's earliest, sweetest note
She tossed in air from English Chaucer's throat;

"News of the fateful fleet
Sailing to lead all peoples to my feet;

"Tales of the Titan lone,
Writing his poems in the Roman stone;

"Of him the wonder-child,
On whom Beauty and all the Muses smiled

"Whom Nature loved so well
She must her dearest secret to him tell,

"And wish she had yet more
To give (she did not know her heart before;

"Man knew not his; for when
Her Shakespeare sang the world grew young again);

"Of him whose symphony,
Rhythmic with swingings of the star and sea,

"Embroiled in blank mid-air
Heaven's host and Hell's, nor did too greatly dare;

"Of Pisa's son who read
The Open Book, undaunted whither led,

"Charting the haughty way
Newton would follow in the broader day.

"Again and yet again
The burdened wind. There dawned a morning when

"It said thy sires cried out
To the free hills; I heard the answering shout —

"Well freed thy land; the sea
Rolls all her waves 'twixt it and tyranny. —

"I caught a kindred cry
From France the beautiful; she hung the sky

"With horrors while she thrust
Oppression through and trod him in the dust.

"Now 't was, the Furies ran
And loosed, hawk-beaked and clawed, the Corsican

"Soon drooped that phantom wing;
But hark! proud Life hears yet her Goethe sing,

"Hears Wordsworth; still does ease
Her heart with those high, wordless melodies

"Beyond the poet's reach, —
Beethoven's measures, music's golden speech.

"Again and yet again
The burdened wind. One of the new-time men,

"Goodly and tall and fair
He stood, trusting the hand that planted there;

"He took the upper wind
I knew — Lincoln, the cedar of his kind.

"Those sad new days ye know.
They fade from me; and it is better so."

The voice fell fainter now,
As when on summer eves it failed the bough;

No further did it say,
But, sighing, drifted with the dreams away.

THE LITERARY TREATMENT OF NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THE literary treatment of natural history themes is, of course, quite different from the scientific treatment, and should be so. The former, compared with the latter, is like free-hand drawing compared with mechanical drawing. Literature aims to give us the truth in a way to touch our emotions, and in some degree to satisfy the enjoyment we have in the living reality. The literary artist is just as much in love with the fact as is his scientific brother, only he makes a different use of the fact, and his interest in it is often of a non-scientific character. His method is synthetic rather than analytic. He deals in general, and not in technical truths, — truths that he arrives at in the fields and woods, and not in the laboratory.

The essay-naturalist observes and admires; the scientific naturalist *collects*. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other, specimens for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your enthusiasm; the latter would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of overcoloring or falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives more than facts, — he gives impressions and analogies and, as far as possible, shows you the live bird on the bough.

The literary and the scientific treatment of the dog, for instance, will differ widely, not to say radically, but they will not differ in one being true and the other false. Each will be true in its own way. One will be suggestive and the other exact; one will be strictly objective, but literature is always more or less subjective. Literature aims to invest its subject with a human interest, and to this end stirs our sympathies and emotions. Pure science aims to convince the reason and the understanding alone. Note Maeterlinck's treatment of the dog in a late magazine article, — probably the best thing on our four-footed comrade that English literature has to show. It gives one pleasure, not because it is all true as science is true, but because it is so tender, human, and sympathetic, without being false to the essential dog nature; it does not make the dog *do* impossible things. It is not natural history; it is literature; it is not a record of observations upon the manners and habits of the dog, but reflections upon him and his relations to man, and upon the many problems, from the human point of view, that the dog must master in a brief time; the distinctions he must figure out, the mistakes he must avoid, the riddles of life he must read in his dumb dog way. Of course, as a matter of fact, the dog is not compelled "in less than five or six weeks to get into his mind, taking shape within it, an image and a satisfactory conception of the universe." No, nor in five or six years. Strictly speaking, he is not capable of conceptions at all, but only of sense impressions; his sure guide is instinct, — not blundering reason. The dog starts with a fund of knowledge, which man acquires slowly and painfully. But all this does not trouble one in reading of Maeterlinck's dog. Our interest is awakened, and our sympathies moved, by seeing the world presented to the dog as it presents itself to us, or by putting ourselves in the dog's place. It is not false natural history, — it is a fund of true human sentiment awakened by the contemplation of the dog's life and character.

Maeterlinck does not ascribe human powers and capacities to his dumb friend, the dog; he has no incredible tales of its sagacity and wit to relate; it is only an ordinary bull pup that he describes, but he makes us love it, and, through it, all other dogs, by his loving analysis of its

trials and tribulations, and its devotion to its god, man. In like manner, in John Muir's story of his dog, Stickeen, — a story to go with *Rab and his Friends*, — our credulity is not once challenged. Our sympathies are deeply moved because our reason is not in the least outraged. It is true that Muir makes his dog act like a human being under the press of great danger; but the action is not the kind that involves reason; it only implies sense perception, and the instinct of self-preservation. Stickeen does as his master bids him, and he is human only in the human emotions of fear, despair, joy, that he shows.

In Mr. Egerton Young's book, called *My Dogs of the Northland*, I find much that is interesting and several vivid dog portraits, but Mr. Young humanizes his dogs to a greater extent than does either Muir or Maeterlinck. For instance, he makes his dog Jack take special delight in teasing the Indian servant girl by walking or lying upon her kitchen floor when she had just cleaned it, all in revenge for the slights the girl had put upon him; and he gives several instances of the conduct of the dog which he thus interprets. Now one can believe almost anything of dogs in the way of wit about their food, their safety, and the like, but one cannot make them so entirely human as deliberately to plan and execute the kind of revenge here imputed to Jack. No animal could appreciate a woman's pride in a clean kitchen floor, or see any relation between the tracks which he makes upon the floor and her state of feeling toward himself. Mr. Young's facts are doubtless all right; it is his interpretation of them that is wrong.

It is perfectly legitimate for the animal story-writer to put himself inside the animal he wishes to portray, and tell how life and the world look from that point of view; but he must always be true to the facts of the case, and to the limited intelligence for which he speaks.

In the humanization of the animals, and of the facts of natural history which is supposed to be the province of literature in this field, we must recognize certain limits. Your facts are sufficiently humanized the moment they become interesting, and they become interesting the moment you relate them in any way to our lives, or make them suggestive of what we know to be true in other fields and in our own experience. Thoreau made his battle of the ants interesting because he made it illustrate all the human traits of courage, fortitude, heroism, self-sacrifice. Burns's mouse at once strikes a sympathetic chord in us without ceasing to be a mouse; we see ourselves in it. To attribute human motives and faculties to the animals is to caricature them; but to put us in such relations with them that we feel their kinship, that we see their lives embosomed in the same iron necessity as our own, that we see in their minds a humbler manifestation of the same psychic power and intelligence that culminates and is conscious of itself in man, — that, I take it, is the true humanization.

We like to see ourselves in the nature around us. We want in some way to translate these facts and laws of outward nature into our own experiences; to relate our observations of bird or beast to our own lives. Unless they beget some human emotion in me, — the emotion of the beautiful, the sublime, — or appeal to my sense of the fit, the permanent, — unless what you learn in the fields and the woods corresponds in some way with what I know of my fellows, I shall not long be deeply interested in it. I do not want the animals humanized in any other sense. They all have human traits and ways; let those be brought out, — their mirth, their joy, their curiosity, their cunning, their thrift, their relations, their wars, their loves, — and all the springs of their actions laid bare as far as possible; but I do not expect my natural history to back up the Ten Commandments, or to be an illustration of the value of training-schools and kindergartens, or to afford a commentary upon the vanity of human wishes. Humanize your facts to the extent of

making them interesting, if you have the art to do it, but leave the dog a dog, and the straddle bug a straddle bug.

Interpretation is a favorite word with some recent nature writers. It is claimed for the literary naturalist that he interprets natural history. The ways and doings of the wild creatures are exaggerated and misread under the plea of interpretation. Now, if by interpretation we mean an answer to the question, "What does this mean?" or, "What is the exact truth about it?" then there is but one interpretation of nature, and that is the scientific. What is the meaning of the fossils in the rocks? or of the carving and sculpturing of the landscape? or of a thousand and one other things in the organic and inorganic world about us? Science alone can answer. But if we mean by interpretation an answer to the inquiry, "What does this scene or incident suggest to you? how do you feel about it?" then we come to what is called the literary or poetic interpretation of nature, which, strictly speaking, is no interpretation of nature at all, but an interpretation of the writer or the poet himself. The poet or the essayist tells what the bird, or the tree, or the cloud, means to him. It is himself, therefore, that is being interpreted. What do Ruskin's writings upon nature interpret? They interpret Ruskin, — his wealth of moral and ethical ideas, and his wonderful imagination. Richard Jefferies tells us how the flower, or the bird, or the cloud is related to his subjective life and experience. It means this or that to him; it may mean something entirely different to another, because he may be bound to it by a different tie of association. The poet fills the lap of Earth with treasures not her own, — the riches of his own spirit; science reveals the treasures that are her own, and arranges and appraises them.

Strictly speaking, there is not much in natural history that needs interpreting. We explain a fact, we interpret an oracle; we explain the action and relation of physical laws and forces, we interpret, as well as we can, the geologic record. Darwin sought to explain the origin of species, and to interpret many palæontological phenomena. We account for animal behavior on rational grounds of animal psychology; there is little to interpret. Natural history is not a cryptograph to be deciphered, it is a series of facts and incidents to be observed and recorded. If two wild animals, such as the beaver and the otter, are deadly enemies, there is good reason for it; and when we have found that reason, we have got hold of a fact in natural history. The robins are at enmity with the jays in the spring, and the reason is, the jays eat the robins' eggs. When we seek to interpret the actions of the animals, we are in danger of running into all kinds of anthropomorphic absurdities, by reading their lives in terms of our own thinking and consciousness. A man sees a flock of crows in a tree in a state of commotion; now they all caw, then only one master voice is heard, presently two or three crows fall upon one of their number and fell him to the ground. The spectator examines the victim and finds him dead, with his eyes pecked out. He interprets what he has seen as a court of justice; the crows were trying a criminal, and, having found him guilty, they proceeded to execute him. The curious instinct which often prompts animals to fall upon and destroy a member of the flock that is sick, or hurt, or blind, is difficult of explanation, but we may be quite sure that, whatever the reason is, the act is not the outcome of a judicial proceeding in which judge and jury and executioner all play their proper part. Wild crows will chase and maltreat a tame crow whenever they get a chance, — just why, it would be hard to say. But the tame crow has evidently lost caste among them. I have what I consider good proof that a number of skunks that were wintering together in their den in the ground fell upon and killed and then partly devoured one of their number that had lost a foot in a trap. Another man sees a fox lead a hound over a long railroad trestle, when

the hound is caught and killed by a passing train. He interprets the fact as a cunning trick on the part of the fox to destroy his enemy! Or a person puts some half-grown birds in a cage where the parent birds can feed them; presently they are found dead. Therefore, the parents poisoned them! This person never asks him or herself, how could such an instinct be developed in a bird? what experience has it or its progenitors had with poison that they should know its uses? The young birds died because they were not properly fed and cared for. A captive fox, held to his kennel by a long chain, was seen to pick up an ear of corn that had fallen from a passing load, chew it up, scattering the kernels about, and then retire into his kennel. Presently a fat hen, attracted by the corn, approached the hidden fox, whereupon he rushed out and seized her. This was a shrewd trick on the part of the fox to capture a hen for his dinner! In this, and in the foregoing cases, the observer supplies something from his own mind. That is what he or she would do under like conditions. True, a fox does not eat corn; but an idle one, tied by a chain, might bite the kernels from an ear in a mere spirit of mischief and restlessness, as a dog or puppy might do, and drop them upon the ground; a hen would very likely be attracted by them, when the fox would be quick to see his chance.

Some of the older entomologists believed that in a colony of ants and of bees the members recognized one another by means of some secret sign or password. In all cases a stranger from another colony is instantly detected, and a home member as instantly known. This sign or password, says Burmeister, as quoted by Lubbock, "serves to prevent any strange bee from entering into the same hive without being immediately detected and killed. It, however, sometimes happens that several hives have the same signs, when their several members rob each other with impunity. In these cases the bees whose hives suffer most alter their signs, and then can immediately detect their enemy." The same thing was thought to be true of a colony of ants. Others held that the bees and the ants knew one another individually, as men of the same town do! Would not any serious student of nature in our day know in advance of experiment that all this was childish and absurd? Lubbock showed by numerous experiments that bees and ants did not recognize their friends or their enemies by either of these methods. Just how they did do it he could not clearly settle, though it seems as if they were guided more by the sense of smell than by anything else. Maeterlinck in his *Life of the Bee* has much to say about the "spirit of the hive," and it does seem as if there were some mysterious agent or power at work there that cannot be located or defined.

This current effort to interpret nature has led one of the well-known prophets of the art to say that in this act of interpretation one "must struggle against fact and law to develop or keep his own individuality." This is certainly a curious notion, and I think an unsafe one, that the student of nature must struggle against fact and law, must ignore or override them, in order to give full swing to his own individuality. Is it himself, then, and not the truth that he is seeking to exploit? In the field of natural history we have been led to think the point at issue is not man's individuality, but correct observation, — a true report of the wild life about us. Is one to give free rein to his fancy or imagination; to see animal life with his "vision," and not with his corporeal eyesight; to hear with his transcendental ear, and not through his auditory nerve? This may be all right in fiction or romance or fable, but why call the outcome natural history? why set it down as a record of actual observation? Why penetrate the wilderness to interview Indians, trappers, guides, woodsmen, and thus seek to confirm your observations, if you have all the while been "struggling against fact and law," and do not want or

need confirmation? If nature study is only to exploit your own individuality, why bother about what other people have or have not seen or heard? Why, in fact, go to the woods at all? Why not sit in your study and invent your facts to suit your fancyings?

My sole objection to the nature books that are the outcome of this proceeding is that they are put forth as veritable natural history, and thus mislead their readers. They are the result of a successful "struggle against fact and law" in a field where fact and law should be supreme. No doubt that, in the practical affairs of life, one often has a struggle with the fact. If one's bank balance gets on the negative side of the account, he must struggle to get it back where it belongs; he may even have the help of the bank's attorney to get it there. If one has a besetting sin of any kind, he has to struggle against that. Life is a struggle anyhow, and we are all strugglers, — struggling to put the facts upon our side. But the only struggle the real nature student has with facts is to see them as they are, and to read them aright. He is just as zealous for the truth as is the man of science. In fact, nature study is only science out of school, happy in the fields and woods, loving the flower and the animal which it observes, and finding in them something for the sentiments and the emotions as well as for the understanding.

With the nature student, the human interest in the wild creatures — by which I mean our interest in them as living, struggling beings — dominates the scientific interest, or our interest in them merely as subjects for comparison and classification.

Gilbert White was a rare combination of the nature student and the man of science, and his book is one of the minor English classics. Richard Jefferies was a true nature lover, but his interests rarely take a scientific turn. Our Thoreau was in love with nature, but still more in love with the supernatural; yet he prized the fact, and his books abound in delightful natural history observations. We have a host of nature students in our own day, bent on plucking out the heart of every mystery in the fields and woods. Some are dryly scientific, some are dull and prosy, some are sentimental, some are sensational, and a few are altogether admirable. Mr. Thompson Seton, as an artist and *raconteur*, ranks by far the highest in this field, and to those who can separate the fact from the fiction in his animal stories, he is truly delightful.

The structure of animals, their colors, their ornaments, their distribution, their migrations, all have a significance that science may interpret for us if it can, but it is the business of every observer to report truthfully what he sees, and not to confound his facts with his theories.

Why does the cowbird lay its egg in another bird's nest? Why are these parasitical birds found the world over? Who knows? Only there seems to be a parasitical principle in nature that runs all through her works, — in the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom. Why is the porcupine so tame and stupid? Because it does not have to hunt for its game, and is self-armed against all comers. The struggle of life has not developed its wits. Why are robins so abundant? Because they are so adaptive, both as regards their food and their nesting habits. They eat both fruit and insects, and will nest anywhere, — in trees, sheds, walls, and on the ground. Why is the fox so cunning? Because the discipline of life has made him cunning. Man has probably always been after his fur; and his subsistence has not been easily obtained. If you ask me why the crow is so cunning, I shall be put to it for an adequate answer. It seems as if nobody could ever have wanted his skin or his carcass, and his diet does not compel him to outwit live game as does that of the fox. His jet black plumage exposes him alike winter and summer. This drawback he has had to meet by added wit, but I can think of no other way by which he is handicapped. I do not know that he has any natural enemies; yet he is one of the

most suspicious of the fowls of the air. Why is the Canada jay so much tamer than are other jays? They belong farther north, where they see less of man; they are birds of the wilderness; they are often, no doubt, hard put for food; their color does not make them conspicuous, — all these things, no doubt, tend to make them more familiar than their congeners. Why, again, the chickadee can be induced to perch upon your hand, and take food from it more readily than the nuthatch or the woodpecker, is a question not so easily answered. It being a lesser bird, it probably has fewer enemies than either of the others, and its fear would be less in proportion.

The foregoing is one way to interpret or explain natural facts. Everything has its reason. To hit upon this reason is to interpret it to the understanding. To interpret it to the emotions, or to the moral or to the æsthetic sense, — that is another matter.

I would not be unjust or unsympathetic toward this current tendency to exalt the lower animals into the human sphere. I would only help my reader to see things as they are, and to stimulate him to love the animals as animals, and not as men. Nothing is gained by self-deception. The best discipline of life is that which prepares us to face the facts, no matter what they are. Such sweet companionship as one may have with a dog, simply because he is a dog, and does not invade your own exclusive sphere! He is, in a way, like your youth come back to you, and taking form, — all instinct and joy and adventure. You can ignore him, and he is not offended; you can reprove him, and he still loves you; you can hail him, and he bounds with joy; you can camp and tramp and ride with him, and his interest and curiosity and adventurous spirit give to the days and the nights the true holiday atmosphere. With him you are alone and not alone; you have both companionship and solitude. Who would have him more human or less canine? He divines your thought through his love, and feels your will in the glance of your eye. He is not a rational being, yet he is a very susceptible being, and touches us at so many points that we come to look upon him with a fraternal regard.

I suppose we should not care much for natural history, as I have before said, or for the study of nature generally, if we did not in some way find ourselves there, — that is, something that is akin to our own feelings, methods, and intelligence. We have traveled that road, we find tokens of ourselves on every hand; we are "stuccoed with quadrupeds and birds all over," as Whitman says. The life history of the humblest animal, if truly told, is profoundly interesting. If we could know all that befalls the slow moving turtle in the fields, or the toad that stumbles and fumbles along the roadside, our sympathies would be touched, and some spark of real knowledge imparted. We should not want the lives of those humble creatures "interpreted" after the manner of "our modern school of nature study," for that were to lose fact in fable; that were to give us a stone when we had asked for bread; we should want only a truthful record from the point of view of a wise, loving, human eye, such as, say, Gilbert White or Henry Thoreau might have given us. How interesting White makes his old turtle, hurrying to shelter when it rains, or seeking the shade of a cabbage leaf when the sun is too hot, or prancing about the garden on tiptoe in the spring by five in the morning, when the mating instinct begins to stir within him! Surely we may see curselves in the old tortoise.

In fact, the problem of the essay-naturalist always is to make his subject interesting, and yet keep strictly within the bounds of truth.

MAHALA JOE

BY MARY AUSTIN

I

In the campoodie of Three Pines, which you probably know better by its Spanish name of Tres Pinos, there is an Indian, well thought of among his own people, who goes about wearing a woman's dress, and is known as Mahala Joe. He should be about fifty years old by this time, and has a quiet, kindly face. Sometimes he tucks up the skirt of his woman's dress over a pair of blue overalls when he has a man's work to do, but at feasts and dances he wears a ribbon around his waist and a handkerchief on his head as the other mahalas do. He is much looked to because of his knowledge of white people and their ways, and if it were not for the lines of deep sadness that fall in his face when at rest, one might forget that the woman's gear is the badge of an all but intolerable shame. At least it was so used by the Paiutes, but when you have read this full and true account of how it was first put on, you may not think it so.

Fifty years ago the valley about Tres Pinos was all one sea of moving grass and dusky, greenish sage, cropped over by deer and antelope, north as far as Togobah, and south to the Bitter Lake. Beside every considerable stream which flowed into it from the Sierras was a Paiute campoodie, and all they knew of white people was by hearsay from the tribes across the mountains. But soon enough cattlemen began to push their herds through the Sierra passes to the Paiutes' feeding-ground. The Indians saw them come, and though they were not very well pleased, they held still by the counsel of their old men; night and day they made medicine and prayed that the white men might go away.

Among the first of the cattlemen in the valley about Tres Pinos was Joe Baker, who brought a young wife, and built his house not far from the campoodie. The Indian women watched her curiously from afar because of a whisper that ran among the wattled huts. When the year was far gone, and the sun-cured grasses curled whitish brown, a doctor came riding hard from the fort at Edawick, forty miles to the south, and though they watched they did not see him ride away. It was the third day at evening when Joe Baker came walking toward the campoodie, and his face was set and sad. He carried something rolled in a blanket, and looked anxiously at the women as he went between the huts. It was about the hour of the evening meal, and the mahalas sat about the fires watching the cooking pots. He came at last opposite a young woman who sat nursing her child. She had a bright, pleasant face, and her little one seemed about six months old. Her husband stood near and watched them with great pride. Joe Baker knelt down in front of the mahala, and opened the roll of blankets. He showed her a day-old baby that wrinkled up its small face and cried.

"Its mother is dead," said the cattleman. The young Indian mother did not know English, but she did not need speech to know what had happened. She looked pitifully at the child, and at her husband timidly. Joe Baker went and laid his rifle and cartridge belt at the Paiute's feet. The Indian picked up the gun and fingered it; his wife smiled. She put down her own child, and lifted the little white stranger to her breast. It nozzled against her and hushed its crying; the young mother laughed.

"See how greedy it is," she said; "it is truly white." She drew up the blanket around the child and comforted it.

The cattleman called to him one of the

Indians who could speak a little English.

"Tell her," he said, "that I wish her to care for the child. His name is Walter. Tell her that she is to come to my house for everything he needs, and for every month that he keeps fat and well she shall have a fat steer from my herd." So it was agreed.

As soon as Walter was old enough he came to sleep at his father's house, but the Indian woman whom he called Ebia came every day to tend him. Her son was his brother, and Walter learned to speak Paiute before he learned English. The two boys were always together, but as yet the little Indian had no name. It is not the custom among Paiutes to give names to those who have not done anything worth naming.

"But I have a name," said Walter, "and so shall he. I will call him Joe. That is my father's name, and it is a good name, too."

When Mr. Baker was away with the cattle Walter slept at the campoodie, and Joe's mother made him a buckskin shirt. At that time he was so brown with the sun and the wind that only by his eyes could you tell that he was white; he was also very happy. But as this is to be the story of how Joe came to the wearing of a woman's dress I cannot tell you all the plays they had, how they went on their first hunting, nor what they found in the creek of Tres Pinos.

The beginning of the whole affair of Mahala Joe must be laid to the arrow-maker. The arrow-maker had a stiff knee from a wound in a long gone battle, and for that reason he sat in the shade of his wickiup, and chipped arrow points from flake of obsidian that the young men brought him from Togobah, fitting them to shafts of reeds from the river marsh. He used to coax the boys to wade in the brown water and cut the reeds, for the dampness made his knee ache. They drove bargains with him for arrows for their own hunting, or for the sake of the stories he could tell. For an armful of reeds he would make three arrows, and for a double armful he would tell tales. These were mostly of great huntings and old wars, but when it was winter, and no snakes in the long grass to overhear, he would tell Wonder-stories. The boys would lie with their toes in the warm ashes, and the arrow-maker would begin.

"You can see," said the arrow-maker, "on the top of Waban the tall boulder looking on the valleys east and west. That is the very boundary between the Paiute country and Shoshone land. The boulder is a hundred times taller than the tallest man, and thicker through than six horses standing nose to tail; the shadow of it falls all down the slope. At mornings it falls toward the Paiute peoples, and evening it falls on Shoshone land. Now on this side of the valley, beginning at the campoodie, you will see a row of pine trees standing all upstream one behind another. See, the long branches grow on the side toward the hill, and some may tell you it is because of the way the wind blows, but I say it is because they reach out in a hurry to get up the mountain. Now I will tell you how these things came about.

"Very long ago all the Paiutes of this valley were ruled by two brothers, a chief and a medicine man, Winnedumah and Tinnemaha. They were both very wise, and one of them never did anything without the other. They taught the tribes not to war upon each other, but to stand fast as brothers, and so they brought peace into the land. At that time there were no white people heard of, and game was plenty. The young honored the old, and nothing was as it is now."

When the arrow-maker came to this point, the boys fidgeted with their toes, and made believe to steal the old man's arrows to distract his attention. They did not care to hear about the falling off of the Paiutes; they wished to have the tale. Then the arrow-maker would hurry on to the time when there arose a war between the Paiutes and the Shoshones.

Then Winnedumah put on his war bonnet, and Tinnemaha made medicine. Word went around among the braves that if they stood together man to man as brothers, then they should have this war.

"And so they might," said the arrow-maker, "but at last their hearts turned to water. The tribes came together on the top of Waban. Yes; where the boulder now stands, for that is the boundary of our lands, for no brave would fight off his own ground for fear of the other's medicine. So they fought. The eagles heard the twang of the bowstring, and swung down from White Mountain. The vultures smelled the smell of battle, and came in from Shoshone land. Their wings were dark like a cloud, and underneath the arrows flew like hail. The Paiutes were the better bowmen, and they caught the Shoshone arrows where they struck in the earth and shot them back again. Then the Shoshones were ashamed, and about the time of the sun going down they called upon their Medicine Men, and one let fly a magic arrow, — for none other would touch him, — and it struck in the throat of Tinnemaha.

"Now when that befell," went on the arrow-maker, "the braves forgot the word that had gone before the battle, for they turned their backs to the Medicine Man, all but Winnedumah, his brother, and fled this way from Waban. Then stood Winnedumah by Tinnemaha, for that was the way of those two, whatever happened, one would not leave the other. There was none left to carry on the fight, and yet since he was so great a chief the Shoshones were afraid to take him, and the sun went down. In the dusk they saw a bulk, and they said, 'He is still standing;' but when it was morning light they saw only a great rock, so you see it to this day. As for the braves who ran away, they were changed to pine trees, but in their hearts they are cowards yet, therefore they stretch out their arms and strive toward the mountain. And that," said the arrow-maker, "is how the tall stones came to be on the top of Waban. But it was not in my day nor my father's."

Then the boys would look up at Winnedumah, and were half afraid, and as for the tale, they quite believed it.

The arrow-maker was growing old. His knee hurt him in cold weather, and he could not make arrow points fast enough to satisfy the boys, who lost a great many in the winter season shooting at ducks in the tulares. Walter's father promised him a rifle when he was fifteen, but that was years away. There was a rock in the cañon behind Tres Pinos with a great crack in the top. When the young men rode to the hunting they shot each an arrow at it, and if it stuck it was a promise of good luck. The boys scaled the rock by means of a grapevine ladder, and pried out the old points. This gave them an idea.

"Upon Waban where the fighting was, there must be a great many arrow points," said Walter.

"So there must be," said Joe.

"Let us go after them," said the white boy; but the other dared not, for no Paiute would go within a bowshot of Winnedumah; nevertheless, they talked the matter over.

"How near would you go?" asked Walter.

"As near as a strong man might shoot an arrow," said Joe.

"If you will go so far," said Walter, "I will go the rest of the way."

"It is a two days' journey," said the Paiute, but he did not make any other objection.

It was a warm day of spring when they set out. The cattleman was off to the river meadow, and Joe's mother was out with the other mahalas gathering taboose.

"If I were fifteen, and had my rifle, I would not be afraid of anything," said Walter.

"But in that case we would not need to go after arrow points," said the Indian boy.

They climbed all day in a bewildering waste of boulders and scrubby trees. They could see Winnedumah shining

whitely on the ridge ahead, but when they had gone down into the gully with great labor, and up the other side, there it stood whitely just another ridge away.

"It is like the false water in the desert," said Walter. "It goes farther from you, and when you get to it there is no water there."

"It is magic medicine," said Indian Joe. "No good comes of going against medicine."

"If you are afraid," said Walter, "why do you not say so. You may go back if you like, and I will go on by myself."

Joe would not make any answer to that. They were hot and tired, and awed by the stillness of the hills. They kept on after that, angry and apart; sometimes they lost sight of each other among the boulders and underbrush. But it seemed that it must really have been as one or the other of them had said, for when they came out on a high mesa presently there was no Winnedumah anywhere in sight. They would have stopped then and taken counsel, but they were too angry for that, so they walked on in silence, and the day failed rapidly, as it will do in high places. They began to draw near together and to be afraid. At last the Indian boy stopped and gathered the tops of bushes together, and began to weave a shelter for the night, and when Walter saw that he made it large enough for two he spoke to him.

"Are we lost?" he said.

"We are lost for to-night," said Joe, "but in the morning we will find ourselves."

They ate dried venison and drank from the wicker bottle, and huddled together because of the dark and the chill.

"Why do we not see the stone any more?" asked Walter in a whisper.

"I do not know," said Joe. "I think it has gone away."

"Will he come after us?"

"I do not know. I have on my elk's tooth," said Joe, and he clasped the charm that hung about his neck. They started and shivered, hearing a stone crash far away as it rolled down the mountain side, and the wind began to move among the pines.

"Joe," said Walter, "I am sorry I said that you were afraid."

"It is nothing," said the Paiute. "Besides, I am afraid."

"So am I," whispered the other. "Joe," he said again after a long silence, "if he comes after us what shall we do?"

"We will stay by each other."

"Like the two brothers, whatever happens," said the white boy, "forever and ever."

"We are two brothers," said Joe.

"Will you swear it?"

"On my elk's tooth."

Then they each took the elk's tooth in his hand and made a vow that whether Winnedumah came down from his rock, or whether the Shoshones found them, come what would, they would stand together. Then they were comforted, and lay down holding each other's hands.

"I hear some one walking," said Walter.

"It is the wind among the pines," said Joe.

A twig snapped. "What is that?" said the one boy.

"It is a fox or a coyote passing," said the other, but he knew better. They lay still, scarcely breathing, and throbbed with fear. They felt a sense of a presence approaching in the night, the whisper of a moccasin on the gravelly soil, the swish of displaced bushes springing back to place. They saw a bulk shape itself out of the dark; it came and stood over them, and they saw that it was an Indian looking larger in the gloom. He spoke to them, and whether he spoke in a strange tongue, or they were too frightened to understand, they could not tell.

"Do not kill us!" cried Walter, but the Indian boy made no sound. The man took Walter by the shoulders and lifted him up.

"White," said he.

"We are brothers," said Joe; "we have sworn it."

"So," said the man, and it seemed as if he smiled.

"Until we die," said both the boys. The Indian gave a grunt.

"A white man," he said, "is — White." It did not seem as if that was what he meant to say.

"Come, I will take you to your people. They search for you about the foot of Waban. These three hours I have watched you and them." The boys clutched at each other in the dark. They were sure now who spoke to them, and between fear and fatigue and the cramp of cold they staggered and stumbled as they walked. The Indian stopped and considered them.

"I cannot carry both," he said.

"I am the older," said Joe; "I can walk." Without any more words the man picked up Walter, who trembled, and walked off down the slope. They went a long way through the scrub and under the tamarack pines. The man was naked to the waist, and had a quiver full of arrows on his shoulder. The buckthorn branches whipped and scraped against his skin, but he did not seem to mind. At last they came to a place where they could see a dull red spark across an open flat.

"That," said the Indian, "is the fire of your people. They missed you at afternoon, and have been looking for you. From my station on the hill I saw." Then he took the boy by the shoulders.

"Look you," he said, "no good comes of mixing white and brown, but now that the vow is made, see to the keeping of it." Then he stepped back from them and seemed to melt into the dark. Ahead of them the boys saw the light of the fire flare up with new fuel, and shadows moved between them and the flame, which they knew for the figures of their friends. Swiftly as two scared rabbits they ran on toward the glow.

When Walter and Joe had told them the story at the campoodie, the Paiutes made a great deal of it, especially the arrow-maker.

"Without a doubt," he said, "it was Winnedumah who came to you, and not, as some think, a Shoshone who was spying on our land. It is a great mystery. But since you have made a vow of brothers, you should keep it after the ancient use." Then he took a knife of obsidian and cut their arms, and rubbed a little of the blood of each upon the other.

"Now," he said, "you are one fellowship and one blood, and that is as it should be, for you were both nursed at one breast. See that you keep the vow."

"We will," said the boys solemnly, and they went out into the sunlight very proud of the blood upon their bared arms, holding by each other's hands.

II

When Walter was fifteen his father gave him a rifle, as he had promised, and a word of advice with it.

"Learn to shoot quickly and well," he said, "and never ride out from home without it. No one can tell what this trouble with the Indians may come to in the end."

Walter rode straight to the campoodie. He was never happy in any of his gifts until he had showed them to Joe. There was a group of older men at the camp, quartering a deer which they had brought in. One of them, called Scar-Face, looked at Walter with a leering frown.

"See," he said, "they are arming the very children with guns."

"My father promised it to me many years ago," said Walter. "It is my birthday gift."

He could not explain why, and he grew angry at the man's accusing tone, but after it he did not like showing his presents to the Indians.

He called Joe, and they went over to a cave in the black rock where they had kept their boyish treasures, and planned their plays since they were children. Joe thought the rifle a beauty, and turned it over admiringly in the shadow of the cave. They tried shooting at a mark, and then decided to go up Oak Creek for a

shot at the gray squirrels. There they sighted a band of antelope that led them over a tongue of hills into Little Round Valley, where they found themselves at noon twelve miles from home and very hungry. They had no antelope, but four squirrels and a grouse. The two boys made a fire for cooking in a quiet place by a spring of sweet water.

"You may have my rifle to use as often as you like," said Walter, "but you must not lend it to any one in the campoodie, especially to Scar-Face. My father says he is the one who is stirring up all this trouble with the whites."

"The white men do not need any one to help them get into trouble," said Joe. "They can do that for themselves."

"It is the fault of the Indians," said Walter. "If they did not shoot the cattle the white men would leave them alone."

"But if the white men come first to our lands with noise and trampling and scare away the game, what then will they shoot?" asked the Paiute.

Walter did not make any answer to that. He had often gone hunting with Joe and his father, and he knew what it meant to walk far, and fasting, after game made shy by the rifles of cattlemen, and at last to return empty to the campoodie, where there were women and children with hungry eyes.

"Is it true," he said after a while, "that Scar-Face is stirring up all the Indians in the valley?"

"How should I know," said Joe; "I am only a boy, and have not killed big game. I am not admitted to the counsels of the old men. What does it matter to us whether of old feuds or new? Are we not brothers sworn?"

Then, as the dinner was done, they ate each of the other's kill, for it was the custom of the Paiutes at that time that no youth should eat game of his own killing until he was fully grown. As they walked homeward the boys planned to get permission to go up on Waban, for a week, after mountain sheep, before the snows began.

Mr. Baker looked grave when Walter spoke to him.

"My boy," he said, "I wish you would not plan long trips like this without first speaking to me. It is hardly safe in the present state of feeling among the Indians to let you go with them in this fashion. A whole week, too. But as you have already spoken of it, and it has probably been talked over in the campoodie, for me to refuse now would look as if I suspected something, and might bring about the thing I most fear."

"You should not be afraid for me with Joe, father, for we are brothers sworn," said Walter, and he told his father how they had mixed the blood of their arms in the arrow-maker's hut after they had come back from their first journey on Waban.

"Well," said Mr. Baker, who had not heard of this before, "I know that they set a great store by these superstitious customs, but I have not much faith in the word of a Paiute when he is dealing with a white man. However, you had better go on with this hunting trip. Take Hank with you and Joe's father, and do not be gone more than five days at the outside."

Hank was one of Mr. Baker's vaqueros, and very glad to get off for a few days' hunting on the blunt top of Waban. On the Monday following they left the Baker ranch for the mountain. As the two boys rode up the boulder-strewn slope it set them talking of the first time they had gone that way on their fruitless hunt for arrow points about the foot of Winnedumah, and of all that happened to them at that time. The valley lay below them full of purple mist, and away by the creek of Tres Pinos the brown, wattled huts of the campoodie like great wasps' nests stuck in the sage. Hank and Joe's father, with the pack horses, were ahead of them far up the trail; Joe and Walter let their own ponies lag, and the nose of one touched the flank of the other, as they climbed slowly up the steep, and the boys turned their faces to each other, as if they had some vague warning that they would

not ride so and talk familiarly again, as if the boiling anger of the tribes in the valley had brewed a sort of mist that rose up and gloomed the pleasant air on the slope of Waban.

"Joe," said Walter, "my father says if it came to a fight between the white settlers and the Paiutes, that you would not hold by the word we have passed."

"That is the speech of a white man," said Joe.

"But would you?" the other insisted.

"I am a Paiute," said Joe; "I will hold by my people, also by my word; I will not fight against you."

"Nor I against you, but I would not like to have my father think you had broken your word."

"Have no care," said the Indian, "I will not break it."

Mr. Baker looked anxiously after his son as he rode to the hunting on Waban; he looked anxiously up that trail every hour until the boy came again, and that, as it turned out, was at the end of three days. For the trouble among the Indians had come to something at last,—the wasps were all out of nest by the brown creeks, and with them a flight of stinging arrows. The trouble began at Cottonwood, and the hunting party on Waban the second day out saw a tall, pale column of smoke that rose up from the notch of the hill behind the settlement, and fanned out slowly into the pale blueness of the sky.

It went on evenly, neither more nor less, thick smoke from a fire of green wood steadily tended. Before noon another rose from the mouth of Oak Creek, and a third from Tunawai. They waved and beckoned to one another, calling to counsel.

"Signal fires," said Hank; "that means mischief."

And from that on he went with his rifle half cocked, and walked always so that he might keep Joe's father in full view. By night that same day there were seven smoke trees growing up in the long valley, and spreading thin, pale branches to the sky. Then was no zest left in the hunt, and on the morning they owned it. Walter was worried by what he knew his father's anxiety must be. Then the party began to ride down again, and always Hank made the Indian go before. Away by the foot of Oppapago rose a black volume of smoke, thick, and lighted underneath by flames. It might be the reek of a burning ranch house. The boys were excited and afraid. They talked softly and crowded their ponies together on the trail.

"Joe," said Walter whisperingly, "if there is battle you will have to go to it."

"Yes," said Joe.

"And you will fight; otherwise they will call you a coward, and if you run away they will kill you."

"So I suppose," said Joe.

"Or they will make you wear a woman's dress like To-go-na-tee, the man who got up too late." This was a reminder from one of the arrow-maker's tales. "But you have promised not to fight."

"Look you," said the Indian boy; "if a white man came to kill me I would kill him. That is right. But I will not fight you nor your father's house. That is my vow."

The white boy put out his hand, and laid it on the flank of the foremost pony. The Indian boy's fingers came behind him, and crept along the pony's back until they reached the other hand. They rode forward without talking.

Toward noon they made out horsemen riding on the trail below them. As it wound in and out around the blind gullies they saw and lost sight of them a dozen times. At last, where the fringe of the tall trees began, they came face to face. It was Mr. Baker and a party of five men; they carried rifles and had set and anxious looks.

"What will you have?" said Indian Joe's father as they drew up before him under a tamarack pine.

"My son," said the cattleman.

"Is there war?" said the Indian.

"There is war. Come, Walter."

The boys were still and scared. Slowly

Hank and Walter drew their horses out of the path and joined the men. Indian Joe and his father passed forward on the trail.

"Do them no harm," said Joe Baker to those that were with him.

"Good-by, Joe," said Walter half aloud.

The other did not turn his head, but as he went they noticed that he had bared his right arm from the hunting shirt, and an inch above the elbow showed a thin, white scar. Walter had the twin of that mark under his flannels.

Mr. Baker did not mind fighting Indians; he thought it a good thing to have their troubles settled all at once in this way, but he did not want his son mixed up in it. The first thing he did when he got home was to send him off secretly by night to the fort, and from there he passed over the mountains with other of the settlers' families under strong escort, and finally went to his mother's people in the East, and was put to school. As it turned out he never came back to Tres Pinos; he does not come into this story any more.

When the first smoke rose up that showed where the fierce hate of the Paiutes had broken into flame, the Indians took their women and children away from the pleasant open slopes, and hid them in deep cañons in secret places of the rocks. There they feathered arrows, and twisted bowstrings of the sinew of deer. And because there were so many grave things done, and it was not the custom for boys to question their elders, Joe never heard how Walter had been sent away. He thought him still at the ranch with his father, and it is because of this mistake that there is any more story at all.

You may be sure that, of those two boys, Joe's was the deeper loving, for, besides having grown up together, Walter was white, therefore thinking himself, and making the other believe it, the better of the two. But for this Walter made no difference in his behavior; had Joe to eat at his table, and would have him sleep in his bed, but Joe laughed, and lay on the floor. All this was counted a kindness and a great honor in the campoodie. Walter could find out things by looking in a book, which was sheer magic, and had taught Joe to write a little, so that he could send word by means of a piece of paper, which was cleverer than the tricks Joe had taught him, of reading the signs of antelope and elk and deer. The white boy was to the Indian a little of all the heroes and bright ones of the arrow-maker's tales come alive again. Therefore he quaked in his heart when he heard the rumors that ran about the camp.

The war began about Cottonwood, and ran like wildfire that licked up all the ranches in its course. Then the whites came strongly against the Paiutes at the Stone Corral, and made an end of the best of their fighting men. Then the Indians broke out in the north, and at last it came to such a pass that the very boys must do fighting, and the women make bowstrings. The cattlemen turned in to Baker's ranch as a centre, and all the northern campoodies gathered together to attack them. They had not much to hope for, only to do as much killing as possible before the winter set in with the hunger and the deep snows.

By this time Joe's father was dead, and his mother had brought the boy a quiver full of arrows and a new bowstring, and sent him down to the battle.

And Joe went hotly enough to join the men of the other village, nursing his bow with great care, remembering his father, but when he came to counsel and found where the fight must be, his heart turned again, for he remembered his friend. The braves camped by Little Round Valley, and he thought of the talk he and Walter had there; the war party went over the tongue of hills, and Joe saw Winnedumah shining whitely on Waban, and remembered his boyish errand, the mystery of the tall, strange warrior that came upon them in the night, their talk in the hut of the arrow-maker, and the vow that came afterward.

The Indians came down a ravine to

ward Tres Pinos, and there met a band of horses which some of their party had run in from the ranches; among them was a pinto pony which Walter had used to ride, and it came to Joe's hand when he called. Then the boy wondered if Walter might be dead, and leaned his head against the pony's mane; it turned its head and nickered softly at his ear.

The war party stayed in the ravine until it grew dark, and Joe watched how Winnedumah swam in a mist above the hills long after the sun had gone quite down, as if in his faithfulness he would outwatch the dark; and then the boy's heart was lifted up to the great chief standing still by Tinnemaha. "I will not forget," he said. "I, too, will be faithful." Perhaps at this moment he expected a miracle to help him in his vow as it had helped Winnedumah.

In the dusk the mounted Indians rode down by the Creek of Tres Pinos. When they came by the ruined hut where his father had lived, Joe's heart grew hot again, and when he passed the arrow-maker's he remembered his vow. Suddenly he wheeled his pony in the trail, hardly knowing what he would do. The man next to him laid an arrow across his bow and pointed it at the boy's breast.

"Coward," he whispered, but an older Indian laid his hand on the man's arm.

"Save your arrows," he said. Then the ponies swept forward in the charge, but Joe knew in an instant how it would be with him. He would be called false and a coward, killed for it, driven from the tribe, but he would not fight against his sworn brother. He would keep his vow.

A sudden rain of arrows flew from the advancing Paiutes; Joe fumbled his and dropped it on the ground. He was wondering if one of the many aimed would find his brother. Bullets answered the arrow flight. He saw the braves pitch forward, and heard the scream of wounded ponies.

He hoped he would be shot; he would not have minded that; it would be better than being called a coward. And then it occurred to him, if Walter and his father came out and found him when the fight was done, they would think that he had broken his word. The Paiutes began to seek cover, but Joe drove out wildly from them, and rode back in the friendly dark, and past the ruined campoodie, to the black rocks. There he crept into the cave which only he and Walter knew, and lay on his face and cried, for though he was an Indian he was only a boy, and he had seen his first fight. He was sick with the thoughts of his vow. He lay in the black rocks all the night and the day, and watched the cattlemen and the soldiers ranging all that county for the stragglers of his people, and guessed that the Paiute had made the last stand. Then in the second night he began to work back by secret paths to the mountain camp. It never occurred to him not to go. He had the courage to meet what waited for him there, but he had not the heart to go to it in the full light of day. He came in by his mother's place, and she spat upon him, for she had heard how he had carried himself in the fight.

"No son of mine," said she.

He went by the women and children and heard their jeers. His heart was very sick. He went apart and sat down and waited what the men would say. There were few of them left about the dying fire. They had washed off their war paint, and their bows were broken. When they spoke at last it was with mocking and sad scorn.

"We have enough of killing," said the one called Scar-Face. "Let him have a woman's dress and stay to mend the fire."

So it was done in the presence of all the camp; and because he was a boy, and because he was an Indian, he said nothing of his vow, nor opened his mouth in his defense, though his heart quaked and his knees shook. He had the courage to wear the badge of being afraid all his life. They brought him a woman's dress, though they were all too sad for much laughter, and in the morning he set to bringing the wood for the fire.

Afterward there was a treaty made be-

tween the Paiutes and the settlers, and the remnant went back to the campoodie of Tres Pinos, and Joe learned how Walter had been sent out of the valley in the beginning of the war, but that did not make any difference about the woman's dress. He and Walter never met again. He continued to go about in dresses, though in time he was allowed to do a man's work, and his knowledge of English helped to restore a friendly footing with the cattlemen. The valley filled very rapidly with settlers after that, and under the slack usage of the tribe, Mahala Joe, as he came to be known, might have thrown aside his woman's gear without offense, but he had the courage to wear it to his life's end. He kept his sentence as he kept his vow, and yet it is certain that Walter never knew.

ARTISTIC POSSIBILITIES OF ADVERTISING

BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

Because advertisements are the stimulants of trade, the dwellers in cities and towns cannot expect to be without them. There may be restriction of the advertisement, but there will not be suppression of it. Nor should the most rabid opponent of the excesses and evils of advertising desire its elimination. With a thought he must recognize the usefulness of the purpose it serves, as much to the purchaser as to the seller.

Here, then, is a great force, stamping its imprint for good or for evil on the visible aspect of cities, and more and more entering into their mental life. It is, too, a steadily growing power, rising with the increase in the city's population of sellers and buyers; waxing stronger with the gain in the financial resources of trade; becoming more efficient with better organization; and at last expanding under the artificial but enormous stimulus of keen competition. To attempt restriction of this rising flood, to set its proper bounds, and to say "Thou shalt not overflow the walls of propriety and self-restraint," without offering a new outlet or changing the channel of the growing stream, is like an effort to stem a torrent with a set of resolutions and a frown. The restrictions may be well planned, may be ever so reasonable and logical; but they can have permanent efficiency only as the competition is given a new direction. This direction must be in line with the general purpose of the attempted restraint. The one must supplement the other; they must coöperate for a like result. In short, since we would not and may not suppress the advertisement, our destructive criticism should be balanced by creative criticism.

What is the purpose of advertisement control? It is to prevent the advertisement's destruction of such stateliness, beauty, or dignity as there may be in town or country — in street, or park, or quiet dell, in building, or amid the sublimity of nature. This is the "Thou shalt not," — the wall of propriety that we would not have overflowed. And the new, concurrent outlet, — the positive of this restriction? Must it not be, most appropriately, to heighten the beauty and picturesqueness of the way; to transfer the competition from mere size to beauty; to change the goal from effectiveness through repetition to effectiveness through delight; to substitute quality for quantity? The task is not hopeless.

In open country the advertising can probably be reduced to an unimportant total. With the scenic reservations under

public control, or under a private control based on appreciation of their scenic attractiveness, it is easy to suppress advertising entirely within their bounds. And this is being done. In the rest of the country, as distinguished from town limits, the advertiser has so little to lose or gain, save on main highways close to cities, that the position is hardly worth his fighting for. And as to the highways, the railroads are owned by corporations that, themselves great advertisers, look with decreasing friendliness upon the despoilment of the scenery by irrelevant announcements that have not even the merit of adding something to the company's receipts, although it is the road's presence alone which gives to the site its advertising value. In fact, in their own advertising the more important roads are now making use of the beautiful, not only by giving publicity, in photographs and descriptions, to the natural beauty through which they pass, — an act that makes submission to scenic injury by advertisements an economic lapse, — but by the improvement of their station grounds, and the beautifying of their right of way, through the planting of turf, trees, vines, and hedges. The railroads, then, may be counted upon to oppose, with increasing vigor, the marring of landscape by advertisements. There remain in the country only the public thoroughfares. The advertisements on these are to be considered, with those on the streets of the town, as in need of reformation, or change of character, since their suppression is not to be expected.

So the problem narrows. We are not to paint the lily at all, and, hence, have not the impossible task of painting it with a skill that will improve it. We are to bring art only into the advertisements on the highways in or near the town, into the signs that are on hoardings, fences, and walls; to change the disfigurement of buildings to their embellishment, the concealment of architectural effects to their heightening. But this is enough. The opportunity, indeed, is splendid, for we have to deal with a business of immense financial backing, of tireless enthusiasm and efficient organization, that might be diverted from the positive injury of our cities to their beautifying, to the increase of their picturesqueness, interest, and general charm. And the gain, whatever it might be, would be double, for it would mean not only the creation of something good, but the removal of something bad. Surely it is worth trying for.

And if the desirability of the change requires no argument, from the standpoint of æsthetics and of civics, the time must be fast coming when its desirability to the advertisers will need as little arguing. For the strenuousness of their competition must at last reach a limit. There must be a point in costliness and sheer bigness and multiplicity of announcements, beyond which in any community financial returns will cease. To continue merely for the sake of outdoing a rival would then be suicidal. In how many cases this limit has been already reached; how often the bills that are injuring the city's beauty are not worth to the advertisers the paper upon which they are printed, the advertisers know best. It may be very often. But the opposing forces, drawn into a contest from which they cannot retreat, continue it, — as courageous warriors should, — choosing slow destructive fighting to immediate surrender, and knowing no other sort of combat. It is a hopeless contest, of which the cities are the desolated battlefields. If for the "irrepressible conflict" there be devised now a new kind of warfare, that will spread no desolation, and that will not have ruthless waste as the product of extravagant expenditures, the advertisers would have reason to welcome the strategy as gladly as would the cities.

But the best of the idea is that it has already had sufficient trial in various places to test its practicability, and to prove the advertisers' interest in it and approval. In one important department, unmolested by public criticism, the ad-

vertisers have even now established tastefulness as the underlying essential principle of their competition. This is in window dressing, — a vital part of advertising. The beautiful, not the bizarre; the attractive rather than the startling; the alluring and interesting are now sought in the window effects of every shop, — from the great department store to the little candy kitchen; from the basement lights of a modest florist to the long plate-glass front of a shoe emporium. Salaries of several thousand dollars a year are paid in cities to the "artists" most skilled in window dressing; and their requisitions for plants or ribbons — totally irrelevant as these may be to the stock on sale, and designed merely to add to the beauty of the window picture — are honored ungrudgingly. In effect, the merchant says, "Give me a beautiful window that people will stop and look at, and that yet shall indicate generally the sort of goods I handle, and I do not care what it costs."

To bring him to this point of view regarding the printed sign that he posts in front of his store and about the town is the task before those who would bring art into advertisements. It is made more difficult than in the case of the window, because there is no longer the restriction of space that requires a maximum of effect from a single exhibit; it is, on the other hand, made easier by the facts that the changed attitude may mean a saving rather than an increase in expenses, that the window has shown that the maximum of desirable effectiveness does lie in attractiveness, — not in the repellent, — and that size is of comparative insignificance. We should, therefore, take up the task with hope. Its limitations, too, are perfectly distinct and comprehensible. We have to deal only with advertisements on streets and highways, or visible therefrom, while the advertisers have shown themselves aware that in some departments, at least, a beautiful announcement pays better than any other. Finally, success, if it can be gained, would mean much to art, to the cities, to the advertisers, and to the public.

An interesting experiment on a large scale has been tried in Belgium, where a national society — L'Œuvre Nationale Belge — composed of those who have at heart the beauty of the Flemish cities, with their rich inheritance from the Renaissance, began its work by organizing an exhibition of designs of artistic advertisements, and by offering prizes for the new signs, constructed for actual use, that were judged most artistic. This beginning was made nine years ago, the exhibition having been held in Brussels in 1895. More recently Paris, where Flameng has painted a signboard for a prominent newspaper, and Willette has done one for a cookshop, — to name two from many, — has had its exhibition of artistic signs, ancient and modern. In the Belgian competition, which had a persuasive rather than a historic purpose, stress was laid upon the requirement that the sign be considered not merely by itself, but in connection with the exact place it was to occupy, it being argued that for satisfactory results it should harmonize with the architectural façade, and be treated as a decorative feature of it, — an excellent suggestion.

It is significant that L'Œuvre chose this for its first undertaking, as showing the importance it attached to the development of the artistic possibilities of advertising in the evolution of civic æsthetics. It is significant, too, that the first results were not nearly as good as the later, and that to-day the average character of shop advertising in Belgian cities is far higher than a decade ago. There are many very interesting signs and a number of lovely ones. Merchants, who perhaps care nothing for art, commission sculptors, painters, and skilled workers in wrought iron because of the incidental advertisement they get. The competition has been transferred, in part at least, from number and size to beauty, and the transference is continuing in a steadily increasing degree

that is having its effect on the aspect of the cities, and that is very full of encouragement.

Among the designs and the executed advertisements which secured prizes in those early competitions, a connection between the subject and its treatment was a noticeable feature. The sign that advertised a store where Egyptian cigarettes were sold was Egyptian in its character. The sign of the alehouse "À la Rose" was surmounted by little window gardens where roses grew. A kid was one of the devices in the wrought-iron sign of a store in which gloves were on sale, and the advertisement over the door of a china shop was a relief in pottery. The circumstance was sufficiently natural, and yet was a reminder of a time when signs were fewer than now, and were pictorial. It revived the customs of the period when a fish was carved in stone over the door of the Fishmongers' Hall at Malines, when the guild halls on the Grande Place at Brussels were erected, — the Hall of the Skippers, with a gable resembling the stern of a ship; the Hall of the Butchers, with a carven swan; the House of the Wolf, or Hall of the Archers, with its Romulus and Remus scene. In England at a similar period the inns were hanging out models of their quaint names. It was an illiterate age, when no servants and few masters could read, and when there was a real urgency that a shop should be recognized by its picture sign, — so that one could direct to, for instance, "The Sign of the Golden Bull."

The reaction came when printed words sufficed, though to some extent we cling still to the rebus sign. We look for the barber's pole, and not for the letters that spell "shave;" the glover's hand tells us where gloves are sold; and a glance from the tail of the eye at three golden balls saves us from doing some reading that would take time and be mortifying. The optician is still recognized by the gilded spectacles, the tobacconist by the Indian, the pharmacy by the colored bottles or the mortar, and the dealer in ostrich feathers by the two-necked gilded ostrich, or the emblem of the Prince of Wales. The carcasses that hang at the butcher's shop are a rebus sign, which an age increasingly particular in hygienic matters would be glad to see abandoned for an inedible study in oils; the vegetables before the grocer's, and the plants outside the florist's, are advertisements so inviting that their summer attractiveness would be gladly extended through the year, if possible, by these merchants. Obviously, the advertiser does not need to be taught that even to-day other announcements pay than those which shock and offend; that even in a period when he who runs can read, the most convincing language is still the primitive one of pictures and of objects; or that a tired world tries to steel itself against assaults that are ungrateful, and to forget them, but is receptive to that which is pleasing, fondly recalling it.

We can read any sign now, but if we will not read it, there is revived the need of the old illiterate times, when art served the tradesman as profitably as it served church or state. Not that all lettering should be abandoned; but that the bulk of the message can be profitably presented otherwise. A restaurant in Boston has on the street front a well-known panel in oils, depicting a jovial-looking cook — or it may be the traditional landlord and cook in one — bearing to his guest a huge joint of roast beef. The artist has signed the picture, and it is of such delicacy of tone and vigor of composition that its attraction and suggestive invitation should tempt many a passer to step within, whom the word "roastbeef" would not have moved.

Little by little, the new idea, which has won at so many points, is making conquests also in the poster world of lettered signs. With the increased resources and better organization of the advertising business, hoardings are better constructed than formerly, and are kept in repair; posters have improved immensely in color scheme and design, in addition to the im-

provement that has followed the advance in lithography, and they are now quite commonly — to secure greater effectiveness — put each in its own frame or moulding, which is painted a neutral tint. And this, with the standardizing of sizes, goes far toward lessening the old discordance of the billboard. But even this is not the end. If there is to be an entertainment, a fair, or exhibition under club or institutional auspices, it has become extremely common to advertise it by means of posters secured through an artistic competition, for which a prize is offered. This means that the purchasing public has made up its mind about the kind of advertising that it likes and that it considers effective, — and the purchasing public should be so good a judge on this point that its hint will not long be overlooked. And to what does this now familiar competition bring us, but to the very step that the Belgian artists and city lovers took nine years ago as a remarkable innovation, as a stride toward the thought of putting art into modern advertising?

It may be well to turn aside at this point to inquire how recent a production the pictorial poster is. Probably few of the public would guess that it was as lately as 1871 that Walker's "mural engraving," to advertise Wilkie Collins's romance, the *Woman in White*, was greeted as the first illustrated poster to be put on the walls of London. There was no color even in this, though it was implied. All the mechanical progress that makes possible the artistic poster of to-day, with its wealth of color and possible delicacy of shades, has followed the time of this engraving. When one thinks of the beauty of some famous recent posters, at home and abroad, there may well be marvel that artistic progress in this new field has so kept pace with the mechanical; and there may well be confidence as to its victories of the future.

With a realization that in advertisements something else is better worth while than the shocking of the eye, there has, however, been an inevitable development of the comic, the witty, and the peculiar as well as, and even in greater degree than, of the beautiful. It is easier to be funny than artistic. As a measure of the extent of the sudden emancipation from the old thralldom of size, multiplicity, and shock, this is significant; but art has nothing to fear from it in the long run. A joke — however good — soon pales; beauty alone is a joy forever. A sign that a thousand-dollar expenditure had made beautiful will be doing its work long after the wit which a like sum might have purchased would have ceased to titillate the brain. That will be a lesson soon learned. The thing which counts is that the more progressive advertisers have turned already from the old order; and that if multiplicity and size persist as factors in advertising, they are now incidental. The wit, the fun, or the beauty is the main consideration; and the desire to arrest attention by an unpleasant shock has been in large measure abandoned.

The modern poster has been referred to as bringing color into city streets. In the cities of Renaissance Italy the gray wall of many an old palace was brightened by its owner's escutcheon. Heraldry still plays a part on city streets, where the arms of royalty blaze in heavy gilt over the shops that cater to the reigning house. This may give another suggestion for an advertising departure. In a democracy there may be scant regard for the crest of an individual, but why should not the trademark be made artistic, be colored and emblazoned over doorways as proudly in an age of commerce and industry, as were prowess and birth in chivalric days?

Given, then, the wish to bring art into the advertisement, there appears in the rebus sign, in the pictorial representation of the goods for sale, or in the use of a heraldic-like trademark, an inviting and widely available opportunity to supplement the primary steps of improved construction of hoardings and of the neu-

tral framing and better designing of posters. The very wish to bring the advertisement into the architectural structure as a decorative feature opens a whole field of effort. Wherever, then, the rebus sign remains, as we have seen that it does in some important avocations, wherever window dressing is made an art, trademarks or devices of heraldry are displayed, or there is advertising by the exposure of the goods on sale, the artist finds subjects at hand. And the desire not to shock, but to please, will guard his efforts, and defend him from the temptation to exaggerate and magnify, keeping him true to ideals of beauty.

Wrought iron, terra cotta, faïence, will be added to the materials with which the advertisement artist will work. He will have plenty of subjects, generous pay, and the inspiration of an immense public, — aside from the consciousness that his is truly a civic art, that he works not merely for his own glory, for his employer's sake, or for the pleasure and profit of the public; but for the beauty of his town. Finally, he will catch the spirit of rivalry which is so inseparable from advertising, and will feel its spur. Surely there is no need to fear lest the results, once artistic impulse is turned in this direction, will fail to be interesting, or to show an increasingly satisfactory æsthetic development.

There opens the vista of a great opportunity, of our streets freed from shrieking letters, and made picturesque and attractive by innumerable announcements, beautiful in design, workmanship, or color. The old rivalry is transferred to a worthier field. Commercial architecture, no longer disfigured with signs, assumes the importance that it ought to have. The convenience of the way is no whit lessened while its interest is so much increased. From a jumble of printed signs, each doing its best to cover the other, we come to a collection of which each advertisement is unique, giving its message concisely and pointedly, and with a charm that is all its own. At certain designated places, on well-designed fixtures, protected from rain and kept in neat repair, are attached the posters, — each of these an artistic study that is strengthened, not ruined, by its distinctly separated neighbor. All the information that the most inveterate shopper could require is given, but without offense to the eye. The dull streets are brightened with colors, and with colors that harmonize. As on the battlefield that had been desolated flowers come naturally, when the armies have passed and the roar of the guns has ceased, so on the streets of the desolated cities, once offensive signs are torn away, the flowers of art will bloom again, and shop fronts will endeavor to attract, not to threaten and command.

So much for the daytime advertising. The increasing extension of day into night, the postponement of twilight in cities until the sun has been set for hours, and the stars have long been paled by the number of the lamps that throw their nearer radiance on the street, has created a necessity for evening advertising. The necessity has furnished also the means to provide it. The business streets of a city are gay with myriad lights, of which not a half nor, in places, a third, or a tenth, are those with which the municipality formally and officially illumines the street. Of the others, nearly all are for advertising purposes. Some give to show windows the clearness of day; others spell out names or write trade devices in lines of fire, or imitate, in disregard of their own natural beauty, the worst of the shrieking signs that offend the eye by day. These are the flash signs that change their colors, or that gleam for a moment, and then are swallowed in darkness, like rapid-fire, delirious lighthouses.

Yet with all this misuse of possible beauty, nothing of earth is lovelier than the constellation of a city with its thousand lights. We would make our expositions beautiful, and lo! by means of electricity we print in miniature on the darkness the glow of a city's lights. Ever

as our mastery of the mysterious force becomes completer the picture is made lovelier by skillfully arranging and multiplying the lamps. The roofs, bases, and corners of buildings are outlined with them. Every cornice, balcony, pinnacle, glows. The darkness of night is changed to the brightness of day, and there is added a fairyland mystery. The wonder of the display and the ease with which it is gained make an impression. The cities, which gave the hint, now themselves show an occasional building outlined in hundreds of lights. Here and there a dome hangs in the sky, as if pinned to it with golden pins. A cross of fire among the stars, meaning that a city's church spire there points heavenward, advertises a way to salvation. Nightly, as never a few years since for a festival, the city's business streets blaze with lights, — ill directed many of them, barbarously used some of them, wasted not a few of them; but unmistakably rich in their possibilities of beauty and art.

Must civic art have no dreams of the turning to account, for lighting the business parts of cities, of this lavish use of electricity by advertisers? It cannot be supposed that a harmonious general lighting scheme, akin to those that have made recent expositions beautiful, would cost more than is now expended privately on the more brilliant streets of the shopping and entertainment districts. It might be limited, with little loss of effectiveness, to the height of the first story. Certainly this would cost no more than the total of the public and private lighting together; and into what scenes of beauty and enchantment these districts would be then transformed at night! Not as a voice in the wilderness would the theatres call vainly to a spectacle-loving people far away in the dark streets of the residence quarter. The people would be brought to their doors by a spectacle to which stageland would seem the fitting supplement. And to the bright, gay scene a full purse would be so natural an accompaniment, that the strollers would assume they had it, and shop windows would not tempt in vain the passers whom their surroundings had thus put unconsciously into holiday mood. The one thing that is wanted is coöperation, — a working together for united effect.

For gala occasions nearly all the larger American cities have already wrought briefly such a transformation, and it is probably not too much to say, most significantly, that in no one of them have the merchants failed to be impressed by the attractive power of the display, or, being impressed, to make efforts to secure its continuance beyond the brief period of the special occasion. If, then, at no added total of expense, and merely by coöperation, a district can be made beautiful, so that crowds of people will choose it for their promenade, would it not be good "business" to combine forces, and to change to harmony and beauty the display that now is crude and glaring? Suppose there were some loss of individuality? At worst, the radiance would merely extend, or renew, the day, in which light is impartial. The window exhibits would be still effective, the daytime signs would continue to hold out their inducements and make their proclamations, with probably an added force because of the beauty of the lights.

The incongruity of vast expense for effects that are tawdry and cheap; of the merely spectacular, gaudy, and dazzling where beautiful wares are for sale; of the blinding where people are invited to see; of the capricious choice of the hideous and offensive where, by a little mutual consideration, the same factors would make beautiful and attract, — all this would be done away with. And until there were the general coöperation, occasional evidences of æsthetic regard, occasional restraint and artistic design, would have still the merit of individuality. Before night advertising — yet in its earliest development — there lies, beyond the chance that one should doubt it, not merely a possibility but an assurance of art.

There is no reason, then, to despair about our advertising. It is simply a great untrained force, needing curbing here, direction there; suppression very rarely, but restraint often; and the provision of a new impulse, a new ideal, as an outlet for the enormous energy which, after an abused license, we would at last keep in reasonable bounds. If this new impulse be worthy, and this great force can be turned toward art and beauty, it will contribute mightily to the production of fairer cities and towns, to an easier, happier life within them, and to the greater self-respect and interest of the advertisers. The conditions seem all favorable; there is a trend unmistakably in the desired direction. We may hope and must believe that the effort will be crowned with victory.

FRANCIS PETRARCH, 1304–1904

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

Six hundred years ago, on the 20th of July, 1304, a little Florentine baby was born into exile in a house on Via dell' Orto in Arezzo, whither his father, banished from Florence, had fled. Civil war between Ghibelline and Guelf raged everywhere, mingled with ambitions of nobles and jealousies of cities, with local wrongs and chance enmities. Exiles found no rest; within the year the baby was suspended from a stick, like a papoose, and carried to Incisa in the Valdarno; and before he was a lad his family had wandered to Pisa, and on to Avignon, lately become the city of the papal court. Thence the boy was sent to school at Carpentras, some fifteen miles away.

His father, Ser Petracco — the fastidious son softened these burgher syllables to Petrarca — was a notary, but like a true Florentine wishing his son to fly higher in the world than he, determined to make him a doctor of law, a student and expounder of Pandects; but by some eccentricity of nature, the sons of notaries become addicted to letters, and the boy Francis was already elbow deep in the Latin classics. Discovering this, Ser Petracco, following the foolish precedents of foolish fathers, seized the precious books and burned them all, except one volume of Cicero and one of Virgil, which he spared out of compassion for the poor boy's tears. Petracco did this from the best of paternal intentions, for he himself was *amantissimus Ciceronis;* but fathers are born unto folly as the sparks fly upward. From Carpentras Francis was sent to the university at Montpellier, a mere lycée as it were, and then at the age of nineteen to the great university of Bologna.

Here, after ten years of exile, Francis's sensitive heart beat hard for his country. The other Italian students might deem themselves Venetians, Milanese, Pisans, Neapolitans, but from the first moment of his coming, he, the exile, felt that he was not a Florentine, but an Italian. This feeling he drank deep in the pleasant city of Bologna, with its Roman traditions and its Italian charm. Those were the years before the great church of San Petronio frowned across the Piazza Maggiore, before the Palace Bevilacqua inclosed the most enchanting of courtyards, before the never-ending arcades protected the just and the unjust from sun and rain; but there was the dungeon palace of the Podestà, where Enzio, poet and king, had for twenty-two years watched his youth go down into the grave; there were the

wicked towers, the Asinella, the Garisenda, and an hundred more: and, no doubt, Petrarch used to stop and watch the troop of doves parade and wheel through the air, flinging their shadows on loggia and piazza, flashing them across the narrow streets, as they mounted, stooped, whirled, and encircled the grim, gray towers with their purple and green, for a moment seeming to hang like a wreath, only the more suddenly to swoop down to his feet and pick the corn he had strewn. The city had the charm of Italy, but the university, without hall, dormitory, or lecture room, bare as the poorest student of things corporeal, was greater and more interesting than the city, — *imperium majus in imperio minore*. There were congregated thousands of students, men and lads from Gaul, Picardy, Burgundy, Poitou, Touraine, Maine, Normandy, Catalonia, Provence, Hungary, Germany, Spain, Poland, Bohemia, England, and from every province and city in Italy; a strange world, immensely democratic, yet enwrapped in the great imperial traditions. It was a university devoted to Roman law, and every gloss on Roman law preached the glory of the Roman Empire. There were other intellectual interests at the university, — the canon law, philosophy, medicine, astrology, — and, more stimulating than they, the contact of youth with youth, of enthusiasm with enthusiasm, in that time of life when young men are so many princes entering into their own; but the great Justinian code was the life of the university, and encouraged in Petrarch an admiration and veneration for Rome equal to his love for Italy. He attended lectures diligently, but his heart inclined neither to gloss nor to Corpus Juris. The very beginnings of those copious outpourings of comment and explanation, which flowed from the lips of professors eager "to prove that they were *artists*," as one grumbler said, must have chilled him. Nevertheless, he went regularly to his professor's room, and scribbled with his stylus, while the learned man in bad Latin waded in: "*Primo dividendo literam, casum ponendo et literalia explanando; secundo loco signabo contraria et solvam, tertio loco, etc. . . . Prima pars potest subdividi in tres particulas*," *etc., in saecula saeculorum*. Petrarch's thoughts surely wandered away to the sonnets written to Selvaggia la bella by the famous jurist, Ser Guittoncino de' Sinibuldi, more familiarly known to the undergraduates and to posterity as Cino da Pistoia; or perhaps to the verses of Bologna's native poets, to Onesto or to Guido Guinicelli, —

> Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore
> Come a la selva augello in la verdura.

Or perhaps he thought of his own great compatriot, whose *Commedia*, recited by butchers, fullers, and tavern-keepers, he himself did not read, half aristocratically, half for fear of becoming subservient to the mighty master.

Out of the classroom, no doubt he was a very elegant young gentleman, singing Provençal madrigals under palace windows, or in less proper neighborhoods shouting out,

> Lauriger Horatius, quam vixisti bene,

in the wild company of stroller students. But, though the livery of his youth may have been somewhat gay, at least to the sober eye of his later years, and though the Corpus Juris may have been neglected, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Seneca were not. Out of reach of the notarial arm, he plunged into what classic literature he could get.

II

Petrarch stayed three years at the university, and returned to Avignon on the death of his father (1326). His mother died soon afterward. Here he led the life of a fashionable young man much concerned with the brushing of his hair, the cut of his cloak, the fit of his shoes, and the whiteness of his linen, as he says in a letter written in grayer years; but these backward glances of age often cast too vivid a color on the follies of youth, for

age has its hypocrisies, and loves to moralize on the deceitfulness of ephemeral pleasures. Certainly he continued his classical studies with diligence, and soon became celebrated as a scholar. On his father's death he had frankly abandoned the law, and, as his patrimony had been stolen by his father's executors, it was necessary for him to take steps toward gaining a livelihood. The church was the natural resource for educated men, especially as there were many livings and sinecures set apart for the support of scholars; animated by some hope of stipend, he took deacon's orders. This step did not necessitate strictness of living. Francis was a charming young man, cultivated, clever, agreeable, brimming with interest in life, learned beyond his years, and adorned by the natural grace of Tuscan manners, which had been bettered by his breeding; his company was sought by men of position and distinction, and he naturally felt that he had but entered into his lawful inheritance. Society, however, was to him but a secondary interest; his heart, still fancy free, beat to Cicero's periods and Virgil's hexameters. Thus life passed in the easy, luxurious, windy city, until he was nearly twenty-three. Then, on an April morning in Holy Week, the lovely April of Provence, fresh with flowers and the breath of spring, he walked through the narrow streets of Avignon and entered the cold, gray aisles of the church of St. Clare; there he beheld the golden hair and the beautiful eyes that he was never to forget. As the vision moved, hers was no mortal's step, but an angel's, and her voice murmuring the prayers was more than human; the religious light, the solemn music, the high-aspiring arches, the sacredness of the place, transfigured her, or she transfigured them, and always afterwards, save once or twice when the dust of earth rebelled, whenever he thought of that golden head he bent his own in reverence.

History has not revealed who she was. The poet guarded her in the privacy of his art, and all the curiosity of six hundred years has not made sure of more than he has told. There are always guessers; in the eighteenth century the garrulous, indefatigable, agreeable, self-important Abbé de Sade put forward three stout volumes full of evidences and appendices to prove that Laura was the wife of his own ancestor, Ugo de Sade, and mother of eleven children; thus contradicting himself with a dozen reasons. Many critics, wise, spectacled, lean or maybe fat, with *aiblins nae temptations* to leave their books for the frivolous study of love, adopt this theory. Other surmises have had their partisans, among them the theory of pure poetical fancy. Let us hear what Petrarch has told us of her:—

> I bless the spot, the time, the hour
> When my eyes looked so high. —

Her eyes were beautiful, her brow serene, her smile, her laugh, her speech, sweet and gentle, her voice like an angel's, her hands thin, white, and lovely, her arms grace itself, her movements sweetly high-bred; and her beautiful young body, fit temple for her soul, was the home of refinement, of courtesy, of Love himself; her three chief excellencies were her milk-white neck, the roses of her cheeks, and her golden hair, loved by the wind, — but one might as well count the stars as her perfections. Her dress was charming, too; she wore a gown of green, or of cramoisie, or sometimes one inclining to deep blue, to drab, or to some dark indistinguishable color, — all were lovely.

Petrarch used to wander in the woods eager to avoid all mankind, lest his face should betray his inward struggle; there he repeated his own sonnets till mountain, hill, wood, and river knew his inmost thoughts. Everywhere the beautiful eyes haunted him, hid everything but themselves, cloaked in their own splendor mountains, rivers, lakes, the blue Mediterranean. A thousand times he felt impelled to offer her his heart, but she would not suffer him, and after she per-

ceived his too fervent inclination, she wore a veil over her starry eyes and golden hair, and when he gazed at her she put her hand before her face, and even for a time banished him from her company. On one ineffaceable day, as he sat thinking of love, his lady passed; he rose with pale face and reverent gesture to do her honor; but no sooner did she see him than she flushed in anger, and with a brief word walked on. He shrank within himself. But in the earlier days, before his speech or his face had betrayed him, she used to speak to him words that scarcely have had their like in all the world, and she used to honor him with her salutation, such as angels give when they meet, and fired his heart with a passion for heaven.

Everything that had come near her, or touched her, made him tremble; her glove, —

Candido, leggiadretto, e caro guanto, —

her veil, which a little shepherdess washed at a mountain brook; the portrait, painted (as if in heaven) by Simone Martini; the south window of her house; the stone seat on which she used to sit; every spot on which her shadow had fallen or her foot had trod. Thus in melodious sonnets he berhymed her.

Some years after he first saw her, he wrote a poem in Latin rhymes in which he says: "Especially dear to me is a most illustrious lady, known by her virtue and her birth. My poems have published her fame and spread it abroad. My thoughts always revert to her; always with renewed pangs of love she troubles me. I do not think she will ever be shaken in her lordship over me. Not by coquetry, but by her native charm and beauty has she bound me." Then he describes his efforts to throw off her yoke; how he had traveled north and south, to mountain and to sea, always in vain. Even in the pathless woods, whither he has fled to avoid her, no bush bent in the wind but he saw her lithe figure, no oak stood firm but he saw her immobile, no brooks but reflected her face; he saw her pictured in the clouds, in the empty air, and on the flinty rock.

In December, 1336, he wrote to his friend Giacomo Colonna: "But you, like an everlasting tease, follow me up and say that I have invented the name of Laura, because that which I like to talk of and that which makes other people talk of me is all one, and that the only *Laura* [Laurel] in my heart is that which bestows honor upon poets, for my studies show that to be the top of my desire; but that the other Laura, whose beauty I say has made me prisoner, is the creature of my fancy, that my verses are make-believe, and my sighs imaginary. Would to Heaven that your jests had hit the Truth, and that my love were a joke, and not the madness that it is. But believe me, not without great labor does a man succeed in simulation for a long time, and to labor without any advantage that others may deem you mad, would be the maddest of madnesses. . . . *Time wounds and Time cures;* and against Laura, who you say is imaginary, perhaps that other imaginary friend of mine, St. Augustine, will help me."

Later still, perhaps fifteen years after that scene in the church of St. Clare, Petrarch wrote a book, entitled *Concerning Contempt for the World*, in the form of a dialogue between St. Augustine and himself. The saint is his conscience, and they talk together. I can but give the substance of one dialogue: —

St. Augustine. Is not loving mere folly?

Petrarch. According to the object loved. Love is the noblest or the basest of all passions. To love a worthless woman is a great misfortune; to love a good woman is the top of happiness.

St. Aug. (Bringing the conversation to Laura.) The love of woman is surely folly.

Pet. There are bad women; but a gulf yawns between them and Laura. Her mind, knowing nothing of earthly cares, burns for heaven. In her face (if there

be any truth anywhere) shines the glory of divine beauty; her behaviors are the pattern of perfect modesty. Neither her voice, nor the light of her eyes, resembles any mortal thing, and her bearing is more than human.

St. Aug. Think what it will be when you come to die. Remember how it was when she nearly died.

Pet. God let me die first! The memory of her illness makes me cold. I thought to lose the noblest part of my soul.

St. Aug. Turn from her; she has already lost much of her beauty.

Pet. I loved her body less than her soul. Her manners surpass the ways of earth, and her example shows how the dwellers in heaven live. If she die first I shall love her virtue, which cannot die.

St. Aug. But you cannot gainsay that the most noble things are sometimes vilely loved.

Pet. If you could but see my love! It is not less fair than her face. In it there has been nothing base or shameful, nor anything blameworthy except its greatness. One thing I cannot pass in silence, — whatever little I am become, I am because of her; nor should I have ever attained to whatever name or fame I have, if any, had she not, by inspiring me with a most noble affection, watered and tended the tiny seeds of virtue which nature planted in me. She plucked my young mind away from every shameful thing, and dragged it back as with a hook, and bade it look upward to the heights. It is certain that love undergoes a change to conform to the beloved. No backbiter was ever found so base to touch her name with his cur's tooth, or to dare say that there was any fault to find in her; and I do not say in what she did, but even in the turn of her words. They who leave nothing untouched left her in admiration and veneration. It is small wonder therefore, if she, so famous in good repute, made me long for a fairer fame, and smoothed the rude labors by which I sought it. While a young man I desired nothing but only to please her, who alone pleased me; now you bid me forget or love her less, who set me apart from vulgar fellowship.

St. Aug. Filling your heart with love of the creature, you shut yourself off from the love of the Creator, — and that is the road to death.

Pet. Not her body, but her soul I love; the years have faded her cheeks, but her soul has become more beautiful, and my love has likewise increased.

St. Aug. Are you making fun of me? If her soul dwelt in a hideous, knotty body, would it please you as much?

Pet. (Quoting Ovid.) Her soul with her body I loved.

Step by step, however, St. Augustine led him to confess and tell that in the beginning he had not been free from earthly desires, and had striven to gratify them, but that Laura had remained firm against flattery and prayers, and that now he rendered thanks unto her. Lord Byron says: "It is satisfactory to think that the love of Petrarch was not platonic."

There is also on the first leaf of his copy of Virgil a note in his handwriting of the first time he saw her and of her death, and he adds: "To write these lines in bitter memory of this event, and in the place where they will most often meet my eyes, has in it somewhat of a cruel sweetness, lest I forget that nothing more ought in this life to please me, and this by the grace of God need not be difficult to one who thinks strenuously and manfully of the idle cares, the empty hopes, and the unexpected end of the years that are gone."

Such was Laura; not the allegorical Beatrice of Dante, nor the conventional beauty of the troubadours, but still ideal and beautiful, the first real woman in poetry since the Greeks.

III

Petrarch's renown is so enduring because he is the first master of letters in

Europe since the death of Cicero. He was by no means the first modern master of art, even if we pass by Gothic and Moorish art; for in painting, Giotto, in sculpture, Niccola Pisano, in architecture, Arnolfo del Cambio, were a generation ahead of him; in poetry, Dante, born nearly forty years before, was immeasurably greater than he, but Petrarch was the first to make letters as letters the work of his life, and the first to hold the faith that literature is as great a factor in civilization as politics or theology. He was a professional man of letters, and became the first of the great tyrants of European literature; he is more important than his successors, — Erasmus, Voltaire, Goethe, — in that he stands at the threshold of modern literature, while it was hesitating which way to turn, while Latin still was the only known classic literature, and national literatures had not yet got out of their leading strings. In contemporary literature what was there? In France, Froissart was a baby; in England, Langland a little boy, Chaucer not born; in Germany and in Spain, only an encyclopædia knows. The *Roman de la Rose*, setting Dante aside, is the one remembered work of letters that existed when Petrarch wrote his sonnets. For the third time in history Italy was about to take her place at the head of Europe, and Petrarch, representing her intellectual life, set his seal on unformed literatures, and stamped an ideal impression.

Poetry is the attempt by man to carry on the divine labor of creation, and make this world more habitable; poets take mere words, and fashion a habitation, whither, when the world of sense grows chill, we may betake ourselves and breathe a richer atmosphere. In another aspect poetry is merely the arrangement of words in a certain order; it is a matter of empirical psychology. Poets are practical psychologists, measuring sensations by measures finer than men yet use in laboratories; and in mastery of the fuller knowledge of this psychology Petrarch is perhaps unrivaled. Hundreds of thousands of men have loved as dearly as he; thousands have thought greater thoughts than he, and many poets, English poets at least, have had a nobler instrument; but he had the skill to put his words into the right order, and when we read them we forget everything except love.

The charm of his verses made him famous from the very beginning. Well it might, for his sonnet differs from other sonnets as the song of the bird differs from that of a singing master; the soft Italian syllables unburden all their rapture in the fourteen lines, then close their lips, for they have finished. Italian words are made to be strung in a sonnet. Italian verses rhyme, as if they were lovers — Hero and Leander — calling across the gap between line and line; they melt away in sensuous vowels, they echo melodious in *l's* and *m's* and *r's*.

Perhaps the least objectionable way to deliver a lecture on the Petrarchan sonnet will be to show by example how impossible it is to transport this union of sound and sense across the fatal gap between the *lingua di si* and the *tongue of yes*. I choose the best translation I can readily lay hands upon, out of an attractive little book entitled *Sonnets of Petrarch*, translated by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, which has Italian sounds on pages to the left and English to the right.

Qual donna attende a gloriosa fama
Di senno, di valor, di cortesia,
Miri fiso negli occhi a quella mia
Nemica, che mia donna il mondo chiama.
Come s' acquista onor, come Dio s' ama,
Com' è giunta onestà con leggiadria,
Ivi s' impara; e qual è dritta via
Di gir al Ciel, che lei aspetta e brama.

Doth any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name!
How honor grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou mayst learn, and what the path may be,
To that high heaven which doth her spirit claim.

To begin the lecture with the first line of the sonnet, in the Italian married women are not excluded from gazing at Madonna Laura, nor, in the second line, does *senno* shrink to *chastity*, nor *valor* to *strength*, even if the *cortesia* of the Italians can be frozen into the *courtesy* of us Americans. The fourth line, *Whom all the world doth as my lady name!* sounds a little like the language of hard-put sonneteers, whereas *che mia donna il mondo chiama* would be said with a bow, hand on heart, from the foot of the Alps to the Strait of Messina. *Come Dio s' ama* and *pure devotion's flame* mark the difference between a religion and our American Sunday-go-to-meeting-isms. *Com' è giunta onestà con leggiadria* — most delightful of meetings! *Onestà*, shy dignity of maidenhood, sweet innocence of motherhood, such as looks out from Raphael's Madonnas; *leggiadria*, the gay, girlish motion of comely youth, the grace of the leaping fawn, the sentiment in Botticelli; how did these most charming of feminine graces meet? At what Golden Gate? Are they corporeal or angelic? How, how and where? "How truth is joined with graceful dignity" is the proper junction of two respectable dames, — a sight that arouses very moderate exhilaration. In the last line of the octave, the Italian heaven, in a heavenly way, waits for Laura, *aspetta e brama;* the English heaven, instinct with Common Law, serving, as it were, a writ from the King's Bench, *claims* her.

We are forced to the conclusion that sense and sound are fatally imprisoned in the Petrarchan sonnet, and must stay there forever; they are stored where time doth not corrupt them, neither can translators break in and steal. But from the days of Wyatt and Surrey to those of Colonel Higginson, men who love poetry have felt ever renewing temptations to translate Petrarch, and to carry home the moonbeams that lie so lovely on water.

The union of sound and sense is very nearly perfect in Petrarch, — he used to test and try and substitute until all the words fell into their true order, — and as this perfection was not of a kind to require special knowledge in order to be enjoyed, his poetry, accredited and sustained by his great reputation as a scholar, quickly passed from mouth to mouth, and so set its seal on the nascent literature of Europe.

His poetry asserted this dogma, that in the only real world, the world of ideas, woman and the love of woman are noble and beautiful. From this central dogma of the idealistic faith proceed the derivative dogmas, that all life, all things great and little, are noble and beautiful. This is the mission of poetry, — to see life as a divine work, to be the priestess of a perpetual revelation, in all things to behold the beauty of God. This is the continuation by man of the divine work of creation, for the Lord rested after six days of labor, before His work was complete, and entrusted the fulfillment of the everlasting task to poets. Petrarch has done his duty. What is Laura? Her corporeal existence has become a myth, but she is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, because Petrarch saw her with the eyes of love and faith. This idealism uplifted all modern literature and constitutes Petrarch's greatness, and not that scholastic excellence by which, according to Mr. John Addington Symonds, he "foresaw a whole new phase of European culture," — melancholy prospect. The Petrarchan view is set forth in the familiar sonnet of Michelangelo, which says that within the shapeless marble lies beauty imprisoned. So it is with all things: within our rude, rough, shapeless, unpolished selves lies imprisoned something that awaits the liberating eye and hand of faith and love.

IV

There was a second very memorable day in Petrarch's life, the 8th of April, 1341. On that day, in the palace of the Roman Senate on the top of the Capitoline Hill, he received the poet's crown of laurel, bestowed in the name of the Senate and the People of Rome.

This ceremony was the outward recognition of a new force in Europe; arms and theology were making room for literature, for the voice of men of peace. There, on the axis of European history, on the Capitol of the City of Rome, pitiably shrunk to an arena for Pope, Emperor, noble, and burgher to play at gladiators, yet still splendid with unequalled renown, a poet, the head of the new estate, was crowned at a time when popes had fled to receive the tiara elsewhere, and emperors were forced to fight their way step by step to the Vatican. Letters were honored indeed, but it was Petrarch who had convinced the world that literature was worthy of honor, and for his sake the honor had been given.

As we look back over six hundred years, with Petrarch's life before our eyes, it is easy for us to see that he, the prince of living poets and the foremost scholar of Europe, was worthy to be the gonfaloniere of the new guild; but how did the cultivated world of 1340 know this? How did it choose this young man, ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look at, to be its king? Petrarch was thirty-six years old; he had written some eighty sonnets, a dozen canzoni, and a few metrical epistles; and these few contributions to literature, excepting what he may afterwards have judged not worth keeping, were all, and there was no printing to spread them abroad. How did the vague new feeling, that literature ought to be publicly recognized as a force in civilization, manage to select him as its standard bearer, and crown him on the Capitol? The answer is that Petrarch himself hoisted the flag, and the world of letters rallied round him. Even by that time he had come into personal acquaintance with a large part of the cultivated world, and everybody he met was charmed by his beauty, his grace, his gifts in conversation, his high morality, his sweet character, as well as by his rare scholarship and his unequalled poetry. First Bologna brought him into familiar fellowship with men who in later life became persons of consequence; afterwards Avignon served him in a similar way. Avignon he never liked; he complained of its dirty streets, where nasty pigs, snarling dogs, noisy carts, four-horse coaches, filthy beggars, gaping foreigners, insolent revelers, and rowdy crowds made walking intolerable. Worse than these was the fundamental sin of harboring popes who ought to go back to Rome, the Holy City. But Avignon returned good for evil. It was the cosmopolitan city of Europe; for Rome without the papal court was but a little bickering town, and Paris was not what it became when the intellectual sceptre of Europe passed from Italy to France. The main current of European life still flowed in the old channel dug by the ideas that acknowledged Pope and Emperor as the two heads of the civilized world; and by Petrarch's time the popes had thrust the emperors into the second place, and had thereby become the most important personages in Europe; where the pope lived, there was the head of ecclesiastical affairs, and the centre of political intrigue. The pope sent legates and nuncios to every court in Christendom, and received ambassadors in return; to him came archbishops, bishops, abbots, heads of monastic orders, princes, and even kings. In this dirty city the papal court lived in ease and luxury, — the cardinals would not go back to Rome, Petrarch said, because they could not bear to leave the Burgundian wines; — all was reminiscent of the old Provençal civilization. A careless, sensual life, these high priests of Christendom led, accompanied by a refinement in manners not common elsewhere. Avignon was a city to which everybody went; it was easier to go there than to Rome, and immeasurably pleasanter to a man lacking belligerent tastes. The papal dinner parties, if nothing else, would have attracted good society from the Ebro to the Elbe. Wonderful were the dishes, glorious the wines of Roccella, of Bielna, of Sanporciano, noble those from Rhineland and from Greece, ex-

quisite the old Vernaccia; all flowed *abbondantissimamente*. This high living Petrarch in later days denounced like Habakkuk, but the dinners added lustre to the papal court, and helped his career. Avignon was the natural place to look for a poet laureate, because such a poet must not only be excellent, but he must be known, he must not live away from the main thoroughfare of European life, — not far from its dinner-tables.

At Avignon Petrarch saw everybody, not merely because of his personal charm and gifts for conversation, but as the honored inmate of the Colonna household. This family played a great part in Petrarch's life, particularly on that eventful Easter in 1341. The Colonnas had a European importance, because their strongholds in the city of Rome enabled them to block either pope or emperor in that great move in the game of European politics, — the imperial coronation in Rome. In their palace (report still points out the spot), of which he became an inmate, Petrarch met everybody of consequence who came to Avignon.

Moreover, Petrarch was a Florentine, — the fifth essence in nature, as Boniface VIII said, — and Florentine merchants, notaries, envoys, were spread over Western Europe, and when traveling through Avignon naturally met their attractive fellow citizen. Two of these wandering Florentines were closely concerned with Petrarch's coronation. Roberto de' Bardi, chancellor of the University of Paris, procured him an invitation to be crowned poet laureate there, and Fra Dionigi, for a time professor of philosophy and theology, brought him to the notice of King Robert of Naples, who, patron of philosophy and letters, obtained the crown for him in Rome.

Though these were the reasons that brought Petrarch before the eyes of cultivated Europe, yet Petrarch was worthy to be their cynosure. He was not a mere lover of the classics, a worshiper of the long dead, he was conversant with the moderns as well; he was known from Durham to Messina as a scholar, a poet, a writer of letters, a man of philosophic mind; in truth, by his tongue and pen, by his "rethorique swete" he gave a great upward push to literature, lifting it from a beggarly condition to a great estate in the realm of thought.

V

Petrarch's life after his coronation was one perpetual recurrence of social successes. The Pope invited him to be a papal secretary, the King of France extended the hospitality of Paris to him, the Emperor bade him to Prague, the Visconti wanted him at Milan, the Scaligeri at Verona, the Correggi at Parma, the Carraresi at Padua, the Lord High Seneschal at Naples; the Florentines asked him to accept a chair in their new university, Venice offered him a house. This social renown was the fulcrum by which, pressing the lever of classical enthusiasm, he stirred the world and budged mediæval ideas from their places.

His immediate influence on his contemporaries was as a classical scholar, as a lover of the wisdom, the beauty, the greatness of the long past. It is this aspect of his career that has impressed Mr. Symonds and the German scholars with so deep a dint; scholars themselves, they admire him as a man of like passions with themselves, they look back at the revival of learning, at the updigging of classic culture, and they regard Petrarch as we regard Christopher Columbus, and do appropriate homage to his memory. That aspect of Petrarch's career naturally obtrudes itself on students; but those of us who are indifferent to the *fanfares* of historic importance may disregard that, and take leave of Petrarch in our own way.

He was a mixture of the good comrade and the anchorite, pushing neither quality to excess. He was fond of talking, and when he could help, never dined alone; but he was also fond of seclusion. Nothing he liked better than to wander along

the banks of the Sorgue and dream of Laura, of poetry, of life, of things old and new. He built a house in Vaucluse, the beautiful valley, shut off from Avignon and the whole outer world of lower things, where, from a blue basin within a great cave, the Sorgue breaks out in noisy cataract; there he lived, rich in books, eating black bread, fruits, and the little fishes that he caught himself. His companions were but three, — his dog, and an old couple; the man, gardener, librarian, valet; the woman, farmer, cook, and washerwoman. He loved to stroll about the fields, even long after dark; and sometimes in the middle of the night he would get up, say his prayers, and wander forth in the moonlight, thinking of the beautiful things in heaven and earth. Vaucluse, "loveliest place out of Italy," was his favorite resort; he lived there many years, and thither he loved to return, to meditate in quiet. Even when domiciled by fate in a city, he desired country things; in Milan he rejoiced in dwelling *fuori le mura;* in Parma he grew choice fruits in his garden. In Arquà —

> The mountain-village where his latter days
> Went down the vale of years —

he lived in a little house, built by himself, surrounded by vines and olive trees. Here he had horses, for he was too infirm to walk, several servants to minister to him and to the many guests who came eager to see him, four or five copyists copying Latin manuscripts, and an old priest, who used to accompany him on his long drives to the church in Padua, where Petrarch as canon had sundry duties. There, among the Euganean hills, his thoughts turned to death. He was found at the last, so report says, his head bent over his book as if he had paused in the reading. Many mourned him. Among the chief was Giovanni Boccaccio, who is never more charming nor more amiable than in the filial demonstrations of his simple admiration for Petrarch.

Petrarch was good and kind and industrious, always hard at work upon those things which seemed to him important, — the discovery and dissemination of classical knowledge; and, moreover, he had continuously with him a sense of a presence which transcends our measures, and this he used to express in mediæval phrases, that nevertheless still satisfy here and there a backward heart. "Philosophy is to love wisdom; true wisdom is Jesus Christ. Let us read historians, poets, philosophers, but let us always have in our hearts the gospel of Jesus Christ, in which abide true wisdom and true happiness."

IPSWICH BAR

BY ESTHER AND BRAINARD BATES

The mist lay still on Heartbreak Hill,
The sea was cold below,
The waves rolled up and one by one
Broke heavily and slow;

And through the clouds the gray gulls fled,
The gannets whistled past,
Across the dunes the wailing loons
Hid from the rising blast.

The moaning wind, that all day long
Had haunted marsh and lea,
Went mad by night, and beating round,
Fled shrieking out to sea.

The crested waves turned gray to white,
That tossed the drifting spar,
But far more bright the yellow light
That gleamed on Ipswich Bar.

Old Harry Main, wild Harry Main,
Upon the shifting sand
Had built a flaming beacon-light
To lure the ships to land.

"The storm breaks out and far to-night, —
They seek a port to bide;
God rest ye, sirs, on Ipswich Bar
Your ships shall surely ride.

"They see my fires, my dancing fires,
They lay their courses down,
And ill betide the mariners
That make for Ipswich town,

"For mine the wreck, and mine the gold, —
With none to lay the blame, —
So hold ye down to-night, good sirs,
And I will feed the flame!"

Oh, dark the night and wild the gale!
The skipper hither turned
To where, afar, on Ipswich Bar,
The treacherous beacon burned;

With singing shrouds and snapping sheets
The vessel swiftly bore
And headed for the guiding lights
Which shone along the shore.

The shoaling waters told no tale,
The tempest made no sign,
Till full before her plunging bows
Flashed out a whitened line;

She struck, — she heeled, — the parting stays
Went by with mast and spar,
And then the wave and rain beat out
The light on Ipswich Bar.

Gray dawn beneath the dying storm;
A figure gaunt and thin
Went splashing through the tangled sedge
To drag the treasure in;

For when the darkness broke away,
The lances of the moon
Had shown him where lay, bow in air,
A wrecking picaroon.

What matter if the open day
Bore witness to his shame?
'T was his the wreck and his the gold,
And none had seen to blame.

He did not know the eyes of men
Were watching from afar,
As Harry Main went back and forth
The length of Ipswich Bar.

They told the Ipswich fisher-folk,
Who, all aghast and grim,
Came running down through Pudding Lane
In maddened search for him;

No word, — no blow, — no bitter jest, —
They did not strike nor mar,
But short the shrift of Harry Main
That day on Ipswich Bar.

They marched him out at ebb of tide
Where lay the shattered wreck,
And bound him to the dripping rocks
With chains about his neck;

With chains about his guilty neck
They left him to the wave —
The lapping tide rose eagerly
To hide the wrecker's grave.

And now when sudden storms strike down
With hoarse and threatening tones,
Old Harry Main must rise again
And gird his sea-wracked bones

To coil a cable made of sand
Which ever breaks in twain,
While echoing through the salted marsh
Is heard his clanking chain.

When rock and shoal are white with foam,
The watchers on the sands
Can see his ghostly form rise up
And wring his fettered hands.

And out at sea his cries are heard
Above the storm and far,
Where, cold and still, old Heartbreak Hill
Looks down on Ipswich Bar.

WHY DISFRANCHISEMENT IS BAD

BY ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ

If the disfranchisement of the negro by the South could settle permanently the negro question, I think that the action of that section would find its justification in that achievement, according to the jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means. But can disfranchisement of the negro settle the negro question? First: Can it do so for the negro? Second: Can it do so for the South? Third: Can it do so for the rest of the nation? I do not think that it can do so for the negro, or for the South, or for the rest of the nation. And unless disfranchisement of the negro settles this question in its threefold aspect, it will not settle it in such a way that it will long stay settled. If the negro refuse to abide by such a settlement, the question will not be so settled merely because the South has decided so to settle it. Neither can the South of to-day settle the question by disfranchisement, if disfranchisement of the negro be found in operation to injure the South of to-morrow much more deeply than it does the negro. For what is bad for the negro to-day will be found to be still worse for the South to-morrow. The South must, therefore, awake some time to this fact, unless she is indeed stricken with that hopeless madness by which the gods intend to destroy her. But even if the South and the negro agree so to settle the question, the question will not be per-

manently settled if the North, if the rest of the nation, refuses eventually to form a party to the compact. For the rest of the nation, quite independently of the action of the South and the acquiescence of the negro, will have something, something very decisive to say ultimately about the settlement of this question. The North has, in reality, quite as much at stake in its settlement as either the negro or the South. Disfranchisement will not, therefore, prove a permanent settlement of the negro question if it be found in operation to affect injuriously Northern and national interests, or to work badly in the conduct of governmental affairs in respect to those interests.

I

Can disfranchisement settle the question for the negro? I do not think it can; I am sure that it will not, for the simple and sufficient reason that the negro will not consent to such a settlement; — a settlement which virtually decitizenizes him, and relegates him to a condition of practical servitude in the republic. He has tasted freedom, he has tasted manhood rights, he has tasted civil and political equality. He knows that his freedom, his American citizenship, his right to vote, have been written into the Constitution of the United States, and written large there in three great amendments. He knows more: he knows that he himself has written his title to those rights with his blood in the history of the country in four wars, and he is of the firm belief that his title to them is a perfect one.

No party, no state, no section, can, therefore, deprive him of those rights without leaving in his mind a sense of bitter wrong, of being cheated of what belongs to him, cheated in defiance of law, of the supreme law of the land, and in spite of his just claim to fairer treatment at the hands of his fellow countrymen. He will understand that this enormity was committed against him on account of his race and color. He will see that it was done by the white race, — a race that has ever wronged him, that has never failed to take from him, because it had the power, whatever he cared most for in the world. Nothing could possibly make him, under such cruel circumstances, love such a race, such an enemy. He will learn to hate the white race, therefore, with all the strength and rancor of centuries of accumulated outrages and oppressions.

The relation of the two races in the South could not, then, be one of mutual respect, confidence, and good will. It would become, on the contrary, one of mutual fear, distrust, and hatred. The whites would fear, distrust, and hate the negro, and that increasingly, because they had so deeply wronged him; and the negro would return this fear, distrust, and hatred with a measure heaping up and running over, not openly, like the whites, to be sure, but covertly, cunningly, because of his weakness. He would live his life, his deeper life, more and more apart from the whites, live it in an underworld of which no white man would be able to get more than a glimpse, and that at rare intervals. It would be an underworld in which his bitter sense of wrong, his brooding miseries, his repressed faculties of mind, his crushed sensibilities, his imprisoned aspirations to be and to do as other men, his elemental powers of resistance, his primitive passions, his savage instincts, his very despair, would burn and rage beneath the thin crust of law and order which separates him from the upper world of the white race, his implacable foe and oppressor. Through this thin crust of law and order there will perforce break at times some of that hidden fire, some of that boiling lava of a race's agony and despair. There will be race feuds, race conflicts, as certainly as winds will blow, but no one will be deeply enough versed in the movements of these stormy, these fiery currents and visitations from the abysses of that underworld of the negro, to be able to discover

their formation, to foretell their coming, or to forecast their extent and duration.

So far as the negro is concerned, then, to disfranchise him will not settle the negro question. It will do anything else better than that. For it will make trouble, and no end of it. It will certainly make trouble if he rise in the human scale in spite of the wrong done him. Does any one think that he will ever cease to strive for the restoration of his rights as an American citizen, and all of his rights, if he rise in character, property, and intelligence? To think the contrary is to think an absurdity. But if he fall in the human scale in consequence of the wrong done him, he will surely drag the South down with him. For he and the South are bound the one to the other by a ligament as vital as that which bound together for good or bad, for life or death, the Siamese twins. The Enceladian struggles of the black Titan of the South beneath the huge mass of the white race's brutal oppressions, and of his own imbruted nature, will shake peace out of the land and prosperity out of the Southern states, and involve, finally, whites and blacks alike in common poverty, degradation, and failure in the economic world, in hopeless decline of all of the great social forces which make a people move upward and not downward, forward and not backward in civilization.

II

Disfranchisement of the negro is bad for the South. It is bad for her, in the first place, on account of the harmful effect produced by it on her black labor. It makes a large proportion of her laboring population restless and discontented with their civil and social condition, and it will keep them so. It makes it well-nigh impossible for this restless and discontented labor class to make the most and the best of themselves with the limited opportunities afforded them, with the social and political restrictions imposed by law upon them. It hinders employers of this labor from producing the largest and the best results with it, for the same cause. For to obtain by means of this labor the largest and best results, employers of it ought to do the things, ought to seek to have the state do the things, which will tend to reduce the natural friction between labor and capital to its lowest terms, to make labor contented and happy, surely not the things which will have the opposite effect on that labor. Otherwise, the energy which ought to go into production will be scattered, consumed, in contests with capital, in active or passive resistance to bad social, and economic conditions, in effective or ineffective striving to improve those conditions.

Every labor class has but a given amount of energy, I take it, to devote to production. How much of this energy may be available for productive purposes depends on its social condition, whether it is contented or discontented, getting on in the world, getting ahead in material well-being and well-doing; on its economic condition, whether it is intelligent or ignorant, efficient or inefficient; on its civil condition, its legal status, whether it enjoys equal laws and equal opportunities with other labor classes in the struggle for existence, in the battle for bread, or whether it is crippled, obstructed instead, by unequal laws, by artificial restrictions which are made to apply to its activity alone.

The grand source of wealth of any community is its labor. The warfare which nation wages against nation to-day is not military, but industrial. Competition among nations for markets for the sale of their surplus products is at bottom a struggle of the labor of different nations for industrial possession of those markets, for the industrial supremacy of the labor of one country over the labor of other countries. Industrialism, commercialism, not militarism, mark the character of our twentieth-century civilization. That country, therefore, which takes into this industrial rivalry and struggle the best trained, the most completely equipped,

the most up-to-date labor, will win over those other countries which bring to the battle for world markets a body of crude, backward, and inefficient labor. Education, skill, quality, tell in production; tell at once, and tell in the long run. It is now well understood that the most intelligent labor is the most profitable labor. Ignorant labor is certainly no match in world markets for intelligent labor. It is no match in home markets either. Quality, intelligence, will prevail in such an industrial contest, whether in agriculture, manufactures, mining, or commerce.

But to get the best and the most out of labor, it must not only be intelligent, it must also be free, — free to rise or sink in the social scale. It must have a voice in making the laws under which it lives. Otherwise those laws will operate to hinder, not to help it to make the best fight of which it is capable for possession of home and foreign markets. Without this voice the laws will become more and more unequal and oppressive. A labor class deprived of freedom, of a voice in government, cannot maintain the advantage which mere intelligence and skill may have gained for it in the struggle for existence. As it loses freedom, a voice in government, it will lose ultimately its skill, its intelligence as an industrial factor. For it will become, in effect, subject to, if not exactly the slave of, the capitalistic and labor classes which are free, which make the laws. And these classes will invariably act on the assumption that the more ignorant such a subject labor class is, the less trouble it will cause. In their opinion slave labor is more manageable than free labor, gives rise to simpler social conditions, to problems less complex and difficult to handle.

Instead of establishing schools for the education of a labor class deprived of the right to vote, the class which possesses the right will not establish new ones, and will, in addition, endeavor to lower the standard of those already established and then to do away with them entirely. The chief end and purpose of the classes with the right to vote will be, not to raise the average of literacy, of intelligence of the class without that right, but to lower the same in order the better to keep it in a state of permanent industrial subordination and inferiority to themselves. And so the negro labor of the South, deprived of the right to vote, will see its schools diminish in numbers and quality, will get, in one state and then in another, fewer schools and shorter terms, until they reach the vanishing point, where in large portions of the South negro schools will disappear altogether. Under such circumstances negro labor instead of advancing in intelligence and skill, in economic efficiency, will steadily lose the ground gained by it in these respects since the war, and will retrograde to the condition of dense ignorance, of economic inefficiency, which characterized it before that event. Surely slave labor is the most unproductive, the most wasteful labor in the world. As it was not able to compete successfully with the free and intelligent labor of the North before the war, it will not be able to do so to-day or to-morrow. Ignorant negro labor must weight the South down heavily, therefore, in that industrial struggle in which it is now engaged, not alone with the rest of the nation, but with the world. And this means for Southern labor industrial inferiority to the labor of the rest of the nation and of the world. It means for the Southern states ultimate industrial feebleness and subordination to the rest of the nation, and a low order of civilization.

Thus it will be found that disfranchisement, which was intended to make the negro a serf, to degrade him as a man, to extinguish his ambition, to extinguish his intelligence, to fix for him in the state, in society, a place of permanent inferiority and subordination to the white race, has degraded the whole South industrially at the same time, and fixed for her likewise a place of permanent economic inferiority and subordination to the rest of the nation. The huge body of her

black ignorance, poverty, and degradation will attract to itself by the social laws of gravitation all of the white ignorance, poverty, and degradation of the entire section. The stupendous mass of this social and industrial wreck, of the ensuing barbarism and crime, and of race hatred and oppression, will whelm in the end in common misery and ruin whites and blacks alike, the whole labor of the South. It is hard to believe that that section is knowingly, deliberately invoking such a fate, merely for the sake of gratifying its race prejudice against the negro. But whether it knowingly invites such consequences or not, its action invites them. For disfranchisement of the negro means, without doubt, degradation of its black labor, and this in turn the certain degradation of its white labor, and this in turn inevitable industrial feebleness and inferiority, and this in turn ultimate sectional retrogression, poverty, and a low order of civilization. Is the South ready to pay such a ruinous price for disfranchisement of the negro, for the sake of keeping him forever the servitor of the white race? Perhaps she is. It looks so; yet time alone can tell whether that section on this question is at bottom wise or foolish, sane or insane. If it shall turn out that it is really foolish, incurably mad on the negro question, then there is no hope for it within itself. It will persist in running straight upon its destruction. For alas, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

III

It has been shown that disfranchisement of the negro is bad for the negro and for the South. It remains to consider why it is bad for the North, for the rest of the nation. But if it has been demonstrated that disfranchisement is bad for the negro and for the South, it will follow as a logical conclusion that it is bad for the rest of the nation. For whatever injures a part injures the whole. The negro is a part of the South, the South a part of the nation, in as real, as vital a sense as feet and hands are parts of the human body. Hurt a hand, lame a foot, and the whole body is hurt, lamed at the same time and for the same cause. This is not sentiment. It is fact, it is common sense, it is science. The old fable of the Members and the Belly is as true and timely to-day as it was in ancient Roman days. Starve the belly and the whole body is starved, suffers in consequence. Wither an arm, shrivel a leg, dim an eye, and the whole body goes maimed and halt and darkened.

Whatever, therefore, renders it impossible for the negro of the South to make the most and the best of himself injures that section, and this injury to the South hurts, in turn, the whole country. For social and economic laws draw no color line, exempt from their impartial operations no race because it happens to be white, but fall equally on all, regardless of artificial distinctions and discriminations, on rich and poor, on strong and weak, on white and black. Southern law and opinion discriminate against the black man and in favor of the white man. Not so the laws of Nature. What harms the negro's body will harm the white man's body. What degrades negro labor will degrade white labor likewise. What heals the white man's body will heal the black man's body. And what elevates white labor will elevate black labor also. This is the higher law, — a law beyond the reach of revised constitutions and American colorphobia to change or nullify, — a law which a greater than the Supreme Court interprets and will execute with strict impartiality, neither for nor against the negro, neither for nor against the South, but on whose decision, on whose operation, hang verily the fate of the negro, the fate of the South, and the fate of the nation, at one and the same time.

Our country is seeking to retain old markets and find new ones for the products of its labor, both at home and abroad. That is why it has erected about

that labor high tariff walls, to give to it a monopoly of the home market. That is why it is reaching out all over the world for markets for its surplus products. That is why it annexed Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. That is why it is in favor of an open door in China. That is why it is going to build the Panama Canal. That is why it is building a great navy. It is looking out for markets with foresight and energy. Is it looking out for its labor with equal foresight and energy? Is that policy long or short sighted which has for its object the extension of our markets for the sale of our golden eggs, but does not include any proper care for the barnyard fowl that lays those eggs? American labor is the fowl for whose eggs we are seeking markets the world over. Our national fowl is laying her eggs, is competing with the fowls of other nations. Do we produce better eggs, and are we able to sell them in world markets for less than other nations, our commercial rivals, are able to do? And if so, why are we able to produce a better article, and sell it for less than our competitors? Is it not because our national hen is a better breed of hen than the hens of other nations? Behind the egg is the hen; behind the products of labor is the laborer.

A superior laborer will produce better work and more of it than an inferior one. How comes it that American labor, outside of the South, holds to-day the front rank among the labor of the world, and has held this foremost place for eighty years? Because it is the freest and most intelligent labor in the world. For the freer and more intelligent the labor, the more efficient as an industrial factor will be that labor. The freest and most intelligent labor is the most productive, the most profitable labor. To the superiority of American labor two things have contributed more than any others: the free common school, and the educative and stimulating function exercised on the minds of laboring men by the right to vote, by the part taken periodically by them in government, in the choice of rulers, and in the consideration of public questions. The wits of the children are developed, trained in the public schools; the wits of the adults are educated, sharpened at the polls. Labor thus developed mentally, and disciplined in these two great schools of letters and practical civics, is doubly equipped, doubly armed to defend well its own interests at home and abroad, and to defend those of the country also. It is alert, assertive, thoughtful, resourceful, independent, self-respecting, — capable of following and leading. It knows what it wants, what is good for it and what is not. It can take care of itself, can fight its own battle with organized capital at home, and with the rival labor of other countries in world markets. Herein lies the superiority of the labor of our American industrial democracy at the present time, with that one exception, Southern labor.

If this country is to hold what it has gained in world markets, and to add to the same in the future, can it afford longer to neglect that part of its labor which is south of Mason and Dixon's line? Can it afford much longer to look indifferently on measures which are intended to degrade and enslave any portion of our American labor, while its commercial rivals in world markets are devoting special attention to raising by educational and other means the whole body of theirs? Is the rest of the nation going to give the Southern states a free hand in dealing with the negro, when a free hand in dealing with him means on their part the maintenance of a mass of ignorant, degraded, and inefficient labor? Does not the republic need above all things, in her industrial struggle for existence with powerful rivals, to raise not alone the labor of the East, nor that of the North, nor that of the West, but that of the South as well, to raise its whole vast labor citizenry to the highest state of economic efficiency of which that labor citizenry may be capable? The answer to such questions, God knows, is obvious enough.

The means which have raised the labor of the rest of the nation to its present high state of productivity can raise Southern labor, will raise it in due time, if utilized by that section, to a state of equal economic value and industrial efficiency. The things which have made the labor of the North superior will not do less for negro laborers in the South, — freedom, education, equality. Freedom to make the most and the best of themselves as men, as Americans; freedom to fall or rise in the social scale according to merit, not color; education as children in the common schools; education as citizens at the polls; and equality of rights and opportunities with other labor classes, with other groups of Americans regardless of race. When the negro progresses in industrial efficiency, in social well-being and well-doing, the South will progress in these important respects and in others. That section will gain immeasurably, not only in the improved character of its labor, in its heightened value as a producer of wealth, but in its heightened value as a consumer of the staple products of those states and of the commodities exchanged for them in other markets. It is needless to add that the North, the rest of the nation, would gain enormously in wealth, in the volume of its Southern trade, from the same causes. It is, then, wisdom to look carefully after every hen, whether black or white, in our national barnyard, after every hen which lays for the republic golden eggs, as well as to look out for the acquisition of new markets abroad for the sale of those eggs. The national hen is of more value than her eggs, American labor than its products.

IV

In conclusion, there is yet another view of the subject in which the rest of the nation is vitally interested, and that is its politico-sectional side. No discussion of the question of the disfranchisement of the negro by the South is complete which ignores this aspect of it. For it is an aspect which promises eventually to come very much into notice at the North. At some time in the near or distant future it is going to occupy Northern attention to the exclusion of all other phases of the vexed question, and perhaps of all other questions of national importance besides. For at bottom it involves no less an issue than the old one of political domination between the sections. Possession or control of the government in its three coordinate branches has from the adoption of the Constitution been a cause of difference between the North and the South, with their contrary interests and institutions to be protected and promoted by means of the joint action of those branches.

Before the war, slavery as it affected the negro was not objectionable to the free states, but slavery as it affected those states was. It was not slavery as a moral wrong, but slavery as a political evil to which they were opposed. When they came into conflict over this subject with the slave states, it was not for the sake of helping the slaves, but themselves, — it was to prevent the evil from growing as a political power, to prevent it from increasing its vote in Congress and in the electoral college, to prevent it from dominating in national affairs, in national legislation. Such domination, the free states had learned by bitter experience, acted injuriously upon their interests. Hence Northern opposition to the extension of slavery, to the admission of new slave states. Nor will the rest of the nation interfere to-day in the matter of Southern disfranchisement of the negro for the sake of the negro, that is, because it is more friendly to him than to the South. Not at all. When the rest of the nation interferes in the final settlement of this question, as it will surely interfere, its interference will have regard solely to itself, to its own interests which shall at that time demand such action. But the North cannot interfere politically in the settlement of this question, whether in behalf of the disfranchised negro, or in protection of its own sectional interests,

without mortally offending its sister section, without reviving with new-born bitterness and added intensity the old and fierce rivalry between them, which played such a leading and, at times, violent part in the history of the country for a period of seventy years, — say from 1815 to 1885.

Not the wrong which slavery inflicted upon the negro was, then, the nub of the controversy between the two halves of the Union before the war of the Rebellion, but the undue influence in government which, in the opinion of the Northern, it gave to the Southern half. This undue political influence had its rise in the right of the South under the Constitution to count in the apportionment of representatives among the states five of her slaves as three freemen. This feature of the Constitution was distinctly aristocratic. It certainly was not democratic. For it gave a Southern white man who owned five negro slaves an electoral value in the republic four times greater than that of a Northern white man. This unrepublican, this disproportionate political importance of a Southern slave owner over a Northern freeman produced no end of trouble between the two classes of men. And when it is remembered that the ideas and interests of these two classes of men were far from being identical, that there was, on the contrary, no way of bringing about an identity of ideas and interests between them, — for while one of these groups was born and bred under the aristocratic idea, with a corresponding labor system which rooted itself in that idea, the other group was born and bred under the democratic idea with a corresponding labor system which rooted itself in that idea, — persons living to-day may get some notion of the fierceness and depth of the ante-bellum rivalry which waxed and waned, and waned and waxed, for a half century, between the slaveholding and the non-slaveholding states, for possession of the general government, as a coign of vantage in the struggle between them for domination in the republic.

This strife, with alternations of reverses and triumphs, first for one side and then for the other, went on until 1861, when the rivals resorted to force to settle their differences. The war for the Union decided the momentous conflict in favor of the democratic idea and its system of free labor. The Thirteenth Amendment destroyed slavery and the slave power; or such, at least, was its purpose. The Fourteenth Amendment provided forever against a revival of the old aristocratic idea of inequality of civil conditions between the races in the South — the real ground of difference between the sections — by declaring all persons born or naturalized in the United States to be citizens of the United States. There was not again to exist in the Southern states any system of labor to take the place of the old slave labor system except that of free labor, and there was not again to appear any corresponding political power in the South to take the place of the defunct slave power; or such, at least, was the plain purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment. But in order to make assurance doubly sure on this vital point, a supplementary provision was incorporated into the amendment, to reduce the representation in Congress of any state which shall deny to any portion of its voting population the right to vote, in the proportion which the number of such disfranchised citizens "shall bear to the whole number of citizens twenty-one years of age in such state."

The rest of the nation intended by these two great acts to destroy, root and branch, the old constitutional provision which entitled the South to count five slaves as three freemen in the apportionment of representatives among the states. It was determined to rid the country for all time of any future trouble from that cause. The Reconstruction measures attempted to introduce into the old slave states the democratic idea, and a labor system corresponding to that idea. But in the event of failure in these regards, and the ultimate revival on the part of

those states of the aristocratic idea, and a labor system corresponding to that idea, it was carefully provided that such revival of the old aristocratic idea and labor system should be accompanied by an equivalent loss of political power on the part of those states. They were no longer to eat their cake, metaphorically speaking, and keep it, too. For this eating and keeping something at one and the same time means that the something kept belongs to some one else than the eater. The political power which the South manages to retain in spite of her disfranchisement of the negro does not, therefore, belong to her. If she deprives the negro of the right to vote without being deprived in turn of a proportionate share of her representation in Congress, she has possessed herself wrongfully of a power in national politics, in national legislation, which rightfully belongs to the negro. And this power she may and does exercise against the negro and the North at the same time. It will be seen by the North some day, as it is seen to-day by the negro, that while her old rival has lost on paper the old three-fifths slave representation under the Constitution to which she was entitled before the war, she has not practically suffered any loss at all in this respect, but the contrary. She has actually gained since the war the other two fifths in the apportionment of representatives among the states. For five of her disfranchised colored citizens count to-day the same as five Northern voters, instead of the proportion prevailing in ante-bellum times, when it took five slaves to equal three freemen in Federal numbers.

Following the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment the North seemed still uneasy on this head. For very early coming events in the South were casting shadows before them to the manifest disturbance of the Northern mind. Heeding these shadows of ill omen along the Southern horizon, the North decided to clear the national sky of every shadowy possibility of a return of conditions which existed before the war, and which vexed her sorely during those bitter years. Apprehensive, then, lest the Fourteenth Amendment had not made a repetition of this history impossible, the nation adopted the Fifteenth Amendment, which ordains that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." Each of those three great steps was taken by the North to rid the country of the Southern aristocratic idea, and of its corresponding labor system; to plough into Southern soil the democratic idea and its corresponding system of free labor; to purge the Constitution of its hateful three-fifths slave representation principle; to redress, in short, the old balance of political power between the sections in order to secure forever the domination of our Northern industrial democracy in national affairs.

Then ensued naturally enough in the wake of a period of great emotions a period of strong reaction at the North. That section grew weary of the everlasting negro question, and began to yearn for peace, for a cessation of strife between the sections; began to yearn for change, for other sensations, for other interests of a more material kind, — for dollars and dividends, for railroads and mines and factories, for buying and selling, for the thousand and one things which make up the busy life, the activity of a great and enterprising people. The spirit of modern commercialism descended like a consuming flame on the new generation which followed the war. Modern industrialism sucked like a huge maelstrom the whole multifarious and multitudinous life and forces of the nation into itself, with that one exception, the South.

This chapter in our history illustrates afresh the truth of the old fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, which race was not to the swift hare that stopped on the way, but to the slow, the ever moving tortoise. The Northern Hare ran swiftly, when it did run, along the course

of Southern Reconstruction, but it did not endure to the end. Whereas the Southern Tortoise, slow but sure, has kept its equal pace without a pause from the close of the war to the present time. It did not weary of the everlasting negro question. It does not weary of it. It will not weary of it until it is settled to its entire satisfaction.

The democratic idea of government has been put to rout in every Southern state by the old aristocratic idea founded in race prejudice and race distinctions. A labor system is fast growing up about this idea, — a labor system as much opposed to the labor system of the rest of the nation, as was the old slave system to the free labor of the North. There can be no lasting peace between them now, any more than such peace was possible between them in the period before the war. The political and industrial interests of the sections are not the same, and cannot be made the same so long as differences so fundamental in respect to government and labor exist between them. The conflict of the two contrary ideas of government, of the two contrary labor systems, for survivorship in the Union, may be postponed as it is to-day, but it cannot be extinguished except by the extinction of one or the other of the old rivals. For they are doomed, in one form or another, by economic and social laws, to ceaseless rivalry and strife.

In this strife the disfranchisement of the negro by the South is a distinct victory for the Southern idea, for the Southern rival, over the Northern idea, the Northern rival. The Southern idea has taken on new life, is re-sowing itself, striking powerful roots into Southern soil. And while it is steadily strengthening its ascendency over those states, its pollen dust is slowly spreading in many devious ways, blown by winds of destiny beyond the limits of those states, attacking with subtle, far-reaching, and deep-reaching influences the democratic idea of the rest of the nation, giving aid and form to all those feelings, thoughts, purposes, hidden or open, but active, in the republic, hostile to popular government, to the democratic principle of equality and universal suffrage. The South has thrown down its gage of battle for the aristocratic idea, for the labor system which grows out of that idea. This gage of battle is the disfranchisement of the negro because he is a negro, and the consequent degradation of him as a laborer. Will the North accept the challenge of its old rival, will it pick up the gage of battle thus thrown down? I think that it will. I am sure that it will. When? I confess frankly I do not know. But of this I have no doubt, that when this time comes, as come it must, the negro will mark again, as he did formerly, the dead line between the combatants, — between the aristocratic idea of the South and the democratic idea of the rest of the nation; between the labor system of the South and the labor system of the rest of the nation.

ARS AMORIS

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

Jamie Allison was one of those who take their theories seriously, and by too much speculation grow pale over nice points of moral and æsthetic casuistry. But old Thaddeus Bourne was still, on the whole, a romantic person; there was a gentle aroma of worldliness about him, the grace of the sentiment of remembered vanities, a flavor of old letters, and the faded garlands of past revelings; the continual flower in his buttonhole seemed like a votive offering to the memory of a romance.

For these reasons, and because the fire in the club reading-room burned with a speculative air, it came about that they fell to discussing the theory and practice of love-making, and that Thaddeus spoke as follows: —

"Very few men are good love-makers nowadays, if you look at them from the point of performance, and not of success. They succeed; yes, they succeed! It is much to be regretted. But in the first place, in their choice of a subject, they are always putting up with the crude dictates of chance. Secondly, they say to themselves, 'We will be frank and downright. We will simply state this case to the other party, and credit her with equal knowledge of her desires or interests.' Thus they take their business habits into it. They regard love-making as the preliminary negotiations to a contract. As business men they keep the ultimate issue so much in view as to disregard the process as an end in itself. Therefore women find them, as a rule, disappointing. For love-making is not business, but art. It has the same definition as the other arts, namely, the nice treatment of the emotions. Now, women appreciate art. They have instinctive insight into technical perfection, and they don't wish to be made love to on business principles; and yet the loveliest and the best are constantly being wooed and won in the crudest fashion. They suppose the fault must lie in the nature of men, in the native inadequacy and ineptitude of men, and they put up with it because they think they have to. There was more grace and delicacy in it in my day."

Whereupon Allison went away, taking the subject seriously.

In his own rooms he settled himself in a chair, stretched his feet on the low window-sill, and looked out at the afternoon May sunlight, shining broad and bright down the middle of the street, and filtering through delicate new maple leaves to the sidewalk. The air was moist and fresh, and the syringas were sprouting on the lawn.

"If you ever mean to get a result," he thought, "you must have a system.

"The nice conduct of love-making, then, falls into three divisions: —

"First: Choice of Subject, that is to say, the lady.

"Second: Study of the Subject's special demands, that is to say, her tastes and likings.

"Third: A large division under the general head of 'Method;' under which it must be decided whether the subject should be treated in (*a*) the realistic manner, that is, with accurate detail; or (*b*) the impressionistic, that is, with an eye mainly to the general atmosphere, a devotional manner, for instance, being regarded as more important than a minute attention. So far, good!"

Here Allison paused and reviewed his statement. It seemed to him that any really thoughtful love-making must, at one time or another, touch upon all these points, and that this was the logical order.

As to the First Division, or the Choice of Subject, it seemed to be settled already by the fact that he had been in the habit of considering himself already in love. Nevertheless, this must be examined. Fay Allison was his cousin, more or less distant; they had grown up together, though some years apart; therefore the choice was originally not discriminating, but accidental. This had to be admitted, but it seemed outweighed by the fact that he felt no inclination to unmake the choice.

"In fact," concluded Allison, "excepting a small primary lapse of the theory, why is n't Fay an especially well-adapted subject? She is not used to artistic love-making. Our relations have been off-hand, matter-of-fact, amiable, but brutal. The superiority of artistic love-making will be only the more distinct. She will appreciate the difference. Is it not, though accidental, a well-made choice? Check off 'Subject.'

"Second Division, or Study of the Subject's Peculiarities. Now, Fay is a girl of remarkable vivacity of mind, and also of remarkable self-poise. She is frank, but reserved, aware of her good looks, but not self-conscious. Check off Division Two."

"Division Three, or Method." Under this head Allison made the following miscellaneous notes: —

"1. A compliment should always have the air of passing a remark, — a certain purposelessness about it.

"2. The definition of love-making, namely, 'nice treatment of the emotions,' has two parts: First, her emotions; second, my emotions.

"3. Go and see Mrs. Mavering."

So ended Allison's notes, with the enigmatic entry, — "Go and see Mrs. Mavering."

II

Mrs. Mavering came to Hamilton some years back. She lived alone, on Charles Street, behind St. Mary's Church. It was said in Hamilton society that she had married unhappily, but that perhaps was nobody's business. She was some relation of the Suttons. As to her age, Thaddeus Bourne, who knew everything about everybody, said thirty, — because it would not have been believed if he had said twenty-five, and because it would have been believed if he had said thirty-five; so prone to evil is the world, so acutely polite was Thaddeus. She was worldly after Thaddeus's own heart, with the touch of sentiment which Thaddeus considered ultra-worldly. As for Allison, he thought she was like the Persian poets, or the Calculus, something one would wish to know about, if one knew how, and life were not so short.

"Humility is the beginning of wisdom," he reflected, mounting Mrs. Mavering's steps. The window in her drawing-room was partly open, but a light fire snapped on the hearth, and Mrs. Mavering was regarding her feet severely, which were planted against the andirons. Allison did not think her expression promising.

"Might I inquire," he asked, "what's the matter?"

"I was arguing whether or not my feet were wet."

"Does n't that sort of knowledge come by intuition?" asked Allison timidly.

"No. It depends on other shoes, likelihood of sore throat, and a number of things."

Certainly Mrs. Mavering was not in a good humor. Allison made haste with his preliminaries.

"Mrs. Mavering," he said, "I'm the scum of the earth."

"Cream," corrected the lady scornfully.

"No," said Allison. "I want to convince you of my humility."

"You can't do it."

"But I have a special purpose in it. I want to ask your advice, and if you think I'm rampant with conceit, you won't give it till you've combed me down. You take so much pains to comb me down, and I

thought it would save time. I'm after a special kind of lore, and I'm going to sit at your feet for it."

"Oh, well," she said after a pause, "that's different."

"You see, Mrs. Mavering," Allison began, "I'm in love, of course."

"Oh! You're in love, of course!"

"Yes. And if Fay can be persuaded to take me seriously, it will probably be the only love-making I shall ever do. Consequently, I want to do it as well as possible. I want to consider what is the best possible way. Will you criticise the idea?"

"In the first place, it's not humble," said Mrs. Mavering. "Humility would tell you that it will take the best love-making you can do to get her anyway."

Allison shook his head.

"That is n't the point. Listen and I'll expound. In ideal love-making the final outcome is a matter about which the lover has prayerful hopes, but he deserves no success who does not make each step of his progress excellent in its kind. He must love art for art's sake. But this is the point. The art of love-making at present is in a deplorable state. Women accept crude, careless love-making because they have to. Men make use of it because women accept it, and it is consequently effective. Now this is where the root of the evil lies. The art of love-making is lost through utilitarianism. Now my theory is, first, that the initial step for the reformed lover is to learn to subordinate the end to the means; to devote himself simply to study and understand the tones, qualities, and chords of his lady's character, and how to apply his own to them to the most harmonious result. You understand all that. Secondly, my theory is, that women may be trusted to appreciate the difference, and see that it is effective."

"A woman would n't accept a particular man, to show appreciation of his method, when she liked another one better," suggested Mrs. Mavering.

"No, and it would n't do any good if she did. She must fall in love with the man who does his wooing best; other things being equal she must do it always, or else my theory is wrong."

"I see. That would be a pity. Other things never are equal. You want me to criticise your theory? It's better than likely."

Allison thought a moment. "No, not now. I want you to help me understand Fay."

Mrs. Mavering sat a long time silent, with her chin on her hand. The humorous mouth looked as if sensitive with memories that would not be laughed at, and the long eyelashes drooped. "Oh, well," she said at last, "I can do that;" and she talked very cleverly about Fay, to Allison's great satisfaction.

He was not sure that he understood Mrs. Mavering any better than before. Strictly speaking, that was not important, of course. To the reformed lover all other women ought to be enigmas merely, mysteries uninquired into, but worshiped vaguely and incidentally, as the pedestal of a particular divinity.

Mrs. Mavering, however, continued to lie in the background of his mind, like the Persian poets, or the Calculus, even while he entered old Christian Allison's dominant residence on Temple Square, with its green lawn and elm trees in front, and tennis court at the side.

Fay came flying down the stairs. She looked even more brilliantly radiating than usual, a Greek goddess in a white sweater, and swinging a racket.

"What a prig you are, Jamie!" she cried impatiently. "Why did n't you wear your tennis jeans instead of that everlasting thing you call a coat? Besides, you have n't been here for a week."

Allison was about to call attention to the inconsequence of the "besides," to correct the "week" into three days, and casually to remind her, in detail, of the special kind of idiot she had been on that last occasion; but he caught himself and took up his rôle.

"I know it, Fay," he said gently. "I'm

sorry." He paused and looked at her a moment. "If you did n't look so particularly pretty I might be able to go away now and change."

Fay opened her eyes wide, and stood by the door with flushed face, hesitating and tapping her foot with the racket.

"I did n't mean to be cross, Jamie," she said, and then laughed. "You ought to give me warning when you are going to be nice. Will you really go and change?"

"After all," he reflected a quarter of an hour later, fishing in the back of his closet for flannels, "that was nothing but the 'soft answer turning away wrath.' There was nothing really artistic about it. I'll have to do better."

III

With frequent conversation with Mrs. Mavering, who listened languidly to his discourses on the separate elements of Fay Allison's soul, and seemed inclined to bridge over his distinctions, Allison pursued his theory, racked his brains for devices, and searched the poets for inspiration. The Petrarchan sonneteers he thought irreproachably good form, but difficult to apply. Fay did not seem susceptible of allegorical treatment. The effect of the "Method" on her was odd. She left off wearing sweaters and dropped her slang. She fell to going about more soberly, more quietly; to glancing at Allison with startled or questioning eyes. Finally she seemed to grow constrained and even repellent. She made no comment on the "Method." Allison doubted gloomily whether she noticed the "Method" at all. Mrs. Mavering thought she did. "Why," she said, "if you go on handling her like Venetian glass and keeping up the atmosphere of an Italian sonnet, what do you suppose she thinks about it? Do you imagine you are making love to a china image? The trouble with your Italian sonnets is, that they make love to china images which are not required to move. If you insist on our sitting still, we may submit, or we may like it, but you must n't refuse us some commotions of our own."

"We should n't refuse or require anything," answered Allison. "Whatever you do ought to be right to us."

"And do you suppose we feel complimented with a guaranteed approbation? You surround us with a rosy mist. I don't say we are not comfortable in the mist, but still might n't even a Virgin in her shrine sometimes long to have her worshipers disapprove of her, and wish the incense were more tart?"

"That's another idea," Allison muttered gloomily. "Do you think the 'Method' is all wrong?"

Mrs. Mavering stood at the window with her hands clasped behind her, looking out on the leaves dripping with the June rains. On sodden, coldly depressing days, and in moments when the memory of one's experience tastes badly in the mouth, it sometimes seems possible to know too much of the realism of life; the incense and withdrawal of a shrine seem not unenviable. Experience! In a little while our lips are dumb, and our individuality has already almost ceased to interest us. Possibly Mrs. Mavering thought the actual heart of womanhood needed something other than a recognition of its citizenship, or even its common humanity; possibly she was not generalizing at all, for the face that looked out of the window in the gray afternoon was a face that few who knew Mrs. Mavering were acquainted with, and one of which Allison was quite unaware. Only Thaddeus Bourne, passing by in the mist, looked up at the face, took off his hat and kept it off till he reached the corner.

"No," said Mrs. Mavering, "I think it must be right."

IV

Toward the last of July, the Suttons, across the square from Christian Allison's, gave a ball. The Suttons were famous for their chrysanthemums, which

are vulgar flowers, and suggest magnifying glasses and analyses, their spiky petals standing out over-distinctly.

Allison and Fay left the house together, crossed the square silently, and sat down on the steps of the porch in the shadow of Christian Allison's tuberose bushes, which Christian had planted for other purposes.

"Jamie," she said, "I'm going to surprise you."

"You always surprise me. The right attitude of love does not differ very much from surprise." But Fay did not even look bewildered, as she had usually done when Allison defined his enamored condition. She looked determined.

"I want you to go and tell Mrs. Mavering that I am not old enough to be so clever as that. She will understand. Will you?"

"I will do whatever you want me to, of course," he said placidly. "You need n't tell me why. It is a test of faith."

She made a movement of impatience, and went on hurriedly: —

"You don't care for me! Not even as you used to! You make believe until you don't know what you mean yourself. You only care for your little game. You make experiments on me. Don't do it any more. I don't think it's good for me. You don't care for me any more than Petrarch did for Laura. You don't! You don't! The only real woman you care for is Mrs. Mavering, and the joke is that she knows it, but it's a dull joke, it's a dull joke."

"Oh, now!" broke in Allison. "Don't drag things around in the dirt! Why do you think that?"

"Because she gave you bad advice."

They rose, and Allison said gravely, "That about Mrs. Mavering is neither kind nor true. But then, the rest is n't true either, and that's more cheerful. I love you both ways, Fay, my star, and my girl. Why do you give motives to another woman that you would n't act on yourself?"

Fay laughed.

"Oh, but I would, Jamie! I would!"

She caught her breath with a sob, and added, "There's only one way," and disappeared.

Allison turned back across the square to the Sutton house, and threaded his way among the dancers, chaperons, and such manner of obstruction, in search of Mrs. Mavering. He found her in a corner behind the chrysanthemums, sparring composedly with Thaddeus Bourne.

"I should like Mrs. Mavering," said Allison. "How long have you had her?"

"Well, Jamie," said Thaddeus, "I imagine you've come about the right time. I'm the most interesting person there is for half an hour, but my half hour is nearly up. I shall go and find Mrs. Sutton. She likes my old stories the fortieth time better than the first. I'm a jester, Mrs. Mavering; by profession, a poor, motley Yorick. I jingle my bells and take my leave. But Jamie looks like a melancholy Dane."

And Thaddeus departed, seeking the serene certainty of Mrs. Sutton's approval.

"Have you had a tiff with Dulcinea?" said Mrs. Mavering, after a long pause.

"That's just it!" groaned Allison. "Am I quixotic? And what then? Look here, Mrs. Mavering! She says, in the first place, she's not old enough to be so clever as that. As what? What does she mean? And what did she want me to tell you that for?"

Mrs. Mavering rested her cheek on one finger, and made no answer.

"In the second place, she says I don't care for her so much as for a little game I'm playing. Now, that is n't so."

"Oh, that is n't so! But was n't that the doctrine?"

"No! In the third place, she says if I'm in love with any actual person, it's you. That is n't so, either."

"Oh, that is n't so, either!"

"Well," said Allison penitently, "wait a moment. In the fourth place, she says you gave me bad advice. Now, she is wrong; but what I want to know is, has she the right to be wrong that way?"

Mrs. Mavering laughed softly.

"Perhaps she has. She has quick instincts. 'Clever?' Perhaps not. She has been growing capable, at least. The trouble is that she does n't understand herself, and she thinks that I do — understand myself — but I don't."

"In the fifth place," persisted Allison, "she says there 's only one way to follow in love. Is n't there? What is the way?"

Mrs. Mavering was silent a moment, and then said quietly, "I don't know. I did n't find it."

She rose, and added, "You need n't be down-hearted. She will look for you tomorrow."

Then Mrs. Sutton appeared around the chrysanthemums, saying, "Rachel, your carriage;" and old Thaddeus Bourne followed, to ask if Cinderella would leave a slipper; and Allison departed, wondering what might be the status of his theory now; and each person of the story, as of other stories known to the chrysanthemums that night, went his or her several ways, with his or her several thoughts, and opinions probably wrong.

"The hearth was cold when Cinderella went home," said Mrs. Mavering to Thaddeus Bourne. "She sat down again among the ashes."

As her carriage drove away Thaddeus stood still on the sidewalk and shook his head thoughtfully.

V

Toward the end of October the shaded streets of Hamilton had a golden glow from the autumn leaves, still hanging, or already lying crimson and yellow on the sidewalks. It is a cheerful season, for one reason, because, after all, it is only a cool and quiet pause. It closes and locks no door forever.

> When the mallow in the croft lies down,
> Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
> Again they grow, another year they flourish;
> But we, the great, the valiant and the wise,

when our "youth's sweet-scented manuscript" is closed, cannot see ourselves in happy categories with the mallow, the parsley, and the crisped anise, who will open on another spring their freshly scented manuscripts.

Mrs. Mavering and Thaddeus Bourne came from St. Mary's Church into the street together. The sounds of the Lohengrin March died away behind them. Thaddeus was saying that Jamie would make love to his wife now on an elaborate theory, — on several theories, — and that it would be an immense success.

"I humbly claim a share in the success. The theory was mine."

Mrs. Mavering did not answer. They passed down the street rustling through the fallen leaves.

"Sadness is disloyalty to life," said the old man at last.

She answered almost inaudibly: "It comes on me suddenly at times. A dream of my own fell to ashes ten years ago. Forgive me. I have been foolish, and now I am tired."

"You had better take me home to lunch with you," said Thaddeus. "I'll jingle my bells to amuse you. I'm superannuated in the useful service of folly. Well, well! My motley is faded, my cap and bauble are worn old things, but they will last my time."

THE MYSTERY OF GOLF

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

THREE things there are as unfathomable as they are fascinating to the masculine mind: metaphysics; golf; and the feminine heart. The Germans, I believe, pretend to have solved some of the riddles of the first, and the French to have unravelled some of the intricacies of the last; will some one tell us wherein lies the extraordinary fascination of Golf?

I have just come home from my Club. We played till we could not see the flag; the caddies were sent a-head to find the balls by the thud of their fall; and a low large moon threw whispering shadows on the dew-wet grass — or ere we trode the home-green. At dinner the talk was of Golf; and for three mortal hours after dinner the talk was — of Golf. Yet the talkers were neither idiots, fools, nor monomaniacs. On the contrary, many of them were grave men of the world. At all events the most monomaniacal of the lot was a prosperous man of affairs, worth I do not know how many thousands, which thousands he had made by the same mental faculties by which this evening he was trying to probe or to elucidate the profundities and complexities of this so-called "game." — Will some one tell us wherein lies its fascination?

There is rampant in the world at the present moment a sort of sporting mania, an international sporting mania; excellent in its way, but very difficult to analyse or account for. Manias of one kind or another are not unknown to history. Such, for example, was the mania for Crusades in the Middle Ages. It had a highly rational basis, namely the defence of Christendom against Islam and the wresting of the Holy Land from its desecrating possessors. But to such lengths did this mania go that in 1212 an army of children once actually set out, with banners and paraphernalia, to conquer some vague, invisible foe; with the result that hundreds died before they had gone any distance, and hundreds were sold into slavery. Such, too, was the Hippodrome mania in the fourth century at Byzantium, when feeling ran so high that society was divided into hostile sections, and money, and even blood, was recklessly spent in contests between the faction of the Green and the faction of the Blue. And such was the tulip mania of Holland in 1637, when, so keen was the rivalry for bulbs, that a whole nation was absorbed in the strife and many a family ruined itself by speculation in rare or mythical roots.

Well, today the western world seems to be labouring under something of the same sort. Year by year athletics occupy a larger share of the attention, not only of the students, but of the teachers, at our schools and colleges, and year by year the sums spent in intercollegiate and international contests increase. To win a comparatively valueless cup by means of a comparatively unserviceable craft, a single individual spends some millions of sesterces, and two nations look on intent on the race and applaud. Teams without number, of all kinds, cross and re-cross the Atlantic and Pacific; money is poured out like water on race-horses, motor-cars, dirigible balloons, and what-not. — Like the Crusades, there is for all this a highly rational basis, that most laudable one of amicable rivalry in brain or muscle; but, like the Crusades, it is a question whether it is not here and there just a little overdone.

This does not explain the fascination of Golf. No; but it may help to explain its existence. Golf is some hundreds of years old; but only in the last two or three decades has it obtained its extraordinary

footing. The interesting question is, Why is it that, amongst the thousand-and-one games today played by men, women, and children in Europe and America, why is it that Golf commands so large a share of attention, of serious and thoughtful attention? The literature of Golf is now immense, and, much of it, good. Eminent men have devoted to it serious study; mathematicians try to solve its problems; prime ministers play it; multimillionaires resort to it; and grown men the world over jeopardize for it name and fame and fortune. Not even Bridge quite so absorbs its votaries. Cricketers, foot-ballers, tennis-players do not so utterly abandon homes and offices for the crease, the field, or the lawn. Only the Golfer risks everything so he may excel in putting little balls into little holes. — What is the clue to the mystery?

The clue is a complex one. To begin with, it is threefold: physiological; psychological; social. — In the first place, no other game has so simple an object or one requiring, apparently, so simple an exertion of muscular effort. To knock a ball into a hole — that seems the acme of ease. It is a purely physiological matter of moving your muscles *so*, thus the tyro argues; and in order to move his muscles *so*, he expends more time and money and thought and temper than he cares, at the year's end, to compute. Without doubt the ball must be impelled by muscular movement: how to co-ordinate that muscular movement — that is the physiological factor in the fascination of Golf.

In the second place, when the novice begins to give some serious consideration to the game, he discovers that there is such a thing as style in Golf, and that a good style results in good Golf. He begins to think there must be some recondite knack in the game, a knack that has to be learned by the head and taught by the head to the muscles. Accordingly he takes lessons, learns rules, reads books, laboriously thinks out every stroke, and by degrees comes to the conclusion that mind or brain has as much to do with the game as have hand and eye. — It is here that the psychological factor comes in.

In the third place, having progressed a bit, having learned with a certain degree of skill to manipulate his several clubs; having learned also, and being able with more or less precision to put into practice, certain carefully conned rules as to how he shall stand and how he shall swing, the beginner — for he is still a beginner — discovers that he has not yet learned everything. He discovers that the character of his opponent and the quality of his opponent's play exercise a most extraordinary influence over him. Does he go out with a greater duffer than himself, unconsciously he finds himself growing over-confident or careless. Does he go out with a redoubtable player, one whose name on the Club Handicap stands at Scratch, he cannot allay a certain exaltation or trepidation highly noxious to his game. And it is in vain that he attempts to reason these away. Not only so, but even after months of practice, when the exaltation or trepidation is under control, often it will happen that an opponent's idiosyncrasies will so thoroughly upset him that he will vow never to play with that idiosyncratic again. This we may call the social or moral element. It affects the feelings or the emotions; it affects the mind through these feelings or emotions; and, through the mind, it affects the muscles.

Now, I take it that there is no other game in which these three fundamental factors — the physiological, the psychological, and the social or moral — are so extraordinarily combined or so constantly called into play. Some sports, such as football, polo, rowing, call chiefly for muscular activity, judgement, and nerve; others, such as chess, draughts, backgammon, call upon the intellect only. In no other game that I know of is, first, the whole anatomical frame brought into such strenuous yet delicate action at every stroke; or, second, does the mind play so

important a part in governing the actions of the muscles; or, third, do the character and temperament of your opponent so powerfully affect you as they do in Golf. To play well, these three factors in the game must be most accurately adjusted, and their accurate adjustment is as difficult as it is fascinating.

However, after all this abstruse metaphysical disquisition, shall we essay to discover practically what it is at bottom makes a man play well and what it is makes a man play ill; and what it is makes a man one day play well, and the next day ill? — Ah! he who could answer such queries would tear the veil from Maia. Some men there be, of course, who will never play Golf: either they have a poor "eye;" or their muscular sense is but imperfectly developed; or their keenness in sport is nil; or they are too much taken up with the things of this world; or they are men wrapt up in the contemplation of so-called higher things. University professors I have known who, when they ought to have had their eye upon the ball, had their eye upon the clouds, and their minds farther off still. Other men I have known to whom a round of Golf was so casual and frivolous a pass-time that they would seek to relieve the taedium of the game (and perhaps entertain you!) by the narration between strokes of interminable and pointless anecdotes. Never by such men will the Antient and Royal Game be properly played. By such men Golf may be given up at once and for ever. For, despite all appearances to the contrary, Golf is one of the most serious of sports. As well try to study metaphysics indifferently, or to attack the feminine heart indiscreetly, as try to play Golf spiritlessly. One cannot serve Golf and Mammon. Golf is the most jealous of mistresses. Are you worried and distrait; are you in debt and expecting a dun; are stocks unsteady and your margin small; is a note falling due; or has a more than ordinarily delicate feminine entanglement gone somewhat awry? Go not near the links. Take a country walk, or go for a ride; drop into the Club and ask numerous friends to assuage their thirst; — do anything rather than attempt the simple task of putting a little ball into a little hole. For to put that little ball into that little hole — or rather into those eighteen little holes — requires . . . Requires what? Alas! so many things, so many unthought-of things. It requires, in the first place, a mind absolutely imperturbed, imperturbable. You may play chess or bridge or polo or poker on the eve of bankruptcy; I defy you to play Golf on the eve of a curtain lecture. It takes a strong character to play strong Golf. Golf is as accurate an ethical criterion of a man as is the Decalogue. Perhaps this is why your rigid and puritanical Scots Presbyterian plays so admirably. An eminent Scots philosopher once told me that the eminence of Scottish philosophy (note the Scottish appraisal of things Scottish, an you will) was due to the fact that Scots philosophers were brought up on the Shorter Catechism. I venture to think he might have extended his axiom to the St. Andrew's game. — But, not to beat about the bush, this much is certain: Golf is a game in which attitude of mind counts for incomparably more than mightiness of muscle. Given an equality of strength and skill, the victory in Golf will be to him who is captain of his soul. Give me a clear eye, a healthy liver, a strong will, a collected mind, and a conscience void of offence both toward God and toward men, and I will back the pigmy against the giant. Golf is a test, not so much of the muscle, or even of the brain and nerves of a man, as it is a test of his inmost veriest self; of his soul and spirit; of his whole character and disposition; of his temperament; of his habit of mind; of the entire content of his mental and moral nature as handed down to him by unnumbered multitudes of ancestors. Does his pedigree date back to Romantic heroes — Frankish horsemen or Provençal Knights? Let him see to it that he curbs his impulsive Southern ardour. Does he trace his descent to the

Vikings of the North, strenuous sea-kings that roamed afar and devasted foreign shores? Let him see to it that he applies himself to tasks more close at hand, that he wins nearer victories. Is he a stolid Goth, bull-necked and big of loin? Let him see to it that the more agile-witted Kelt does not wrest victory from him by a deftness more delicate.

But all this, again, is vague, theoretic, abstruse. What you, my confidential reader, seek, I know, is some simple, intelligible, practicable rule by which to determine how you, when you ring up an opponent and propose a match, shall be able to play transcendently well. What is it, precisely, that will enable you to go round under eighty today? — Confidential reader, did ever you hear tell of the elixir of life? Did ever you hear tell of the universal solvent? of the philosopher's stone? of the Sphinx her riddle? or of Fortunatus his cap? Mayhap you have. But mayhap you do not know that the secret of success in Golf is more recondite, far more recondite, than is any one of these. These be bagatelles compared with that. A greater fortune awaits him who will discover and divulge the mystery of Golf than that awaits him who will square the circle, explain the potentialities of radium, or solve the problem of the perpetuity of motion. — For, mark you, it is not against the fellow-man his human opponent that the Golfer really wars. Nor is it even against Bogey that he pits his skill. The contest is with himself. There is no reason known amongst men why any Golfer should ever get into a bunker. He knows, or he thinks he knows, exactly how every stroke in the round should be played. He may carry as many clubs as he likes, clubs of the most flagitious and flamboyant make. Grave and reverent signiors will stand stock-still and dumb the while he drives; and no thing on this terraqueous globe be permitted to impede his play. A sanguine flag gratuitously points out for him the hole; overtly printed on the sand-box or the score-card is the distance; his blameless ball (over the making of which countless rival manufacturers have expended an ingenuity extreme) lies meekly at his feet — could Nature, or Art, or the invention of Man farther go to expedite his way? It is Nature, it is Bogey, that are handicapped, not he; — and perchance it is the cognizance of the enormity of the responsibility thus laid upon him that appals the timorous Golfer. The conditions are simple in the extreme: to knock a ball into a hole; and damp sand, and mown fields, and rolled greens, and caddie, and professional, and flag — to say nothing of cobbler's-wax, and resin, and chalk, and hob-nails, and a red coat — contribute to aid him in coping with his foe. — Against whom do you contend if not against yourself?

Ah! But the conditions are the same for your opponent also. There's the rub. He too, therefore, wages a warfare against self. Accordingly Golf resolves itself into this: — It is not a wrestle with Bogey; it is not a struggle with your mortal foe; it is a physiological, psychological, and moral fight with yourself; it is a test of mastery over self; and the ultimate and irreducible constituent of the game is to determine which of the players is the more worthy combatant. You try to prove to your opponent that you are a better man than he; and your opponent tries to prove to you that he is a better man than you; and the ordeal is decided by competition with a mutual and ideal foe, a foe merciless and implacable; a foe impeccable and impartial, and that will by no means clear the guilty. Golf is the refined modern equivalent of the ancient barbarous Ordeal. To support our claims to superiority today, we do not walk blind-fold and bare-foot over nine red-hot plough-shares, we invite our opponent to beat us in putting a ball into eighteen holes; and we look to Pan — in the shape of bunkers and hazards — to Defend the Right; — and Pan is as inexorable as the plough-shares.

Golf seems to bring the man, the very inmost man, into contact with the man,

the very inmost man. In football and hockey you come into intimate — and often forcible enough — contact with the outer man; chess is a clash of intellects; but in Golf character is laid bare to character. This is why so many friendships — and some enmities — are formed on the links. Despite the ceremony with which the game is played: the elaborate etiquette, the punctilious adhesion to the honour, the enforced silence during the address, the rigid observance of rules, few if any games so strip a man of the conventional and the artificial. In a single round you can sum up a man, can say whether he be truthful, courageous, honest, upright, generous, sincere, slow to anger — or the reverse. — Of these arcana of Golf the uninitiated onlooker knows nothing. Yet if ever that onlooker is initiated into these Eleusinian mysteries, he changes his mind and sees in the links a school for the disciplinary exercise of a cynical or stoical self-command rivalling that of the Cynosarges or the Porch.

Not only is Golf an excellent test of character, it is also an excellent medicament for character. Did we only know it, there is a whole Materia Medica between sand-box and flag. The volatile can find, if he will, a sedative; the phlegmatic, an alterative; the neurasthenic, a tonic. And it is a test of character in more ways than one: the cheat simply could not play Golf: in the last resort, no one would play with him. It is also a test of tact. Many a man has to learn how to lend a deaf ear politely to a loquacious friend, or to curb his own tongue when playing with a taciturn one; and probably there is no one but has had on some occasion or other to keep his own temper sweet while the atmosphere about him was mephitic with a surly silence or rent by vituperative abuse.

The two best schools for mind and manners, says the sage, are the Court and the Camp. He might have added a third. He who would attain self-knowledge should frequent the links. If one seriously essays the task, one will "find oneself" in Golf. Few things better reveal a man to himself than zealous and persistent efforts to decrease his handicap. That profound and ancient maxim γνῶθι σεαυτόν, a maxim so ancient and profound that Juvenal averred it had descended from heaven (*Sat.* xi, 27), might be inscribed on the portal of every Golf Club. Even it might be said that Tennyson's trinity of excellences, self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, are nowhere so worthily sought, or so efficacious when found, as on the links. — To the Greeks this will be foolishness; to Golfers a platitudinous truism.

For Golf must be played "conscientiously" — so an eminent King's Counsel once remarked to me. He was right. The duffer imagines that at the very most it only requires a good "hand and eye" and some sort of knack. A good eye and a very large amount of skill it certainly does need; but he who thinks that these are the Alpha and Omega of Golf will be apt to remain a duffer long. Between this Alpha and this Omega is a whole alphabet. Golf requires the most concentrated mental attention. It requires also just as concentrated a moral attention. The moral factors in the game are as important as the physical. He who succumbs to temptation will have to succumb to defeat. *Satis imperat*, says an old adage, *qui sibi est imperiosus :* he rules enough who rules himself. This should be the motto of every Golfer. "If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men," says the Dhammapada with oriental extravagance, "and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors —" a text which is brought home to one in every round. "Greater," said Solomon, "is he that ruleth himself than he that taketh a city." In Golf the ruler of himself will take many a hole. — And in truth the Golfer knows this, and many and curious sometimes are the means he adopts to attain this end. Every reader will recall the idiosyncrasies of his friends, even if he cannot recall his own: how one will regale himself on stout and steak, and

another lunch off chicken and tea; how Robinson will order a tankard of ale, and Anderson a pony of Scotch; how Bibulus will challenge Asceticus to take another helping of pie, and Asceticus respond by challenging Bibulus to wash it down with liqueur; how Medicus will seek by diet or drugs to eliminate this or that unheard-of acid from his frame, and Hereticus live high to accomplish the same purpose. — The cellar and the pantry of a Golf Club, an they would, could divulge many a tale. And all, what for? To "bring under," as St. Paul saith, this peccant body of ours, or to brace this puny soul of ours to the conflict so that we shall not "beat the air," as saith St. Paul again.

The thousand and one things that we should *not* do in Golf are evidence of the difficulties of the game. In no other game must immense strength go hand in hand with extreme delicacy. If a fraction of a square inch of wood or steel does not come in contact with a fraction of a cubic inch of gutta-percha exactly *so* and not otherwise, you are landed in a bunker, or you fly off to one side, or you over-run the hole. And in every stroke in Golf this nicety of accuracy is necessary. If in the Drive the whole weight and strength of the body, from the nape of the neck to the soles of the feet, are not transferred from body to ball through the minute and momentary contact of club with ball absolutely surely, yet swiftly — you top, or you pull, or you schlaf, or you slice, or you swear (let us hope episcopally: which, being interpreted, according to the anecdote, signifieth silently). So with the Put. Not even an expert dare be careless of his stance or his stroke even for the shortest of Puts. And as to that Mashie shot, where you loft high over an abominable bunker and fall dead with a back spin and a cut to the right on a keen and declivitous green — is there any stroke in any game quite so delightfully difficult as that?

The difficulties of Golf are immense. For think for a moment, there is scarcely a muscle in the body that is not called into play; and every muscle is controlled by a nerve. In fact every muscle is a bundle of fibres or spindles, and every fibre or spindle is controlled by a branch of a nerve, cannot contract save in response to a stimulus conveyed to it by a branch of a nerve. Unless an order is sent from the brain and distributed to each and every part of the machinery which moves the trunk and limbs, not a movement can be made. And to ensure harmonious and co-ordinate movement, those orders must be very carefully, not only timed, but apportioned. Indeed, it would seem that duplicate orders, that two sets of stimuli, have to be despatched. There is, first, that which governs the "muscular sense," or, as some physiologists prefer to call it, the Kinæthesis, the sense that determines how tightly to hold the club and that poises the body for the swing. It is the sense, speaking generally, which ensures the proper relative rigidity or flexibility of opposing flexor and extensor muscles. It is chiefly concerned in judging distance, and is especially noticeable in the short Approach. In the second place, there is the hit or swing. This is the office of the motor centres, and is brought about by a strong contraction of muscles, a contraction that should be rapidly yet perfectly evenly increased. Both sets of stimuli must be intimately and intricately combined throughout the whole course of the swing: the wrists must ease off at the top and tauten at the end; the left knee must be loose at the beginning and firm at the finish; and the change from one to the other must be as deftly and gently, yet swiftly wrought as a crescendo passage from pianissimo to fortissimo on a fiddle.

Is it possible, from this physiological point of view, to determine what is the fundamental difference between a good player and a bad? Can we say what it is makes a great Golfer? At first sight one is inclined to answer, As well try to find out what makes a great general, a great poet, or a great artist. Genius plays as large a part on the links as it does in life; and "genius" the dictionary says "im-

plies the possession of high and peculiar natural gifts which enable their possessor to reach his ends by a sort of intuitive power." However, leaving the genius out of view as beyond the reach of ordinary explanation, what is it that enables one man always to go round under eighty and another never? Well, for one thing, I suspect Imitation plays a large part in Golf — as indeed it does in all life. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace and Professor Poulton have pointed out its importance in biology, and Professor Yrjö Hirn its importance in art. Mimicry it is probably — whatever in its ultimate analysis mimicry may be — which is at the bottom of all education; and education is a preparation for life. But to mimic requires the innervation of nerve-centres in the brain. To begin at the bottom then, if the physiologists are not all wrong, to excel in Golf requires first of all a good brain. There is a part of the brain called the Corpora Striata. "The Corpora Striata," say the neurologists, "are great motor ganglia in some way concerned with the execution of Voluntary, Emotional, and Ideo-motor Movements" (Bastian). "It translates volitions into actions, or puts in execution the commands of the Intellect; that is, it selects, so to speak, the motor nerve nuclei in the Medulla and Cord appropriate for the performance of the desired action, and sends down the impulses which set them in motion" (Broadbent). In co-operation with the Corpora Striata is the Cerebellum, which "co-ordinates movements . . . or combines the general movements . . . ordered by volition" (*Ib.*). — That is to say, if you want to move your arms and legs altogether *so*, you must call upon the Striate Bodies and the Little Brain to convey the orders; and if the *so* is a highly complicated and delicate series of movements, they must be good Striate Bodies and a good Little Brain to be equal to it; and to these undoubtedly we must add a good spinal cord to boot.

Secondly, given a first-class Corpus Striatum and a Cerebellum equally good, these two parts of the brain, together with the Cord and all the nerve-cells and fibres by which they operate, must be educated, by constant practice, to perform smoothly, quickly, and forcibly the complex motions necessary for the peculiar stroke of Golf. This, I take it, is done by what Professor Loeb calls the "associative memory." The associative memory is a very important affair indeed. Loeb goes so far as to make it synonymous with the Will, with Self-consciousness, with the Ego! Yet its office and function are simple, namely to ensure the almost automatic sequence of such movements as have previously been deliberately and hesitatingly combined. The Golf stroke is a highly complex one, and one necessitating the innervation of innumerable cerebro-spinal centres. Not only hand and eye, but arm, wrist, shoulders, back, loins, and legs must be stimulated to action. No wonder that the Associative Memory has to be most carefully cultivated in Golf. To be able, without thinking about it, to take your stance, do your waggle, swing back, pause, come forward, hit hard, and follow through well over the left shoulder, always self-confidently — ah! this requires a first-class brain, a first-class spinal cord, and first-class muscles. What the anatomists say is this, that, if th proper orders are issued from the Cortex, and gathered up and distributed by the Corpora Striata and the Cerebellum, are then transferred through the Crus Cerebri, the Pons Varolii, and the Anterior Pyramid of the Medulla Oblongata, down the Lateral Columns of the Spinal Cord into the Anterior Cornua of Grey Matter in the Cervical, the Dorsal, or the Lumbar region, they will then "traverse the Motor Nerves at the rate of about a hundred and eleven feet a second and speedily excite definite groups of Muscles in definite ways with the effect of producing the desired Movements" (Bastian). I am afraid, however, that unless these anatomists can also tell us some remedy for improperly issued and incorrectly communicated orders, I am

afraid their lucubrations will be of no very great practical value to the Golfer who is off his game. It would be a comfort to find out what portion of the anatomical apparatus really was at fault. It would be a comfort to be able to fix the blame, say, on the Hippocampus Major or the Valve of Vieussens. Which the offending centre, when we play badly, is, I am afraid we shall not know till some foozling Golfer submits to trepanning. — Perhaps not even then; for if, as I believe is the case, no alienist has yet been able to discover a lesion in the lunatic, it is not likely that the surgeon will find one in the foozler. And yet it is always some unknown but peccant centre that the erring Golfer blames. The bad workman used to complain of his tools; but, with numberless tools to choose from, and with absolute power of choice, the bad Golfer is perforce driven to complain of some part of himself — never himself apparently — the Old Adam dies hard! It is always one's digestion, or one's liver, or one's supra-renal capsules that are at fault. — Which is a curious ethico-psychological fact. — At all events it is a tremendous compliment to the fascination of Golf that it is to these technical adumbrations of the anatomist that we are driven in order to explain or to excuse the vagaries of our game. One does not get "off" one's football in this way, or one's chess or one's poker or one's bridge; and if one did, one would hardly go to histological pathology for the cause.

And yet, what, after all, do these innumerable excuses that the poor Golfer invents for himself after a bad round mean? Whom or what is he blaming? Is he not made up of cerebral and cerebellar centres; of cranial and spinal nerves; of extensor and flexor muscles? Are they not *he*? Which is the blamer and which is the blamed? Is there some inscrutable and immaterial psychic centre, inerrant and supreme, that sits somewhere enthroned, and sways and rules these lesser centres? Shall we find in Golf proof of the existence of a Soul?

— Of a soul! If the physical mysteries of Golf are so recondite, what of the psychic? These, I fear, be beyond us. How analyse the complexities of the human golfing soul? How tread the labyrinthine mazes of temperament and of character? How unravel the mesh-work of feelings and emotions, hopes and desires and fears, exultations and disappointments, heated angers, heavy despondencies, the wrath so hard to allay or ere the sun goes down; the vain imaginings, the ridiculous puffings-up of our little souls, of our silly little souls, over a hole halved in three or a circumvented stymie? Or how explain the disturbances these bring about in the higher layers, and the resulting delinquencies of the motor muscles? — In Golf we see in its profoundest aspect that sempiternal problem of the relation of mind to matter. Nowhere in the sum-total of the activities of life is this puzzle presented to us in acuter shape than on the links. Is there an ideal and immaterial Self in the Golfer which knows precisely what he wants to do; and a bodily and fleshly one that will not or cannot carry out its behests? Is there an immaterial mind, superior to, but linked with, a material brain; or does the brain, in its subtlest interstices, shade off into an immaterial mind? — We misuse words. We construct an artificial and needless barrier between mind and matter. By "matter" we simply mean something perceptible by our six senses; and by "mind" we simply mean something imperceptible by these senses. What "matter" really is we know as little as we do what "mind" really is. Suppose we had sixty senses. Suppose we could actually perceive electricity, magnetism, aetherial vibrations, molecular motion, radial emanations, the interplay of emotion, the working of memory, the miracle of thought; suppose we could detect every and all of the myriad manifestations of energy as exhibited in the sum-total of this wonderful world! Would not the barrier be very hastily thrown down, and Matter reveal itself as in reality one and the same with Mind?

— Speculations such as these carry us far. I seem to see in the conscientious Golfer, doing his utmost, poor soul, to make matter (or mind) transcend its own powers, a type and symbol of Mankind; of Mankind warring with its environment, striving to overcome its limitations, reaching up to some unknown ideal, pressing towards some inscrutable goal. — What potentialities may not lurk in Man! If Amoeba has developed into Man, into what may not Man develope! Some day we shall get some arch-angelical record rounds. — I wonder what Par Golf on the New Jerusalem links will be! — But these be transcendental themes.

One more speculative point, and we will drop metaphysics. — The Golfer, strive as he may, is the slave of himself. Perhaps nothing is borne in upon the Golfer more strongly after months of practice than that his place on the Club Handicap is determined by this his slavery to himself. There is not a Golfer living but would say "An I could, I would." The links prove the fatal and irrefragable chain of Cause and Effect. Every Golfer *wills* to excel, and every Golfer sedulously searches for the causes of failure. — 'T is only one more proof of the transcendental identity of Mind and Matter. If, as the biologists aver, *omnis cellula e cellulâ*, surely also *omnis idea ex ideâ*, and Thought and Volition are links in an interminable chain.

The reticulations of the Golfer's brain must be multitudinous. Golf seems to afford a corroboration of the theory that there are in man several layers of consciousness. Indeed, the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers might have found in Golf a pertinent proof of the existence of his "subliminal self," to the functions of which he attributed so important a share. Why a man should, say in June, play a superlatively excellent game, and in July play an execrable one, in spite of the fact that he is in July just as fit as he was in June, that passes the wit of that man — poor wight! He broods over it; he almost weeps over it; he tries remedy after remedy, but in vain — beef and beer, total abstinence; a more elaborate waggle, no waggle; right foot forward, left foot firmer; a cigar before a game, no tobacco at all — all to no purpose. He knows to a nicety how every stroke should be played; but he is blessed, so he says, if he can play it. — Can it be that the so-called human "individual" is after all a duple, triple, quadruple, quintuple, or multiple personality? Almost it would seem so. You take your stance at the first tee, and Personality No. I. severely makes up his mind to play carefully and well. At the approach, Personality No. II. presses. At the put, Personality No. III. is over-anxious, and is short. At the second tee, Personality No. IV. flings care to the four winds of heaven. No. V. takes his eye off the ball. No. VI. goes into a bunker. No. *n* swears (let us hope sub-liminally). By this time the exasperated Golfer compares himself to the Gadarene demoniac.

And now, wherein lies the supreme mystery of this so-called "game"? In this surely, that whereas the thing to be done seems most easy of accomplishment, it is as a matter of physical and metaphysical fact a feat requiring the deftest use of the most delicate mechanism. Mind (or Matter, which you will) in the long course of its evolution from Amoeba to Man has as yet, so far as we know, here upon this planet produced nothing more complex in structure than the human neural apparatus; and it is this apparatus, in its most secret recesses, that is called into requisition by every player at every stroke. And whereas the thing to be done is rigidly fixed, but the anatomical machinery by which it is to be done is capable, humanly speaking, of infinite improvement; the pitch of excellence at which we aim continually recedes the farther we advance, and we are lured on, and lured on . . . to the delight of professionals and caddies, to the pecuniary profit of Club Stewards and manufacturers of expensive balls, but to the sorrow of waiting wives and the scorn of maledictory onlookers.

From all this is there anything practical to be learned? I am afraid not. If you have golfed from childhood, you will laugh at it; if you have taken up Golf at forty, it will not be of much use to you. The youthful caddy, who picks up the game by sheer imitation and whose cortical centres are in a docile stage; and the elderly professional, who has done nothing but make clubs and swing them all his life, probably play almost automatically — as you or I wield a knife and fork or a pen. To the one, Golf is what gambols are to the kitten; to the other, what mousing is to the cat. Not theirs to analyse the method of their play. I know a professional who says that in reality there is only one stroke in the game in which he has to keep in mind one little rule, namely to play off the right foot in a hanging lie. How different from the amateur novice! I was playing the other day with a University professor, a charming man and an erudite. He happened to be off his drive, and at the fourteenth tee (a sequestered spot), with a sort of despairing cry to heaven, he muttered as he took his stance, "Now, I wonder whether I *can* for once keep my eye on the ball and follow through?" He did not even attempt to burthen his University brain with more than two, and these elementary, injunctions.

The nearest thing, it seems to me, to playing Golf is playing the piano. Really, it seems to require as much dexterity, and, of course, hugely more strength. Well, we all know that Aristotle long ago said that playing on the piano was learned by playing on the piano — it was the κιθάρα in his day.

John Stuart Mill once anxiously debated whether there would not come a time when all the tunes possible with the five tones and two semi-tones of the octave would be exhausted. So, many a non-golfing wife and non-thinking onlooker thinks there surely must come a time when the erring husband and friend will tire of trudging over the country trying to put sixty-cent balls into four-and-a-half inch holes. The outsider does not know that at every hole is enacted every time a small but intensely interesting three-act drama.[1] There is Act I., the Drive, with its appropriate mise-en-scène: the gallery, the attendant caddies, the toss for the honour. At long holes it is a long act if we include the brassey shots. There is Act II., the Approach. This is what the French call the *nœud* of the plot: much depends on the Approach. And the mise-en-scène is correspondingly enhanced in interest: the lie, the hazard, the wind, the character of the ground — all become of increasing importance. There is Act III., the Put. It also has its back-ground, its "business," and its "properties:" the caddie at the flag, the irregularities of the green, the peculiarities of the turf, the possibilities of a stymie, the relative roll and resilience of the gutty *versus* the rubber-cored ball. — Eighteen dramas, some tragical, some farcical, in every round; and in every round Protagonist and Deuteragonist constantly interchanging parts. No wonder the ardent Golfer does not tire of his links, any more than the ardent musician tires of his notes. What theatre-goer enjoys such plays? And what staged plays have such a human interest in them? And, best of all, they are acted in the open air, amid delightful scenery, with the assurance of healthy exercise and pleasant companionship. What theatre-goer enjoys such plays? — And when the curtain is rung down and the eighteenth flag replaced, instead of a cigar in the tail-end of a tram-car, or a whiskey-and-soda at a crowded bar, or a snack at a noisy restaurant, there is the amicable persiflage in the dressing room or the long quiet talk on the veranda.

Nor does the Golfer ever tire of the stage upon which these his out-door dramas are played. — I have been promising myself time and again to go round some day, unarmed with clubs and carry-

[1] I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness for the germ of this notion to a capital article by "T. P." in *M. A. P.*

ing no balls, for the express purpose of seeing and enjoying in detail the beauties of my links. There are some woods fringing portions of the course most tempting to explore, woods in which I get glimpses of lovable things, and a wealth of colour which for its very loveliness I forgive for hiding my sliced ball. There are deep ravines — alack! I know them well — where, between lush grass edges trickles a tiny rill, by the quiet banks of which, but for the time-limit, I should loiter long. There is a great breezy hill, bespattered with humble plants, to traverse the broad back of which almost tempts to slice and to pull. A thick boscage too whereon the four seasons play a quartet on the theme of green, and every sun-lit day composes a symphony beautiful to behold. And there are nooks and corners and knolls and sloping lawns on which the dappled shadows dance. Smells too, curious smells, from noon-day pines, and evening mists, from turf, and fallen leaves. — What is it these things *say?* Whither do they beckon? What do they reveal? I seem to be listening to some cosmic obligato the while I play; a great and unheard melody swelling from the great heart of Nature. — Every Golfer knows something of this. But, as Thucydides says, these be holy things, whereof I speak not. *Favete linguis.*

Lastly, let us not omit to include amongst the elements of the fascination which Golf wields over its votaries that *gaudium certaminis*,[1] that joy of contest, which always the game evokes. It is one of the chief ingredients of the game, and it is evoked and re-evoked at every point of the game, from the initial drive to the ultimate put. It is an ingredient of every manly sport is this "warrior's stern joy," but in Golf it is paramount and overt. Every stroke arouses it, for the exact value of every stroke is patent to both player and opponent. Few other games keep the inborn masculine delight in sheer struggle at so high a pitch. No wonder the stakes in Golf are merely nominal; no wonder that often there are no stakes at all: the keenness of the rivalry is stimulus enough. — And this, surely, is one of the chief beauties of the game. It will never be spoiled by the intrusion of professionalism; at least it will never be played by highly-paid professionals for the delectation of a howling and betting mob; nor, thank heavens, will rooters ever sit on fences and screech at its results. —

But the ultimate analysis of the mystery of Golf is hopeless — as hopeless as the ultimate analysis of that of metaphysics or of that of the feminine heart. Fortunately the hopelessness as little troubles the Golfer as it does the philosopher or the lover. The *summum bonum* of the philosopher, I suppose, is to evolve a nice little system of metaphysics of his own. The summum bonum of the lover is of course to get him a nice little feminine heart of his own. Well, the summum bonum of the Golfer is to have a nice little private links of his own — and, now-a-days, perhaps, a private manufactory of rubber-cored balls into the bargain, and to be able to go round his private links daily, accompanied by a professional and a caddie. — It would be an interesting experiment to add to these a physician, a psychologist, a chirurgeon, a psychiater, an apothecary, and a parson. But he would probably be beaten by his caddie.

[1] Thank you, W. H. B., for this hint.

HERBERT SPENCER

BY WILLIAM JAMES

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." If the greatest of all his wonders be the human individual, the richness with which the specimens thereof are diversified, the limitless variety of outline, from gothic to classic or flowing arabesque, the contradictory nature of the filling, composed of little and great, of comic, heroic, and pathetic elements blended inextricably, in personalities all of whom can *go*, and go successfully, must surely be reckoned the supreme miracle of creative ingenuity. Rarely has Nature performed an odder or more Dickens-like feat than when she deliberately designed, or accidentally stumbled into, the personality of Herbert Spencer. Greatness and smallness surely never lived so closely in one skin together.

The opposite verdicts passed upon his work by his contemporaries bear witness to the extraordinary mingling of defects and merits in his mental character. Here are a few, juxtaposed: —

"A philosophic saw - mill." — "The most capacious and powerful thinker of all time."

"The 'Arry' of philosophy." — "Aristotle and his master were not more beyond the pygmies who preceded them than he is beyond Aristotle."

"Herbert Spencer's chromo-philosophy." — "No other man that has walked the earth has so wrought and written himself into the life of the world."

"The touch of his mind takes the living flavor out of everything." — "He is as much above and beyond all the other great philosophers who have ever lived as the telegraph is beyond the carrier pigeon, or the railway beyond the sedan chair."

"He has merely combined facts which we knew before into a huge fantastic contradictory system, which hides its nakedness and emptiness partly under the veil of an imposing terminology, and partly in the primeval fog." — "His contributions are of a depth, profundity, and magnitude which have no parallel in the history of mind. Taking but one — and one only — of his transcendent reaches of thought, — namely, that referring to the positive sense of the Unknown as the basis of religion, — it may unhesitatingly be affirmed that the analysis and synthesis by which he advances to the almost supernal grasp of this mighty truth give a sense of power and reach verging on the preternatural."

Can the two thick volumes of autobiography which Mr. Spencer leaves behind him explain such discrepant appreciations?[1] Can we find revealed in them the higher synthesis which reconciles the contradictions? Partly they do explain, I think, and even justify, both kinds of judgment upon their author. But I confess that in the last resort I still feel baffled. In Spencer, as in every concrete individual, there is a uniqueness that defies all formulation. We can feel the touch of it and recognize its taste, so to speak, relishing or disliking, as the case may be, but we can give no ultimate account of it, and we have in the end simply to admire the Creator.

Mr. Spencer's task, the unification of all knowledge into an articulate system, was more ambitious than anything attempted since St. Thomas or Descartes. Most thinkers have confined themselves either to generalities or to details, but Spencer addressed himself to everything. He dealt in logical, metaphysical, and ethical first principles, in cosmogony and geology, in physics, and chemistry after a fashion, in biology, psychology, sociology, politics, and æsthetics. Hardly any sub-

[1] *An Autobiography*. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1904.

ject can be named which has not at least been touched on in some one of his many volumes. His erudition was prodigious. His civic conscience and his social courage both were admirable. His life was pure. He was devoted to truth and usefulness, and his character was wholly free from envy and malice (though not from contempt), and from the perverse egoisms that so often go with greatness.

Surely, any one hearing this veracious enumeration would think that Spencer must have been a rich and exuberant human being. Such wide curiosities must have gone with the widest sympathies, and such a powerful harmony of character, whether it were a congenital gift, or were acquired by spiritual wrestling and eating bread with tears, must in any case have been a glorious spectacle for the beholder. Since Goethe, no such ideal human being can have been visible, walking our poor earth.

Yet when we turn to the *Autobiography*, the self-confession which we find is this: An old-maidish personage, inhabiting boarding-houses, equable and lukewarm in all his tastes and passions, having no desultory curiosity, showing little interest in either books or people. A petty fault-finder and stickler for trifles, devoid in youth of any wide designs on life, fond only of the more mechanical side of things, yet drifting as it were involuntarily into the possession of a world-formula which by dint of his extraordinary pertinacity he proceeded to apply to so many special cases that it made him a philosopher in spite of himself. He appears as modest enough, but with a curious vanity in some of his deficiencies, — his lack of desultory interests, for example, and his nonconformity to reigning customs. He gives a queer sense of having no emotional perspective, as if small things and large were on the same plane of vision, and equally commanded his attention. In spite of his professed dislike of monotony, one feels an awfully monotonous quality in him; and in spite of the fact that invalidism condemned him to avoid thinking, and to saunter and potter through large parts of every day, one finds no twilight region in his mind, and no capacity for dreaminess or passivity. All parts of it are filled with the same noonday glare, like a dry desert where every grain of sand shows singly, and there are no mysteries or shadows.

"Look on this picture and on that," and answer how they can be compatible.

For one thing, Mr. Spencer certainly writes himself *down* too much. He complains of a poor memory, of an idle disposition, of a general dislike for reading. Doubtless there have been more gifted men in all these respects. But when Spencer once buckled to a particular task, his memory, his industry, and his reading went beyond those of the most gifted. He had excessive sensibility to stimulation by a challenge, and he had preëminent pertinacity. When the notion of his philosophic system once grasped him, it seemed to possess itself of every effective fibre of his being. No faculty in him was left unemployed, — nor, on the other hand, was anything that his philosophy could contain left unstated. Roughly speaking, the task and the man absorbed each other without residuum.

Compare this type of mind with such an opposite type as Ruskin's, or even as J. S. Mill's, or Huxley's, and you realize its peculiarity. Behind the work of those others was a background of overflowing mental temptations. The men loom larger than all their publications, and leave an impression of unexpressed potentialities. Spencer tossed all his inexpressibilities into the Unknowable, and gladly turned his back on them forever. His books seem to have expressed all that there was to express in his character.

He is very frank about this himself. No *Sturm und Drang Periode*, no problematic stage of thought, where the burden of the much-to-be-straightened exceeds the powers of straightening.

When George Eliot uttered surprise at seeing no lines on his forehead, his reply was: —

"I suppose it is because I am never puzzled." — "It has never been my way," he continues, "to set before myself a problem and puzzle out an answer. The conclusions at which I have from time to time arrived, have not been arrived at as solutions of questions raised; but have been arrived at unawares — each as the ultimate outcome of a body of thought which slowly grew from a germ. Some direct observation, or some fact met with in reading, would dwell with me: apparently because I had a sense of its significance. . . . A week afterwards, possibly, the matter would be remembered; and with further thought about it, might occur a recognition of some wider application: new instances being aggregated with those already noted. Again, after an interval," etc., etc. "And thus, little by little, in unobtrusive ways, without conscious intention or appreciable effort, there would grow up a coherent and organized theory" (vol. i, page 464).

A sort of mill, this, wound up to grind in a certain way, and irresponsive otherwise.

"To apply day after day merely with the general idea of acquiring information, or of increasing ability, was not in me." "Anything like passive receptivity is foreign to my nature; and there results an unusually small tendency to be affected by other's thoughts. It seems as though the fabric of my conclusions had in all cases to be developed from within. Material which could be taken in and organized so as to form part of a coherent structure, there was always a readiness to receive. But ideas and sentiments of alien kinds, or unorganizable kinds, were, if not rejected, yet accepted with indifference, and soon dropped away." "It has always been out of the question for me to go on reading a book the fundamental principles of which I entirely dissent from. I take it for granted that if the fundamental principles are wrong the rest cannot be right; and thereupon cease reading — being, I suspect, rather glad of an excuse for doing so." "Systematic books of a political or ethical kind, written from points of view quite unlike my own, were either not consulted at all, or else they were glanced at and thereafter disregarded" (vol. i, pages 215, 277, 289, 350).

There is pride rather than compunction in these confessions. Spencer's mind was so narrowly systematized, that he was at last almost incapable of believing in the reality of alien ways of feeling. The invariable arrogance of his replies to criticisms shows his absolute self-confidence. Every opinion in the world had to be articulately right or articulately wrong, — so proved by some principle or other of his infallible system.

He confesses freely his own inflexibility and censoriousness. His account of his father makes one believe in the fatality of heredity. Born of old nonconformist stock, the elder Spencer was a man of absolute punctuality. Always he would step out of his way to kick a stone off the pavement lest somebody should trip over it. If he saw boys quarreling he stopped to expostulate; and he never could pass a man who was ill-treating a horse without trying to make him behave better. He would never take off his hat to any one, no matter of what rank, nor could he be induced to address any one as "Esquire" or as "Reverend." He would never put on any sign of mourning, even for father and mother; and he adhered to one style of coat and hat throughout all changes of fashion. Improvement was his watchword always and everywhere. Whatever he wrote had to be endlessly corrected, and his love of detail led all his life to his neglecting large ends in his care for small ones. A good heart, but a pedantic conscience, and a sort of energetically mechanical intelligence.

Of himself Herbert Spencer says: "No one will deny that I am much given to criticism. Along with exposition of my own views there has always gone a pointing out of defects in those of others. And if this is a trait in my writing, still more is it a trait in my conversation. The tendency to fault-finding is dominant — dis-

agreeably dominant. The indicating of errors in thought and speech made by those around has all through life been an incurable habit — a habit for which I have often reproached myself, but to no purpose."

The *Autobiography* abounds in illustrations of the habit. For instance: —

"Of late I have observed sundry cases in which, having found the right, people deliberately desert it for the wrong. . . . A generation ago salt-cellars were made of convenient shapes — either ellipses or elongated parallelograms: the advantage being that the salt-spoon, placed lengthwise, remained in its place. But for some time past, fashion has dictated circular salt-cellars, on the edges of which the salt-spoon will not remain without skilful balancing: it falls on the cloth. In my boyhood a jug was made of a form at once convenient and graceful. . . . Now, however, the almost universal form of jug in use is a frustum of a cone with a miniature spout. It combines all possible defects. When anything like full, it is impossible to pour out a small quantity without part of the liquid trickling down beneath the spout; and a larger quantity cannot be poured out without exceeding the limits of the spout and running over on each side of it. If the jug is half empty, the tilting must be continued a long time before any liquid comes; and then, when it does come, it comes with a rush; because its surface has now become so large that a small inclination delivers a great deal. To all which add that the shape is as ugly a one as can well be hit upon. Still more extraordinary is the folly of a change made in another utensil of daily use" — and Spencer goes on to find fault with the cylindrical form of candle extinguisher, proving by a description of its shape that "it squashes the wick into the melted composition, the result being that when, next day, the extinguisher is taken off, the wick, imbedded in the solidified composition, cannot be lighted without difficulty" (vol. ii, page 238).

The remorseless explicitness, the punctuation, everything, make these specimens of public fault-finding with what probably was the equipment of Mr. Spencer's latest boarding-house, sound like passages from *The Man versus the State.* Another example: —

"Playing billiards became 'my custom always of the afternoon.' Those who confess to billiard-playing commonly make some kind of an excuse. . . . It suffices to me that I like billiards, and the attainment of the pleasure given I regard as a sufficient motive. I have for a long time deliberately set my face against that asceticism which makes it an offence to do a thing for the pleasure of doing it; and have habitually contended that, so long as no injury is inflicted on others, nor any ulterior injury on self, and so long as the various duties of life have been discharged, the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is perfectly legitimate and requires no apology. The opposite view is nothing else than a remote sequence of the old devil worship of the barbarian; who sought to please his god by inflicting pains upon himself, and believed his god would be angry if he made himself happy" (vol. ii, page 263).

The tone of pedantic rectitude in these passages is characteristic. Every smallest thing is either right or wrong, and if wrong, can be articulately proved so by reasoning. Life grows too dry and literal, and loses all aerial perspective at such a rate; and the effect is the more displeasing when the matters in dispute have a rich variety of aspects, and when the aspect from which Mr. Spencer deduces his conclusions is manifestly partial.

For instance, in his art-criticisms. Spencer in his youth did much drawing, both mechanical and artistic. Volume one contains a photo-print of a very creditable bust which he modeled of his uncle. He had a musical ear, and practiced singing. He paid attention to style, and was not wholly insensible to poetry. Yet in all his dealings with the art-products of mankind he manifests the same curious dryness and mechanical literality of judg-

ment, — a dryness increased by pride in his nonconformity. He would, for example, rather give a large sum than read to the end of Homer's *Iliad*, — the ceaseless repetition of battles, speeches, and epithets like well-greaved Greeks, horse-breaking Trojans; the tedious enumeration of details of dresses, arms, and chariots; such absurdities as giving the genealogy of a horse while in the midst of a battle; and the appeals to savage and brutal passions, having soon made the poem intolerable to him (vol. i, page 300). Turner's paintings he finds untrue, in that the earth-region is habitually as bright in tone as the air-region. Moreover, Turner scatters his detail too evenly. In Greek statues the hair is falsely treated. Renaissance painting, even the best, is spoiled by unreal illumination, and non-rendering of reflected light in the shadows. Venetian gothic sins by meaningless ornamentation. St. Mark's Church may be precious archæologically, but is not æsthetically precious. Of Wagner's music he admires nothing but the skillful specialization of the instruments in the orchestra.

The fault-finding in all these cases rests on observation, true as far as it goes; but the total absence of genial relations with the entirety of the phenomenon discussed, the clutching at some paltry mechanical aspect of it that lends itself to reasoned proof by *a* plus *b*, and the practical denial of everything that only appeals to vaguer sentiment, show a mind so oddly limited to ratiocinative and explicit processes, and so wedded to the superficial and flagrantly *insufficient*, that one begins to wonder whether in the philosophic and scientific spheres the same mind can have wrought out results of extraordinary value.

Both "yes" and "no" are here the answer. Every one who writes books or articles knows how he must flounder until he hits upon the proper opening. Once the right beginning found, everything follows easily and in due order. If a man, however narrow, strikes, even by accident, into one of these fertile openings, and pertinaciously follows the lead, he is almost sure to meet truth on his path. Some thoughts act almost like mechanical centres of crystallization; facts cluster of themselves about them. Such a thought was that of the gradual growth of all things, by natural processes, out of natural antecedents. Until the middle of the nineteenth century no one had grasped it *wholesale;* and the thinker who did so earliest was bound to make discoveries just in proportion to the exclusiveness of his interest in the principle. He who had the keenest eye for instances and illustrations, and was least divertible by casual side-curiosity, would score the quickest triumph.

To Spencer is certainly due the immense credit of having been the first to see in evolution an absolutely universal principle. If any one else had grasped its universality, it failed at any rate to grasp him as it grasped Spencer. For Spencer it instantly became "the guiding conception running through and connecting all the concrete sciences" (vol. ii, page 196). Here at last was "an object at once large and distinct enough" to overcome his "constitutional idleness." "With an important and definite end to achieve, I could work" (vol. i, page 215). He became, in short, the victim of a vivid obsession, and for the first time in his life seems to have grown genuinely ambitious. Every item of his experience, small or great, every idea in his mental storehouse, had now to be considered with reference to its bearing on the new universal principle. On pages 194–199 of volume two he gives an interesting summary of the way in which all his previous and subsequent ideas moved into harmonious coördination and subordination, when once he had this universal key to insight. Applying it wholesale as he did, innumerable truths unobserved till then had to fall into his gamebag. And his peculiar trick, a priggish infirmity in daily intercourse, of treating every smallest thing by abstract law, was here a merit. Add his sleuth-

hound scent for what he was after, and his untiring pertinacity, to his priority in perceiving the one great truth, and you fully justify the popular estimate of him as one of the world's geniuses, in spite of the fact that the "temperament" of genius, so called, seems to have been so lacking in him.

In one sense, then, Spencer's personal narrowness and dryness were not hindering, but helping conditions of his achievement. Grant that a vast picture *quelconque* had to be made before the details could be made perfect, and a greater richness and receptivity of mind would have resulted in hesitation. The quality would have been better in spots, but the extensiveness would have suffered.

Spencer is thus the philosopher of vastness. Misprised by many specialists, who carp at his technical imperfections, he has nevertheless enlarged the imagination, and set free the speculative mind of countless doctors, engineers, and lawyers, of many physicists and chemists, and of thoughtful laymen generally. He is the philosopher whom those who have no other philosopher can appreciate. To be able to say this of any man is great praise, and gives the "yes" answer to my recent question.

Can the "no" answer be as unhesitatingly uttered? I think so, if one makes the qualitative aspect of Spencer's work undo its quantitative aspect. The lukewarm equable temperament, the narrowness of sympathy and passion, the fondness for mechanical forms of thought, the imperfect receptivity and lack of interest in facts as such, dissevered from their possible connection with a theory; nay, the very vividness itself, the keenness of scent and the pertinacity; these all are qualities which may easily make for second-rateness, and for contentment with a cheap and loosely woven achievement. As Mr. Spencer's *First Principles* is the book which more than any other has spread his popular reputation, I had perhaps better explain what I mean by criticising some of its peculiarities.

I read this book as a youth when it was still appearing in numbers, and was carried away with enthusiasm by the intellectual perspectives which it seemed to open. When a maturer companion, Mr. Charles S. Peirce, attacked it in my presence, I felt spiritually wounded, as by the defacement of a sacred image or picture, though I could not verbally defend it against his criticisms.

Later I have used it often as a textbook with students, and the total outcome of my dealings with it is an exceedingly unfavorable verdict. Apart from the great truth which it enforces, that everything has evolved somehow, and apart from the inevitable stimulating effect of any such universal picture, I regard its teachings as almost a museum of blundering reasoning. Let me try to indicate briefly my grounds for such an opinion.

I pass by the section on the Unknowable, because this part of Mr. Spencer's philosophy has won fewer friends than any other. It consists chiefly of a rehash of Mansel's rehash of Hamilton's *Philosophy of the Conditioned*, and has hardly raised its head since John Mill so effectively demolished it. If criticism of our human intellectual constitution is needed, it can be got out of Bradley to-day better than out of Spencer. The latter's way of reconciling science and religion is, moreover, too absurdly *naïf*. Find, he says, a fundamental abstract truth on which they can agree, and that will reconcile them. Such a truth, he thinks, is that *there is a mystery*. The trouble is that it is over just such common truths that quarrels begin. Did the fact that both believed in the existence of the Pope reconcile Luther and Ignatius Loyola? Did it reconcile the South and the North that both agreed that there were slaves? Religion claims that the "mystery" is interpretable by human reason; "Science," speaking through Spencer, insists that it is not. The admission of the mystery is the very signal for the quarrel. Moreover, for nine hundred and ninety-

nine men out of a thousand the sense of mystery is the sense of *more-to-be-known*, not the sense of a More, *not* to be known.

But pass the Unknowable by, and turn to Spencer's famous law of Evolution.

"Science" works with several types of "law." The most frequent and useful type is that of the "elementary law," — that of the composition of forces, that of gravitation, of refraction, and the like. Such laws declare no concrete facts to exist, and make no prophecy as to any actual future. They limit themselves to saying that *if* a certain character be found in any fact, another character will coexist with it or follow it. The usefulness of these laws is proportionate to the extent to which the characters they treat of pervade the world, and to the accuracy with which they are definable.

Statistical laws form another type, and positively declare something about the world of actuality. Although they tell us nothing of the elements of things, either abstract or concrete, they affirm that the resultant of their actions drifts preponderantly in a particular direction. Population tends toward cities; the working classes tend to grow discontented; the available energy of the universe is running down — such laws prophesy the real future *en gros*, but they never help us to predict any particular detail of it.

Spencer's law of Evolution is of the statistical variety. It defines what evolution means, and what dissolution means, and asserts that, although both processes are always going on together, there is in the present phase of the world a drift in favor of evolution. In the first edition of *First Principles* an evolutive change in anything was described as the passage of it from a state of indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity. The existence of a drift in this direction in everything Mr. Spencer proves, both by a survey of facts, and by deducing it from certain laws of the elementary type, which he severally names "the instability of the homogeneous," "the multiplication of effects," "segregation," and "equilibration." The two former insure the heterogeneity, while "segregation" brings about the definiteness and coherence, and "equilibration" arrests the process, and determines when dissolutive changes shall begin.

The whole panorama is resplendent for variety and inclusiveness, and has aroused an admiration for philosophy in minds that never admired philosophy before. Like Descartes in earlier days, Spencer aims at a purely mechanical explanation of Nature. The knowable universe is nothing but matter and motion, and its history is nothing but the "redistribution" of these entities. The value of such an explanation for scientific purposes depends altogether on how consistent and exact it is. Every "thing" must be interpreted as a "configuration," every "event" as a change of configuration, every predicate ascribed must be of a geometrical sort. Measured by these requirements of mechanics Spencer's attempt has lamentably failed. His terms are vagueness and ambiguity incarnate, and he seems incapable of keeping the mechanical point of view in mind for five pages consecutively.

"Definite," for example, is hardly a physical idea at all. Every motion and every arrangement of matter is definitely what it is, — a fog or an irregular scrawl, as much so as a billiard ball or a straight line. Spencer means by definiteness in a thing any character that makes it arrest our attention, and forces us to distinguish it from other things. The word with him has a human, not a physical connotation. Definite things, in his book, finally appear merely as *things that men have made separate names for*, so that there is hardly a pretense of the mechanical view being kept. Of course names increase as human history proceeds, so "definiteness" in things must necessarily more and more evolve.

"Coherent," again. This has the definite mechanical meaning of resisting separation, of sticking together; but Spen-

cer plays fast and loose with this meaning. Coherence with him sometimes means *permanence in time*, sometimes such *mutual dependence of parts* as is realized in a widely scattered system of no fixed material configuration; a commercial house, for example, with its "travelers" and ships and cars.

An honestly mechanical reader soon rubs his eyes with bewilderment at the orgy of ambiguity to which he is introduced. Every term in Spencer's fireworks shimmers through a whole spectrum of meanings in order to adapt itself to the successive spheres of evolution to which it must apply. "Integration," for instance. A definite coherence is an Integration; and examples given of integration are the contraction of the solar nebula, the formation of the earth's crust, the calcification of cartilage, the shortening of the body of crabs, the loss of his tail by man, the mutual dependence of plants and animals, the growth of powerful states, the tendency of human occupations to go to distinct localities, the dropping of terminal inflexions in English grammar, the formation of general concepts by the mind, the use of machinery instead of simple tools, the development of "composition" in the fine arts, etc., etc. It is obvious that no one form of the motion of matter characterizes all these facts. The human ones simply embody the more and more successful pursuit of certain ends.

In the second edition of his book, Mr. Spencer supplemented his first formula by a unifying addition, meant to be strictly mechanical. "Evolution," he now said, "is the progressive integration of matter and dissipation of motion," during which both the matter and the motion undergo the previously designated kinds of change. But this makes the formula worse instead of better. The "dissipation of motion" part of it is simple vagueness, — for what particular motion is "dissipated" when a man or state grows more highly evolved? And the integration of matter belongs only to stellar and geologic evolution. Neither heightened specific gravity, nor greater massiveness, which are the only conceivable integrations of matter, is a mark of the more evolved vital, mental, or social things.

It is obvious that the facts of which Spencer here gives so clumsy an account could all have been set down more simply. First there is solar, and then there is geological evolution, processes accurately describable as integrations in the mechanical sense, namely, as decrease in bulk, or growth in hardness. Then Life appears; and after that neither integration of matter nor dissipation of motion plays any part whatever. The result of life, however, is to fill the world more and more with things displaying *organic unity*. By this is meant any arrangement of which one part helps to keep the other parts in existence. Some organic unities are material, — a sea urchin, for example, a department store, a civil service, or an ecclesiastical organization. Some are mental, as a "science," a code of laws, or an educational programme. But whether they be material or mental products, organic unities must *accumulate;* for every old one tends to conserve itself, and if successful new ones arise they also "come to stay." The human use of Spencer's adjectives "integrated," "definite," "coherent," here no longer shocks one. We are frankly on teleological ground, and metaphor and vagueness are permissible.

This tendency of organic unities to accumulate when once they are formed is absolutely all the truth I can distill from Spencer's unwieldy account of evolution. It makes a much less gaudy and chromatic picture, but what there is of it is exact.

Countless other criticisms swarm toward my pen, but I have no heart to express them, — it is too sorry an occupation. A word about Spencer's conception of "Force," however, insists on being added; for although it is one of his most essential, it is one of his vaguest ideas.

Over all his special laws of evolution there reigns an absolutely general law,

that of the "persistence of force." By this Spencer sometimes means the phenomenal law of conservation of energy, sometimes the metaphysical principle that the quantity of existence is unalterable, sometimes the logical principle that nothing can happen without a reason, sometimes the practical postulate that in the absence of any assignable difference you must call a thing the same. This law is one vast vagueness, of which I can give no clear account; but of his special vaguenesses "mental force" and "social force" are good examples. These manifestations of the universal force, he says, are due to vital force, and this latter is due to physical force, both being proportionate to the amount of physical force which is "transformed" into them. But what on earth is "social force"? Sometimes he identifies it with "social activity" (showing the latter to be proportionate to the amount of food eaten), sometimes with the work done by human beings and their steam-engines, and shows it to be due ultimately to the sun's heat. It would never occur to a reader of his pages that a social force proper might be anything that acted as a stimulus of social change, — a leader, for example, a discovery, a book, a new idea, or a national insult; and that the greatest of "forces" of this kind need embody no more "physical force" than the smallest. The measure of greatness here is the effect produced on the environment, not a quantity antecedently absorbed from physical nature. Mr. Spencer himself is a great social force; but he ate no more than an average man, and his body, if cremated, would disengage no more energy. The effects he exerts are of the nature *of releases*, — his words pull trigger in certain kinds of brain.

The fundamental distinction in mechanics between forces of push-and-pull and forces of release is one of which Mr. Spencer, in his earlier years, made no use whatever. Only in his sixth edition did he show that it had seriously arrested his attention. In biology, psychology, and sociology the forces concerned are almost exclusively forces of release. Spencer's account of social forces is neither good sociology nor good mechanics. His feeble grasp of the conception of force vitiates, in fact, all his work.

But the task of a carper is repugnant. The *Essays*, *Biology*, *Psychology*, *Sociology*, and *Ethics* are all better than *First Principles*, and contain numerous and admirable bits of penetrating work of detail. My impression is that, of the systematic treatises, the *Psychology* will rank as the most original. Spencer broke new ground here in insisting that, since mind and its environment have evolved together, they must be studied together. He gave to the study of mind in isolation a definitive quietus, and that certainly is a great thing to have achieved. To be sure he overdid the matter, as usual, and left no room for any mental structure at all, except that which passively resulted from the storage of impressions received from the outer world in the order of their frequency by fathers and transmitted to their sons. The belief that whatever is acquired by sires is inherited by sons, and the ignoring of purely inner variations, are weak points; but to have brought in the environment as vital was a master stroke.

I may say that Spencer's controversy over use-inheritance with Weismann, entered into after he was sixty, seems to me in point of quality better than any other part of his work. It is genuine labor over a puzzle, genuine research.

Spencer's *Ethics* is a most vital and original piece of attitude-taking in the world of ideals. His politico-ethical activity in general breathes the purest English spirit of liberty, and his attacks on over-administration and criticisms on the inferiority of great centralized systems are worthy to be the textbooks of individualists the world over. I confess that it is with this part of his work, in spite of its hardness and inflexibility of tone, that I personally sympathize most.

Looking back on Mr. Spencer as a whole, as this admirably truth-telling

Autobiography reveals him, he is a figure unique for quaint consistency. He never varied from that inimitable blend of small and vast mindedness, of liberality and crabbedness, which was his personal note, and which defies our formulating power. If an abstract logical concept could come to life, its life would be like Spencer's, — the same definiteness of exclusion and inclusion, the same bloodlessness of temperament, the same narrowness of intent and vastness of extent, the same power of applying itself to numberless instances. But he was no abstract idea; he was a man vigorously devoted to truth and justice as he saw them, who had deep insights, and who finished, under terrible frustrations from bad health, a piece of work that, taken for all in all, is extraordinary. A human life is greater than all its possible appraisers, assessors, and critics. In comparison with the fact of Spencer's actual living, such critical characterization of it as I have been at all these pains to produce seems a rather unimportant as well as a decidedly graceless thing.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A COUNTRY PARSON

BEING A RECORD OF FOURTHS OF JULY, FROM 1836 TO 1860

July 4, 1836. This is called the American Jubilee. Sixty years to-day since Independence was declared. A day of confusion. At home and worked hard.

July 4, 1837. Fine weather. The Whigs had a splendid celebration. The Jacksonites hid their faces for shame, and well they might, for they have been the means of a very great calamity the length and breadth of the land.

July 4, 1838. Up before four. Went to pasture with the cows, and returned at the rising of the sun, guns firing, cannon roaring, all noise and bustle. O how many to-day will be intoxicated, and altogether dependent upon others to take care of them. Very independent in the morning, very dependent in the evening. Seldom, if ever, were there so many people in the city as to-day. Two processions, more than a thousand in each, Whigs and Tories. The Whigs dined in a pavilion on the hill, the Tories in the City Hall.

July 4, 1839. The American Jubilee. The whole country in an uproar. Bells ringing, cannon roaring, guns firing, drums beating, fifes playing. Many lives will be lost to-day through carelessness. There is no calculating the mischief that will be done.

July 4, 1840. Overcast this morning, but a fine pleasant day, called the birthday of America. This day, sixty-four years ago, we declared ourselves free and independent of our mother country, old England. We keep this day in remembrance by behaving very badly. Much disorderly conduct marks the proceedings of the Fourth of July. To-day I am told a great concourse of people assembled in Portland, a multitude of all ranks, colors, ages, and sexes. O what a time they must have had! I don't know the particulars; when I do, I shall take some notice of this celebration.

By a request of the committee of arrangements in Gorham I was invited to that place and officiated as a chaplain. Neal Dow delivered an address one hour and ten minutes long, very good and well spoken, good assembly, good dinner, saw no one drunk.

The democratic celebration in the city was a total failure. Between eleven and

twelve hundred in the procession, more than three hundred of them boys, dirty and ragged, and among them not over fifty of the citizens of Portland. It would appear that the Portland *mocrats* were rather ashamed to associate with their country rats, democrats, emocrats, mocrats, ocrats, crats, rats, thus the word may be analyzed. It may mean anything or nothing. A democratic government means the government of the people. The people should go freely to the polls unbiased by party, unbought by rum or money; they should be well informed and understand the principles of government, know their rights, and maintain them. But it is not so in this country. The great mass of the people go to the polls and cast in their suffrages as the leaders of the great political parties dictate. The party that can urge, buy, persuade, or threaten, and by these means obtain the most votes, is considered the most correct and the most worthy of confidence. The Lord have mercy upon a democratic nation who are in such a situation. Can a Government stand long when things have come to this pass? God grant that there may be a change for the better!

July 4, 1841. Sunday. Cool day. Preached at the usual place to the usual number, and I think I preached as well as usual.

July 5. Monday. This day is celebrated as the American Independence. It was observed at Saccarappa village in a very splendid manner, six thousand people present. An entertainment provided in the woods, an oration and prayer. No intoxicating liquors used, but pure cold water and lemonade. A somewhat similar celebration took place in Portland, conducted by reformed drunkards, two hundred or more, who had come to themselves like the prodigal.

July 4, 1842. Monday. This is the great national jubilee, to be kept in remembrance as long as the sun and moon shall endure. It has heretofore been celebrated by drunkenness, but the temperance movement has made quite a change.

July 4, 1843. In the morning I went into the city to see and hear what was going on, and I saw the most folly I ever did see on this anniversary, a procession of the worst looking objects the imagination can conceive, and thousands gazing at them as they passed through the streets. After this was over there was a procession of reformed drunkards, called the Washingtonians, and others, escorted by the "Blues" and a band of music, led on by truckmen and youths called the Cold Water Army and Sabbath School Children. They made a fine appearance.

July 4, 1844. A cool morning and day. Such a Fourth never before spent in the city of Portland. No drunkards about the streets, a wonderful display of temperance principles. A great mass meeting from the neighboring towns. Cold water men and boys and girls walking through the streets with their banners, the longest procession ever in the city, reaching from Oak Street to Washington, and marched on to the heights of Mount Joy, where were erected two stages for the speakers.

1845. [Volume of journal missing.]

July 4, 1846. Saturday. A great day and a proud day for the city of Portland. Up before four and aroused the family. Prepared to go to the city, which we found crowded with people. A little after ten a procession was formed of all classes from the noble to the ignoble, marched up Middle, Free, High, Danforth, State, then down Congress to a Pavilion erected on Mount Joy, sufficiently large to contain six thousand people. Here we took our stand, and partook of what was provided, such as cold beef, cold tongue, and all that was necessary, cold water to drink, and perfect order. Rev. Asa Cummings invoked the blessing. A procession was formed, and we walked down to Fort Burrows, where a new scene presented itself and another celebration commenced, the opening of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. After an address by Judge Preble and a solemn and appropriate prayer by Dr. Nichols, the work of the railroad was commenced by

Judge Preble throwing the first shovel of dirt, followed by the Governor of the state, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. All for a few minutes engaged in the work. I then looked up my company and horses and carriages and we returned home. So let it be remembered that on the fourth of July, 1846, a connection between the city of Portland and the city of Montreal was commenced by the consent of thousands assembled. The day is closed. We are under great obligations to Almighty God for his care of us, and it is a melancholy reflection that all this multitude must in a few years lie low in the dust, and what will be the final destiny of us all is wisely concealed from mortal conception.

July 4, 1847. Sabbath morning. Attended meeting in Westbrook. It was a communion occasion, and I assisted. This congregation appear very different from what they did seventeen years ago, when all was alive, all peace and good feeling. The congregation is low and languishing, and will become extinct, unless God take the professors in hand and give them a shaking over the bottomless pit. A shaking like this may wake them up and make them attend to their duty.

July 5. Monday morning. This is celebrated as the Fourth of July very improperly. Yesterday was the day, and ministers might have preached upon the subject of religious freedom; this would have been sufficient, and ought to have been satisfactory. But no, there must be a noise, the drum must beat, and the cannon roar, the children be dressed in their best and paraded, and "don't these children look nice"! O yes, very nice, but if their parents would teach them to respect their superiors and behave with propriety, it would be far better. Well, there has been a general turn out, rich and poor, young and old, all mixed up together. This is a free country, but not so; it is a country of slaveholders. We hold 3,000,000 of our fellow mortals as slaves. O how inconsistent!

July 4, 1848. Tuesday. Like to be a fine day. All are alive this morning. At sunrise the bells of the city notified the citizens as usual that the Fourth of July had arrived. Ten miles of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad were opened to-day. I rode to Yarmouth and back that it might be remembered I was present at this celebration, and was present two years ago when the first shovel of dirt was thrown at the commencement of this grand enterprise.

July 4, 1849. Wednesday morning. In my chamber at Westbrook. At the rising of the sun the bells of the city are ringing and the cannon roaring, calling upon those within hearing to awake from their slumbers, arise, and call upon their God, and give him thanks for this great blessing, our national Independence, which we this day commemorate by making all the noise we can, and by acting as well as we can and as bad as we can. I went into the city about nine o'clock. A multitude of people were assembled from all quarters to hear and to see and to say nothing, to eat and to drink and to pay nothing. This was literally true with regard to many. A great procession was formed and moved through the streets to Mount Joy, where the Declaration of Independence was read, and some short speeches made. Then, as many as could come to the tables were bidden welcome, without money and without price. Splendid fireworks in the evening.

The Fourth of July is now past and gone. The day ought to be remembered with gratitude to God by every American for the blessing of freedom, liberty, and equality, that is, if all these blessings were equal, and if all the inhabitants of the land did enjoy them, but not so, for nearly 3,000,000 are slaves. O America, where is thy shame! where is thy blush! Hast thou no feelings of tenderness or compassion?

July 2, 1850. Tuesday. A fine day. All seem to be talking about the Fourth. Crackers are already snapping under one's feet, the boys are trying their skill

to see who of them can do the most mischief and frighten the horses. Instead of parents governing children, children seem to take the lead. I ask the fathers, "Why do you give your boys money to buy crackers?" What is the answer? "Why, it is customary." It is done in other cities, the boys expect a good time, and must be gratified, no matter how much damage is done, how many horses take fright, how many chaises destroyed.

July 3. Wednesday. The nigher we approach to the Fourth, the more bustle and confusion; the little boys and girls, yes, and the great ones, too, are so thick we can hardly move up and down the sidewalk without running over some and against others. What would an inhabitant of the moon think, could his vision extend to the city of Portland! Would he not think that some great calamity had befallen it!

July 4. Thursday. At sunrise the bells ringing, the cannon roaring. Nine o'clock went into town to see the procession form and march. A number of fire companies, and other societies and citizens and bands of music made up the great whole, and they moved on under the escort of several marshals till about eleven o'clock, when they halted in front of High Street Meeting-House, and those who chose went in and attended to the delivery of an oration. Splendid fireworks in the evening.

1851. [Volume of journal missing.]

July 4, 1852. Sunday.

July 5. Monday. The community were not satisfied to have yesterday as being the Fourth of July, because they could not serve Satan so openly and boldly as to-day. My opinion is that when the Fourth of July comes on the Sabbath it ought to be remembered in a suitable and proper manner by assembling in the sanctuary and hearing the proclamation of peace announced from the pulpit, good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. Suitable prayers and suitable readings would be a suitable acknowledgment that our blessings are of God, but because this won't do we must have a great noise and bustle, and much that is derogatory to the Christian character must be put in operation. Dined in town. Tea at home. Been preserved from evil. *Laus Deo. O tempora, O mores.*

July 4, 1853. Monday. Pleasant as respect to wind and weather. The morn was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the roaring of cannon, the parade of a company of ragger muffins, and the burning of crackers. At eleven o'clock an oration in the Third Parish Meeting-House by a Professor of Bowdoin College. Fireworks in the evening. To pay the expenses of the day the City Government voted five hundred dollars. Had some conversation with several individuals relative to the impropriety of celebrating the Fourth, and the conduct of this nation towards our mother country, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, all about a difficulty which happened more than fifty years ago, when it was settled, and friendship restored.

July 4, 1854. Tuesday. The first thing in the morning bang, bang, bang, ring, ring, ring, crack, crack, crack. What is all this noise! It means what is not true, — that we are a nation of free people, independent of other nations. Now, is this so? We don't live without intercourse with other nations, we can't comfortably live without them, and can we say that we are a free people making our own laws? No, we can't say this, for there are more than 3,000,000 of immortals who have no voice in making the laws they are compelled to obey, who are bound in chains of iron and fetters of brass.

July 4, 1855.

When the clock struck four, I was on the floor
The bells began to ring and the cannon to roar.
The guns to fire and the crackers to snap.
This is the Fourth of July.

A caravan of a great variety of quadrupeds and bipeds were to be seen in the city. The different school children and Sabbath-school children were paraded and marched about attended with music.

No disorderly conduct as in former years; a quiet day comparatively. I saw no men as formerly, staggering by my house, three fourths over the bay, and acting Satan-like. What has made this change? I answer, the Maine Liquor Law.

July 4, 1856. Friday. Rainy this morning. At ten the sun made his appearance. A great parade in the city. The 4th day of the month, 1776, we declared ourselves free from our mother country, but after all of our boasted freedom we are slaves. O shame! Every American citizen should be ashamed every Fourth of July when so many of their fellow countrymen are groaning under the hands of their masters.

Men, women, and children set their faces towards the city to see confusion confounded. O what a bustle! "Here they come!" "Now they have just turned to go down Middle Street; now they are going up India Street." "If you want to see the whole length and breadth of the procession, go place yourself at the head of High Street." "Here they come. O how beautiful they look!" "O that company of horsemen, look at them!" "How handsomely they are dressed!" "They are worth seeing." "Where could they get so many pretty horses!" "The horses look full as well as the men who ride them." O folly!

July 4, 1857. Saturday morning. Up before sunrise, and the first thing which took up my attention was bang, bang, bang, at my corner, reminding the sleepers that it was Fourth of July. Nine o'clock went into the city, where a great multitude had collected to see and be seen in commemoration of the birthday of our American Independence. This is hailed with all kinds of noises and music, equal to the blowing of ram horns when the walls of Jericho fell, shows of all kinds, and boat rowings, and to close the scenes of the day a balloon ascended from Deering's pasture. Majestically she took her departure towards the east, and the multitude scattered. I made a call at General Varnum's, and was soon home, with the cows on my way. Took some bread and milk, and then up to the meeting-house to attend a sacramental lecture. All told, at the meeting were the pastor and myself and four others.

July 5, 1858. Monday. Up at four. All manner of noises since midnight. I walked into the city, attended a morning prayer meeting in the Union Church. Dined at Mr. Eben Steel's and had green peas. Five o'clock went into a prayer meeting of business men. Fireworks in the evening in Deering's pasture.

July 4, 1859. Monday. A pleasant morning. At the rising of the sun we were told that it was the Fourth of July. We were reminded by the roaring of cannon and the ringing of bells, and the boys were not slow in discharging their crackers to the great annoyance of citizens and strangers. Eight o'clock the militia companies made their appearance in full dress, and the sidewalks were crowded with men, women, and children, all gazing with astonished looks and gaping mouths. This gaze being over, the multitude assembled in Deering's pasture to see the balloon being prepared to ascend at three o'clock P. M., all the while a band of music uttering her voice. Two P. M. the companies came down from Mount Joy hill, where they had spent the A. M. firing at a target. Parade in front of the Mayor's office, when the most successful company received the reward promised by the Mayor, one hundred dollars. The multitude then left for Deering's pasture to join the great throng already assembled, and waited patiently till six, when the balloon rose from her station with one man on board, and gently took her course southerly, landing in Cape Elizabeth all safe and sound. An exhibition of fireworks in the evening, said to be very splendid. I was at home and in bed.

July 4, 1860. Wednesday. The American Jubilee. The day has been remembered in the usual manner, handed down by the traditions of the elders. Now the question, is it right to keep an ungodly feeling, a grudge, an old quarrel, ill will

against the nation from whom we came. This may be considered our natural mother. We are her children. We have revolted from the family and set up for ourselves. Why should we every Fourth of July call the country together and talk over the transaction which transpired with our grandfathers? The difficulty has long since been settled. Christianity says, forget and forgive. The whole of this Fourth of July business, that is, the *way and manner* in which it is conducted, is, I have no doubt, an abomination in the sight of God.

THE LIFT OF THE HEART

BY ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

When we stand with the woods around us
And the great boughs overhead;
When the wind blows cool on our foreheads,
And the breath of the pines is shed;
When the song of the thrush is ringing —
Wonderful, rich, apart —
Between the sound and the silence
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

When we gaze from a wintry summit
Over mountain-tops aglow
In the clear cold light of the sunset,
And on pools of dusk below;
When the frozen woods are so silent
That a dead leaf makes us start, —
Between the flush and the fading
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

When we seek with the clearer vision
That Grief the Revealer brings
For the threads that are shot together
In the close-wrought Web of Things;
And find that Pain is woven
Into Love and Joy and Art, —
Between the search and the solace
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

And when life's farthing candle
Gutters and flares and sinks;
When the eye no longer wanders,
And the brain no longer thinks;
When only the hand plucks idly
At the sheet till the spirit part, —
Does there come between living and dying
A sudden lift of the heart?

A DISSATISFIED SOUL

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

It was when Elder Lincoln was supplying the pulpit of the old Union Meeting-House in Franconia. He was a Congregationalist, but was always styled Elder, as was also any clergyman of any denomination; it was, and is now, considered there the fit and proper title for a minister. There were three places of worship in the village representing as many denominations, called colloquially by the residents the Congo, the Freewill, and the Second-Ad, these names being "short" for the Congregationalist, Freewill Baptist, and Second-Adventist churches.

The Congregationalists and plain Baptists held their services in the same house of worship, each taking its turn, yearly I think, in providing a clergyman. Elder Lincoln was the choice of the Congos at that time, a dear, simple-hearted old man whom we loved well.

We were sitting together, the good Elder and I, on the piazza of the little inn — it was when uncle Eben kept it — and talking quietly of many things. I do not recall just how it came about, but I know that our conversation at last veered around to the subject of the soul's immortality, its condition immediately after it left the body, possible probation, and the intermediate state, technically so called. In the midst of this talk I saw an odd look upon the face of the Elder, a sort of whimsical smile, as if he were thinking of something not so grave as the topic of which we talked, and when he spoke, his words seemed strangely irrelevant. "Do you know," he asked, "who has taken the old mill-house on the Landaff road, the one, you know, where Captain Noyes lived?" I did not know; I had heard that somebody had lately moved into the old house, but had not heard the name of the new occupant.

"Well," said the Elder, still with that quaint smile upon his face, "before you form any definite opinions upon this subject of the intermediate state you should talk with the good woman who lives in that old house." He would not explain further, save to tell me that Mrs. Weaver of Bradford had taken the house, that she was an elderly woman, practically alone in the world, anxious to know her new neighbors and to make new friends.

It was largely owing to this hint that, soon after our Sunday evening talk, I came to know Mrs. Apollos Weaver, to gain her friendship and confidence, and to hear her strange story.

It was not told me all at one time, but intermittently as the summer days went by. Yet every word of the tale was spoken in the old mill-house, and I never pass that ancient brown dwelling, standing high above the road on its steep, grassy bank, with the two tall elms in front, the big lilac bush at the door, and the cinnamon rosebushes straggling down to the road, that I do not think of Mrs. Weaver and her story.

It was not in reply to any question of mine that she told it, for, notwithstanding Elder Lincoln's suggestion, I somehow shrank from asking her directly about her theological views and beliefs. I had received a telegram one day relating to a business matter, and as I sat with Mrs. Weaver at the open door of the mill-house, I spoke of it, and of the nervous dread the sight of one of those dull yellow envelopes always brought me.

"Yes," she said, "they 're scary things, any way you take it; but sometimes the writing one is worse than getting one. I never shall forget, as long as I live, the time I tried and tried, till I thought I should go crazy trying, to put just the right words, and not more than ten of them, into a telegraph to John Nelson.

Over and over I went with it, saying the words to myself, and trying to pick out something that would sort of break the news easy, and yet have him sense it without any mistake: 'Maria has come back, don't be scared, all well here.' No, the first part of that was too dreadful sudden. 'Don't be surprised to hear Maria is with us now!' Oh no, how could he help being surprised, and how could I help making him so?

"For you see, Maria was dead and buried, and had been for three whole weeks!

"John Nelson had stood by her dying bed at the very end; he'd been at the funeral, one of the mourners, being her own half-brother and her nighest relation. He was the last one of the family to view the remains, and had stayed behind with Mr. Weaver and one of the neighbors to see the grave filled up. So to hear she was staying with us now would be amazing enough to him, however I could break it or smooth it down. It was amazing to us, and is now to look back at, only we sort of got used to it after a spell, as you do to anything.

"Maria Bliven was n't a near relation of ours, being only my first husband's sister, — I was Mrs. Bliven when I married Mr. Weaver, you know, — but she had lived with us off and on for years, and she'd been buried from our house. Mr. Weaver'd been real good about having her there, though lots of men would n't have been, she belonging, as you might say, to another dispensation, my first husband's relations. The fact was, she did n't stay to our house long enough at a time for anybody to get tired of her, — never stayed anywheres long enough for that. She was the fittiest, restlessest, changeablest person I ever saw or heard of; and never, never quite satisfied. A week in one place was enough, and more than enough, for Maria. She'd fidget and fuss and walk up and down, and twitch her feet and wiggle her fingers, and make you too nervous for anything, if she had to stay in one spot twenty-four hours, I was going to say. So always just as I was going to be afraid Mr. Weaver would get sick of seeing Maria around and having a distant relation like her at the table every meal, she'd come down some morning with her carpet-bag in her hand, and say she guessed she'd go over to Haverhill and spend a few days with Mrs. Deacon Colby, or she'd take the cars for Newbury or Fairlee to visit with the Bishops or Captain Sanborn's folks, and sometimes as far as Littleton to Jane Spooner's. Then Mr. Weaver and me, we'd have a nice quiet spell all to ourselves, and just when we were ready for a change and a mite of company and talk, Maria would come traipsing back. Something did n't suit her, and she was n't satisfied, but she'd always have lots of news to tell, and we were glad to see her.

"Off and on, off and on, that was Maria all over, and more off than on. Why, the time she got her last sickness — the last one, I mean, before the time I'm telling you about — it was her getting so restless after she'd been staying three or four days with aunt Ellen Bragg over to Piermont, and starting for home in a driving snowstorm. She got chilled through and through, took lung fever, and only lived about ten days.

"We did everything we could for her, had the best doctor in the neighborhood, and nursed her day and night. Mr. Weaver was real kind, she being only a distant relation, but nothing could raise her up, and she died. We had a real nice funeral, Elder Fuller attending it, and we buried her in our own lot next to Mr. Bliven. It seemed dreadful quiet, and so queer to think that this time she'd gone for good and all, and that she'd got to stay now where she was, and not keep coming back in her restless, changing kind of way whether she was satisfied or not. I really did miss her, and I believe Mr. Weaver did, too, though he would n't own it.

"And here she was, and here was I half crazy over making up a telegraph to tell John Nelson about it.

"She'd been gone just exactly three weeks to a day, she having died the 11th of March, and it being now the second day of April.

"I was sitting at the window about ten o'clock in the forenoon peeling potatoes for dinner. I'd brought them into the sitting-room because it had a better lookout and was lighter and pleasanter in the morning. It was an early spring that year, though it came out real wintry afterwards, and the grass was starting up, and the buds showing on the trees, and somehow I got thinking about Maria. She was always glad when it came round spring, and she could get about more and visit with folks, and I was thinking where she was, and how she could ever stand it with her changing ways, to stay put, as you might say. Just then I looked out from the window over towards the river and the bridge, and I saw a woman coming. The minute I saw her I says to myself, 'She walks something like Maria Bliven.' She was coming along pretty quick, though not exactly hurrying, and she had somehow a real Bliven way about her. She came straight on in the direction of our house, and the closer she came, the more she walked like Maria. I did n't think it was her, of course, but it gave me a queer feeling to see anybody that favored her so much. The window was open, and I got nearer and nearer to it, and at last stretched my head out and stared down the street, a potato in one hand and the knife in the other. The sun was warm when you were out in it, exercising, and I saw the woman untying her bonnet-strings and throwing them back. Dear me! that was a real Bliven trick. I'd seen Maria do it herself fifty times. She was getting pretty nigh now, and the first thing I knew she looked up at the house and nodded her head just as Maria used to when she came home from visiting. Then in a minute I saw her plain as day. It was Maria Bliven, sure enough; there was no mistaking her.

"I see by your face what you are thinking about; it's what strikes every soul I ever tell this to. You're wondering why I take this so cool, as if it was n't anything so much out of the common. Well, first place, it all happened a good many years ago, and I've gone through a heap of things since then, good and bad both, enough to wear off some of the remembering. And again, somehow, I took it kind of cool even then. It appeared to come about so natural, just in the course of things, as you might say, and only what you might have expected from Maria with her fitty, unsatisfied ways. And then — well, you'll see it yourself as I go on — there was something about Maria and the way she took it, and seemed to expect us to take it, that kept us from getting excited or scared or so dreadful amazed.

"Why, what do you think was the first and only single remark I made as she came in at the door just as she had come in fifty times before after visiting a spell? I says, 'Why, good-morning, Maria, you've come back.' And she says, 'Good-morning, Lyddy; yes, I have.'

"That was all, outside, I mean, for I won't deny there was a swimmy feeling in my head and a choky feeling down my throat, and a sort of trembly feeling all over as I see Maria drop into a chair and push her bonnet-strings a mite further back. She sat there a few minutes, I don't recollect just how long, and I don't seem to remember what either one of us said. Appears to me Maria made some remark about its being warm weather for the beginning of April, and that I said 't was so. Then sometimes I seem to remember that I asked her if she'd walked all the way or got a lift any part of it. But it don't hardly appear as if I could have said such a foolish thing as that, and anyways, I don't recollect what she answered. But I know she got up pretty soon and said she guessed she'd go up and take off her things, and she went.

"There was one potato dished up that day for dinner with the skin on, and it must have been the one I was holding when I first caught sight of Maria down

the road. So that goes to show I was a good deal flustered and upset, after all. The first thing was to tell Mr. Weaver. He was in the barn, and out I went. I did n't stop to break the news then, but gave it to him whole, right out. 'Pollos,' I says, all out of breath, 'Maria Bliven's come back. She's in her bedroom this minute, taking off her things.' I never can bring back to my mind what he said first. He took it kind of calm and cool, as he always took everything that ever happened since I first knew him. And in a minute he told me to go and telegraph to John Nelson. You see, besides John's being Maria's nearest relation, he had charge of the little property she'd left, and so 't was pretty important he should know right off that she had n't left it for good.

"Now I've got back to where I begun about that telegraph. Well, I sent it, and John came over from Hanover next day. I can't go on in a very regular, straight-ahead way with this account now, but I'll tell what went on as things come into my head, or I'll answer any questions you want to ask, as you appear so interested. Everything went on natural and in the old way after the first. Of course, folks found out pretty quick. Bradford's a small place now, and 't was smaller then, and I don't suppose there was a man, woman, or child there that did n't know within twenty-four hours that Maria had come back. There was some talk naturally, but not as much as you'd think. Folks dropped in, and when they'd see her looking about as she did before she left, and we going on just the same, why, they got used to it themselves, and the talk most stopped.

"But though they thought she was the same as she used to be, I knew she was n't. It's hard to put it into words to make you understand, but Maria had n't been many hours in the house before I saw she was dreadful changed. First place, she did n't talk near so much. Before she left she was a great hand to tell about all her doings after she'd been on one of her visits. She'd go all over it to Mr. Weaver and me, and it was real interesting. But she never said one single word now about anything that had happened since we saw her last, where she'd been, what she'd done, or anything. She and me, we were together by ourselves a great deal, more than ever before, in fact, for somehow the neighbors did n't come in as much as they used to. Maria was always pleasant to them, but though they said she was just the same as ever, with nothing queer or alarming about her, I saw they did n't feel quite at home with her now, and did n't drop in so often. But sit together, she and me, hours at a time as we might, never one word of what I could n't help hankering to know passed Maria's lips. Why did n't I ask her, you say? Well, I don't know. Seems to me now, as I think it all over, that I would do it if I could only have the chance again. You would n't hardly believe how I wish and wish now it's too late that I had asked her things I'm just longing to know about, now I'm growing old and need to look ahead a little, and particular now Mr. Weaver's gone, and I'm so hungry to know something about him, we having lived together most fifty years, you know. But there was something about Maria that kept me from asking. And sometimes I think there was something that kept her from telling. I feel sure she was on the point of making some statement sometimes, but she could n't; the words would n't come; there did n't seem to be any way of putting the information into words she knew, or that was used in our part of the country, anyway. Dear me, what lots of times I've heard her begin something this way, 'When I first got there, I' — 'Before I come back, I' — Oh, how I'd prick up my ears and most stop breathing to hear! But she'd just stop, seem to be a-thinking about something way, way off, and never, never finish her remarks. Yes, I know you wonder I did n't question her about things. As I said before, I can't hardly explain why I did n't. But there was something

about her looks and her ways, something that, spite of her being the old Maria Bliven I had lived in and out with so many years, somehow made her most like a stranger that I could n't take liberties with.

"Mr. Weaver and me, of course, we talked about it when we were all by ourselves, mostly at night, when it was still and dark. It did seem real strange and out of the common someways. Neither one of us had ever had anything like it happen before to anybody we knew or heard of. Folks who'd died, generally, — no, always, I guess, up to this time, — died for good, and stayed dead. We were brought up Methodists; we were both professors, and knew our Bibles and the doctrines of the church pretty well. We knew about two futures for the soul, — the joyful, happy one for the good and faithful, and the dreadful one for the wicked. And we'd always been learnt that to one of these localities the soul went the very minute, or second, it left the body. That there were folks that held different opinions, and thought there was a betwixt and between district where you stayed on the road, where even the good and faithful might rest and take breath before going into the wonderful glory prepared for them, and where the poor, mistaken, or ignorant, or careless souls would be allowed one more chance of choosing the right, we did n't know that. I never 'd heard of that doctrine then, though a spell after that I hardly heard anything else.

"I don't know as I told you about Elder Janeway from down South somewhere coming to board with us one summer. He was writing a book called *Probation*, and he had a way of reading out loud what he was writing in a preaching kind of way, so that you could n't help hearing it all, even if you wanted to. And all day long, while I sat sewing or knitting, or went about my work, baking and ironing and all, I'd hear that solemn, rumbling voice of his going on about the 'place of departed spirits,' the Scripture proofs of there being such a place, what it was like, how long folks stayed there, and I don't know what all. That was just before I came down with the fever that I most died with, as I was telling you the other day, and they say this talk of the Elder's appeared to run in my mind when I was light headed and wandering, and I'd get dreadful excited about it.

"But at the time I was telling about I had n't heard this, so Mr. Weaver and I would talk it over, and wonder and guess and suppose. 'Oh, Pollos,' I whispered one night, 'you don't presume Maria is a — ghost?' 'No more than you be,' says Mr. Weaver, trying to whisper, but not doing it very well, his voice naturally being a bass one. 'Ghosts,' he says, 'are all in white, and go about in a creepy way, allowing there are any such things, which I don't.' 'But what else can she be, Pollos,' I says, 'she having died and been buried, and now back again? Where's she, or her soul or spirit, been these three weeks, since that?'

"'Well, come to that, I don't know,' Mr. Weaver would say. And he did n't. No more did I.

"Where had she come from that morning when she appeared so unexpected as I sat peeling the potatoes? Not a single soul had seen her, as far as we could find out, before the very minute I catched sight of her at the turn of the road. Folks had been at their windows or doors, or in their yards all along that very road for miles back, and on the two different roads that come into the main one there were plenty of houses full of people, but nobody, not one of them, saw her go by. There was Almy Woolett, whose whole business in life was to know who passed her house, and what they did it for. She was at her front window every minute that forenoon, and it looked right out on the road, not fifteen foot back of where I first saw Maria, and she never saw her.

"Then, as to what clothes she came in, folks have asked me about that, and I can't give them a mite of satisfaction. For the life of me I can't remember what she had on before she went up to her room

and took off her things. I'm certain sure she was n't wearing what she went away in, for that was a shroud. In those days, you know, bodies was laid out in regular appropriate burying things, made for the occasion, instead of being dressed all up like living beings, as they do nowadays. And Maria did n't come back in that way, or I might have thought her a ghost sure enough. Sometimes I seem to recollect that she had on something sort of grayish, not black or white, but just about the color of those clouds out there, just over the mill, almost the color of nothing, you might say. But there, I ain't sure, it's so long ago. But I know she had on something I never 'd seen her wear before, and she never wore again, for when she came downstairs she was dressed in her old blue gingham, with a white tie apron. I own up I did look about everywheres I could think of for the things she came in, but I could n't find them high nor low. Not a sign of them was there in her bedroom, in the closet or chest of drawers, or her little leather trunk, and I'm certain sure they was n't anywheres in the house when I ransacked for them, and that was n't two hours after Maria came back.

"It's only little specks of things I can tell you about that happened after this, anything, I mean, that had to do with her queer experience. I watched her close, and took notice of the least thing that seemed to bear on that. She complained a good deal of being lonesome, and when I recommended her going out more and visiting with the neighbors, she'd say so sorrowful and sad, 'There ain't anybody of my kind here, not a single one; I'm all alone in the world.' And, take it one way, she was.

"One day she and me were sitting together in the kitchen, and one of Billy Lane's boys came to the door to borrow some saleratus. After he'd gone, I says to Maria, 'I told you, did n't I, that Billy Lane died last month? He died of lockjaw, and it came on so sudden and violent he was n't able to tell how he hurt himself. They found a wound on his foot, but don't know how it came.' 'Oh,' say, Maria, as quiet and natural as you please, 'he told me he stepped on a rusty nail down by the new fence.' I was just going to speak up quick, and ask how in the world he could have told her that, when he did n't die till a week after she did, when she started, put on one of her queer looks, and says, 'There, I forgot to shut my blinds, and it's real sunny,' and went upstairs.

"The first death that we had in Bradford after her coming back was little Susan Garret. We 'd heard she was sick, but did n't know she was dangerous, and were dreadful surprised when Mr. Weaver came in to supper and told us she was dead. I felt sorry for Mrs. Garret, a widow with only one other child, and that a sickly boy, but I must say I was surprised to see how Maria took it to heart. She turned real white, kept twisting her hands together, and sort of moaning out, 'Oh, I wish I'd knowed she was going, I wish I'd knowed. If she'd only wait just a minute for me,' and crazy, nervy things like that. I had to get her upstairs and give her some camphor and make her lay down, she was so excited like. She did n't calm down right away, and when I heard her say sort of to herself, 'Oh, if I could only a seen her!' I says, 'Why, Maria, you can see her. We'll run right over there now.' I guess they've laid the poor child out by this time, and they'll let us see the body.' Such a look as Maria gave me, real scornful, as you might say, as she says, 'That! see that! What good would it do to see *that* I want to know.' Why, I tell you it made me feel for a minute as if a body was of no account at all, leastways in Maria's opinion. And yet she'd used hers to come back in anyways! 'T was quite a spell before she cooled down, and she never explained why it worked her up so, and I'm sure I don't know. Whether it was because she thought little Susan had gone to the place she herself had come away from, and wished she had known in time to go back along with her just for company, or again,

whether she felt bad because she had n't had a chance to give the child some advice or directions that would have helped her along on the road that Maria knew and nobody else probably in all that county did know, why, I have n't an idea.

"I believe I told you a ways back that after she got home Maria all the time had a kind of look and way as if she'd done something she had n't ought to done, or was somewhere she had n't any business to be, somehow as if she belonged somewhere else.

"In the old days she was n't ever satisfied long at a time in any place, but she was always pleased to get back, leastways for a spell. But from the minute she came this time she was troubled and worried. And that grew on her. She was always sort of listening and watching, as if she expected something to happen, starting at the least bit of noise, and jumping if anybody knocked or even came by the gate. She got dreadful white, and so poor she did n't weigh no more than a child, and such little trifling things worked her up. For instance, we had heard a spell before, Mr. Weaver and me, that Mr. Tewksbury over at South Newbury was dead, and we believed it, not knowing anything to the contrary. But one day Mr. Weaver came in and he says, 'Lyddy, you recollect we heard the other day that Silas Tewksbury was dead? Well, I met him just now coming over the bridge.' Maria was in the room, and first thing we knew she gave a kind of screech, and put her two hands together, and she says, 'Oh no, no, no, not another of us! I thought 't was only me. Oh, deary, deary me, that's what they meant. They said it would n't end with me; they begged me not to try; and now I've started it, and it won't never stop. They'll all come back, all, every single one of 'em,' and she cried and moaned till we were at our wits' ends what to do. It was n't till she found out that Mr. Tewksbury had n't ever died at all, but 't was his brother at White River Junction that was taken off, that she got quiet.

"So it went on, Maria sort of wearing out with worrying and grieving about something she could n't seem to tell us about except by little hintings and such, and Mr. Weaver and me, we wondering and surmising and talking all alone nights in whispers. We did n't understand it, of course, but we'd made up our minds on one or two points, and agreed on them. Maria had never been to heaven, we felt sure of that. There were lots of reasons for that belief, but one is enough. Nobody, even the most discontented and changeablest being ever made, would leave that place of perfect rest and peace for this lonesome, dying, changing world, now would they? And as for the other locality, why, I just know certain, certain sure she'd never been there. That would have showed in her face, and her talk, and her ways. If it is one little mite like what I've always been learnt it is, one minute, one second spent there would alter you so dreadfully you'd never be recognized again by your nighest and dearest. And Maria was a good woman, a Christian woman. Her biggest fault was only her fretting and finding fault, and wanting to change about and find something better. Oh no, no; wherever Maria Bliven had come from that morning in April it was n't from that place of punishment, we felt sure of that, Mr. Weaver and me. As I said once before, we had n't heard then that there was any other place for the dead to go to. But from things Maria let drop, and the way she behaved, and our own thinking and studying over it, we began to come to this, that maybe there was a stopping-place on the road before it forked, — to put it into this world's sort of talk, — where folks could rest and straighten out their beliefs and learn what to expect, how to look at things, and try and be tried. Last summer I heard a new word, and it struck me hard. Mrs. Deacon Spinner told me her son had gone off to learn new ways of farming and gardening and such. She said they had places nowadays where they learnt boys all that, and they called

them 'Experiment Stations.' The minute I heard that I says to myself, 'That's the name! That's what the place where Maria came back from, and that Elder Janeway knew so much about, had ought to be called, an Experiment Station.' But at that time, in Maria's day, I'd never heard of this name no more than I had of Elder Janeway, and the place or state he was always writing and talking about. But, after all, I don't believe I care to go back on what ma and pa and all the good folks of old times held on those subjects. There was n't any mincing matters those days; 't was the very best or the very worst for everybody as soon as they departed this life, and no complaints made. I'm certain sure any of those ancestors of mine, particular on the Wells side — that was pa's, you know — would have taken the worst, and been cheerful about it, too, rather than have had the whole plan upset and a half-and-half place interduced. But then, if there ain't such a locality, where in the world did Maria come from that time? I tell you, it beats me.

"Now this very minute something comes into my head that I have n't told you about, that I don't believe I ever told anybody about; I don't know as I can tell it now. It is like a sound that comes to you from way, way off, that you think you catch, and then it's gone. It was just only a word Maria used two or three times after she came back, a dreadful, dreadful curious word. It was n't like any word I ever heard spoke or read in a book; 't was n't anything I can shape out in my mind to bring back now. First time I heard it she was sitting on the doorstep at night, all by herself. It was a nice night with no moon, but thousands of shining little stars, and the sky so sort of dark bluish and way, way off. Maria did n't know I was nigh, but I was, and I was peeking at her as she sat there. She looked up right overhead at the sky, and the shining and the blue, and then she spoke that word, that curious, singular word. I say she spoke it, and that I heard it, but somehow that don't make it plain what I mean. Seem's if she only meant it, thought it, and I sort of catched it, felt it — Oh, that sounds like crazy talk, I know, but I can't do any better. Somehow I knew without using my ears that she was saying or thinking a word, the strangest, meaningest, oh, the curiousest word! And once she said it in her sleep when I went into her room in the night, and another time as she sat by her own grave in the little burying-ground, and I had followed her there unbeknownst. I tell you, that was n't any word they use in Vermont, or in the United States, or anywheres in this whole living world. It was a word Maria brought back, I'm certain sure from — well, wherever she'd been that time.

"Well, it was wearing to see Maria those days, growing poorer and poorer, and bleacheder and bleacheder, and failing up steady as the days went by. And one day just at dusk, when she and me were sitting by ourselves, I mustered up courage to speak out. 'Maria,' I says, 'you don't appear to be satisfied these times.'

"'Satisfied!' she says, 'course I ain't. Was I ever satisfied in all my born days? Was n't that the trouble with me from the beginning? Ain't it that got me into all this dreadful trouble? Deary, deary me, if I'd only a stayed where' — She shut up quick and sudden, looking so mournful and sorry and wore out that I could n't hold in another minute, and I burst out, 'Maria, if you feel that way about it, and I can see myself it's just killing you, why in the world don't you — go back again?' I was scared as soon as I'd said it, but Maria took it real quiet. 'Don't you suppose I've thought of that myself?' she says. 'I ain't thought of much else lately, I tell you. But as far's I know, and I know a lot more than you do about it, there ain't but just one way to go there, and that,' she says, speaking kind of low and solemn, 'that is — the way — I went before. And I own up, Lyddy,' says she, 'I'm scaret o' that way, and I scursely dast to do it again.' 'But,' I says, getting bolder when I saw she was n't

offended at my speaking, 'you say yourself you ain't sure. Maybe there is some other way of getting back; there's that way — well, that way you came from there, you know.'

"'That's different,' says Maria. But I saw she was thinking and studying over something all the evening, and after she went to her bedroom she was walking about, up and down, up and down, the biggest part of the night. In the morning when it got to be nigh on to seven o'clock, and she not come down, I felt something had happened, and went up to her room. She was n't there. The bed was made up, and everything fixed neat and nice, and she had gone away.

"'Oh, dear,' I says to Mr. Weaver, 'that poor thing has started off all alone, weak as she is, to find her way back.' 'Back where?' says Pollos. Just as if I knew.

"But we both agreed on one point. We could n't do anything. We felt to realize our own ignorance, and that this was a thing Maria must cipher out by herself, or with somebody that was way, way above us to help her. It was a dreadful long day, I tell you. I could n't go about my work as if nothing had happened, and I could n't get out of my head for one single minute that poor woman on her curious, lonesome travels. Would she find the road? I kept a-thinking to myself, and was it a hard, dark one like the one everybody else had to go on before they got to the afterwards-life, a valley full of shadows, according to Scripture, with a black, deep river to ford, a 'swelling flood,' as the hymn says?

"Well, the day went by somehow, — most days do, however slow they seem to drag along, — and the night came on. Though we did n't mean to meddle or interfere in this matter, Mr. Weaver and me, we had asked a few questions of folks who dropped in or went by that day. Maria had been seen by people all along the same road she had come home by that other time, and on both the roads that joined it. Two or three, seeing how beat out and white she looked, had offered her a ride, but whichever direction they were going she had always answered the same thing, that she was n't going their way. It was nigh nine o'clock, and we were just shutting up the house for the night, when I heard steps outside and the gate screaked.

"I felt in a minute that it was Maria, and I opened the door as quick as I could. There she was trying to get up the steps, and looking just ready to drop and die right there and then. It took Pollos and me both to get her in and upstairs. It was n't any time for questions, but when Mr. Weaver had gone, and I was getting her to bed, I says, as I saw her white face with that dreadful look of disappointedness, 'You poor thing, you're all beat out.' 'Yes,' she whispers, her voice most gone she was so wore out, 'and I could n't find the road. There ain't but one, — leastways to go there by, — and that's the way I went first-off. I'd oughter known it. I'd oughter known it.'

"I could n't bear to see her so sorrowful and troubled, and I said what I could to comfort her by using Scripture words and repeating the promises made there about that dark valley and the deep waters, and the help and company provided for the journey. But that mournful look never left her face, and she kept a-whispering, 'That's for *once;* not a word about the second time. Mebbe there ain't any provision for the second time.' And what could I say?

"I believe I have n't told you how much time the poor woman spent those days in the graveyard, sitting by her own grave. I can't get over that, even after all these years, that queer, uncommon sight of a person watching over their own burying place, weeding it and watering it as if their own nighest friend lay there. I don't see why, either. I don't even know whether her body was there. Folks don't have two, and she'd brought one back, and was in it now. And, as far as we could see, it was the very same body she wore when she died, and that we'd buried next

to Mr. Bliven. Anyway, she appeared to like that place, and showed a lot of interest in taking care of it. There was n't any headstone. We had ordered one, but it had n't come home when she returned, and we had told Mr. Stevens to keep it a spell till we fixed what to do about it. I was glad it was n't up. I can't think of anything that would be more trying than to see your own gravestone with your name and age and day you died, with a consoling verse, all cut out plain on it. I know, one time, I saw her putting a bunch of sweet-williams on that grave. She looked sort of ashamed when she saw I was watching her, and she says, a mite bashful, 'You know they was always her favorite posies.' 'Whose?' I asked, just to see what she 'd say. But she was so busy fixing the sweet-williams she did n't take any notice.

"Maria failed up after this right along, and pretty soon she was that weak she could n't get as far as the graveyard, hardly even down to the gate. And I says to Mr. Weaver that she need n't worry about finding the way back to where she belonged, for she 'd just go as she went the other time if she did n't flesh up and get a little ruggeder. One day, when I went into her room, she says to me, 'Lyddy, I want help, and mebbe I can get it in the old way we used to try. You fetch me the big Bible and let me open it without looking, and put my finger on a verse and then you read it out. Mebbe they 'll take that way of telling me what to do, just mebbe.'

"I never approved of that kind of getting help, it always seemed like tempting Providence, but I felt I must do most anything that would help satisfy that poor woman, and I got the Bible. She opened it, her lean hands shaking, and she laid one of her bony fingers on a passage. I must say it took my breath away when I saw how appropriate it was, how pat it came in. 'T was in Ezekiel, and it went this way: 'He shall not return by the gate whereby he came in.'

"Maria give a sort of cry and laid her head back against the pillow on the big chair she was sitting in. 'There, there,' she says, all shaking and weak, 'I most knew it afore, and now I 'm certain sure. I 've got to go — the — old — way.'

"And so she did. After all, I was n't with her when she went, and it was n't from our house she started. I got run down and pindling from taking care of her and studying how to help her out of her troubles. So Mr. Weaver wrote to John Nelson, and after a spell it was fixed that he should take Maria over to his house in Hanover, and he did. It was a hard journey for her, so weak as she was, and she did n't stand it very well. But she had one more journey to take, the one she 'd been dreading so long, and trying to put off.

"It was n't so dreadful hard, I guess, after all, for they said she fell asleep at the last like a baby. Just before she went, she says very quiet and calm, all the worry and fret gone out of her voice, she says to John and Harriet, who was standing by the bed, 'I 'm dreadful tired, and I guess I 'll drowse off a mite. And mebbe I 'll be let to go in my sleep.' Then in a minute she says slow and sleepy, her eyes shut up, 'And if I do, wherever they carry me this time, I guess when I wake up I shall — be — satisfied,' and she dropped off.

"I guess she was, for she went for good that time and stayed. She was buried there in Hanover in John's lot. We all thought 't was best. It would have been awk'ard about the old grave, you know, whether to open it or not, and what to do about the coffin. So we thought 't was better to start all over again as if 't was the first time, with everything bran-new, and nothing second-handed, and we did. But Maria Bliven's the only person I know that 's got two graves. There 's only one headstone, though, for we took the one we 'd ordered before from Mr. Stevens, he altering the reading on it a little to suit the occasion. You see, the first time we 'd had on it a line that was used a good deal on gravestones then, 'Gone for-

ever.' That did n't turn out exactly appropriate, so we had it cut out, and this time we had on — Elder Fuller put it into our heads — that Scripture verse, a good deal like Maria's dying words, though I don't believe she knew she was quoting when she said it, 'I shall be satisfied.' "

"Well," said good Elder Lincoln one July day as we met on the Lisbon road, "have you heard Mrs. Weaver's account of Maria Bliven's unexpected return?"

The Elder had been at Streeter Pond fishing for pickerel, for he belonged to that class styled by dear old Jimmy Whitcher "fishin' ministers." He had not met with great success that day, but he had been all the morning in the open, and there was about him a breezy, woodsy, free look which seemed to dissipate shadows, doubts, and dreads. "Yes," I replied, "I have heard it all. What in the world do you make of it?"

"Well, I don't make anything of it," said the Elder. "There's no conspicuous moral to that story. Mrs. Weaver did not make the most of her opportunities, and we do not gain much new light from her account. Old Cephas Janeway, who wrote a ponderous work on *Probation* which nobody read, was largely responsible, I guess, for the feverish dream of the old woman. But to her it's all true, real, something that actually happened. And, do you know, somehow I almost believe it myself as I listen to the homely details, and it brings 'thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.' "

He was silent a minute, then taking up his fishing basket, very light in weight that day, he raised the lid, looked with unseeing eyes at its contents, and said absently, "I can't help wishing I had met Maria after she came back. There is just one thing" — He did not complete the sentence, and I saw that his thoughts were far away. With a good-by word which I know he did not hear, I turned aside, leaving him there in the dusty road.

MASSACHUSETTS AND WASHINGTON

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THE spirit of a country or a city is a thing about which it is easy to bandy words. It is, however, a thing which can be defined with clearness only in the terms of human lives. The student reads a treatise on national or local characteristics; but a race accepts John Bull and Brother Jonathan as personifications which answer essential questions of imagination and intelligence. The incessant demand of the mind is for the concrete. It is not upon deductions and theories that we insist, but upon examples, living figures which in themselves shall sum up the truth we are seeking. It is fortunate, therefore, that the American citizen who wishes to know more about Massachusetts, especially in her relation to the national government, may turn at this time to two full-length biographical portraits of the first consequence. In Andrew [1] he will find the figure of the man who in his chief magistracy preëminently typified the spirit of Massachusetts throughout the heroic period of civil war. Senator Hoar,[2] who tells his own story, stands, on

[1] *The Life of John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts*, 1861–1865. By HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

[2] *Autobiography of Seventy Years.* By GEORGE F. HOAR. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

the other hand, as the typical representative of his state, through thirty-five continuous years of service at the national capital, where he has been concerned with the legislation and the policies which in many instances had their origin in the war that Andrew helped to fight. In the lives of these two men much of the national history of Massachusetts during the past half century may be found.

John Albion Andrew was one of the Americans characteristically raised up for a great emergency. It has become a commonplace of our history that new occasions not only teach new duties, but produce the men to perform them. No doubt a few village Hampdens and guiltless Cromwells have been overlooked; yet, thanks to the flexibility of our institutions, enough of them have always been found for the work in hand. If Andrew could have foreseen the task he had to do in the world, and had set about his preparation for it by the most elective course of training, he could hardly have been better equipped. The inheritance and cultivation of the ethical tendencies of his New England nature, the simplicity of his country boyhood and of his training at Bowdoin College, the native gift of persuasive public speech, the religious spirit, the belief in prayer, that love of poetry, which in his busiest days made the *Golden Treasury* his constant traveling companion, that practical philanthropy which turned so much of his law practice into the unremunerative service of the friendless, above all, that zeal for human freedom which placed him squarely in the ranks of anti-slavery reformers, — these, with a supreme gift of "getting on" with men and women, were eminent qualifications for his office. Not all of them, to be sure, were immediately counted in his favor by the conservative element; but in the full record of his life, their value stands clearly forth.

The governorship of any important state at any time is a sufficiently complicated task. Nothing less than a statesman was needed to rule and direct Massachusetts in a period when the chief command of her land and sea forces became a pressing military problem, when the relations between the state and the national officials were under constant strain, when public opinion itself was a thing of distracting uncertainty. The tests of Andrew's statesmanship came thick and fast, and out of the abundance of his equipment he promptly met them. To enumerate either the tests or the successive actions by which he proved himself their equal would be to summarize the greater part of Mr. Pearson's work. But there are certain points which separate themselves from the total story, and indicate that outline of Andrew's personality and work which becomes the picture to be remembered. No one of these points is more striking than the utter independence of the man. It was an inherent part of his nature to see things in their moral bearing. The full development of such a nature involves the necessity of arriving at one's own conclusions, and acting upon them in spite of opposition. At different periods Andrew was bound to displease the "hunker" portion of the community repeating its cry of peace, peace, when there was no peace, and — no less surely — to disappoint the radical friends of his unofficial days through what seemed to them a stultifying timidity and caution. The truth, in almost every instance, was that he knew the very heart of his people, and took the course which that heart finally approved. To this end — and here is another of the distinguishing points — he drew to himself, by his wisdom or rare good fortune, a group of friends and advisers who rendered him inestimable help. His very independence stood the stronger chance of bearing the genuine brand because at his side stood such men as John Murray Forbes, Henry Lee, Jr., and the members of that loyal staff which surrounds him in the photograph, doubly humanized by our knowledge that a chorus of *Johnny Schmoker* was needed to keep the exhausted governor awake through the taking of the pic-

ture. Indeed, the human qualities of the man, in both his public and his private relations, shine through the print of many pages. The "crazy optimism" of which Henry Lee, Jr., signing himself "Your old blackguard," accused him is not the least lovable of his attributes. Of course it led him into errors, one of the most disastrous of which was the original placing of power in the hands of "Ben" Butler. At the time of this mistake, however, there was some excuse for optimism regarding one whose shadow had not fallen in all its darkness on the pages of Massachusetts history; and there were considerations of expediency which must have made the appointment seem, at the time it was made, an entirely justifiable piece of "practical politics." In view of Andrew's impatience with red tape, his zeal for the abolition of slavery as the vital object of the war, his paternal — almost motherly — care and thought for the soldiers of Massachusetts, the wonder is that motives of expediency controlled him as often as they did. In his dealings with the War Department, perhaps more than in any other relation, his self-control was severely taxed, sometimes beyond the point prescribed by governmental etiquette. If he chafed inwardly against the deliberateness of some of Lincoln's policies, and for a considerable time failed to see in the President the greatness which history has awarded him, he found himself often in good company. In the political campaign of 1864 he could even write to Horace Greeley: "Mr. Lincoln *ought* to lead the country. But he is essentially lacking in the quality of leadership, which is a gift of God and not a device of man. Without this, his other qualities, as an able and devoted magistrate and most estimable citizen, leave it necessary for us to make a certain allowance for a measure of success which, under the more magnetic influence of a positive man, of clear purpose and more prophetic instinct, would surely be ours." Such words as these, from the most efficient of "war governors," fling us with a certain rude emphasis into the position from which some shrewd eyes saw Lincoln forty years ago. Mr. Pearson makes a fair statement of the case when he says: "In order to understand Andrew's position, it is necessary to attempt to gain the contemporary and transient view of the President that men had in 1864, — as if, for example, we should undertake to make an estimate of Thackeray when *Esmond* was yet to be written." To the clearness of this contemporary view the present biography is a notable contribution.

Still another point which stands apart in the panorama of Andrew's life is the untimeliness of its end, — when he had lived but forty-nine years. In five of those years, to be sure, he had done a work which few men surpass in twenty. Yet there was much remaining to be done, in solving some of the national problems which were the legacy of war. For the special problem of reconstruction he stood ready to plead for "the maintenance of equality between free citizens concerning civil *rights*, and the distribution of *privileges* according to capacity and desert, and not according to the accidents of birth." It was his conviction, also, that the leaders of the conquered South should remain its leaders under the new dispensation. If these methods could have been attempted, — but *ifs* are fruitless. There were other words of Andrew, capable of the broadest application, written but a few weeks before his death, and worthy to be had in remembrance by every public servant: —

"In respect to *principles*, I am always *radical*. In respect to measures, I am always conservative. Principles are of God. They are founded in the Eternal fitness, harmony and reality of the Universe, over which he presides. Measures, on the other hand, are human devices by which men attempt to actualize in human affairs the principles they perceive and believe in. We can safely trust a principle, and go [to] its very roots, because it is — when true at all — radically true.

"But we do well to be conservative in our measures; carefully holding on to the best results of past experience, and seeking the combined wisdom both of ages and of many minds, instead of implicitly following the would-be leader of the hour."

All that has been said has to do with the substance of Mr. Pearson's work rather than with its spirit and manner. In them lay the difficulties; the very nature of the substance guaranteed the interest of most of the facts which cried for presentation. But the manner in which they are presented reveals an uncommon grasp of the big requisites for the task, and a commensurate discretion in handling its delicate phases. The spirit of Andrew and of the time in which he lived — a time in which it was possible for the mother of Colonel Shaw to write such a letter as that which the second volume contains — is a spirit with which one could hardly deal, and escape infection. Mr. Pearson has truly caught it and given it forth. Such chapters as "War," "The Regiments of 1861," and most of "The Negro Soldier" make the time and its qualities live again. In this achievement who shall say that the author has not had a positive advantage in writing of a generation before his own? Besides producing a memorable biography, Mr. Pearson has brought a new argument to the belief that the best records of the nineteenth century are to be produced in the twentieth, by men far enough removed from the scenes of which they write, and well enough endowed with a sense of proportion, to sift the essential from the unessential, and to preserve what future generations are likely to need.

In the nature of the case Senator Hoar's two generous volumes belong to that other class of books, — the *quorum pars magna fui* variety. He frankly recognizes the dangers besetting elderly gentlemen who relate their own experiences, and tells the story of the boy who addressed his reminiscent parent, "Papa, did anybody help you to put down the Rebellion?" Thus disarmed, one can venture little by way of adverse criticism in the one direction in which it might most fairly be indulged. That little shall be comprised in the inquiry whether Mr. Hoar has not employed perhaps too facile a method in reproducing so many of his speeches, letters, and the letters of thanks from those to whom the speeches were sent. All these documents have a contemporary value of their own; yet there is ground for an honest belief that the essence of them would have served the autobiographer's purpose better than their entirety. The portrait drawn with the smallest number of lines is generally the most effective. One must hasten to say, however, that in spite of the fact that a single volume might almost have been made to do the work of two, the picture of himself which Mr. Hoar has produced is vivid and impressive.

Against the background of his boyhood and formative years, any standards but those of idealism would have been out of place. In point of time it is worth noting that Andrew was only eight years his senior. In respect of surroundings, there was the town of Concord. Its familiar figures are the accepted types of New England idealism. It was no mean part of an education to share the influences which they partook and created. Mr. Hoar has shown what he derived from these influences, if only by recording his appreciation of such figures, not widely known, as Charles Emerson and the learned teacher, Sarah Ripley. From Concord he carried to Harvard College a capacity for benefiting from contact both with the really remarkable men who instructed the Harvard youth of his day, and with a band of undergraduates destined to achieve true distinction in their several callings. We all know what a traveler needs to carry with him in order to bring back anything worth preserving. Through the early excursions in study and companionship Mr. Hoar was a traveler of the fortunate class.

Devoting himself to the practice of law at Worcester, he soon found himself forced

by circumstance rather than deliberate choice into the arena of politics. As a Free Soil member of the Massachusetts legislature, he naturally became an early and warm adherent of the Republican party, which to him was the embodiment of all the political ideals of his young manhood. For one endowed with just the nature which this autobiography reflects, allegiance to his chosen party through good and evil report has been precisely as natural as his first devotion to its cause. There is an expectation, expressed with frequency and a certain cynicism in Massachusetts, that Senator Hoar, after speaking against the policies of his party, will inevitably vote for them. For this expectation Senator Hoar's *apologia* for his political course gives sufficient warrant. But he is, indeed, a cynical critic who can read these volumes and dismiss their plea for consistent party allegiance as a plea which springs from anything but a thoughtful sincerity. One may be sure that the two paragraphs about to be quoted were written after grave consideration. It is only fair to repeat and remember them generously. They are: —

"1. I have never in my life cast a vote or done an act in legislation that I did not at the time believe to be right, and that I am not now willing to avow and to defend and debate with any champion, of sufficient importance, who desires to attack it at any time and in any presence.

"2. Whether I am right or wrong in my opinion as to the duty of acting with and adherence to party, it is the result, not of emotion or attachment or excitement, but of as cool, calculating, sober and deliberate reflection as I am able to give to any question of conduct or duty. Many of the things I have done in this world which have been approved by other men, or have tended to give me any place in the respect of my countrymen, have been done in opposition, at the time, to the party to which I belonged. But I have made that opposition without leaving the party. In every single instance, unless the question of the Philippine Islands shall prove an exception, and that is not a settled question yet, the party has come round, in the end, to my way of thinking. I have been able by adhering to the Republican Party to accomplish, in my humble judgment, tenfold the good that has been accomplished by men who have ten times more ability and capacity for such service, who have left the party."

To these deliberate statements Senator Hoar adds a brief and striking catalogue of powerful men, and of good measures passed without their aid. These men, if called to account, would doubtless give excellent reasons for the faith that was in them, and separated them from the Republican party. Now who shall arbitrate? Perhaps, after all, the mere voter whose first concern is to "vote right" at successive elections is in the most enviable position. Certain it is that Senator Hoar, whose case deserves an unprejudiced hearing, is content with the argument his course has made for him at the bar of history. "I have no regret," he declares, "and no desire to blot out anything I have said or done, or to change any vote I have given."

The important episodes of recent American history with which the future historian will deal more intelligently by reason of this book are far too many to enumerate. They cover a wide range, and involve writer and reader in a mass of significant reminiscence, of men quite as much as of events. There is much that is entertaining, and all of it is set down with great good nature. Seriousness has its due place in such discussions — to name but two — as those of the Philippine question and of the problems of reconstruction. What Senator Hoar has written of the attitude of his party toward the conquered South strangely supplements the passage in the *Life of Andrew* dealing with the same subject. Andrew, as we have seen, had his positive views of what should be done. Senator Hoar records the failure of one of the chief purposes of those whose plan did not coin-

cide with Andrew's. The complete system of education at national expense, an essential part of the reconstruction policy of Sumner and Grant, was never effected. To something which may take its place perhaps the South is working its own way at last. In another important episode it is the *Life of Andrew* which provides the supplement to the fuller record of Senator Hoar. This is the story of Butler's career. In writing of it Mr. Hoar shows how easily his seriousness may pass into a righteous indignation which time does not cool. The political and the military records of Butler are handled with equal freedom. It is an unexpected achievement of these two biographical works, dealing with the best products of Massachusetts, that the figure of Butler is presented with such inexorable clearness.

But it is not in the power of one such figure to obscure the definite image of the holder of high official position in Massachusetts which these two works create. In Governor Andrew and Senator Hoar alike the reader recognizes a characteristic local product. If the reader be a Massachusetts man he looks with a satisfaction, somewhat irritating to the rest of the world, upon what his state has produced, and tells himself he has a dozen friends in whom the native spirit might, under favoring circumstances, have been brought to issues no less admirable. If the reader be not of Massachusetts he may hold any one of a dozen opinions. But he will be unique amongst Americans if he deny the privilege of the floor to the senior senator from Massachusetts when he rises to say on behalf of her public men through nearly three centuries of history: "They have never been afraid to trust the people and they have never been afraid to withstand the people. They knew well the great secret of all statesmanship, that he that withstands the people on fit occasions is commonly the man who trusts them most, and always in the end the man they trust most."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD : AMERICAN FINANCE

BY WINTHROP MORE DANIELS

No adage of mediæval statecraft contains a stranger blend of shrewdness and fatuity than the *mot* attributed to Richelieu, that finances are the nerves of the state, and therefore should not be exposed to vulgar gaze. That finances are the nerves of the state, the guarantors of efficient administration in times of peace no less than the sinews of war, — to this there is to-day universal assent. But no modern governments would subscribe to Richelieu's wily depreciation of publicity. They have learned that there is little to be gained, and much to be lost, by veiling their finances in secrecy. Hence the fullness in modern states of their financial reports.

So abundant in this country have our statistical data and historical materials become, that it is now possible, as never before, to attempt a critical evaluation of our fiscal methods, past and present. To this task in the past decade a number of our historians and economists have addressed themselves with marked success, and the four works under review are good examples of this line of historical inquiry.

It so happens that these four studies, between them, cover practically the entire period from the American Revolution to the present time. One is a biography of the Financier of the Revolution, Robert Morris; one a chronicle of the

monetary changes and monetary struggles of a century; one a two-volume history of the most persistent issue in our national politics, the tariff question; and the fourth an acute and comprehensive study of the finances of the civil war period as they focus themselves in the issue of the legal tenders. Curiously enough, though the point of view of each writer is determined by the subject matter of his own inquiry, there are a number of instances where two of them pronounce judgment on the same moot point. Thus, for example, both Mr. Mitchell, in his study of the greenbacks, and Mr. Hepburn, in recounting what he terms "the perennial contest for sound money," enter deliberate verdicts on the cause of the suspension of specie payments in 1861, and in another instance on the Supreme Court's momentous deliverances in the legal tender cases. This occasional cross-fire directed upon the same point is very stimulating in its effect upon the student of finance. It calls for an exercise of individual discrimination to extract the essential truth from the reports of witnesses of differing competency. For this very reason the synchronous perusal of financial studies which occasionally intersect is likely to result in a more robust power of judging the matters at issue, than if one entrusted one's self wholly to the leadership of a single guide, be he never so learned and judicious.

Mr. Mitchell's study of the greenbacks,[1] though delimited to the period of the civil war, bids fair to be the definitive deliverance of competent economic opinion upon the subject. Few of his deliberate verdicts seem likely to be reversed. That the resort to legal tender notes was inevitable because there was no alternative and no possibility of delay, he shows is open to very serious question. That they added enormously to the cost of the struggle, and so, "from the narrowly financial point of view of their sponsors," were singularly unfortunate in their consequences, that they robbed the laborer of approximately a sixth of his real wages during the war, that they cheated the creditor whose loans had been made upon a specie basis, and that they contributed mainly to the gains of a single class, — the speculator and the profit-recipient, — of these facts Mr. Mitchell has given us an indefeasible demonstration. The real significance, however, of Mr. Mitchell's treatment is found not so much in his formulation of these propositions, but in his plain yet careful, exhaustive, and judicial sifting of evidence often statistical, and in the constructive skill with which he so frequently evolves order out of chaos. The reader who is to profit to the full from his study of the book must make up his mind to grapple bravely with the manipulation of statistics, but there are no sight drafts drawn on his credulity, and there are no payments deferred on claims that the reader may warrantably present.

While it is no part of Mr. Mitchell's plan to characterize the chief actors in the financial drama of the civil war, one cannot fail to be impressed very unfavorably by the light thrown by this study on Secretary Chase. It is true that the author exonerates Chase from the sole or even the chief responsibility for the suspension of specie payments in December, 1861, — in this showing more discrimination and justice than Mr. Hepburn, who continues to lay the charge at Chase's door, — but at the bar of financial history Chase's responsibility is heavy enough in all conscience. Chase was the McClellan of Federal finance. And while McClellan may have been excusable for delays in the field, of Chase in the Cabinet hardly as much can be said. McClellan, at all events, had a plan of campaign ; while Chase, though enjoying the titular honors of financial command, left Spaulding and Stevens, in the critical months of January and February, 1862, to plan the financial operations of the government. With a

[1] *A History of the Greenbacks*, with special reference to the economic consequences of their issue : 1862–65. By Wesley Clair Mitchell. The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

Congress craving leadership and "a people praying to be taxed," and confronted in December, 1862, with an impending deficit of hundreds of millions, Chase proposed to obtain practically all his resources by borrowing, though he did not find it consonant with his dignity to issue bonds of longer term than five years, nor to pay thereon more than six per cent interest. Contrast with this the rugged integrity of Robert Morris, the doughty old financier of the Revolution, who in 1783 said in his letter to Congress: "To increase our debts, while the prospect of paying them diminishes, does not consist with my idea of integrity."

Mr. Mitchell does not comment adversely on the decision subsequently rendered by Chase when on the bench of the Supreme Court, that "the making of these notes [the greenbacks] a legal tender was not a necessary or proper means to the carrying on war, or to the exercise of any express power of government." But the fact that this and the subsequent decisions of that tribunal reversing its first opinion in the case are treated at some length by Mr. Hepburn in his *Contest for Sound Money* allows a ready transition to the latter work, and affords an opportunity of assessing it at a critical point.

Of Mr. Hepburn's book [1] it may be said at the outset that its title would seem to lead one to look for some sort of triumphal arch to commemorate the triumph of the gold standard over the advocates of the free coinage of silver. It might therefore be anticipated that, like other triumphal arches, it would serve a commemorative rather than a critical purpose. But our author takes his task rather more seriously to heart. Just as Curran believed that "the condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance," so Mr. Hepburn, from his study of our monetary and financial history, is impressed with the idea that sound money can be had by a nation only at the price of "perennial contest." It seems a trifle discouraging to hear his conclusion (page 415) that "a general review of the monetary history of the entire period of our national existence shows that each generation had to learn for itself and at its own expense the evils of unsound money." But if he is right, there is justification for his task of widening the perspective of the friends of sound money, and of showing them by how great a cloud of witnesses around they are held in full survey.

The first fact that strikes one is that Mr. Hepburn has not allowed himself space enough to recount with anything like requisite fullness all the successive phases of our financial and monetary contests. His annals of the earlier eras run, for the most part, like a narrow stream of bald narrative whose monotonous banks are occasionally pranked with artificial flowers of edifying comment. But occasionally the stream, especially as it approaches the time with which the author is acquainted at first hand, widens into a broad sheet of criticism, and finally empties into an ocean of appendixes. As a history of the earlier eras of our national finance the work leaves much to be desired, but as an authentic, and what is much more remarkable, an impartial and unbiased record of the last great struggle, in which the author himself played no mean part, it is a praiseworthy and valuable achievement. As illustrative of our adverse judgment may be cited the treatment of the second Bank of the United States. Here the author, apparently oblivious of Catterall's monumental investigation into its character and administration, fails to discriminate sharply between Cheves's and Biddle's policies, and essentially misapprehends the rôles played by Biddle and Clay in forcing the issue for recharter. Mr. Hepburn (page 99) says that Biddle, "upon the advice of the leaders of that [the Whig] party," early in 1832 petitioned Congress for a renewal of the charter. Catterall has shown con-

[1] *History of Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for Sound Money.* By A. Barton Hepburn. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

clusively that Biddle himself, and not Clay, "was the responsible actor" in this move. Other illustrations of Mr. Hepburn's adhesion to views which in point of correctness or adequacy have been severely shaken by the patient toil and criticism of financial historians are his attributing to Chase (page 181) the responsibility for the suspension of specie payments in December, 1861, his misapprehension of Chase's interpretation of selling bonds at the market price (page 193), his assertion (page 269) that "the war could not have been carried on and the Union saved without a United States note issue," and his declaration that "the framers of the Constitution intended to absolutely prohibit the issue of paper money as money with legal tender power" (page 268). It would be impossible to elucidate each of these points seriatim, but on the last one it is worthy of note that Professor Davis R. Dewey, in his recent *Financial History of the United States*, has, after a painstaking reëxamination of the evidence, been unable to attain Mr. Hepburn's feeling of certitude, and says conservatively that the "question was thus left in such a doubtful form that it is difficult now to decide whether the [constitutional] convention intended to deny absolutely to Congress the right to emit bills of credit under any circumstances whatever." On the other hand, one cannot sufficiently admire the acuteness and the dispassionate candor of Mr. Hepburn's account of the contest over silver. Unlike most writers, he shows the least bias and fullest knowledge when he recounts the issues of which he may justly say, —

> . . . "quaeque ipse miserrima vidi
> Et quorum pars magna fui."

A double contrast to Mr. Hepburn's strong and weak points is found in Mr. Stanwood's two ample volumes on the history of the tariff.[1] In his eight hundred pages Mr. Stanwood allows himself plenty of space to follow the century-long controversy in all its windings. He has laboriously dragged the ponds for every scrap of available material, and is equally at home in the earlier and later phases of the question. On the other hand, it would seem as though a slight trace of bias becomes more pronounced as he takes up the analysis of its latter phases. "The years that bring the philosophic mind," in Mr. Stanwood's case, are the years that separate him from the phenomena he describes, instead of the years in the midst of whose activity he has lived. But whatever the limitations discernible in the evenness of his treatment, it must be acknowledged at once that the substantial excellence of this work is beyond dispute. It will stand along with Professor Taussig's tariff history, to which it is an essential counterfoil, as one of the two absolutely indispensable works for the student who seeks an understanding of this momentous issue. Mr. Stanwood is avowedly a believer in protection, but he is candid, and in his researches, which at times must have been dreary to a degree, he has been indefatigable. He has, in consequence, laid under obligation both his supporters and his opponents. Perhaps this general verdict may gain a scruple or two in weight if the confession is here recorded that the reviewer is not personally of Mr. Stanwood's way of thinking in this matter.

Beginning with the earliest tariff legislation enacted by Congress, Mr. Stanwood takes up the long-disputed point of its conscious protective aim. Twice in his analysis he runs afoul of Professor Henry Carter Adams's *Taxation in the United States*, 1789–1816, and it must be conceded that Adams's contention that the analysis of Hamilton's *Report on Manufactures*, construed in its contemporary setting, evidences the "total subordination of the industrial to the political problem," gets a black eye, as does his contention that this version of the matter finds support in "the further development of the general financial policy of the govern-

[1] *American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century*. By EDWARD STANWOOD. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

ment," especially from 1791 to 1795. The open-minded reader is likely to agree with Mr. Stanwood's verdict that "there is no way to divide the supporters of the act of 1789 into classes, and to distinguish those who chiefly wish to retaliate on England from those who thought the well-being of the country to be promoted by establishing manufactures. It is, therefore, pure assumption to assert that the first class outnumbered the second."

Another aspect of the tariff question is thrashed out with most exemplary thoroughness, and that is the constitutional aspect. Mr. Stanwood shows how late the objection to protection arose on the ground of its alleged unconstitutionality, and declares (vol. i, page 293) that "a diligent examination of all the debates upon the tariff reveals but a single suggestion prior to 1820" on this score. Curiously enough, the first elaboration of the idea of the unconstitutionality of protection is traceable to Webster's Faneuil Hall speech of October 20, 1820. The late historical emergence of the argument, as well as the close analysis to which the argument in its various forms is here subjected, will suffice to convince most readers that if protection is to be successfully assailed, it must be with some other weapon than the yardstick of the constitutional lawyer.

The mention of Webster's name in connection with the tariff will serve to indicate some of the phases of Mr. Stanwood's treatment of tariff history which seem to savor of a *parti pris*. By the time of the Compromise Tariff of 1833, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster had all completed their singular somersaults in the matter of the tariff. Jackson's *volte-face* is mentioned in terms of restrained asperity, but between the lines there lurks a suggestion of presumptive treachery. Webster's tergiversation is freely condoned, although, to his credit be it said, Mr. Stanwood rejects Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's jesuitical attempt to reconcile Webster's earlier and later utterances, while Clay's change of attitude is belauded as evidence of "political sagacity." Another unconscious exhibition of bias is seen in Mr. Stanwood's contention that the South had no right to complain over the burdensomeness of the tariff of 1828. He admits that its protective features were wholly for the benefit of the North, but adds naïvely (vol. i, page 162), "that was only because the South preferred, by devoting itself exclusively to agriculture, to seek none of the benefits which were open to all." On the other hand, when the farmers in 1890 demanded that protective duties be laid to assist them, he finds "it was surely an act of justice so to do, if the farmers desired protective duties, and regarded them as necessary" (vol. ii, page 264). One would think that what was sauce for the goose in 1828 might well serve as sauce for the gander in 1890.

The analysis of Secretary Walker's famous report is not unfair, and the ungrudging admission of the success of the Walker low tariff as a revenue measure, and of the general prosperity of the country from 1846 to 1857 under that tariff, sufficiently attests Mr. Stanwood's determined purpose to be fair. Those who hold a different creed from Mr. Stanwood will be apt to protest against his not infrequent reference to certain weird "theorems" which "orthodox" economists are supposed to hold, such, for example, as that "a nation will not or cannot buy from another country which maintains a high tariff against its productions" (vol. ii, page 392). And even Mr. Stanwood himself, when he comes to print a later edition of his generally admirable history, will hardly want to put it on record as his final and deliberate judgment that the popular disapproval of the McKinley Act "was brought about by men who fancied themselves wronged because tinware was to be higher, by philanthropists who pitied the sewing-women condemned to poverty by an advance in the price of pearl buttons, by young men about town who resented an additional tax on cigars" (vol. ii, page 295).

It is in the last of these books, the life of Morris, that the distinctively human note is struck.[1] The justification for another life of the Financier of the Revolution, if justification were necessary, is to be found in the diaries and letter-books of Morris which the Library of Congress has recently acquired. Along with other material they have served in Mr. Oberholtzer's hand to produce a sympathetic portrayal of their author and his times. As a general proposition it may be laid down that a great financier is seldom a popular hero. To the man in the street he is like the great inventor, — something of a wizard rather than a fellow mortal of flesh and blood. Morris, however, proves an exception to this rule, but it may possibly be argued that it was because of the unique character of the financial task he essayed. He was not ordinarily to be found closeted with expert advisers, treasuring up his bright designs and planning audacious *coups* that would electrify the stock market. His was rather a commonplace task of buying and forwarding supplies, of standing off persistent creditors of the government, and of "preaching to the dead," as he phrased it, in speaking of his ceaseless appeals to the states to honor the requisitions of Congress. A man of nice scruple would have shrunk from the task that he faced. "I knew," so he writes the president of Congress, "that until some plain and rational system should be adopted . . . the business of this office would be a business of expedient and chicane." But he faced the unpalatable task with equanimity. He realized, as he once wrote to a firm of foreign bankers, that "it is no uncommon thing for a government to find itself in situations where nothing is left but a choice of evils, and where the smallest of these evils will be a very great one." But though the situation was often unpalatable in the extreme, Morris faced it with resolution, and was buoyed up by a native humor which often stood him in good stead. When he was assailed by public creditors, he stood them off sometimes with a good-natured impudence that nothing but an exhausted treasury and a starving army would have justified. Young Thomas Edison, who persisted in pressing his picayune claim, was told "that he was too expensive for his circumstances, and that Congress did not mean to support extravagance." Baron de Frey, a soldier of fortune, desired Congress to give him the means of returning home. Morris regretted his inability to help the baron, but finally offered to refer the request to Congress, accompanied, however, with an opinion that Congress might properly dispense favors when Congress had first paid its just debts. The baron declined this proffer in high dudgeon, and the financier records the incident with a chuckle, adding, "and I hope that he may arrive safe in his own country."

Like so many others of those whom we revere as "the Fathers," Morris had a style of public utterance which was at once dignified, cogent, and eloquent. There is nothing in the *Federalist* much finer than Morris's utterance in his letter to Congress in 1784, — "The inhabitants of a little hamlet may feel pride in a sense of separate independence. But if there be not one government which can draw forth and direct the combined efforts of our united America, our independence is a name, our freedom a shadow, and our dignity a dream." The letter which Morris, when financier, sent to the governor of Connecticut dissipates the governor's exculpation of that colony's tardy tax payments, much as a mountain breeze blows away a fog: — "as to the complaint made by the people of a want of money to pay their taxes, it is nothing new to me, nor indeed to anybody. The complaint is, I believe, quite as old as taxation, and will last as long. That times are hard, that money is scarce, that taxes are heavy and the like, are constant themes of declamation in all countries, and will be so. But the very generality of

[1] *Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier.* By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

the complaint shows it to be ill-founded. The fact is that men will always find use for all the money they can get hold of, and more. A tax-gatherer, therefore, will always be an unwelcome guest, because his demand must necessarily interfere with some pleasurable or profitable pursuit." Shades of Adam Smith! You would never have monopolized the title of being "the father of political economy" had Robert Morris taken to the cloister instead of to the counting-house.

Mr. Oberholtzer has well drawn the pathos of Morris's final career. After his priceless services to his country as Superintendent of Finance, after serving in the convention that drafted the Constitution, and after representing Pennsylvania in the Senate, Morris was ultimately ruined by land speculations, and the closing years of his life were spent behind prison walls, a prisoner for debt. The enormous figures of recent financial promotions do not seem so stupendous, after all, when compared with the five or six millions of acres which Morris and his associates at one time controlled. There were alleviations even of his prison life, — the constancy of his wife and daughter, and his own imperturbable courage and good humor. No more pathetic or dramatic picture has come down to us from those times than that presented in 1798 when war threatened with France, and when Washington, who had quitted his retirement to organize the American forces, dined with Morris in the prison-house. Though Morris secured release from prison before his death, it was too late to think at his advanced age of retrieving his fortunes, and his last years might well be described in the very words with which Morris himself described the American army after the surrender at Yorktown, — "crowned with laurels, but distressed by want."

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF PETRARCH

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

It is a long time since Lessing refuted the forgotten critic who maintained that good poetry must furnish good subjects for illustration; and the principle laid down in the *Laocoön*, to the effect that plastic art should not insist on expressing action, nor literature on describing form, is one of the few æsthetic principles that seem to have passed into axioms. The facts, however, remain imperfectly sifted, and the innate impulse which each art feels to transgress the sphere in which it has no rivals constantly leads to new attempts at fusion or substitution in artistic effects. After all, fable has always been a congenial subject for painting; the need of illustrating the Bible, for instance, hardly deprived Christian art of its inspiration. Yet for illustration to flourish special conditions, apparently, have first to be fulfilled; and we may well ask ourselves afresh what these conditions are, and when plastic art and poetry profit by borrowing each other's themes.

Some hints toward answering this question may be drawn from the sumptuous work on the illustrators of Petrarch which the Prince d'Essling and M. Eugène Müntz have recently published.[1] The book itself propounds no thesis, and is rather a monument to the

[1] *Pétrarque: ses études d'art, son influence sur les artistes, ses portraits et ceux de Laure, l'illustration de ses écrits.* Par le Prince d'Essling et Eugène Müntz. Ouvrage accompagné de vingt et une planches tirées à part et de cent quatre-vingt-onze gravures dans le texte. Paris: Gazette des Beaux-Arts. 1902.

personal taste and learning of its authors, who have sought to feast the eye at least as much as the mind; but a reviewer, leaving the volume to speak for itself in those particulars, may stop to reflect for a moment on the situation it unfolds, and on the character of those poems in which succeeding generations found subjects for so many miniatures, frescoes, tapestries, and other decorations.

The first fact to be noted is that almost all the illustrations to Petrarch reproduce his *Triumphs*. The rest of the *Canzoniere* and the Latin works seldom inspired any artist. The casual reader may be surprised at this preference shown for the *Triumphs*, which he may never have heard of; but surprise on this point, as on all others, will probably be dissipated by reflection. The *Triumphs* are not inferior to the *Sonnets* in what is Petrarch's greatest merit, — versification and diction; they do not lack, in appropriate places, as warm a breath of pathos and passion; and if the lists of names or the brief references to history and myth seem to us tedious, we must remember that antiquity was then a new world opening to human ken, a world whose weakest echo was full of poetry and power. Even now the rhythm of antique names is not without its magic, and I do not know whether it is pure music or *Sehnsucht* for ancient things that fills lines like these: —

> Odi poi lamentar fra l' altre meste
> Oenone di Pari, e Menelao
> D' Elena, ed Ermion chiamar Oreste,
> E Laodamia il suo Protesilao.[1]

Doubtless the sonnets, since they sing of absolute love, touch a more universal chord, and can awake some response in minds no matter how empty; to the modern lover Laura is a more intelligible symbol of his own case than Cupid could be. Metaphors drawn from nature and poetic virtuosity, such as the sonnets abound in, charm the reader of verse more than a moral allegory is long likely to do. The sonnets accordingly can aspire to a permanent popularity. It is true that they are somewhat lachrymose and monotonous, and that, for all their exquisite beauty, they do not always respond to literary impulse, and are already far from satisfying romantic feeling, so that a certain historical imagination and gift for reconstruction is needed to appreciate them fully; for fashion is no less variable in sentiment than in art, and even more contagious and irresistible. Nevertheless, a finished expression of love, like the *Canzoniere*, which is at the same time a landmark in Italian literature, has claims to perennial attention; and so we continue to regard Petrarch's sonnets as classic, and to remember him chiefly for their sake.

In his own age, however, religion was still the most prominent and expressible part of the mind; even rebellions against religion had to appear somehow in its service, if they were to go beyond mere pertness and personal whim. The love of beauty had to insinuate itself into a cultus, the avowed aim of which was to mortify the flesh and to quench the concupiscence of the eyes; the love of reasoning had to attach itself, with an insidious zeal, to the service of dogma. So the new pagan patriotism for Italy and the Empire, the new sense for all ancient glories, needed at first to subordinate itself to a Christian philosophy of history and life. The Renaissance could have enlisted on its side only minds consciously frivolous and heretical if it had not looked to a glorification of Christendom. Now Petrarch, like the other chief humanists, was a devout enough Christian. When he reviewed all classic virtue, and the whole march of things, to show its culmination in God and eternity, he thought he was paying homage to Christian truth. If the mundane pageant was wonderful and fascinating, the sad issue and final collapse of it were all the more edi-

[1] Compare Alfred de Musset: —

> . . . Le bleu Titarèse, et le golfe d'argent
> Qui montre dans ses eaux, où le cygne se mire,
> La blanche Oloossone à la blanche Camyre.

fying. It was accordingly into a work of edification, written in his old age, that he wove both his profane or modish enthusiasms, — his love for Laura and for antiquity. In that pious setting, overtopped by a majestic supernatural philosophy, a song of love and greatness could seem doubly brilliant, doubly touching, and, what is more, almost penitential. It was in the effort to confess their sins more eloquently that people began again to utter and to cultivate their passions.

To insinuate pagan values into Christian themes — and the whole Renaissance did nothing more — was what Petrarch accomplished in his *Triumphs:* a feat which made them a singularly fitting subject for ceremonial art. The form of a triumphant progress lent itself to pageantry; Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity, in their successive approach and victory, could each appear with a great retinue of historic and symbolic figures; whatever learning or imagination a man possessed he could exhibit in such a work. At the same time the subject was weighty and sacred enough to be depicted anywhere. The pious could not be offended at a Cupid, however lovely, that Chastity was about to disarm; an allegory which is indeed somewhat arbitrary, since in real life, as our authors observe, it is often the opposite that happens. Similarly the Triumph of Fame over Death could not seem too pagan when Time was already hastening to vanquish Fame; nor could this last idea savor of infidelity, when Eternity was seen glorified in the final picture. Into this unobjectionable fable, however, all sorts of images could be packed. The triumphs of Love and Fame especially lent themselves to every merry or high conceit, while the triumph of Death left room for the grotesque popular symbolism.

It is remarkable, however, that where the subject allowed so much freedom and so greatly stimulated invention, both episodes and treatment should immediately have become conventional. While in Petrarch, for instance, only Cupid occupies a chariot, the designers have usually represented the other victors also enthroned on floats, such as religious and civic processions had made familiar. This circumstance shows how conservative the eye is, and how unwillingly it departs from what it has seen, in order to follow discourse and imagination. Indeed, much that our authors represent as illustrations to Petrarch is attached to his poem only remotely. There was an independent pictorial tradition more influential over artists than were the poet's far richer and more varied scenes. The idea of these successive triumphs had evidently become common property. It was a moral and allegorical theme which, like the great religious subjects, might recommend itself anew to any patron; like them, it was treated in a traditional fashion, which could vary only with that gradual change in schools or on the appearance of great masters.

In fine, Petrarch's *Triumphs* did not so much inspire plastic art as launch and make popular a striking allegory which the artists were led to employ and to recast in their own manner. If we care to generalize this result we may say that a poet, to influence the plastic arts and elevate their often trivial ideas, must work first on the popular mind. When the poet's images have become current the artists, too, may be infected by them, and may turn their technical gifts to illustrating those ideas, naturally transforming them somewhat in the process. It is hardly too much to say, for instance, that illustration of the Bible has reached distinction only when the person or scene to be portrayed has become legendary and native to the public mind; men do not picture the gospel till they have ceased to read it, and have remodeled it in their own thoughts. giving it that movement and accent which their own imagination requires. This observation should not be strained into an assertion that good literary subjects are unsuited to the arts. What happens is

merely that each art has its own procedure, its own models and habits, which cannot be thrown off without paralyzing it. If the Good Shepherd could at first be represented only as a sort of Orpheus, and never otherwise than in a classic guise, it was the visual imagination that by its inertia demanded that type. Such hereditary inertia gives life and character to art, as to every organic formation, furnishing the basis for all variation and progress. Literary creations can hardly be translated into pictures when no scheme for such pictures exists or can be furnished by visible objects. To illustrate Homer or Dante is difficult, not because the poems move too fast, but because traditional visual images are wanting, images already defined in their type and accessories, which the designer may adopt and refine upon.

The vogue of Petrarch's *Triumphs* among artists suggests a further observation, — that art is not really indifferent to its subject. Of all the images offered by Petrarch the *Triumphs* alone had enough significance to hold the field. Any episode in any epic can suggest figures and attitudes in plenty, but an interesting picture needs, after all, to speak to the mind and to subordinate its technical and sensuous riches to some problem of composition and expression, to some given idea. Mediocre painters are never so tolerable as in a significant picture, and great painters are never so great. The occasion not only awakens but controls inspiration; it defines the problem and allows the critic to form a judgment which is not wholly personal and arbitrary. This last circumstance is of more consequence to art than the artist may sometimes think; for in a sense the public is composed entirely of critics, and unless a certain consensus of interest and comprehension is established in respect to a work of art, its existence is precarious, and its influence null. Petrarch's *Triumphs* could stimulate decorators so long as Petrarch's intellectual interests dominated the world; the pageantry of the scenes could avail nothing when their higher eloquence was gone.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A PLEA FOR THE TYPEWRITER

Happening in at the Contributors' Club in March, I was beguiled for a time with what one Contributor had to say concerning "Typewriter vs. Pen," but as soon as I had come away I determined at no distant day to take up the matter from another point of view, and here I am. I hope that that other Contributor is where he will hear what I have to say.

He contended that as a literary instrument the value of a typewriter was commonly over-rated. Now it seems to me that a writer must write in the way that is easiest for him if he wishes to do his best, and it is impossible for one man to settle the question as to the best medium for another.

For me, *if I have anything to say*, it demands rapid expression, and I know of no medium so easy as the typewriter. My use of the machine was gradual, a thing of years, but now it has become so much mine own — and not a poor thing by any means — that I am much hampered if at any time I find myself dependent upon a mere pen for the transcription of thought.

Your Contributor goes on to say that "being a machine, it is subject to all the ills that machinery is heir to." May I be allowed to differ again? A good typewriter is not likely to get out of order, —

hold, I must not say that; it is a generalization from which we should all pray to be delivered. *My* good typewriter seldom gets out of order, and as in my kind of writing the affair almost always cries haste, I find my machine the best answerer I ever had. It answers every requirement.

That Contributor has "serious doubts about the ingenious conceptions that have been lost to the world because the author's pen lagged behind his imagination."

Now I cannot claim as much for my imagination as I would be glad to have others claim for it, but this much I do know: it so far outleaps my pen that I would have had writer's cramp long ago if I had not found a speedway in the typewriter on which to exercise my Pegasus whenever I felt he needed exercise.

Not being an expert typewriter (in a commercial sense), I often find that even my machine will not keep pace with the flow of my thought, and a story or an essay that could be well delivered in half an hour must needs be written out less well in a good hour or more.

And now we come to another point made by the Contributor. He says that the real drawback in typewriting does not lie in the unnaturalness of the medium, but in the awkwardness of making corrections while writing. Oh, just Heaven, please listen to him! It 's as easy as lying. You write a sentence or a phrase, and then a better form comes to your mind. Do you throw away time by erasing or rubbing out? Why, not at all. It is as if you were reading a piece of music for the first time, and desired not so much the letter as the spirit of it. You would not stop to correct at all if you struck a snag; you would leap over it or scramble through the bars, and finally reach the end after an invigorating rush. Perfection comes later — possibly.

So it is with writing. If your thought is incandescent, and you are not of the toiling, superconscientious, searching-for-the-only-right-word-in-the-English-language kind, you can hit your space-board three or four times to indicate that you have discarded the old form, and then you make another try at the sentence and there you are, as Henry James would say. Or if you 're not there, you type a little note to the effect that this is to be elaborated, and then you jump aboard your train of thought just as her tail lights are coming into view, and the machine is off at full speed again.

May I not wander off the main line for a moment to say something about that search for the right word, the only right word? The writer who goes in for that sort of thing always finds his word, even if it takes him the whole of a God-given day. And then the irony of it if some carping critic lights on that very word as not expressing quite the shade of meaning intended.

While men have hunted for the right word, there have been other big men hunting all day for — squirrels, and coming home with empty bag. And while our friend hunted for his inevitable word, others have been painting imperishable pictures or singing immortal songs.

I have read wonderful essays builded in that way, — a day to a word, maybe, — but while I am not to be counted in the class of these mosaic-builders, nor would any method set me there, I am free to admit that the more sane sort of writing seems to be the helter-skelter kind that, not finding the right word on the keyboard, drops in any word that comes handy, and rushes on with the tale or the poem, and, after the thing has been put through with enthusiasm, goes to work to remedy its defects in the cool spirit of the builder, the glow of creation having passed.

That is the only way to write — Pardon me, there I am at my dogmatism again. It is the easiest way for me to write, and I am surely to be pardoned for following the line of the least resistance. Certainly for the man who writes in that headlong fashion, the typewriter offers no impediments.

Of course this writing is all preliminary. That is understood. No man who loves his work will send it out without rewriting it. Hold on. There I am generalizing again. Some men *will* rest content with one writing, and mighty fine stuff they send out. It is so fine that one wonders how much finer it would have been had they rewritten it. But it is not given to me to write such stuff, — and I use stuff in a tenderly loving sense. I *can* write at white heat, and correct as I run, but after it has all been written, then comes the sober second writing, and now the sentence receives a cut here and a polish there as I read and rewrite, and when the thing is at last ready to go out no editor will think of rejecting it — on the score of illegibility. Candor compels me to state that there are other reasons for rejection at the beck and call of editors, — I could give half a score from my own personal experience, but the remembrance of them is grievous.

The typewriter is the best friend that a writer ever had vouchsafed to him (whether he recognizes it or not), and in course of time our grandchildren will go to school with neat little one-pound typewriters in their straps, and pens will be used only for the purpose of disguising signatures.

Why look here, dear Contributor! The typewriter has only been in use a matter of twenty-five years, but have we ever had such literature before? Were there "six best sellers" or ever there had been typewriters? No. Why, then, the typewriter is the father of real literature, and the time is at hand when no men can hope to be received into the ranks of the erstwhile "brothers of the pen" who are not typewriting-men. Only we 'll have to invent a better word than that. Allow me to submit the portmanteau word, typors.

THE HAWTHORNE STATUE

The proposal that the memorial statue, to be erected to Nathaniel Hawthorne on the campus of Bowdoin College, shall represent the great romancer as he appeared in his youth suggests an interesting point in regard to portrait-statues, and, indeed, to portraits in general. Whenever a figure is set up or a portrait painted its critics may be broadly divided into two classes, — those whose point of view is personal, and those who regard the work for its artistic merit. The former look, each, for the reproduction of that image, which, in their individual minds, is associated with the original of the portrait; and as what a man sees is as truly the product of what he himself is, as of what the person at whom he looks may be, it follows that complete approval of likeness is likely to be rather rare. The statue which closely approaches the idea in the mind of A is thereby less likely to approximate nearly the image in the mind of B. Artists are familiar with the fact that friends most closely connected with sitters are least likely to be satisfied with the likeness in a portrait; and they reason that this is, not because those friends know best how the original really looks, but because they are sure to have in mind some idealized phantom born of their feelings quite as much as of physical fact. Artist and photographer are aware how much easier it is to produce a picture which will satisfy strangers, even when compared with the sitter, yet which is by the family pronounced hopelessly unlike; and everybody knows how often strangers perceive a family likeness entirely unapparent to familiar friends. Close acquaintances, in other words, are poor judges of absolute likeness, and they are apt in requiring this likeness to be blind to the merit of a portrait as a work of art.

The second group, those who look at the work from the æsthetic point of view, have at least certain broad art principles upon which to agree, and although the personal equation must be allowed for here also, it is at least founded upon a taste wider than personal feeling. The point of view, moreover, is that which must be regarded as much more likely to be lasting than in the former case. The

coming generations can have no personal knowledge of the appearance of the sitter, but are likely to look upon the picture or statue purely as a work of art. From a historical point of view it is of interest that a portrait shall represent the sitter as exactly as possible, and it is generally probable that a real face will more adequately represent the essentials of character in the individual commemorated than could any invention of the artist. From an æsthetic side, however, these things do not much matter; and, indeed, were it not for the moral superstition in regard to fidelity of likeness, they might be called trivial details. In the case of the Hawthorne statue, materials for the likeness are abundant, but of those who see the memorial practically none will be able to remember the novelist as he looked when he graduated from Bowdoin in 1825. Fancy may see him arm in arm with his classmate Longfellow crossing the grassy spaces of the campus, over which his statue is to look, but those of the living who recall his appearance must have him in mind as he appeared in his later years. By their comments they may perhaps point unconsciously the moral to which I have been leading up. They will perhaps object that they cannot reconcile their memories with the image before them. The obvious answer will be that nobody can possibly care whether they can or not. To the younger generation, and especially to the undergraduates who will see the memorial most often, here will be a gracious image of the youth of genius, forever young, forever an inspiration, and, in a sense, forever a part of college life, with all its ardors of hope and aspiration. What more is to be asked? A work of art is not meant to be history, but beauty and inspiration. It is for to-morrow even more than for to-day; and the Boston woman was entirely right who said to a famous painter: "I don't in the least care whether my portrait looks exactly like me or not, if you will only make a picture that my great-grandchildren will be proud of."

THE SONG OF GASOLINE

I wonder how many persons were really moved by that curious motor-rhapsody with which the late W. E. Henley's poetic career closed? For my part, I felt that a liberty had been taken. I did not relish being snatched up from my comfortable footpath and whirled about the country in all this pother of haste. I had no regard for the puffing, whirring, tooting abomination under me, and I was not proud of the dismay of dust and flurry and stench I left behind me. Nor was my fancy touched by the adventure. I could understand that we were achieving transit by road at a rate for which the law prescribes rails; but I searched my consciousness in vain for the sense of speed.

The fact is, you can't thrill the imagination with mechanical contrivances or feats. You can excite the curiosity; you can, at best, thrill the nerves. When Kipling's McAndrew prays for "a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song of steam," he is asking too much of a good-natured Providence. Yet it remained for the man of our generation who was in many respects nearest Burns to make the first vigorous try at poetizing an apparatus.

Mr. Henley's motor-car is, he declares, a supreme product of human invention and skill: —

> She can stop in a foot's length,
> She steers as it were
> With a hair you might pluck
> From your Mistress's nape.

She is, above all, the symbol of speed. She at once domesticates and enfranchises a power which has hitherto been at the mercy of corporations and time-tables. You are no longer to undergo the humiliation of buying tickets and making connections; for she gives you

> Speed as your chattel;
> Speed in your daily
> Account and economy;
> One with your wines
> And your books and your bath —
> Speed!

She also affords, according to the poet, various sensations, the record of which is stirring enough; it tingles along the vaso-motor nerves, and troubles the roots of the hair. One feels the sweep of the wind, the tremulous rote of the wheels. . . . Piff, piff — toot, toot, —

> With a thrust in the throat
> And a rush in the nostrils —

Sit close, Leathery One! Do you know how many miles an hour we are putting in?

No, sir, I do not know, and I do not care. Be good enough to set me down at precisely this spot. I like traveling, and I like racing, but I do not care to be implicated in this disreputable debauch of hurry. Let me take a brisk walk home: that will restore me to the experience of a respectable human sensation. I, for one, cannot see that rational speed can exist at the expense of all other pleasures of the road.

This is an old-fashioned view, now that our love of haste has made real travel almost as rare as real correspondence. Our notion is to annihilate space and time. We exult in the promised privilege of "wiring" by "wireless;" and we mainly delight in the automobile, not as a horseless carriage, but as a railless locomotive.

One must believe nature had some design in providing man with members not only stable enough to prop him against gravity, but with springs and hinges enabling him for self-propulsion, and even for making creditable headway. But the flesh is weak: it may not have been Adam who discovered what an improvement a proxy of four legs was over the original arrangement of two. The horse, at all events, represented merely a development of the leg idea. Even the invention of the wheel did not provide a radically new method of getting over the ground. I think it was the Autocrat who said that a wheel is in principle nothing more than a series of legs. Until almost our own day it remained simply a recognized auxiliary of the perpendicular member. That was before the notion of sheer transit had taken possession of us. No doubt a journey in a traveling-carriage entailed many discomforts; but it was a human experience, not merely a hiatus. Now it is not enough for us to progress; we do not care a rap for the pleasures of the road: the thing is to hurtle.

De Quincey certainly thought there was a limit of profitable speed, for the locomotive was already invented when he chose the English mail-coach as symbol of the "Glory of motion." Fifteen miles an hour! what a surprising rate of motion — of normal motion. Not so many years later Mrs. Carlyle recorded a journey by rail at the tremendous speed of thirty miles an hour. "It was not so much riding as flying," she says significantly. The sense of normal motion was lost. She had not enjoyed even vicariously a triumph of muscular exertion; she had simply passed with extreme and unintelligible rapidity over space, between points, as a parcel is shot through a pneumatic tube. What is the imagination going to do with an experience like that? Landscape through a car-window is a shift of irritating glimpses, or a mere blur. One might as well try to enjoy a library at a smart walk along the shelves, or a picture gallery on the dead run.

Even as a racing event the exploit of a machine is a tame affair. We have a type of popular short story just now which deals with excessive speeds attained by locomotives. Not even the man behind the throttle succeeds in making his "record run," or his feat with a "wild engine," material for imaginative art. It is exciting, yes, but that is because we keep hoping against hope that somebody will be run over, telescoped, blown up, or at least ditched. Otherwise, increase of speed from thirty to a hundred miles an hour has no particular meaning for us. What does the racing of "ocean greyhounds" do except offer a chance for betting in the smoking-room? What is the moral of the great motor-race which devastated half Europe not long ago? I should say it would bear upon the utter ridiculousness

of the affair. It is not so bad to murder people, history teaches, if it is done in a respectable way. Few persons would fancy being assassinated by an automobile, even if it were breaking a record; it would not be a death which any man of gallantry could tolerate.

Who would n't take more satisfaction in seeing Joe Patchen do a mile in 1.58 (without a wind-shield) than in seeing an automobile make the same distance in, say, thirty seconds? One can but notice the shifts to which Mr. Henley was put in order to galvanize the sympathy of his readers: —

> Hence the Mercédes!
> Look at her. Shapeless?
> Unhandsome? Unpaintable?
> Yes: but the strength
> Of some seventy-five horses:
> Seventy-five puissant
> Superb fellow-creatures
> Is summed and contained
> In her pipes and her cylinders.

How coolly and adroitly equine beauty, as well as equine strength, is appropriated to the uses of this infernal machine! Even so one might celebrate, poetically, the charms of a double-cylindered steam-laundering apparatus, because it does the work of some seventy-five puissant superb ladies of the tub.

> Sunt quos curriculo
> Pulverem Olympicum —

What sort of figure would Pheidippides have made, off for Sparta in a racing auto? How should we have looked, Dirck, Joris, and I, on the road from Ghent to Aix in a touring-car? Or Paul Revere tearing through Medford town on a motor-bicycle? Or De Quincey (the wires down) bearing the news of Waterloo through England by special engine? I do not believe there is any possible combination of wheels and valves and pistons, or any feat which may be accomplished by its aid, which is capable of permanently impressing the human imagination. If there is, we shall doubtless have, sooner or later, our epic of driving-rods, and our song of gasoline.

THE POCKETLESS SEX

There is a difference between truth and fact. Knowledge that lies dormant in the mind may be truth to us, but it becomes fact only when it comes into active consciousness. This has been exemplified to me lately in Jack's attitude toward the subject of women's pockets. He must long have known that there was no such thing (generally speaking), but it has just become fact to him. I suppose I may have been asking him oftener than usual to carry my purse for me, or perhaps, being without that "pineal gland of the body social," as Carlyle defines it, to furnish car fare on those occasions when he sees me home by putting me on the car (attaining the same destination himself — ultimately — via the Club). But however that may be, he has been going out of his way lately to make facetious remarks on Fate's partiality in the matter of pockets. He seems to regard it somewhat in the light of a joke, which is not at all the way in which it presents itself to me. As a factor in the progress of evolution, pockets should undoubtedly rank second to man's prehensile power. The latter, acquired first, enabled him to grasp objects; the former, to retain them. That a man's habiliments should now inclose and conceal twenty-five pockets is certainly an achievement in evolutionary advance not to be lightly regarded; but a dark side to this otherwise brilliant record is Destiny's singular discrimination against women. To some minds the fact that a man has twenty-five receptacles for his detachable accessories, while a woman has none at all, might seem a significant indication that she was intended to have no separate possessions of her own; to others, that man was designed to carry hers as well as his own, bearing to her the very useful relationship of portmanteau. These two views would naturally fall into place on opposite sides of the Woman Suffrage question, which we have ever with us, and it is a matter of some surprise to me that they have not already

been advanced. No less is it a matter of surprise that the gentlemen who from time to time furnish us with scientific proof of woman's inferiority, have not given her lack of pockets a foremost place in the line of argument. It undoubtedly handicaps her in the struggle for existence, particularly public existence. How, for instance, could she become a politician without putting her hands in her pockets? or a philanthropist? or even "one of our leading citizens"?

If there be those who regard women's pocketless estate as arbitrary and not irremediable, why have not the Women's Rights associations taken the case in hand, and turned their energies upon a wrong so fundamental and obvious? Great things from little things do spring, and there is every reason to suppose that if women were once endowed with pockets, all things would shortly be added unto them.

I once so regarded it myself, but experience led me to the opposite view. For a brief period I aspired to have a pocket — *one* pocket — of my own. I know a woman who has one. It is not her only claim to merit and distinction. She has won honors general and particular, given good service to public causes, and is entitled to initials after her name. How far the pocket is a cause and how far an effect, I have often pondered. To see her go forth in the conscious possession of both pocketbook and handkerchief, while her hands still remained free for whatever uses God intended them, was to me a deeply instructive and inspiring sight. I long wished to learn the secret of that pocket, by what stratagem, persuasion, or compulsion she broke through this most inexorable feminine law, and acquired a convenience so simple and rational.

Made bold at length by consciousness of an impending new gown, I ventured to approach her on the subject.

"Yes, is n't it nice?" she said, patting it affectionately and with pardonable pride. "How do I get it? Why. I say to the person who takes the measurement, 'and we'll have the pocket *here*.' She, of course, returns an incredulous, sometimes contemptuous stare. 'About *so* far down,' I go on firmly, 'and please give instructions to have it good and deep.' Then I pass on to the other points, so as to avoid explanation or argument. At the first fitting it is much the same. At the second I remark to the fitter, — it's generally a different one, you know, — 'The place for the pocket was marked *here*. It is n't in yet, I see. Perhaps it had better be a shade higher up.' 'Pocket!' she gasps. 'A good deep one,' I add again with assurance, ignoring her evident consternation. Generally I see dismay creep into her face at this point, and I know the case is won. 'Oh, Mrs. Blank,' she laments, 'it will spoil the set. There can't be any style to a skirt with a pocket into it. I never heard of such a thing. It'll pull it all out of shape, and' — That is the place to smile upon her blandly, thank her, and take your departure."

I sighed after my friend had gone. I saw how far-reaching a matter that pocket was. Its origin lay in character, in the subtle power of suggestion, in the training and habit of years. I lacked the nerve, the smiling firmness, the invincible confidence that carries victory in its wake. Heredity and environment were both against me. I gave it up. Success and pockets are no accidental matter.

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THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD HAND

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

"ABOVE all," the letter ended, "don't leave Siena without seeing Doctor Lombard's Leonardo. Lombard is a queer old Englishman, a mystic or a madman (if the two are not synonymous), and a devout student of the Italian Renaissance. He has lived for years in Italy, exploring its remotest corners, and has lately picked up an undoubted Leonardo, which came to light in a farmhouse near Bergamo. It is believed to be one of the missing pictures mentioned by Vasari, and is at any rate, according to the most competent authorities, a genuine and almost untouched example of the best period.

"Lombard is a queer stick, and jealous of showing his treasures; but we struck up a friendship when I was working on the Sodomas in Siena three years ago, and if you will give him the enclosed line you may get a peep at the Leonardo. Probably not more than a peep, though, for I hear he refuses to have it reproduced. I want badly to use it in my monograph on the Windsor drawings, so please see what you can do for me, and if you can't persuade him to let you take a photograph or make a sketch, at least jot down a detailed description of the picture and get from him all the facts you can. I hear that the French and Italian governments have offered him a large advance on his purchase, but that he refuses to sell at any price, though he certainly can't afford such luxuries; in fact, I don't see where he got enough money to buy the picture. He lives in the Via Papa Giulio."

Wyant sat at the table d'hôte of his hotel, re-reading his friend's letter over a late luncheon. He had been five days in Siena without having found time to call on Doctor Lombard; not from any indifference to the opportunity presented, but because it was his first visit to the strange red city and he was still under the spell of its more conspicuous wonders — the brick palaces flinging out their wrought-iron torch-holders with a gesture of arrogant suzerainty; the great council-chamber emblazoned with civic allegories; the pageant of Pope Julius on the Library walls; the Sodomas smiling balefully through the dusk of mouldering chapels — and it was only when his first hunger was appeased that he remembered that one course in the banquet was still untasted.

He put the letter in his pocket and turned to leave the room, with a nod to its only other occupant, an olive-skinned young man with lustrous eyes and a low collar, who sat on the other side of the table, perusing the *Fanfulla di Domenica*. This gentleman, his daily vis-à-vis, returned the nod with a Latin eloquence of gesture, and Wyant passed on to the ante-chamber, where he paused to light a cigarette. He was just restoring the case to his pocket when he heard a hurried step behind him, and the lustrous-eyed young man advanced through the glass doors of the dining-room.

"Pardon me, sir," he said in measured English, and with an intonation of exquisite politeness; "you have let this letter fall."

Wyant, recognizing his friend's note of introduction to Doctor Lombard, took it with a word of thanks, and was about to turn away when he perceived that the eyes of his fellow diner remained fixed on him with a gaze of melancholy interrogation.

"Again pardon me," the young man at length ventured, "but are you by chance the friend of the illustrious Doctor Lombard?"

"No," returned Wyant, with the instinctive Anglo-Saxon distrust of foreign advances. Then, fearing to appear rude, he said with a guarded politeness: "Perhaps, by the way, you can tell me the number of his house. I see it is not given here."

The young man brightened perceptibly. "The number of the house is thirteen; but any one can indicate it to you — it is well known in Siena. It is called," he continued after a moment, "the House of the Dead Hand."

Wyant stared. "What a queer name!" he said.

"The name comes from an antique hand of marble which for many hundred years has been above the door."

Wyant was turning away with a gesture of thanks, when the other added: "If you would have the kindness to ring twice."

"To ring twice?"

"At the doctor's." The young man smiled. "It is the custom."

It was a dazzling March afternoon, with a shower of sun from the mid-blue, and a marshalling of slaty clouds behind the umber-colored hills. For nearly an hour Wyant loitered on the Lizza, watching the shadows race across the naked landscape and the thunder blacken in the west; then he decided to set out for the House of the Dead Hand. The map in his guidebook showed him that the Via Papa Giulio was one of the streets which radiate from the Piazza, and thither he bent his course, pausing at every other step to fill his eye with some fresh image of weather-beaten beauty. The clouds had rolled upward, obscuring the sunshine and hanging like a funereal baldachin above the projecting cornices of Doctor Lombard's street, and Wyant walked for some distance in the shade of the beetling palace fronts before his eye fell on a doorway surmounted by a sallow marble hand. He stood for a moment staring up at the strange emblem. The hand was a woman's — a dead drooping hand, which hung there convulsed and helpless, as though it had been thrust forth in denunciation of some evil mystery within the house, and had sunk struggling into death.

A girl who was drawing water from the well in the court said that the English doctor lived on the first floor, and Wyant, passing through a glazed door, mounted the damp degrees of a vaulted stairway with a plaster Æsculapius mouldering in a niche on the landing. Facing the Æsculapius was another door, and as Wyant put his hand on the bell-rope he remembered his unknown friend's injunction, and rang twice.

His ring was answered by a peasant woman with a low forehead and small close-set eyes, who, after a prolonged scrutiny of himself, his card, and his letter of introduction, left him standing in a high, cold ante-chamber floored with brick. He heard her wooden pattens click down an interminable corridor, and after some delay she returned and told him to follow her.

They passed through a long saloon, bare as the ante-chamber, but loftily vaulted, and frescoed with a seventeenth-century Triumph of Scipio or Alexander — martial figures following Wyant with the filmed melancholy gaze of shades in limbo. At the end of this apartment he was admitted to a smaller room, with the same atmosphere of mortal cold, but showing more obvious signs of occupancy. The walls were covered with tapestry which had faded to the gray-brown tints of decaying vegetation, so that the young man felt as though he were entering a sunless autumn wood. Against these

hangings stood a few tall cabinets on heavy gilt feet, and at a table in the window three persons were seated: an elderly lady who was warming her hands over a brazier, a girl bent above a strip of needle-work, and an old man.

As the latter advanced toward Wyant, the young man was conscious of staring with unseemly intentness at his small round-backed figure, dressed with shabby disorder and surmounted by a wonderful head, lean, vulpine, eagle-beaked as that of some art-loving despot of the Renaissance: a head combining the venerable hair and large prominent eyes of the humanist with the greedy profile of the adventurer. Wyant, in musing on the Italian portrait-medals of the fifteenth century, had often fancied that only in that period of fierce individualism could types so paradoxical have been produced; yet the subtle craftsmen who committed them to the bronze had never drawn a face more strangely stamped with contradictory passions than that of Doctor Lombard.

"I am glad to see you," he said to Wyant, extending a hand which seemed a mere framework held together by knotted veins. "We lead a quiet life here and receive few visitors, but any friend of Professor Clyde's is welcome." Then, with a gesture which included the two women, he added dryly: "My wife and daughter often talk of Professor Clyde."

"Oh yes — he used to make me such nice toast; they don't understand toast in Italy," said Mrs. Lombard in a high plaintive voice.

It would have been difficult, from Doctor Lombard's manner and appearance, to guess his nationality; but his wife was so inconsciently and ineradicably English that even the silhouette of her cap seemed a protest against Continental laxities. She was a stout fair woman, with pale cheeks netted with red lines. A brooch with a miniature portrait sustained a bogwood watch-chain upon her bosom, and at her elbow lay a heap of knitting and an old copy of *The Queen*.

The young girl, who had remained standing, was a slim replica of her mother, with an apple-cheeked face and opaque blue eyes. Her small head was prodigally laden with braids of dull fair hair, and she might have had a kind of transient prettiness but for the sullen droop of her round mouth. It was hard to say whether her expression implied ill-temper or apathy; but Wyant was struck by the contrast between the fierce vitality of the doctor's age and the inanimateness of his daughter's youth.

Seating himself in the chair which his host advanced, the young man tried to open the conversation by addressing to Mrs. Lombard some random remark on the beauties of Siena. The lady murmured a resigned assent, and Doctor Lombard interposed with a smile: "My dear sir, my wife considers Siena a most salubrious spot, and is favorably impressed by the cheapness of the marketing; but she deplores the total absence of muffins and cannel coal, and cannot resign herself to the Italian method of dusting furniture."

"But they don't, you know — they don't dust it!" Mrs. Lombard protested, without showing any resentment of her husband's manner.

"Precisely — they don't dust it. Since we have lived in Siena we have not once seen the cobwebs removed from the battlements of the Mangia. Can you conceive of such housekeeping? My wife has never yet dared to write it home to her aunts at Bonchurch."

Mrs. Lombard accepted in silence this remarkable statement of her views, and her husband, with a malicious smile at Wyant's embarrassment, planted himself suddenly before the young man.

"And now," said he, "do you want to see my Leonardo?"

"*Do* I?" cried Wyant, on his feet in a flash.

The doctor chuckled. "Ah," he said, with a kind of crooning deliberation, "that's the way they all behave — that's what they all come for." He turned to

his daughter with another variation of mockery in his smile. "Don't fancy it's for your *beaux yeux*, my dear; or for the mature charms of Mrs. Lombard," he added, glaring suddenly at his wife, who had taken up her knitting and was softly murmuring over the number of her stitches.

Neither lady appeared to notice his pleasantries, and he continued, addressing himself to Wyant: "They all come — they all come; but many are called and few are chosen." His voice sank to solemnity. "While I live," he said, "no unworthy eye shall desecrate that picture. But I will not do my friend Clyde the injustice to suppose that he would send an unworthy representative. He tells me he wishes a description of the picture for his book; and you shall describe it to him — if you can."

Wyant hesitated, not knowing whether it was a propitious moment to put in his appeal for a photograph.

"Well, sir," he said, "you know Clyde wants me to take away all I can of it."

Doctor Lombard eyed him sardonically. "You're welcome to take away all you can carry," he replied; adding, as he turned to his daughter: "That is, if he has your permission, Sybilla."

The girl rose without a word, and laying aside her work, took a key from a secret drawer in one of the cabinets, while the doctor continued in the same note of grim jocularity: "For you must know that the picture is not mine — it is my daughter's."

He followed with evident amusement the surprised glance which Wyant turned on the young girl's impassive figure.

"Sybilla," he pursued, "is a votary of the arts; she has inherited her fond father's passion for the unattainable. Luckily, however, she also recently inherited a tidy legacy from her grandmother; and having seen the Leonardo, on which its discoverer had placed a price far beyond my reach, she took a step which deserves to go down to history: she invested her whole inheritance in the purchase of the picture, thus enabling me to spend my closing years in communion with one of the world's masterpieces. My dear sir, could Antigone do more?"

The object of this strange eulogy had meanwhile drawn aside one of the tapestry hangings, and fitted her key into a concealed door.

"Come," said Doctor Lombard, "let us go before the light fails us."

Wyant glanced at Mrs. Lombard, who continued to knit impassively.

"No, no," said his host, "my wife will not come with us. You might not suspect it from her conversation, but my wife has no feeling for art — Italian art, that is; for no one is fonder of our early Victorian school."

"Frith's *Railway Station*, you know," said Mrs. Lombard, smiling. "I like an animated picture."

Miss Lombard, who had unlocked the door, held back the tapestry to let her father and Wyant pass out; then she followed them down a narrow stone passage with another door at its end. This door was iron-barred, and Wyant noticed that it had a complicated patent lock. The girl fitted another key into the lock, and Doctor Lombard led the way into a small room. The dark panelling of this apartment was irradiated by streams of yellow light slanting through the disbanded thunder clouds, and in the central brightness hung a picture concealed by a curtain of faded velvet.

"A little too bright, Sybilla," said Doctor Lombard. His face had grown solemn, and his mouth twitched nervously as his daughter drew a linen drapery across the upper part of the window.

"That will do — that will do." He turned impressively to Wyant. "Do you see the pomegranate bud in this rug? Place yourself there — keep your left foot on it, please. And now, Sybilla, draw the cord."

Miss Lombard advanced and placed her hand on a cord hidden behind the velvet curtain.

"Ah," said the doctor, "one moment:

I should like you, while looking at the picture, to have in mind a few lines of verse. Sybilla — "

Without the slightest change of countenance, and with a promptness which proved her to be prepared for the request, Miss Lombard began to recite, in a full round voice like her mother's, St. Bernard's invocation to the Virgin, in the thirty-third canto of the *Paradise*.

"Thank you, my dear," said her father, drawing a deep breath as she ended. "That unapproachable combination of vowel sounds prepares one better than anything I know for the contemplation of the picture."

As he spoke the folds of velvet slowly parted, and the Leonardo appeared in its frame of tarnished gold.

From the nature of Miss Lombard's recitation Wyant had expected a sacred subject, and his surprise was therefore great as the composition was gradually revealed by the widening division of the curtain.

In the background a steel-colored river wound through a pale calcareous landscape; while to the left, on a lonely peak, a crucified Christ hung livid against indigo clouds. The central figure of the foreground, however, was that of a woman seated in an antique chair of marble with bas-reliefs of dancing mænads. Her feet rested on a meadow sprinkled with minute wild-flowers, and her attitude of smiling majesty recalled that of Dosso Dossi's Circe. She wore a red robe, flowing in closely fluted lines from under a fancifully embroidered cloak. Above her high forehead the crinkled golden hair flowed sideways beneath a veil; one hand drooped on the arm of her chair; the other held up an inverted human skull, into which a young Dionysus, smooth, brown and sidelong as the St. John of the Louvre, poured a stream of wine from a high-poised flagon. At the lady's feet lay the symbols of art and luxury: a flute and a roll of music, a platter heaped with grapes and roses, the torso of a Greek statuette, and a bowl overflowing with coins and jewels; behind her, on the chalky hilltop, hung the crucified Christ. A scroll in a corner of the foreground bore the legend: *Lux Mundi*.

Wyant, emerging from the first plunge of wonder, turned inquiringly toward his companions. Neither had moved. Miss Lombard stood with her hand on the cord, her lids lowered, her mouth drooping; the doctor, his strange Thoth-like profile turned toward his guest, was still lost in rapt contemplation of his treasure.

Wyant addressed the young girl.

"You are fortunate," he said, "to be the possessor of anything so perfect."

"It is considered very beautiful," she said coldly.

"Beautiful — *beautiful!*" the doctor burst out. "Ah, the poor, worn out, overworked word! There are no adjectives in the language fresh enough to describe such pristine brilliancy: all their brightness has been worn off by misuse. Think of the things that have been called beautiful, and then look at *that!*"

"It is worthy of a new vocabulary," Wyant agreed.

"Yes," Doctor Lombard continued, "my daughter is indeed fortunate. She has chosen what Catholics call the higher life — the counsel of perfection. What other private person enjoys the same opportunity of understanding the master? Who else lives under the same roof with an untouched masterpiece of Leonardo's? Think of the happiness of being always under the influence of such a creation; of living *into* it; of partaking of it in daily and hourly communion! This room is a chapel; the sight of that picture is a sacrament. What an atmosphere for a young life to unfold itself in! My daughter is singularly blessed. Sybilla, point out some of the details to Mr. Wyant: I see that he will appreciate them."

The girl turned her dense blue eyes toward Wyant; then, glancing away from him, she pointed to the canvas.

"Notice the modelling of the left hand," she began in a monotonous voice; "it recalls the hand of the Mona Lisa.

The head of the naked genius will remind you of that of the St. John of the Louvre, but it is more purely pagan and is turned a little less to the right. The embroidery on the cloak is symbolic: you will see that the roots of this plant have burst through the vase. This recalls the famous definition of Hamlet's character in *Wilhelm Meister*. Here are the mystic rose, the flame, and the serpent, emblem of eternity. Some of the other symbols we have not yet been able to decipher."

Wyant watched her curiously: she seemed to be reciting a lesson.

"And the picture itself?" he said. "How do you explain that? *Lux Mundi* — what a curious device to connect with such a subject! What can it mean?"

Miss Lombard dropped her eyes: the answer was evidently not included in her lesson.

"What, indeed?" the doctor interposed. "What does life mean? As one may define it in a hundred different ways, so one may find a hundred different meanings in this picture. Its symbolism is as many-faceted as a well-cut diamond. Who, for instance, is that divine lady? Is it she who is the true *Lux Mundi* — the light reflected from jewels and young eyes, from polished marble and clear waters and statues of bronze? Or is that the Light of the World, extinguished on yonder stormy hill, and is this lady the Pride of Life, feasting blindly on the wine of iniquity, with her back turned to the light which has shone for her in vain? Something of both these meanings may be traced in the picture; but to me it symbolizes rather the central truth of existence: that all that is raised in incorruption is sown in corruption; art, beauty, love, religion; that all our wine is drunk out of skulls, and poured for us by the mysterious genius of a remote and cruel past."

The doctor's face blazed: his bent figure seemed to straighten itself and become taller.

"Ah," he cried, growing more dithyrambic, "how lightly you ask what it means! How confidently you expect an answer! Yet here am I who have given my life to the study of the Renaissance; who have violated its tomb, laid open its dead body, and traced the course of every muscle, bone and artery; who have sucked its very soul from the pages of poets and humanists; who have wept and believed with Joachim of Flora, smiled and doubted with Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini; who have patiently followed to its source the least inspiration of the masters, and groped in neolithic caverns and Babylonian ruins for the first unfolding tendrils of the arabesques of Mantegna and Crivelli; and I tell you that I stand abashed and ignorant before the mystery of this picture. It means nothing — it means all things. It may represent the period which saw its creation; it may represent all ages past and to come. There are volumes of meaning in the tiniest emblem on the lady's cloak; the blossoms of its border are rooted in the deepest soil of myth and tradition. Don't ask what it means, young man, but bow your head in thankfulness for having seen it!"

Miss Lombard laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't excite yourself, father," she said in the detached tone of a professional nurse.

He answered with a despairing gesture. "Ah, it's easy for you to talk. You have years and years to spend with it; I am an old man, and every moment counts!"

"It's bad for you," she repeated with gentle obstinacy.

The doctor's sacred fury had in fact burnt itself out. He dropped into a seat with dull eyes and slackening lips, and his daughter drew the curtain across the picture.

Wyant turned away reluctantly. He felt that his opportunity was slipping from him, yet he dared not refer to Clyde's wish for a photograph. He now understood the meaning of the laugh with which Doctor Lombard had given him leave to carry away all the details he

could remember. The picture was so dazzling, so unexpected, so crossed with elusive and contradictory suggestions, that the most alert observer, when placed suddenly before it, must lose his coördinating faculty in a sense of confused wonder. Yet how valuable to Clyde the record of such a work would be! In some ways it seemed to be the summing up of the master's thought, the key to his enigmatic philosophy.

The doctor had risen and was walking slowly toward the door. His daughter unlocked it, and Wyant followed them back in silence to the room in which they had left Mrs. Lombard. That lady was no longer there, and he could think of no excuse for lingering.

He thanked the doctor, and turned to Miss Lombard, who stood in the middle of the room as though awaiting farther orders.

"It is very good of you," he said, "to allow one even a glimpse of such a treasure."

She looked at him with her odd directness. "You will come again?" she said quickly; and turning to her father she added: "You know what Professor Clyde asked. This gentleman cannot give him any account of the picture without seeing it again."

Doctor Lombard glanced at her vaguely; he was still like a person in a trance.

"Eh?" he said, rousing himself with an effort.

"I said, father, that Mr. Wyant must see the picture again if he is to tell Professor Clyde about it," Miss Lombard repeated with extraordinary precision of tone.

Wyant was silent. He had the puzzled sense that his wishes were being divined and gratified for reasons with which he was in no way connected.

"Well, well," the doctor muttered, "I don't say no — I don't say no. I know what Clyde wants — I don't refuse to help him." He turned to Wyant. "You may come again — you may make notes," he added with a sudden effort. "Jot down what occurs to you. I 'm willing to concede that."

Wyant again caught the girl's eye, but its emphatic message perplexed him.

"You 're very good," he said tentatively, "but the fact is the picture is so mysterious — so full of complicated detail — that I'm afraid no notes I could make would serve Clyde's purpose as well as — as a photograph, say. If you would allow me —"

Miss Lombard's brow darkened, and her father raised his head furiously.

"A photograph? A photograph, did you say? Good God, man, not ten people have been allowed to set foot in that room! A *photograph?*"

Wyant saw his mistake, but saw also that he had gone too far to retreat.

"I know, sir, from what Clyde has told me, that you object to having any reproduction of the picture published; but he hoped you might let me take a photograph for his personal use — not to be reproduced in his book, but simply to give him something to work by. I should take the photograph myself, and the negative would of course be yours. If you wished it, only one impression would be struck off, and that one Clyde could return to you when he had done with it."

Doctor Lombard interrupted him with a snarl. "When he had done with it? Just so: I thank thee for that word! When it had been re-photographed, drawn, traced, autotyped, passed about from hand to hand, defiled by every ignorant eye in England, vulgarized by the blundering praise of every art-scribbler in Europe! Pah! I'd as soon give you the picture itself: why don't you ask for that?"

"Well, sir," said Wyant calmly, "if you will trust me with it, I'll engage to take it safely to England and back, and to let no eye but Clyde's see it while it is out of your keeping."

The doctor received this remarkable proposal in silence; then he burst into a laugh.

"Upon my soul!" he said with sar donic good humor.

It was Miss Lombard's turn to look perplexedly at Wyant. His last words and her father's unexpected reply had evidently carried her beyond her depth.

"Well, sir, am I to take the picture?" Wyant smilingly pursued.

"No, young man; nor a photograph of it. Nor a sketch, either; mind that, — nothing that can be reproduced. Sybilla," he cried with sudden passion, "swear to me that the picture shall never be reproduced! No photograph, no sketch — now or afterward. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, father," said the girl quietly.

"The vandals," he muttered, "the desecrators of beauty; if I thought it would ever get into their hands I'd burn it first, by God!" He turned to Wyant, speaking more quietly. "I said you might come back — I never retract what I say. But you must give me your word that no one but Clyde shall see the notes you make."

Wyant was growing warm.

"If you won't trust me with a photograph I wonder you trust me not to show my notes!" he exclaimed.

The doctor looked at him with a malicious smile.

"Humph!" he said; "would they be of much use to anybody?"

Wyant saw that he was losing ground and controlled his impatience.

"To Clyde, I hope, at any rate," he answered, holding out his hand. The doctor shook it without a trace of resentment, and Wyant added: "When shall I come, sir?"

"To-morrow — to-morrow morning," cried Miss Lombard, speaking suddenly.

She looked fixedly at her father, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"The picture is hers," he said to Wyant.

In the ante-chamber the young man was met by the woman who had admitted him. She handed him his hat and stick, and turned to unbar the door. As the bolt slipped back he felt a touch on his arm.

"You have a letter?" she said in a low tone.

"A letter?" He stared. "What letter?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and drew back to let him pass.

II

As Wyant emerged from the house he paused once more to glance up at its scarred brick façade. The marble hand drooped tragically above the entrance: in the waning light it seemed to have relaxed into the passiveness of despair, and Wyant stood musing on its hidden meaning. But the Dead Hand was not the only mysterious thing about Doctor Lombard's house. What were the relations between Miss Lombard and her father? Above all, between Miss Lombard and her picture? She did not look like a person capable of a disinterested passion for the arts; and there had been moments when it struck Wyant that she hated the picture.

The sky at the end of the street was flooded with turbulent yellow light, and the young man turned his steps toward the church of San Domenico, in the hope of catching the lingering brightness on Sodoma's St. Catherine.

The great bare aisles were almost dark when he entered, and he had to grope his way to the chapel steps. Under the momentary evocation of the sunset, the saint's figure emerged pale and swooning from the dusk, and the warm light gave a sensual tinge to her ecstasy. The flesh seemed to glow and heave, the eyelids to tremble; Wyant stood fascinated by the accidental collaboration of light and color.

Suddenly he noticed that something white had fluttered to the ground at his feet. He stooped and picked up a small thin sheet of note-paper, folded and sealed like an old-fashioned letter, and bearing the superscription: —

To the Count Ottaviano Celsi.

Wyant stared at this mysterious document. Where had it come from? He was distinctly conscious of having seen it fall

through the air, close to his feet. He glanced up at the dark ceiling of the chapel; then he turned and looked about the church. There was only one figure in it, that of a man who knelt near the high altar.

Suddenly Wyant recalled the question of Doctor Lombard's maid-servant. Was this the letter she had asked for? Had he been unconsciously carrying it about with him all the afternoon? Who was Count Ottaviano Celsi, and how came Wyant to have been chosen to act as that nobleman's ambulant letter-box?

Wyant laid his hat and stick on the chapel steps and began to explore his pockets, in the irrational hope of finding there some clue to the mystery; but they held nothing which he had not himself put there, and he was reduced to wondering how the letter, supposing some unknown hand to have bestowed it on him, had happened to fall out while he stood motionless before the picture.

At this point he was disturbed by a step on the floor of the aisle, and turning, he saw his lustrous-eyed neighbor of the table d'hote.

The young man bowed and waved an apologetic hand.

"I do not intrude?" he inquired suavely.

Without waiting for a reply, he mounted the steps of the chapel, glancing about him with the affable air of an afternoon caller.

"I see," he remarked with a smile, "that you know the hour at which our saint should be visited."

Wyant agreed that the hour was indeed felicitous.

The stranger stood beamingly before the picture.

"What grace! What poetry!" he murmured, apostrophizing the St. Catherine, but letting his glance slip rapidly about the chapel as he spoke.

Wyant, detecting the manœuvre, murmured a brief assent.

"But it is cold here — mortally cold; you do not find it so?" The intruder put on his hat. "It is permitted at this hour — when the church is empty. And you, my dear sir — do you not feel the dampness? You are an artist, are you not? And to artists it is permitted to cover the head when they are engaged in the study of the paintings."

He darted suddenly toward the steps and bent over Wyant's hat.

"Permit me — cover yourself!" he said a moment later, holding out the hat with an ingratiating gesture.

A light flashed on Wyant.

"Perhaps," he said, looking straight at the young man, "you will tell me your name. My own is Wyant."

The stranger, surprised, but not disconcerted, drew forth a coroneted card, which he offered with a low bow. On the card was engraved: —

Il Conte Ottaviano Celsi.

"I am much obliged to you," said Wyant; "and I may as well tell you that the letter which you apparently expected to find in the lining of my hat is not there, but in my pocket."

He drew it out and handed it to its owner, who had grown very pale.

"And now," Wyant continued, "you will perhaps be good enough to tell me what all this means."

There was no mistaking the effect produced on Count Ottaviano by this request. His lips moved, but he achieved only an ineffectual smile.

"I suppose you know," Wyant went on, his anger rising at the sight of the other's discomfiture, "that you have taken an unwarrantable liberty. I don't yet understand what part I have been made to play, but it's evident that you have made use of me to serve some purpose of your own, and I propose to know the reason why."

Count Ottaviano advanced with an imploring gesture.

"Sir," he pleaded, "you permit me to speak?"

"I expect you to," cried Wyant. "But not here," he added, hearing the clank of the verger's keys. "It is growing dark,

and we shall be turned out in a few minutes."

He walked across the church, and Count Ottaviano followed him out into the deserted square.

"Now," said Wyant, pausing on the steps.

The Count, who had regained some measure of self-possession, began to speak in a high key, with an accompaniment of conciliatory gesture.

"My dear sir — my dear Mr. Wyant — you find me in an abominable position — that, as a man of honor, I immediately confess. I have taken advantage of you — yes! I have counted on your amiability, your chivalry — too far, perhaps? I confess it! But what could I do? It was to oblige a lady" — he laid a hand on his heart — "a lady whom I would die to serve!" He went on with increasing volubility, his deliberate English swept away by a torrent of Italian, through which Wyant, with some difficulty, struggled to a comprehension of the case.

Count Ottaviano, according to his own statement, had come to Siena some months previously, on business connected with his mother's property; the paternal estate being near Orvieto, of which ancient city his father was syndic. Soon after his arrival in Siena the young Count had met the incomparable daughter of Doctor Lombard, and falling deeply in love with her, had prevailed on his parents to ask her hand in marriage. Doctor Lombard had not opposed his suit, but when the question of settlements arose it became known that Miss Lombard, who was possessed of a small property in her own right, had a short time before invested the whole amount in the purchase of the Bergamo Leonardo. Thereupon Count Ottaviano's parents had politely suggested that she should sell the picture and thus recover her independence; and this proposal being met by a curt refusal from Doctor Lombard, they had withdrawn their consent to their son's marriage. The young lady's attitude had hitherto been one of passive submission; she was horribly afraid of her father, and would never venture openly to oppose him; but she had made known to Ottaviano her intention of not giving him up, of waiting patiently till events should take a more favorable turn. She seemed hardly aware, the Count said with a sigh, that the means of escape lay in her own hands; that she was of age, and had a right to sell the picture, and to marry without asking her father's consent. Meanwhile her suitor spared no pains to keep himself before her, to remind her that he, too, was waiting and would never give her up.

Doctor Lombard, who suspected the young man of trying to persuade Sybilla to sell the picture, had forbidden the lovers to meet or to correspond; they were thus driven to clandestine communication, and had several times, the Count ingenuously avowed, made use of the doctor's visitors as a means of exchanging letters.

"And you told the visitors to ring twice?" Wyant interposed.

The young man extended his hands in a deprecating gesture. Could Mr. Wyant blame him? He was young, he was ardent, he was enamored! The young lady had done him the supreme honor of avowing her attachment, of pledging her unalterable fidelity; should he suffer his devotion to be outdone? But his purpose in writing to her, he admitted, was not merely to reiterate his fidelity; he was trying by every means in his power to induce her to sell the picture. He had organized a plan of action; every detail was complete; if she would but have the courage to carry out his instructions he would answer for the result. His idea was that she should secretly retire to a convent of which his aunt was the Mother Superior, and from that stronghold should transact the sale of the Leonardo. He had a purchaser ready, who was willing to pay a large sum; a sum, Count Ottaviano whispered, considerably in excess of the young lady's original inheritance; once the picture sold, it could, if necessary, be removed by force from Doctor Lom-

bard's house, and his daughter, being safely in the convent, would be spared the painful scenes incidental to the removal. Finally, if Doctor Lombard were vindictive enough to refuse his consent to her marriage, she had only to make a *sommation respectueuse*, and at the end of the prescribed delay no power on earth could prevent her becoming the wife of Count Ottaviano.

Wyant's anger had fallen at the recital of this simple romance. It was absurd to be angry with a young man who confided his secrets to the first stranger he met in the streets, and placed his hand on his heart whenever he mentioned the name of his betrothed. The easiest way out of the business was to take it as a joke. Wyant had played the wall to this new Pyramus and Thisbe, and was philosophic enough to laugh at the part he had unwittingly performed.

He held out his hand with a smile to Count Ottaviano.

"I won't deprive you any longer," he said, "of the pleasure of reading your letter."

"Oh, sir, a thousand thanks! And when you return to the casa Lombard, you will take a message from me — the letter she expected this afternoon?"

"The letter she expected?" Wyant paused. "No, thank you. I thought you understood that where I come from we don't do that kind of thing — knowingly."

"But, sir, to serve a young lady!"

"I'm sorry for the young lady, if what you tell me is true" — the Count's expressive hands resented the doubt — "but remember that if I am under obligations to any one in this matter, it is to her father, who has admitted me to his house and has allowed me to see his picture."

"*His* picture? Hers!"

"Well, the house is his, at all events."

"Unhappily — since to her it is a dungeon!"

"Why does n't she leave it, then?" exclaimed Wyant impatiently.

The Count clasped his hands. "Ah, how you say that — with what force, with what virility! If you would but say it to *her* in that tone — you, her countryman! She has no one to advise her; the mother is an idiot; the father is terrible; she is in his power; it is my belief that he would kill her if she resisted him. Mr. Wyant, I tremble for her life while she remains in that house!"

"Oh, come," said Wyant lightly, "they seem to understand each other well enough. But in any case, you must see that I can't interfere — at least you would if you were an Englishman," he added with an escape of contempt.

III

Wyant's affiliations in Siena being restricted to an acquaintance with his landlady, he was forced to apply to her for the verification of Count Ottaviano's story.

The young nobleman had, it appeared, given a perfectly correct account of his situation. His father, Count Celsi-Mongirone, was a man of distinguished family and some wealth. He was syndic of Orvieto, and lived either in that town or on his neighboring estate of Mongirone. His wife owned a large property near Siena, and Count Ottaviano, who was the second son, came there from time to time to look into its management. The eldest son was in the army, the youngest in the Church; and an aunt of Count Ottaviano's was Mother Superior of the Visitandine convent in Siena. At one time it had been said that Count Ottaviano, who was a most amiable and accomplished young man, was to marry the daughter of the strange Englishman, Doctor Lombard, but difficulties having arisen as to the adjustment of the young lady's dower, Count Celsi-Mongirone had very properly broken off the match. It was sad for the young man, however, who was said to be deeply in love, and to find frequent excuses for coming to Siena to inspect his mother's estate.

Viewed in the light of Count Ottaviano's personality the story had a tinge of opera bouffe; but the next morning, as Wyant mounted the stairs of the House of the Dead Hand, the situation insensibly assumed another aspect. It was impossible to take Doctor Lombard lightly; and there was a suggestion of fatality in the appearance of his gaunt dwelling. Who could tell amid what tragic records of domestic tyranny and fluttering broken purposes the little drama of Miss Lombard's fate was being played out? Might not the accumulated influences of such a house modify the lives within it in a manner unguessed by the inmates of a suburban villa with sanitary plumbing and a telephone?

One person, at least, remained unperturbed by such fanciful problems; and that was Mrs. Lombard, who, at Wyant's entrance, raised a placidly wrinkled brow from her knitting. The morning was mild, and her chair had been wheeled into a bar of sunshine near the window, so that she made a cheerful spot of prose in the poetic gloom of her surroundings.

"What a nice morning!" she said; "it must be delightful weather at Bonchurch."

Her dull blue glance wandered across the narrow street with its threatening house fronts, and fluttered back baffled, like a bird with clipped wings. It was evident, poor lady, that she had never seen beyond the opposite houses.

Wyant was not sorry to find her alone. Seeing that she was surprised at his reappearance he said at once: "I have come back to study Miss Lombard's picture."

"Oh, the picture — " Mrs. Lombard's face expressed a gentle disappointment, which might have been boredom in a person of acuter sensibilities. "It's an original Leonardo, you know," she said mechanically.

"And Miss Lombard is very proud of it, I suppose? She seems to have inherited her father's love for art."

Mrs. Lombard counted her stitches, and he went on: "It's unusual in so young a girl. Such tastes generally develop later."

Mrs. Lombard looked up eagerly. "That's what I say! I was quite different at her age, you know. I liked dancing, and doing a pretty bit of fancy-work. Not that I could n't sketch, too; I had a master down from London. My aunts have some of my crayons hung up in their drawing-room now — I did a view of Kenilworth which was thought pleasing. But I liked a picnic, too, or a pretty walk through the woods with young people of my own age. I say it's more natural, Mr. Wyant; one may have a feeling for art, and do crayons that are worth framing, and yet not give up everything else. I was taught that there were other things."

Wyant, half-ashamed of provoking these innocent confidences, could not resist another question. "And Miss Lombard cares for nothing else?"

Her mother looked troubled.

"Sybilla is so clever — she says I don't understand. You know how self-confident young people are! My husband never said that of me, now — he knows I had an excellent education. My aunts were very particular; I was brought up to have opinions, and my husband has always respected them. He says himself that he would n't for the world miss hearing my opinion on any subject; you may have noticed that he often refers to my tastes. He has always respected my preference for living in England; he likes to hear me give my reasons for it. He is so much interested in my ideas that he often says he knows just what I am going to say before I speak. But Sybilla does not care for what I think — "

At this point Doctor Lombard entered. He glanced sharply at Wyant. "The servant is a fool; she did n't tell me you were here." His eye turned to his wife. "Well, my dear, what have you been telling Mr. Wyant? About the aunts at Bonchurch, I'll be bound!"

Mrs. Lombard looked triumphantly at Wyant, and her husband rubbed his hooked fingers, with a smile.

"Mrs. Lombard's aunts are very superior women. They subscribe to the circulating library, and borrow *Good Words* and the *Monthly Packet* from the curate's wife across the way. They have the rector to tea twice a year, and keep a page-boy, and are visited by two baronets' wives. They devoted themselves to the education of their orphan niece, and I think I may say without boasting that Mrs. Lombard's conversation shows marked traces of the advantages she enjoyed."

Mrs. Lombard colored with pleasure.

"I was telling Mr. Wyant that my aunts were very particular."

"Quite so, my dear; and did you mention that they never sleep in anything but linen, and that Miss Sophia puts away the furs and blankets every spring with her own hands? Both those facts are interesting to the student of human nature." Doctor Lombard glanced at his watch. "But we are missing an incomparable moment; the light is perfect at this hour."

Wyant rose, and the doctor led him through the tapestried door and down the passageway.

The light was, in fact, perfect, and the picture shone with an inner radiancy, as though a lamp burned behind the soft screen of the lady's flesh. Every detail of the foreground detached itself with jewel-like precision. Wyant noticed a dozen accessories which had escaped him on the previous day.

He drew out his note-book, and the doctor, who had dropped his sardonic grin for a look of devout contemplation, pushed a chair forward, and seated himself on a carved settle against the wall.

"Now, then," he said, "tell Clyde what you can; but the letter killeth."

He sank down, his hands hanging on the arm of the settle like the claws of a dead bird, his eyes fixed on Wyant's note-book with the obvious intention of detecting any attempt at a surreptitious sketch.

Wyant, nettled at this surveillance, and disturbed by the speculations which Doctor Lombard's strange household excited, sat motionless for a few minutes, staring first at the picture and then at the blank pages of the note-book. The thought that Doctor Lombard was enjoying his discomfiture at length roused him, and he began to write.

He was interrupted by a knock on the iron door. Doctor Lombard rose to unlock it, and his daughter entered.

She bowed hurriedly to Wyant, without looking at him.

"Father, had you forgotten that the man from Monte Amiato was to come back this morning with an answer about the bas-relief? He is here now; he says he can't wait."

"The devil!" cried her father impatiently. "Did n't you tell him —"

"Yes; but he says he can't come back. If you want to see him you must come now."

"Then you think there 's a chance? —"

She nodded.

He turned and looked at Wyant, who was writing assiduously.

"You will stay here, Sybilla; I shall be back in a moment."

He hurried out, locking the door behind him.

Wyant had looked up, wondering if Miss Lombard would show any surprise at being locked in with him; but it was his turn to be surprised, for hardly had they heard the key withdrawn when she moved close to him, her small face pale and tumultuous.

"I arranged it — I must speak to you," she gasped. "He 'll be back in five minutes."

Her courage seemed to fail, and she looked at him helplessly.

Wyant had a sense of stepping among explosives. He glanced about him at the dusky vaulted room, at the haunting smile of the strange picture overhead, and at the pink-and-white girl whispering of conspiracies in a voice meant to exchange platitudes with a curate.

"How can I help you?" he said with a rush of compassion.

"Oh, if you would! I never have a chance to speak to any one; it 's so diffi-

cult — he watches me — he'll be back immediately."

"Try to tell me what I can do."

"I don't dare; I feel as if he were behind me." She turned away, fixing her eyes on the picture. A sound startled her. "There he comes, and I have n't spoken! It was my only chance; but it bewilders me so to be hurried."

"I don't hear any one," said Wyant, listening. "Try to tell me."

"How can I make you understand? It would take so long to explain." She drew a deep breath, and then with a plunge — "Will you come here again this afternoon — at about five?" she whispered.

"Come here again?"

"Yes — you can ask to see the picture, — make some excuse. He will come with you, of course; I will open the door for you — and — and lock you both in" — she gasped.

"Lock us in?"

"You see? You understand? It's the only way for me to leave the house — if I am ever to do it" — She drew another difficult breath. "The key will be returned — by a safe person — in half an hour, — perhaps sooner —"

She trembled so much that she was obliged to lean against the settle for support.

Wyant looked at her steadily; he was very sorry for her.

"I can't, Miss Lombard," he said at length.

"You can't?"

"I'm sorry; I must seem cruel; but consider —"

He was stopped by the futility of the word: as well ask a hunted rabbit to pause in its dash for a hole!

Wyant took her hand; it was cold and nerveless.

"I will serve you in any way I can; but you must see that this way is impossible. Can't I talk to you again? Perhaps —"

"Oh," she cried, starting up, "there he comes!"

Doctor Lombard's step sounded in the passage.

Wyant held her fast. "Tell me one thing: he won't let you sell the picture?"

"No — hush!"

"Make no pledges for the future, then; promise me that."

"The future?"

"In case he should die: your father is an old man. You have n't promised?"

She shook her head.

"Don't, then; remember that."

She made no answer, and the key turned in the lock.

As he passed out of the house, its scowling cornice and façade of ravaged brick looked down on him with the startlingness of a strange face, seen momentarily in a crowd, and impressing itself on the brain as part of an inevitable future. Above the doorway, the marble hand reached out like the cry of an imprisoned anguish.

Wyant turned away impatiently.

"Rubbish!" he said to himself. "*She* is n't walled in; she can get out if she wants to."

IV

Wyant had any number of plans for coming to Miss Lombard's aid: he was elaborating the twentieth when, on the same afternoon, he stepped into the express train for Florence. By the time the train reached Certaldo he was convinced that, in thus hastening his departure, he had followed the only reasonable course; at Empoli, he began to reflect that the priest and the Levite had probably justified themselves in much the same manner.

A month later, after his return to England, he was unexpectedly relieved from these alternatives of extenuation and approval. A paragraph in the morning paper announced the sudden death of Doctor Lombard, the distinguished English dilettante who had long resided in Siena. Wyant's justification was complete. Our blindest impulses become evidence of perspicacity when they fall in with the course of events.

Wyant could now comfortably specu-

late on the particular complications from which his foresight had probably saved him. The climax was unexpectedly dramatic. Miss Lombard, on the brink of a step which, whatever its issue, would have burdened her with retrospective compunction, had been set free before her suitor's ardor could have had time to cool, and was now doubtless planning a life of domestic felicity on the proceeds of the Leonardo. One thing, however, struck Wyant as odd — he saw no mention of the sale of the picture. He had scanned the papers for an immediate announcement of its transfer to one of the great museums; but presently concluding that Miss Lombard, out of filial piety, had wished to avoid an appearance of unseemly haste in the disposal of her treasure, he dismissed the matter from his mind. Other affairs happened to engage him; the months slipped by, and gradually the lady and the picture dwelt less vividly in his mind.

It was not till five or six years later, when chance took him again to Siena, that the recollection started from some inner fold of memory. He found himself, as it happened, at the head of Doctor Lombard's street, and glancing down that grim thoroughfare, caught an oblique glimpse of the doctor's house front, with the Dead Hand projecting above its threshold.

The sight revived his interest, and that evening, over an admirable *frittata*, he questioned his landlady about Miss Lombard's marriage.

"The daughter of the English doctor? But she has never married, signore."

"Never married? What, then, became of Count Ottaviano?"

"For a long time he waited; but last year he married a noble lady of the Maremma."

"But what happened — why was the marriage broken?"

The landlady enacted a pantomime of baffled interrogation.

"And Miss Lombard still lives in her father's house?"

"Yes, signore; she is still there."

"And the Leonardo —"

"The Leonardo, also, is still there."

The next day, as Wyant entered the House of the Dead Hand, he remembered Count Ottaviano's injunction to ring twice, and smiled mournfully to think that so much subtlety had been vain. But what could have prevented the marriage? If Doctor Lombard's death had been long delayed, time might have acted as a dissolvent, or the young lady's resolve have failed; but it seemed impossible that the white heat of ardor in which Wyant had left the lovers should have cooled in a few short weeks.

As he ascended the vaulted stairway the atmosphere of the place seemed a reply to his conjectures. The same numbing air fell on him, like an emanation from some persistent will-power, a something fierce and imminent which might reduce to impotence every impulse within its range. Wyant could almost fancy a hand on his shoulder, guiding him upward with the ironical intent of confronting him with the evidence of its work.

A strange servant opened the door, and he was presently introduced to the tapestried room, where, from their usual seats in the window, Mrs. Lombard and her daughter advanced to welcome him with faint ejaculations of surprise.

Both had grown oddly old, but in a dry, smooth way, as fruits might shrivel on a shelf instead of ripening on the tree. Mrs. Lombard was still knitting, and pausing now and then to warm her swollen hands above the brazier; and Miss Lombard, in rising, had laid aside a strip of needlework which might have been the same on which Wyant had first seen her engaged.

Their visitor inquired discreetly how they had fared in the interval, and learned that they had thought of returning to England, but had somehow never done so.

"I am sorry not to see my aunts again," Mrs. Lombard said resignedly; "but Sybilla thinks it best that we should not go this year."

"Next year, perhaps," murmured Miss

Lombard, in a voice which seemed to suggest that they had a great waste of time to fill.

She had returned to her seat, and sat bending over her work. Her hair enveloped her head in the same thick braids, but the rose color of her cheeks had turned to blotches of dull red, like some pigment which has darkened in drying.

"And Professor Clyde — is he well?" Mrs. Lombard asked affably; continuing, as her daughter raised a startled eye: "Surely, Sybilla, Mr. Wyant was the gentleman who was sent by Professor Clyde to see the Leonardo?"

Miss Lombard was silent, but Wyant hastened to assure the elder lady of his friend's well-being.

"Ah — perhaps, then, he will come back some day to Siena," she said, sighing. Wyant declared that it was more than likely; and there ensued a pause, which he presently broke by saying to Miss Lombard: "And you still have the picture?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him. "Should you like to see it?" she asked.

On his assenting, she rose, and extracting the same key from the same secret drawer, unlocked the door beneath the tapestry. They walked down the passage in silence, and she stood aside with a grave gesture, making Wyant pass before her into the room. Then she crossed over and drew the curtain back from the picture.

The light of the early afternoon poured full on it: its surface appeared to ripple and heave with a fluid splendor. The colors had lost none of their warmth, the outlines none of their pure precision; it seemed to Wyant like some magical flower which had burst suddenly from the mould of darkness and oblivion.

He turned to Miss Lombard with a movement of comprehension.

"Ah, I understand — you could n't part with it, after all!" he cried.

"No — I could n't part with it," she answered.

"It's too beautiful, — too beautiful," — he assented.

"Too beautiful?" She turned on him with a curious stare. "I have never thought it beautiful, you know."

He gave back the stare. "You have never —"

She shook her head. "It's not that. I hate it; I've always hated it. But he would n't let me — he will never let me now."

Wyant was startled by her use of the present tense. Her look surprised him, too: there was a strange fixity of resentment in her innocuous eye. Was it possible that she was laboring under some delusion? Or did the pronoun not refer to her father?

"You mean that Doctor Lombard did not wish you to part with the picture?"

"No — he prevented me; he will always prevent me."

There was another pause. "You promised him, then, before his death —"

"No; I promised nothing. He died too suddenly to make me." Her voice sank to a whisper. "I was free — perfectly free — or I thought I was till I tried."

"Till you tried?"

"To disobey him — to sell the picture. Then I found it was impossible. I tried again and again; but he was always in the room with me."

She glanced over her shoulder as though she had heard a step; and to Wyant, too, for a moment, the room seemed full of a third presence.

"And you can't" — he faltered, unconsciously dropping his voice to the pitch of hers.

She shook her head, gazing at him mystically. "I can't lock him out; I can never lock him out now. I told you I should never have another chance."

Wyant felt the chill of her words like a cold breath in his hair.

"Oh" — he groaned; but she cut him off with a grave gesture.

"It is too late," she said; "but you ought to have helped me that day."

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

IV

1868–1872

In the summer of 1868 I again went to Europe with my family. During a week or two which we passed in London Ruskin was with us frequently, and we were more than once at Denmark Hill. At his own home he was charming in his cordial, animated, sympathetic eagerness to give pleasure. He had a boyish alacrity in bringing out his treasures, whatever they might be, — manuscripts, drawings, precious stones, — and he displayed them with such genuine pleasure in the appreciation of them by his guests as to make their enjoyment complete. I see him now on his knees before a chair on which he had set up a Turner drawing, while we stood around listening to his words concerning it; now running to fetch another drawing from his chamber; now mounted on a chair holding a candle to show a picture on the wall. His mother still ruled the house from her upstairs room, and still kept close oversight over the proceedings of her dependents, of whom her son was the chief. Denmark Hill, outwardly, was still one of the pleasant old-fashioned suburban homes, but within there never was another like it.

For three months in the late summer and autumn we were established at Keston, a little village remote from the railway, some thirteen or fourteen miles from London, in a pleasant part of the chalk region of Kent. Down, the home of Mr. Darwin, was perhaps a mile away, near enough for pleasant neighborly relations. Ruskin did everything to make our stay in the country pleasant, coming over to see us, often writing and sending books or water-color drawings by Turner, himself, and others, to light up the somewhat dull rooms of the old Rectory in which we were living, sending also gifts to my little children, and in every way manifesting a friendly thoughtfulness for our pleasure and comfort.

He had changed since I last saw him; he had become, as I gradually noted, mentally more restless and unsettled, and though often gay, and always keen in his enjoyment of whatever charm the passing moment might afford, he hardly seemed to possess even the moderate happiness and the imperfect peace such as life may afford to a nature so susceptible and so undisciplined as his. The contrast of his sweet and modest bearing, and his considerate regard for the feelings of others in personal intercourse, with the frequent arrogance of expression in his writings was always striking, but the trait which now seemed to me more evident and more controlling than in former years was that of which he has said in writing of his childhood,[1] "Another character of my perceptions I find curiously steady — that I was only interested by things near me, or at least clearly visible and present. I suppose this is so with children generally; but it remained — and remains — a part of my grown-up temper." I said to him one day that when he was looking at a sunset he was altogether forgetful of the sunrise. "Yes," he replied, "but to-morrow morning I shall care only for the sunrise." His mind was of "a temper so interwoven," to use his own words again, so open to strong impressions from widely different objects, that there was an extraordinary variety in his interests, both

[1] *Præterita*, vol. i, ch. vi.

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personal and intellectual, and little consecutiveness in his occupations.

In the autumn of 1868 I spent a few delightful days with him at Abbeville, an interesting old town, where he was busy in drawing the church of St. Wulfram, one of the finest late constructions in the flamboyant Gothic style. We went thence for a day or two to Paris, where we had the good fortune to find Longfellow and his admirable brother-in-law Tom Appleton. Neither of them had previously met Ruskin, and one evening we had a dinner at Meurice's, than which there could not have been a pleasanter. Ruskin, Longfellow, and Appleton were each at his respectively unsurpassed best, and when late at night the little company broke up, its members parted from one another as if old friends. Longfellow had been spending a part of the day with Sainte-Beuve, and he told us much of their talk, mentioning, among other things, the saying of Sainte-Beuve, which has since been more than once in print, when after much conversation about the literary men of the century, and of the relative merits of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve wound up the talk with "Eh bien, charlatan pour charlatan je préfère Lamartine."

The next summer I met Ruskin again in Switzerland. He was much out of heart, depressed, worried, embittered. He had fallen in with Longfellow and his party, earlier in the season, at Verona. "The last time I saw him," wrote Longfellow to me two years afterwards, "was at Verona, perched upon a ladder, copying some detail of the tomb of Can Grande; thus representing the coat of arms of the Scala family in his own person. I admired his enthusiasm and singleness of purpose."

During the summer of 1870 my home was in one of the spacious old villas near Siena, and there Ruskin came, with a party of charming ladies, to pass a week with us. His mood was far happier than in the preceding year; for the moment no cloud darkened his soul. He spent several days in drawing the wonderful pulpit in the wonderful Cathedral. We drove and walked through many of the roads and paths of the picturesque region, and he enjoyed to the full the loveliness of the Tuscan landscape, the interest of its historic associations, and the charm of the Italian atmosphere. He was a delightful inmate of the household.

I returned to England in the autumn of 1872, and till the next spring, when I came home, I saw him frequently in London and in Oxford. He had been elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts in 1869, and his first course of lectures at Oxford had been given in the winter of 1870.

During all these years, in the intervals of our meetings, he wrote often to me, in various moods, as the following letters give evidence.

DENMARK HILL, *July* 20th, 1868.

MY DEAREST NORTON, — I am very deeply glad that you are with us again. I cannot write to you — cannot think of you rightly — when you are so far away. I will be here at any time for you, but the sooner you come the better, as exhibitions are fast closing.

My mother, confined now unhappily to the *level* of her room, requires both quiet and space in that story of the house, and in many ways this renders it impossible for me to make arrangements that would be comfortable in receiving friends. I can always make up a bed for you, but could not make it at all right for Mrs. Norton also — you will see, when you come, how it is so — come soon, please — but yet (except for exhibitions) not in any haste interfering with your comfort. I *must* be here for three or four weeks longer at all events.

Ever your affectionate
JOHN RUSKIN.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Esq.

My true regards to all with you.

DENMARK HILL, 22nd *August*, 1868.

MY DEAR CHARLES, — Five of the little pebbles were sent yesterday to be

polished, and will be sent, or brought to you, next week; if the children are told on "Saturday" next, they can't be disappointed. I have looked out to-day a few fossils of the chalk — flints and the like — of which I know nothing, though I have them as illustrations of certain methods of mineralization. But they will show you what kind of things are now under your feet, and in the roadside heaps of stones, and the first time Darwin takes them in his hand they will become Prim-*Stones* to you — (I am glad to escape writing the other word after "Prim") — and *Stones*-Lips, instead of Cows. Not that they're worth his looking at, otherwise than as the least things have been. (They are worth carriage to America, however, as you have n't chalk there.) But the little group of shattered vertebræ in the square piece of chalk may have belonged to some beast of character and promise. When is he going to write — ask him — the "Retrogression" of Species or the Origin of Nothing? I am far down on my way into a flint-sponge. Note the little chalcedony casts of spiculæ in the sea-urchins (wrapt up more carefully than the rest).

Next, as Mrs. Norton remembered that bird of Hunt's, I thought she might like to have one a little like it, which would otherwise only be put away just now, and I've sent it, and a shell and bit of stone of my own which I'm rather proud of (I want Darwin to see the shell — only don't say I did, please); I can do much better — but it looked shelly and nice, and I left it. . . .

Ever your affectionate
J. Ruskin.

Abbeville, 11th *September*, 1868.

My dearest Charles, — Come whenever it is most convenient to you — I shall have my work in a more comfortable state in about a week's time than it is now — but come at your own time. . . .

I have often thought of setting down some notes of my life; but I know not how; I should have to accuse my own folly bitterly — but not less, as far as I can judge, that of the fondest, faithfullest, most devoted, most mistaken parents that ever child was blest with, or ruined by. For myself, I could speak of my follies and my sins — I could not speak of my good. If I did, people would know the one was true — few would believe the other. Many of my own struggles for better things I have forgotten. I cannot judge myself — I can only despise and pity. In my good nature, I have no merit — but much weakness and folly. In my genius I am curiously imperfect and broken. The best and strongest part of it could not be explained. And the greatest part of my Life — as Life (and not merely as an investigating or observant energy), has been . . . a series of delights which are gone forever, and of griefs which remain forever — and my one necessity of strength or of being is to turn away my thoughts from what they refuse to forget. Some day, but not now, I will set down a few things — but the more you understand the less you will care for me. I am dishonest enough to want you to take me for what I am to you, by your own feeling — not for what I am in the hollowness of me. I bought a cane of palm tree a week ago — it was a delightful cane to me — but it has come untwisted, — it is all hollow inside. It is not the poor cane's fault — it would let me lean upon it — if it could. . . .

Ever your affectionate
J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, *February*, 1869.

My dearest Charles, — The enclosed is not a Washington autograph, but I think you will like to have it, as evidently the first sketch of the Moral Theory of his work by the great author of *Modern Painters*.

The Guide came all right — it is so very useful.

Ever your affectionate
J. R.

The enclosures were the following letter and verses. The letter is written in

pencil, the verses which follow it are neatly printed in ink.

May, 1827.

My dear papa — I have missed you very much especially on sunday for though I do miss you on the evenings yet I miss you more on sunday Mamma is always thinking of you for when she fills Miss deprey's cup she only puts in the milk and sugar and leaves the rest to Miss depreey. I have changed very much in my lessons for while mary was with me I said them very ill every day, but now I almost say them very well every day. we are perhaps going to make a balloon today, perhaps not for a good while. just as I was thinking what to say to you, I turned by chance to your picture, and it came into my mind now what can I say to give pleasure to that papa. the weather is at present very beautiful, though cold. I have nothing more to say to you, dear papa.

Your affectionate son,
John Ruskin.

Mamma says that I may tell you I have been a very good boy while you have been away.

WALES

That rock with waving willows on its side
That hill with beauteous forests on its top
That stream that with its rippling waves doth glide
And oh what beauties has that mountain got

That rock stands high against the sky
Those trees stand firm upon the rock
and seem as if they all did lock
Into each other; tall they stand
Towering above the whitened land

SPRING

What beauties spring thou hast the waving lilac
and the stiff tall peach with roselike flowers
with yellow chorchorus and with nectarine blossom
some with grace wave and some though tall are stiff
waving is lilac, so is yellow chorchorus
waving is cherry blossom though not so graceful
as the spiry lilac and the hyacinth
stiff is the pear and nectarine with the peach

and apricot, all these are stiff but in return
their flowers are beautiful. so are birds and beasts
as well as flowers some are wild and cruel
such are the tiger, panther, lynx and ounce

so also in return these animals
are pretty in the other sort
some dogs are ugly, but conceal within
some good intentions good ideas good thoughts

but spring, there is one tree that thou bring'st forth
that is more beautiful than all the others —
this is the apple blossom o how sweet
is that fine tree and so I end.

Verona, 21st *June*, '69.

My dearest Charles, — Do you recollect that line of Horace's about Ulysses, "Adversis rerum immersabilis undis"? I do not know any sentence in any book that has so often helped me as that, but there is so strange a relation between it and the end of Ulysses in Dante. I recollect no evidence of Dante's knowing Horace at all: and it is so very strange to me that he has precisely contradicted Horace, in his mysterious death, — "Infin che il mar fu sopra noi richiuso." It is the most melancholy piece in all Dante — that — to me.

I wish I could give you, for an instant — my sense of sailing on lonely sea — and your writing to me from far away about things so very practical and important on the shore, which of course I ought to care for, and to leave all properly arranged — fin che il mar sia sopra me richiuso. But I don't care about them. Or, take the comic side of it — Jonathan Oldbuck leaves Lovel — who is sensible and practical — to bring out his essay on the Prætorium. Lovel does n't bring it out — and writes its titlepage calling it "an attempt at identification of the Kaim of Kinprunes — with the landing place of Agricola" and keeps teasing Jonathan to write his Will. . . .

24th *June.*

And, indeed, if I were to die now, the life would have been such a wreck that you could n't even make anything of the drift wood. It really is more important and practical for me to try before I die to lead two or three people to think "whether there be any Holy Ghost" than even to make sure that you have my watch and seals to play with — though I *should* like you to have them. Only I'm not sure after all whether it is really me, or an ideal of me in your head, that you love. I don't believe anybody loves *me*, except my mother and poor little Joan.[1]

I really *am* getting practical. Last night — full moon — the metal cross on the tomb summit — which I have named in the *Stones of Venice* as "chief of all the monuments of a land of mourning"[2] reflected the moonlight as it rose against the twilight, and looked like a cross of real pale fire — for the last time I believe from the old roof, for they take it off to-day, or to-morrow, to "restore it." Well, in old times, I should have thought that very pretty; whereas now I reflected that with four tallow candles stuck on the crossends I could produce a much brighter effect. And I'm thinking of writing Hamlet's soliloquy into Norton-&-Millesque. "The question which under these circumstances must present itself to the intelligent mind, is whether to exist, or not to exist," etc. . . .

Don't send me any letters that will require any sort of putting up with or patience, because I have n't got any. Only this I'll say — I've suffered so fearfully from *Reticences* all my life that I think sheer blurting out of all in one's head is better than silence. . . .

By the way, Charles, when I'm dead, do you mean to publish my sketches entitled "An attempt to draw the cathedral of Verona," etc., etc., because that would be quite true; but remember, one does n't "attempt" to interpret an inscription.[3] One either does it right or wrong; it is either a translation or a mistake. Of course, there are mistakes in all interpretation, but the gist of them is either a thing done or undone — it is not an attempt, except in the process of it.

This Italy is such a lovely place to study liberty in! There are the vilest wretches of ape-faced children riding on my griffins all day long, or throwing stones at the carvings — that ever were left to find the broad way to Hades without so much as a blinker, let alone a bridle.

Can't write any more to-day.

Ever your loving
J. R.

Verona, 9th *August*, '69.

My dearest Charles, — . . . Several things have concurred lately in furthering my preparation for the plan I told you of about the Valais. — To-day in coming from Venice I met an engineer who is negotiating a loan of four millions of francs for an aqueduct to Venice, and had various talks with a Venetian merchant

[1] His cousin Miss Agnew, now Mrs. Arthur Severn.

[2] The exact words in the *Stones of Venice* (vol. i, ch. xi, *ad fin.*) are: "this pure and lovely monument, my most beloved throughout all the length and breadth of Italy; — chief, as I think, among all the sepulchral marbles of a land of mourning." They are the close of a description of (these are Ruskin's words) "as far as I know or am able to judge the most perfect Gothic sepulchral monument in the world . . . the nameless tomb standing over the small cemetery gate of the Church of St. Anastasia at Verona." No one will differ widely from Ruskin in his estimate of the beauty and impressiveness of this tomb, who has become familiar with the simplicity and dignity of its design, and the exquisite refinement of its decoration.

[3] Ruskin had left England in April. He had gone off hastily, in a condition of great depression and weariness, leaving many affairs at loose ends and in confusion. He had given me charge of some of these affairs; among them, of revising the final proofs of *The Queen of the Air*, and this sentence must have reference to some ill-judged suggestion of mine, which I have quite forgotten, in regard to the title, which now stands in full as *The Queen of the Air: being a study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm.*

about the lagunes just before. Of course, the thing to be done is to catch — and use — and guide — the rain — when first Heaven sends it. For 1200 years, the Venetians have been fighting vainly with the Brenta and its slime. Every wave of it is just so much gold — running idly into the sea, and dragging the ruin of kingdoms down with it. Catch it when it first falls, and the arid north side of the Alps would be one garden, up to 7000 feet above the plain, and the waters clear and lovely in what portion of them was allowed to go down to the plain for its cultivation. Not a drop should be allowed to find its way into the sea from Lombardy, except as much as would make the Po navigable as far at least as Pavia, or, better, Casale; and the minor rivers constant with clear water in one fifth of their present widths of bed. . . .

Omar is very deep and lovely. But the universe is not a shadow show, nor a game, but a battle of weary wounds and useless cries, and *I* am now in the temper that Omar would have been in, if somebody always stood by him to put mud into his wine, or break his amphora. You don't quite yet understand the humor of thirsty souls, who have seen their last amphora broken — and "del suo vino farsi in terra lago."[1]

The Valais plan, however, is only the beginning of a bigger one, for making people old-fashioned. The more I see of your new fashions the less I like them. — I, a second time (lest the first impression should have been too weak), was fated to come from Venice to Verona with an American family — Father and mother and two girls — presumably rich — girls, 15 and 18. I never before conceived the misery of wretches who had spent all their lives in trying to gratify themselves. It was a little warm — warmer than was entirely luxurious — but nothing in the least harmful. They moaned and fidgeted and frowned and puffed and stretched and fanned, and ate lemons, and smelt bottles, and covered their faces, and tore the cover off again, and had no one thought or feeling during five hours of travelling in the most noble part of all the world, except what four poor beasts would have had in their den in a menagerie, being dragged about on a hot day. Add to this misery every form of possible vulgarity, in methods of doing and saying the common things they said and did. I never yet saw humanity so degraded (*allowing for external circumstances of every possible advantage*). Given wealth, attainable education, and the inheritance of 18 centuries of Christianity, and 10 of noble Paganism; and this is your result — by means of "Liberty."

I am oppressed with work that I can't do, but must soon close now. Send me a line to Lugano. Love to you all.

Ever your affectionate

J. R.

[1] "Delle mie vene farsi in terra lago." *Purgatorio*, v. 84.

Denmark Hill, 7th *August*, 1870.

My dearest Charles, — Your letter and the photographs, which are delightful, arrived last night — it is better to send some little word of answer at once to your two questions about Turner. His, "I have been cruelly treated," was reported to me by his friend Mr. Griffith (who was much with him before his death) as having been said one day almost without consciousness of speaking aloud, as he was looking sorrowfully at the pictures then exhibiting at Pallmall — from his gallery — everybody admiring them too late. The other saying came from an unquestionable quarter — Mr. Kingsley of Cambridge — Charles Kingsley's cousin — was in Turner's own gallery with him. They came to the "Crossing the Brook" — a piece of paint out of the sky, as large as a 4^{d} piece, was lying on the floor. Kingsley picked it up, and said, "Have you noticed this?" "No," said Turner. "How can you look at the picture and see it so injured?"

said Kingsley. "What does it matter?" answered Turner, "the only use of the thing is to recall the impression." Of course it was false, but he was then thinking of himself only, having long given up the thought of being cared for by the public.

It was very curious your reading Ste. Beuve's *Virgil* with me. You will have seen by the lectures already that I feel as strongly as he, and much more strongly. (I like Ste. Beuve much, and see why you spoke of his style as admirable; but he is altogether shallow, and therefore may easily keep his agitation at ripple-level. Please compare his translation of Homer's *Eolus* at p. 204 with mine in *Queen of Air*, p. 22, and see how he has missed the mythic sense of the feasting, and put in "viandes savoreuses" out of his head, not understanding why Homer made the house misty.) But for Virgil, all you say of him is true — but through and under all that there is a depth and perfectness that no man has reached but he; — just as that Siena arabesque, though in a bad style, is insuperable — so Virgil, in (not a bad — but) a courtly and derivative style, has sterling qualities the most rare.

Thank you for writing what you had told me, but what I am only too glad to have written, of Cervantes. I will look at the two parts carefully.

Yes, I'll write often now, little words to tell you what I am feeling, and trying to do. Loving memory to you all.

Ever your grateful,

J. Ruskin.

9 *August*, 1870.

My dearest Charles, — I did not, in my last letter, enter at all on my real meaning in saying Don Quixote was mischievous, and I want you to know it.

I never discerned the difference you point out between the parts. But *I* read the whole as the *First* — not as the *Last*. It always affected me — *throughout* with tears, not laughter. It was always *throughout*, *real* chivalry to me; and it is precisely because the most touching valour and tenderness are rendered vain by madness, and because — thus vain — they are made a subject of laughter to vulgar and shallow persons; and because *all* true chivalry is thus by implication accused of madness, and involved in shame — that I call the book so deadly.

Ever your loving,

J. R.

Oxford, 23rd *February*, '71.

. . . I am setting to my work here, recklessly, to do my best with it, feeling quite that it is talking at hazard, for what chance good may come. But I attend regularly in the schools as mere drawing master — and the men begin to come — one by one — about fifteen or twenty already — several worth having as pupils in any way — being of temper to make good growth of.

I am living in a country inn, or, rather, country-town inn — the Crown and Thistle of Abingdon, and drive in, six miles, to Oxford every day but Sunday — two days every week being statedly in the schools — and contingently there or in the Bodleian on others. This seems to put an end, abruptly, to all Denmark Hill life.

[Denmark Hill] 3rd *April*, '71.

. . . I have had much disturbed work at Oxford, and coming home a few days ago for rest, my poor old Annie dies suddenly, and I've just buried her to-day, within (sight of!) her old master's grave. It is very wonderful to me that those two, who loved me so much, should not be able to see me any more.[1]

[1] Anne or Annie, as she was indifferently called, was an important and characteristic member of the Denmark Hill household, — one of the wheels on which it ran its steady course. In 1873 Ruskin wrote of her in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter xxviii, words which he repeated twelve years later in the first number of *Præterita*, and which, because of my pleasant memories of her keen inspection and her kind old-fashioned attentions to me as her master's friend when I was at Denmark Hill, I am glad to reprint here:

At Oxford, having been Professor a year and a half, I thought it time to declare open hostilities with Kensington, and requested the Delegates to give me a room for a separate school on another system. They went with me altogether, and I am going to furnish my new room with coins, books, catalogued drawings and engravings, and your Greek vases;[1] the mere fitting will cost me three or four hundred pounds. Then I'm going to found a Teachership under the Professorship, on condition of the teaching being on such and such principles, and this whole spring I must work hard to bring all my force well to bear, and show what I can do.

It is very sad that I cannot come to Venice, but everything is infinitely sad to me — this black east wind for three months most of all. Of all the things that oppress me, this sense of the evil-working of nature herself — my disgust at her barbarity — clumsiness — darkness — bitter mockery of herself — is the most desolating. I am very sorry for my old nurse — but her death is ten times more horrible to me because the sky and blossoms are Dead also.

CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
14th *September*, 1871.

In haste — more to-morrow — I've bought a small place here, with five acres of rock and moor, a streamlet, and I think on the whole the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire — with the sunset visible over the same.

The house — small — old — damp — and smoky chimneyed — somebody must help me get to rights.

MELROSE, 24th *September*, 1871.

. . . I shall in all probability be fairly settled in the house in November, for one of the reasons of my getting it is that I may fully command the winter sunsets, in clear sky — instead of losing the dead of day in the three o'clock fog of London. Meantime, I am very thankful for that sense of rest, which you feel also; but it is greatly troubled and darkened and lowered by the horrible arrangement of there being women in the world as well as mountains and stars and lambs, and what else one might have been at peace with — but for those other creatures!

What a lovely Tintoret that one at Dresden must be! — I never saw it; and what a gigantic, healthy, Sea-Heaven of a life he had, compared to this sickly, muddy, half eau sucrée and half-poisoned wine which is my River of Life; and yet how vain his also, except to you and me. I am writing a word or two of his work — as true "wealth" opposed to French lithographs and the like, in the preface to second volume of my revised works, *Munera Pulveris*.

DENMARK HILL, 9th *December*, '71.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — It is Saturday — and on Tuesday last my mother died, and yet I have not written to tell you, feeling continually the same dread that I should have of telling you anything sad concerning yourself.

I am more surprised by the sense of loneliness than I expected to be — but it can only be a sense, never a reality, of solitude, as long as I have such friends as you.

I have been very curious to ask you —

"Among the people whom one must miss out of one's life, dead, or worse than dead, by the time one is past fifty, I can only say for my own part, that the one I practically and truly miss most next to my father and mother . . . is this Anne, my father's nurse and mine. . . . From her girlhood to her old age, the entire ability of her life was given to serving us. She had a natural gift and speciality for doing disagreeable things, not things disagreeable *to* others, but those which others found disagreeable to do for themselves. She was altogether occupied, from the age of fifteen to seventy-two, in doing other people's wills instead of her own, and seeking other people's good instead of her own." Anne was no saint, but few saints have deserved as she did such a tribute.

[1] Vases which I had obtained in Italy for him.

since you will not admit Frederick to have been a hero, what your idea of heroism is?

I believe I shall have to give a subject for an essay at St. Andrews this year — the oldest university of Scotland. I am going to give, "The definition of Heroism, and its function in Scotland at this day."

Ever your loving
J. Ruskin.

[Added in Mrs. Severn's hand.] P. S. He has n't told you that he has been made Lord Rector of St. Andrews.

[Denmark Hill] 4th *January*, 1872.

I have been so singularly, even for me, depressed and weak since the beginning of the year, that I could not write to you. One of the distinctest sources of this depression is my certitude that I ought now to wear spectacles; but much also depends on the sense of loss of that infinitude of love my mother had for me, and the bitter pity for its extinction.

I much delight in this coin of Frederick, and very solemnly and with my whole heart prefer it to the Hercules. I should even prefer my own profile to the Greek Hercules, though mine has the awfullest marks of folly, irresolution and disease. But Frederick and I had both of us, about the worst education that men could get for money, and both had passed through rough times which partly conquered us — being neither of us, certainly not I, made of the best metal, even had we been well brought up. One of the quaintest things in your last letter was your fixing in your search for bad epithets for Frederick on "Unsociable." And yet you love *me*.

But not to continue so insolent a comparison any longer, take the one instance of Frederick's domestic and moral temper, that having been in danger of death under the will — almost sentence of a father partly insane, he yet never accuses, but in all things justifies, and evidently reverences that father, through life.

28th.

I have the registered letter, and will pack the "Slaver" forthwith.

It is right that it should be in America,[1] and I am well pleased in every way, and always

Your lovingest,

. . . . . .

Corpus Christi College, Oxford,
Easter Sunday, '72.

I left my Denmark Hill study to go back no more on Thursday, and have passed my Good Friday and Saturday here, quite alone, finding, strangely, one of my Father's diaries for my solace, giving account of all our continental journies, from the time I was six years old, when he and my mother, and I, and a cat, whom I made a friend at Paris, and an old French man-chambermaid, were all very happy (yet not so much in degree as completeness) at Paris — my Father some twelve years younger than I am now.

Lancaster, 27th *December*, '72.

My dearest Charles, — I brought your Siena home from Oxford with me, and have been reading it all the way down, having carriage to myself.

It is curious that the first drawing I ever made of Italian art should have been from Duccio, and that I should have sent it to you the day before I read the account you give of him — twenty times more interesting than Cimabue.

I was greatly surprised by the early dates you assign, and prove, for the fall of Siena, and also by your ascribing it in the end, so completely, to the failure of religious faith.

Qu. and this is the only thing which during the whole day I wanted my pen to suggest — all the rest being unquestionable, . . . — should we not rather say, the failure of the qualities which render religious faith possible, and which, if it be taught, make it acceptable?

How far religion made — how far de-

[1] Turner's superb and astonishing picture, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

stroyed — the Italians is now a quite hopelessly difficult question with me. My work will only be to give material for its solution.

My cold is nearly gone. I will do S—— her drawing and you yours, at Brantwood. I have been dining on turtle soup and steak, and have had more than half a pint of sherry, and feel comfortable — here in King's Arms Inn, with picture of Dickens's Empty Chair behind me, and his signature to it, cut out of a letter to the landlord. Volunteer band playing, melodiously and cheerfully. Mind you get acquainted with a conscientious Punch.

P. S. Pitch dark day. Qu. (not a critical one) After that time of homicide at Siena, Heaven sent the Black Plague. "You will kill each other, will you? You shall have it done cheaper."

We have covered ourselves with smoke. "You want darkness?" says Heaven, "You shall have it cheaper."

(*To be continued.*)

UNPUNISHED COMMERCIAL CRIME

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

PERHAPS the most important present criticism of American criminal law is that it is content with the performance of only a part of the functions which the moral welfare of the community increasingly requires it to exercise; that it devotes too much attention to elementary crimes, and fails to recognize that the peculiarly dangerous crimes of our day are those which the changed conditions of modern life have made possible, and the detection of which, for the most part, is beyond the scope of the police system.

The principles of criminal law, as that term is used to-day, were formulated in ancient times to meet the requirements of an essentially agricultural community, when the citizen required protection from crimes of violence rather than from the more modern crimes of craft. With the development of the police system our ability to cope with wrongs of violence has steadily increased. These ancient offenses have through all ages been offenses primarily against the life and safety of the individual citizen.

Crimes of the new type, however, affect not only the individual, but in a more immediate and special sense the moral welfare of the community itself.

These crimes may be described roughly as crimes of fraud perpetrated either upon merchants or upon the general public. Fraud in obtaining credit by falsehood; fraud in concealing and conveying property to avoid the just demands of creditors; fraud in stealing trademarks and trade-names; fraud in the substitution, adulteration, and misrepresentation of goods; fraud in bribing, "commissions," and "special rebates;" fraud in the promotion, organization, inflation, management, and destruction of corporations; fraud in a hundred manifestations which daily are being fostered and encouraged by success, and rarely are deterred by anything suggesting punishment.

There is, perhaps, no occasion for pessimism in this connection, but it seems quite apparent that there is in the great cities a constantly increasing volume of business done which is either fundamentally fraudulent, or which depends upon fraudulent means for the large financial success which it often obtains. Take, for example, the Sunday edition of almost any great metropolitan newspaper and

study its advertising columns. Leaving out of account the department store announcements and the want columns, consider what a large part of the remaining advertisements bear the mark of almost obvious fraud. During the past few flush years these papers have been crowded with alluring advertisements of corporations with enormous capitalization, whose stock is issued, generally in small denominations, to place it within the reach of "small investors:" tempting gold and copper mines for the discontented janitress and ambitious elevator man, corporations with new processes and machinery to revolutionize the manufacture of household articles or necessities, corporations exploiting startling inventions calculated, on paper, to reverse the ways of commerce. An investigation would probably show that a majority of these companies are created solely for the purpose of selling stock, and without the slightest intention on the part of their promoters or officers of doing any legitimate business with the money acquired. During the Klondike fever a few years ago corporations of this kind were born daily in New Jersey and West Virginia with enormous paper capital, with a reasonable sprinkling of respectability in their directorates, and with glittering prospectuses, compared to which the South Sea Bubble was both honest and conservative. It may be doubted whether of the dozens of these highly advertised companies, organized to sell stock and work the gold mine of public credulity, there is one in active existence to-day. The harvest was reaped, and, their purpose being accomplished, they faded away "to the nothing they set out from," leaving no trace of their existence except beautifully engraved certificates of stock in the sewing-machine drawer of the seamstress, or tucked away in the family Bible of the flat parlor. So accustomed have we grown to these companies, with their prospectuses full of fraudulent misstatements, over-valuations, and overestimates, that they long ago became a popular topic for our shiftless American humor. A problem in America has to begin by being a jest, and we laugh at our troubles long before we think of doing anything about them.

Study the "Business Opportunities." What proportion of them are above the suspicion of being mere baits for catching gudgeons? As for the Wall Street advertisements, the "market letter people," the "pool" riggers, the inevitable "clerk in the office of a large corporation who will confidentially sell information of a certain movement in its stock," the turf-guide companies with their daily tips, they require no comment. So far as drugs and medicines are concerned, we are so accustomed to quack nostrums that we consider them with the utmost toleration, and accept good-naturedly the maxim of one of the most successful of modern "nerve invigorators," that "the value of an advertised medicine depends on what you put on the bottle rather than on what you put in it."

This country is notorious for its general indifference to adulteration and substitution of foods and drugs. Even when the article is found to be highly dangerous to health, actual punishment of its promoters is exceedingly rare. An amusing recognition of America as the natural home of food frauds was given recently in Germany, where the harsh government had pounced upon the prosperous manufacturers of a so-called Rhine wine which contained some rather remarkable adulterations. The manufacturers made a strong though ultimately unsuccessful plea to be left in peace. They maintained that they had never sold a bottle of their decoction in Germany, but were engaged solely in trade with the United States; that their business was very large, and afforded employment to many German workmen; and that an attack upon their business would be in effect made upon many other business houses likewise employing German workmen, and likewise engaged exclusively in export business to the United States.

A lengthy consideration of common forms of commercial fraud daily practiced is unnecessary, and would extend this paper beyond reasonable limits. The subject of "business graft" alone would afford a topic in itself, — that form of criminal conspiracy which finds daily illustration through the whole length and breadth of business life, from the cook, whose beer bottles are charged up by the grocer, to the purchasing agent of the railroad, who grows rich on secret commissions for everything which, through him, his company buys. The point is not that these frauds exist, for every one knows that they exist and flourish luxuriantly. The significant thing is that in this country we do not think of these modern forms of criminal business as proper subjects for treatment by criminal law, and often we do not consider them as crimes at all.

Fraud accomplished by ancient methods, larceny of the simple and obvious type by the common criminal, we meet readily enough, but on crime of a more intellectual kind, particularly crime in the business methods and expedients of highly successful financiers and business men, we hesitate to put the mark of public disapproval. We have not yet realized the peculiarly corrupting influence of these offenses. In medicine we long ago learned that among bodily ailments smallpox and diphtheria were highly dangerous to the community, and with these diseases our health boards deal with commendable promptness, because they are recognized not only as serious diseases, but as highly contagious ones. Should not the criminal courts perform the functions of health boards in preserving the community from moral epidemics? In dealing with crime should not they deal with greater vigor with the more contagious form? Which, for example, is really the greater enemy of American society, the Mulberry Bend Italian who in a fit of jealous frenzy murders his wife, or the promoter of a heavily watered corporation who, by a fraudulent prospectus, induces the foolish innocent to lose thousands upon thousands of honestly earned dollars? At the crime of the Italian the moral sense of the community is shocked. Even his poor neighbors in his own tenement regard his offense with horror. The sphere of influence of such a murder is comparatively small, and the whole machinery of the law is immediately turned upon the criminal. If he flies, the police of the whole country aid in the search for him. He is quickly captured, quickly tried, and lifelong imprisonment is the penalty. To the promoter whose successful operations enable him to live a life of ostentatious luxury, and with whom reputable men are apparently not unwilling to associate, the criminal law ordinarily has nothing to say. As to the young men who see him living in elegance, with the profusion of worldly goods his methods have gained for him, who enjoy the hospitality of his automobile or his yacht, is it surprising that they should learn to think that there is a better way of getting money than by earning it, or that they also should become earnest students of that all too prevalent form of business success whose triumph consists in making plenty of money and keeping out of jail?

Another phase of the influence of the fraudulent promoter is in the effect of his efforts upon legitimate enterprises. Comparatively few of the investors who lost money in his "operation" because they thought his promising scheme afforded a legitimate means of investment for them could again be induced by any amount of persuasion to embark in another corporate venture, however honest or highly commended.

When shall we begin to consider the real importance of dealing vigorously through the criminal courts with the modern business vampire? By what process of reasoning can we make a moral distinction between the larceny of the despised green-goods or gold-brick swindler and the equally real larceny accomplished, for example, by the rich and

quasi-respectable promoters of the American Ship-Building Company, that bubble of fraud concerning which the public press has had so much to say recently. The trustee who hazards the funds of his trust estate in Wall Street gambling, and loses, speedily learns to his sorrow that his offense is embezzlement, and his punishment severe. How do we distinguish between the conduct which places him behind the bars of a prison and that, for example, of the president and directors of the trust company so closely associated with the shipbuilding swindle, upon which the financial report of the New York state bank examiner has recently been made public? That report shows that these directors made illegal and practically unsecured loans of enormous amounts, and permitted their president to use his official position, and the money of stockholders and depositors, to gamble in floating a so-called trust of the most flagrantly fraudulent character. Illegal loans to this president were made to ten times the amount which was authorized by the banking law, and the trust company preserved its solvency only by reducing its capital fifty per cent. "Its losses wiped out its entire surplus and necessitated the sacrifice by stockholders of over one half their holdings. Over a million dollars was charged to profit and loss." The state bank examiner, from whose report the last sentence is quoted, closes that report with a series of recommendations for *new* bank legislation to prevent acts which he says "flagrantly transgress the law." It is significant, however, that, notwithstanding this series of recommendations as to needed banking law, there is no suggestion that the existing *criminal* law be in any wise put in motion to punish such offenses by such highly respectable offenders, nor does the examiner comment on the insufficiency of that law for such a purpose, or advise any effective amendments.

Is it not more important, in the temper of these times, that the community should be both able and willing actually to punish as crimes offenses of which these are but types, than that half-a-dozen slum murderers should undergo sentence? We suffer from no general temptation to commit murder, but far too many of us, and not merely the poor and needy ones either, do suffer from temptations to make too much money in quick and devious ways. The failure of the criminal courts to reach these types of offenses and offenders can but be far-reaching in the evil consequences which inevitably follow from it, in undermining the national moral sense which the criminal courts were created to strengthen and support.

As a people we have a curious dislike to punish severely criminals of good social standing who have respectable friends. We take narrow views of the purposes of criminal law. Our conception of the proper use of punishment as a warning to others is limited to old-fashioned crime, and rarely finds practical application to such offenses as we have been here considering. An illustration of this indifference was given a few years ago in an important case in New York city. The officers of a national bank had permitted their institution to be wrecked by certifying, and thereby, of course, practically guaranteeing, the checks of a firm of stock brokers for enormous sums when the brokers did not have the money represented by the checks deposited in the bank. This was distinctly forbidden, and made a criminal offense, by the national banking law. The brokers failed, and the bank having closed its doors in consequence, the president of the bank was indicted. A jury having been empaneled to try him, he pleaded guilty, his counsel urging, as a reason for clemency, that the violation of this statute was a habit of the New York banks in the Wall Street district, and that if the wrecked bank had not followed this law-breaking custom of its competitors the stock brokers would have withdrawn their account. The plea was successful, and the officer escaped with a small fine. Imagine a burglar or a pickpocket urging a plea for clemency

based on the general business habits and customs of his criminal confrères! In dealing with offenses by criminals of previous good social standing we rarely look beyond the offender himself to consider the welfare of the community. If, for example, a man steals, and, after his indictment for the crime, his friends or relatives repay the amount of the theft, in America that is the end of the matter, and the offense committed against criminal law devised as a protection for the public is entirely negligible. The greatest bank wrecker in American criminal history now lives undisturbed in New York. He never served a day in jail for a defalcation of six million dollars. The indictments against him were all dismissed a few years ago. He even seems to have returned to some sort of social position, and the society columns of the New York *Times*, commenting some time ago upon a reception at his New York home, alluded with becoming gravity to certain Canadian guests as friends whom their host and his family had made "during their long stay in Quebec."

Recorder Goff, the well-known New York criminal judge, in the course of a striking address given before a club of lawyers in New York some time ago, related an incident which deserves repetition in this connection. He had been making the point that in criminal law the present American tendency was to protect the criminal at the expense of society. He illustrated his remarks by a personal incident which, as the writer recollects it, was substantially as follows:—

"I was in the city of Mexico," he said, "some years ago, and went through the great city prison in company with the Mexican attorney general. As we passed along, observing the prisoners, all of them engaged in hard manual labor, one of them, of lighter complexion than the rest, attracted my attention. 'That man looks like an American,' I remarked. The attorney general smiled, and said that he was. I then inquired what he was there for, and from the attorney general's reply, and from a subsequent conversation which I had with the man himself, I learned the following facts: Some years before, in a central state in our own country, two men had been partners in a general real estate business. They lent money for clients, and had, in addition, the funds of many lodges and fraternal societies in their keeping. They misappropriated this money. Finally, after having exhausted the means of concealment, and having reached a point where discovery was practically certain, they debated together what they should do. What they decided upon was this: they had stolen in the neighborhood of $100,000, and they divided what remained of it; one of them fled to Mexico with his share of the booty, and immediately took steps to become a Mexican citizen, so that he could not be extradited for trial in the United States; the other stayed at home. After the crime was discovered, the one who stayed at home was indicted and tried. He fought desperately in the courts, but was finally convicted, with a strong recommendation by the jury for clemency. Powerful influences were brought to bear in his behalf, and he received a light sentence of less than two years in prison, which was materially reduced by good behavior. His prison labor consisted in keeping the prison books.

"His partner in crime, who fled to Mexico, was apprehended there, and his extradition was asked for. He had, however, become a Mexican citizen, and under the treaty between Mexico and the United States could not be extradited. Unfortunately for him, this application for extradition brought him to the attention of the Mexican authorities. He could not be sent to the United States for trial, for he was a Mexican citizen, but he could be and he was prosecuted as a Mexican in Mexico for bringing stolen money into the republic, was sentenced to ten years at hard labor, and was serving that sentence when I saw him. He had about seven years more to serve before he obtained that freedom which his equally guilty

American partner had then been enjoying for more than a year."

There are many reasons why the most important part of business crime fails even to reach the criminal courts. In some instances the apparent inadequacy of the possible punishment makes a prosecution seem hardly worth while. The man who, after inducing the business world to give him credit for many thousands of dollars, transfers his property in order to swindle those who have trusted him, may be punished with no greater severity than the man who expectorates on the floor of a public conveyance. There are no reported cases to show that the New York statute, which makes this commonest and meanest offense against honest business a misdemeanor, has ever led to the punishment of a single offender. What moral difference can there be between the receiver of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, and the person who receives property thus conveyed by a swindling debtor? Yet the former may be punished with five times the penalty of the latter, and while proceedings for the offense of knowingly receiving stolen goods are common in the criminal courts, the reports contain no record of any prosecution of the commercial "fence," the transferee of fraudulently conveyed goods.

An excellent illustration of the attitude of the criminal law in a great commercial state toward essentially criminal methods of doing business is contained in the New York statute which defines the crime of larceny. One section provides generally that this crime is committed by a person who obtains property or any article of value from the true owner, "by color or aid of fraudulent or false representation or pretense." A subsequent section, however, carefully provides that to obtain property "by means of a false pretense is not criminal where the false pretense relates to the purchaser's means or ability to pay, unless the pretense is made in writing and signed by the party to be charged." This special dispensation in favor of the commercial thief is instructive. Apparently it amounts to a license for him to obtain property on credit by any false statement as to his property or his ability to pay which his ingenuity may suggest, and guarantees him immunity from criminal prosecution so long as he avoids putting his falsehood in the form of a written statement, and over his own signature!

Another form of commercial crime which is constantly on the increase is that of counterfeiting trademarks and tradenames. In these days millions of dollars are annually spent in giving value to trademarks by advertising. When these trademarks have acquired such value by reason of the sums invested in them, as to make them second to few forms of commercial property, the necessity of protection against trademark piracy by punishment of the offenders (both from the standpoint of the owner of the trademark and that of the equally deceived and defrauded public) grows more and more apparent. Under the New York law the offense committed by a man who steals one man's business and another man's name by counterfeiting or imitating a valuable trademark, has not yet risen to the dignity of a felony. The moral difference between forging a man's name to a spurious note and forging his trademark to a spurious box or bottle is hard to see, yet the more ancient form of this commercial crime, the forgery of the paper, may be punished with ten times the severity of the equally important, though more modern offense. Nor is this all. Not only is the maximum punishment small for trademark counterfeiting, but in actual practice the writer is informed that in New York, at least, the cases in which imprisonment has been imposed have been so few as to be entirely negligible; and the fines have usually been so small as to amount to very little in preventing the growth of these crimes against fair trade. In a very recent case, the only one in the writer's knowledge in which imprisonment was actually imposed for

this offense in New York, two men were convicted of having made and sold counterfeit caps and labels sufficient to equip 10,000 bottles in fraudulent imitation of the valuable trademarks of a well-known and heavily advertised whiskey. The fine imposed did not exceed the cash actually obtained by the makers of these fraudulent caps and labels for their goods; and the imprisonment to which these men were sentenced was only ten days!

The New York Penal Code contains an entire chapter devoted to "Fraudulent Insolvencies by Corporations and other Frauds in their Management." Nearly all the offenses it creates are not felonies, but misdemeanors only, punishable by maximum penalties of a year's imprisonment or $500 fine. For example, one of the commonest ways of giving fictitious value to stock, and of selling large quantities of worthless certificates, is by paying large dividends, not from the actual earnings of the company, but out of the money paid by stockholders for their stock. Stockholders and others, believing from these dividends that the company is actually prosperous and earning money, either increase their holdings, or buy stock at high prices, only to find later that it is worthless. The Penal Code provides that the directors of a corporation who perpetrate this swindle are guilty simply of a misdemeanor. Equally serious is the action of directors in knowingly making and publishing false statements or reports as to the financial condition of the company of which they are trustees. Whittaker Wright (the great company promoter, who committed suicide after being sentenced to hard labor for issuing false balance sheets of the wrecked London and Globe Finance Corporation) was convicted in England under a statute substantially similar to this section of the Penal Code. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Under this New York law the maximum penalty which he could have received would have been one year's imprisonment, or a fine of five hundred dollars.

Something has been said above as to the offense committed by the directors of a trust company in making illegal loans, ten times larger than those allowed by law, to its president, who was also a director, resulting in the wrecking of the institution. This, also, is merely a misdemeanor. The adulteration of food and drugs is a misdemeanor, under which in New York during the past administration of the city government many prosecutions have been had, almost exclusively, however, in relation to adulterations of milk. The excellent work of the health officers in this connection is a shining example of what can and should be done in the use of criminal law for the protection of the community. The offense of knowingly selling any compound containing a poisonous acid or other substitute for the juice of lemons or other fruit is punishable by a fine of not more than $250, or six months in prison.

It will not do to ascribe the failure of the criminal law to punish commercial crime entirely to defects in the law, or to the inefficiency of its prosecuting officers. The present district attorney of New York county deserves special commendation for his apparent willingness to do his full duty in these matters, and to punish important types of criminal business even when it requires the exercise of a considerable degree of moral courage to do so. Comment upon the trials of Parks and his associates in the trade-union conspiracies is unnecessary. The public service which those prosecutions did and are doing not only for honest trades-unionism, but for honest business as well, cannot be too highly extolled. They afford an additional example of what the criminal courts can do in the hands of conscientious and fearless officials when finally supported by the injured persons most concerned. It remains to be seen, of course, whether further action can and will be taken to punish not merely the criminal bosses of labor organizations, but the theoretically more respectable contractors whose bribe money and whose

dishonest business principles were at the bottom of this labor trouble.

It would not be surprising, of course, for an ordinary district attorney to prefer prosecuting simple crime which requires little mental effort from him, or sensational crime which gives him a desired prominence in the papers, to attacking offenses of a less exciting character, which call for a much more careful examination of law and fact; where the offender is likely to be represented by counsel of large abilities; where the punishment, if conviction be obtained, is almost certain to be light, and where, from the social connections of the offender, a suspended sentence would be quite as likely. The real trouble, however, so far at least as crimes are concerned, affecting merchants and the business world, is with the business men themselves. Except, perhaps, in a few cases, as, for example, trademark counterfeiting, in which criminal prosecutions are fairly frequent, the attitude of the average business man who has been defrauded toward his offender is this: If there is a fair chance of getting back a substantial portion of his money quickly, and without too much inconvenience to himself, he will take action in the civil courts, and in New York the delay of the civil courts is such as practically to cause commercial litigation to cease. But if he is certain that the man who wronged him is "judgment proof," and that no money will result from litigation, the average business man will charge the cheat up to profit and loss, and leave the task of criminal prosecution to some one not so busy as he is. He has no time to waste in sitting around criminal courts when all that his expenditure of time can result in is merely the punishment of the offender, and not in the, to him, more important result of getting his money back. Moreover, having a good opinion of his own business shrewdness, he will not care to advertise the fact that he has met a man "smart" enough to cheat him. It is the same spirit which makes him prefer in civic matters to endure high taxes and rascality in public office rather than to take a personal interest in politics, and which makes him willing to hang on to a strap, or to pay an additional fare, when he should have a transfer. He is too busy.

A more striking illustration of this state of things cannot be found than is afforded by the working of the Federal Bankruptcy Law. That law establishes a series of criminal offenses punishable by imprisonment. Theoretically, under it a man who deliberately plans to conceal his property, to swear himself a bankrupt and be discharged by law from the just claims of his creditors, has the terrors of criminal prosecution facing him. Fraudulent sworn schedules in bankruptcy, fraudulent concealment of assets by alleged bankrupts, and perjury in bankruptcy proceedings are notoriously common, as every business man knows. Yet, with all the thousands of bankruptcy cases which have been passed upon by the Federal Courts since the bankruptcy law went into effect, the number of criminal trials for offenses provided for in that law have been so few, and attended with such meagre results, as to justify the statement that this branch of the law has been practically unenforced.

It is the proud affirmation of our courts that the law is no respecter of persons. It is of the highest public importance that this maxim should not be an extravagant boast, but the expression of a vital reality. In a decade of unparalleled stock jobbing, marked by the inflation through false prospectuses and devious market manipulations of great corporations, the decline of which now daily involves in ruin thousands of honest investors, the criminal courts should be called upon to illustrate by action that affirmation of the law.

Over a century ago in England there was a criminal trial the like of which never before nor since has been witnessed in the legal proceedings of the nations. The country was then filled with men who had returned from India rich with the wealth of an oppressed people, and who

flaunted before the eyes of their home-staying neighbors the spoils of foreign crime. The word "nabob" came into the language filled with a meaning to the moral life of the English people which is not yet forgotten. It signified such a lowering of standards of public morality as perhaps no other word in the language has signified. But the conscience of the people reacted against it. Before the House of Lords Warren Hastings, the greatest, though not, perhaps, the worst, of nabobs, was tried. He was prosecuted by a galaxy of forensic orators, such as never before were associated in the prosecution of a great criminal. Burke, Fox, and Sheridan represented not merely the House of Commons, but the English people, and the reassertion of the national honor which had been outraged by the criminal actions of the nabob Englishmen in India. That trial, as we know, did not result in the conviction and sentence of the famous offender, but the influence of the prosecution itself on the moral sense of the people of England cannot be overestimated. It meant that the English people placed upon wealth obtained by criminal oppression the stamp of their indignant disapproval, and by that fact the great prosecution was not a failure, but a signal success.

Conditions have changed. The nabobs of our day derive their enormous revenue not from direct physical oppression of the weak and helpless, but from the more subtle and bloodless ways of devious finance. One of the functions of the criminal law, in these days disregarded or forgotten, is, borrowing the words of Emerson, "to correct the theory of success." It is high time the criminal courts should recognize the present duty, which the conditions of these times make daily more imperative, of drawing definitely the line which shall distinguish before the eyes of all men the finance which is finance from the finance which is crime.

SONG'S APOSTASY

BY WILLIAM WATSON

When is the Muse most lustily acclaimed?
When she in paths not native goes astray,
There to disown her record if she may,
Deny her lineage, turn as one ashamed
From all she was, and all that once was famed
To be her realm and birthright. Yet to-day,
Her need is rather to retrace her way
To where of old her steadfast signal flamed;
Thence counting it her glory to bestow
On man the things he is poor in, not the things
Life spawns forever with a rank excess;
To teach him beauty and not ugliness,
The upward not the downward truth; and so
To the mountains lead him, and the cold clear springs.

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THE COMMON LOT

BY ROBERT HERRICK

XXIX

THERE was a stir among the reporters gathered in the little room where the coroner's inquest on the Glenmore fire was being held, when it became known that the architect was present and was to be examined. Graves's man, Gotz, the president of the hotel company, had finished his testimony on the previous day, having displayed a marvelous capacity for ignorance. Under advice from his lawyer he had refused to answer every important question put to him, on the plea that it was irrelevant. The coroner had been scarcely more successful with other witnesses in his endeavors to determine the exact causes for the large loss of life in the new hotel, and his inquest was closing in failure. The yelping pack of newspapers had already raised their cry in another field; public interest in the Glenmore disaster had begun to wane; and it was generally believed that nothing would come of the inquest, not even a hearing before the Grand Jury. The whole affair was but another instance of the impotence of our system of government in getting at the real offenders against society, if they are cunning and powerful.

That morning, as the Harts were preparing to go to the hearing, the doctor had called to see little Powers, for the child's feverish cold threatened to develop into pneumonia. After the doctor had gone, the architect went upstairs to the sickroom, where Helen was seated on the bed playing with Powers, and trying to soothe him. As he watched them, he was devoured by a sudden fear, a terrible presentiment, that the child was to die, and thus he was to pay for his sins, and not only he, but Helen. She was to pay with him, even more than he! He tried to rid himself of the hysterical and foolish idea, but it persisted, prompted by that rough sense of retribution — an acknowledgment of supreme justice — that most men retain all their lives.

"I shall have to go now," he said to her at last. "But you must n't think of coming. You must stay with the boy."

"Oh no!" Helen exclaimed quickly, looking closely at the child. "The doctor says there is nothing to fear yet. Everything has been done that I can do, and your mother will stay with him while we are away. It won't be long, anyway!"

"Why do you insist upon coming?" he protested almost irritably. "It won't be exactly pleasant, and you may have to hang around there for hours."

"Don't you want me to go with you, and be there, Francis?"

He made no reply, feeling ashamed to confess that it would make the coming scene all the more painful to know that she was hearing again in all its repulsive detail the story of his participation in the criminal construction of the Glenmore hotel.

"I think I had better go," she said finally, "and I want to go!"

She wished to be near him at the end, after he had performed this difficult act; to be near him when he came out of the hearing and walked home with the knowledge of the public disgrace preparing for him at the hands of the hungry reporters. Then, she divined, he would feel the full bitterness of his position.

The hearing proceeded slowly, and it was the middle of the afternoon before the architect was called. The coroner, a grizzled little German-American with an important manner, put on his spec-

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tacles to examine the new witness, and the members of the coroner's jury, who knew that the architect had left the city immediately after the fire and were surprised at his return, evinced their curiosity by leaning forward and staring at Hart.

The first questions put to him were directed toward gaining information about the corporation that owned the building. As Mr. Hart was the treasurer of the Glenmore company, presumably he held stock in the corporation? A large amount? No, he had had some stock, but had disposed of it. Recently? Some time ago. To whom? The witness refused to answer. Had he paid cash for his stock? The witness refused to answer: he had been told by his lawyer that all such questions were not pertinent to the present inquiry. But who, then, were the chief stockholders? who were, in fact, the Glenmore company? Again the architect refused to answer; indeed, he was not sure that he knew. The coroner, baffled on this line, and knowing well enough in a general way at least from previous witnesses that nothing was to be unearthed here, turned to more vital matters.

"Mr. Hart," he said, clearing his throat and looking gravely at the witness, "I understand that you were the architect for this hotel?"

"Yes."

"You drew the plans and specifications for the Glenmore?"

"Yes, they were prepared in my office."

"Were they the same that you see here?"

The coroner motioned toward the roll of plans that had been taken from the files of the Building Department.

"Yes," the architect answered readily, merely glancing at the plans, "those were the plans for the hotel as originally prepared by me."

"Now I want to ask if the Glenmore hotel was built according to these plans?"

The architect hesitated. Every one in the room knew well enough by this time that the building destroyed by fire had not been erected according to these plans, but, nevertheless, they waited eagerly for the reply.

"Few buildings," Hart began explanatorily, "are completed in all respects according to the original plans and specifications."

"Ah, is that so?"

"But these plans were very considerably altered," the witness continued voluntarily.

"By whom? By you? With your consent, your approval?"

The architect hesitated again for a few moments, and then answered rapidly:—

"With my knowledge, certainly; yes, you may say with my consent!"

There was a little delay in the inquiry at this point, while the coroner consulted with his counsel as to the next questions that should be addressed to the witness. The architect gazed doggedly before him, keeping his eyes on the dirty window above the heads of the jury. In the dingy light of the little room, his face appeared yellow and old. His mouth twitched occasionally beneath his mustache, but otherwise he stood with composure waiting for the next question, which he knew would pierce to the heart of the matter.

"Mr. Hart," the coroner resumed, "will you describe to us what those alterations in the plans for the Glenmore were, what was the nature of them?"

The witness considered how he was to answer the question, and then he proceeded to explain the most important discrepancies between the building as it had been erected by Graves and the plans that had been filed with the Building Department. He described the use of the old walls and foundations, the reduction in the thickness of the bearing-walls and partitions, the chief substitutions of wood for steel in the upper stories, the omitting of fireproof partitions and refi-escapes, etc., — in short, all the methods of "skinning" the construction, in which the con-

tractor was such an adept. He referred from time to time to the plans, and used technical terms, which he was asked to explain. But the jury listened with absorbed interest, and he kept on until he had answered the question thoroughly.

"As an architect," the coroner asked, when Hart had completed his explanation, "will you state whether, in your judgment, these changes that you have described, especially the substitution of inflammable material for fireproofing and the weakening of the main walls, were sufficient to account for the great loss of life in the fire?"

The answer to such a question could be only an individual opinion, and the witness might properly refuse to commit himself. The architect hesitated, and then with a quick motion of the head, as if he were sick of evasions, said: —

"There are a good many buildings here in Chicago and in other large cities that are no safer than the Glenmore was. But if you want my opinion, I will say that such alterations as I have indicated tended to weaken the walls, and in other ways to bring the building below the danger limit."

"It was what might be called a firetrap, then?"

"I did not say that!"

Feeling that at last he had found an easy witness, the coroner began to bully, and there ensued a wrangle between him and the architect in which both men became heated.

"Well, Mr. Hart," a member of the jury finally interposed with a question, "can you say that the Glenmore as it was built conformed to the building ordinances of the city of Chicago?"

"It would take a number of experts and a good lawyer to interpret those ordinances!" the architect answered testily. "I should say that they were drawn for the express purpose of being violated."

There was a laugh along the reporters' seat at this retort. But the witness quickly added in his former contained manner: —

"No, the Glenmore violated the ordinances in a number of important particulars."

There was a sudden hush in the room. This point had been established before by different persons who had been examined. Nevertheless, the admission coming from the architect of the ill-fated building was an important point. It might lead to other interesting admissions.

"You were aware, then, when the Glenmore was being erected that it violated the ordinances?"

"Yes."

"Did you make any protest?"

"No."

"Did you know when you undertook the plans that the hotel was to be built in this manner?"

"I knew that it was to be put up for a certain sum, and that a first-class fireproof building conforming to the ordinances could not be built for that money."

A number of questions followed in regard to the actual cost of the hotel and the connection of the Graves Construction Company with the owners of the building, many of which the architect refused to answer. At last the coroner returned to the one point on which he had been successful in eliciting vital information, — the character of the burned building, and the circumstances of its construction.

"I suppose the building was inspected during the construction?"

"Certainly."

"By whom?"

"As usual, by different inspectors from the Building Department. Mr. Murphy was there several times, I remember, and Mr. Lagrange, among others. But I think chiefly Mr. Murphy."

"Were you present during their inspection?"

"Not always."

"Did either of these gentlemen find anything to object to in the method of construction?"

"I never heard of any objection. Nothing was ever said to me. The inspector

might have talked to the contractors. But I don't think any one of them did."

"Have you reason to believe that there was any collusion between the inspectors and the Graves Company?"

Every one in the room knew that there must have been collusion. Nevertheless, the architect, after hesitation, said:—

"I shan't answer that, sir."

"You refuse to reply?"

"See here, Mr. Coroner! I am here to tell you what I know about the Glenmore, — at least so far as it concerns my own responsibility, my own work. But I am not here to testify against the Graves Construction Company. Understand that!"

"Well, I should say that you and the Graves Company were pretty well mixed in this matter. You were an officer of the corporation which employed the Graves Company to build a hotel on your plans. Could there be any closer connection than that, do you think?"

To this observation Hart made no reply, and finally the member of the jury who had interposed before put another question to the witness:—

"You have told us that the Glenmore was not properly built, was not what it pretended to be, a fireproof building, and generally violated the ordinance for that class of building. Do you consider yourself in any way responsible for those violations?"

"Yes," the architect replied slowly, "I suppose so. At least I knew all about it!"

"You considered it a dangerous building?"

"I can't say that I did. I should consider it so now. I did n't think much about it then."

The witness's admission came with evident effort; the juryman continued insinuatingly:—

"Mr. Hart, I believe that you were present at the fire?"

"Yes."

"Did you then believe that if the hotel had been built according to these plans" — he pointed to the roll of blue prints on the table — "the large loss of life would not have occurred?"

"I felt so, — yes, I believe so now!"

"May I ask one more question? Was it for your interest to make these changes? Did you make any money out of the job beyond your customary commissions?"

It was a question that the witness might properly refuse to answer as having no direct bearing on the object of the inquest. But the architect was weary of quibbles, indeed eager to make his testimony as thorough as might be.

"Not directly, but I was an officer of the company, and beside" —

"Indirectly, then, you benefited?"

"Yes, indirectly."

"That is all, Mr. Hart."

A few more questions were asked by the coroner about the inspection of the building by Murphy and Lagrange, and also in regard to the architect's previous relations with the Graves Company. Then the witness was excused.

When the architect stepped back into the room, he saw Wheeler sitting beside Helen in the rear. They waited for him at the door, and together the three went out to the street. The lawyer, who had reached the hearing in time for most of the testimony, smiled rather grimly as he remarked to his cousin:—

"Well, Jack, you gave them about everything they were after! You need n't have turned yourself quite inside out."

"It was perfect!" Helen exclaimed, taking her husband's arm. "Everything you said was right. I would n't have had you change a word."

Wheeler buttoned his coat against the east wind and smiled tolerantly at the woman's fervor.

"Will that be all, Everett?" she asked a little defiantly.

"For the present," he replied after a pause, and then he nodded good-by.

"What did he mean?" she asked her husband, as they threaded the crowded street leading to the North Side Bridge.

"That they will hold me to the Grand Jury, I suppose."

Her grip tightened on his arm, and they continued their way silently to the old Ohio Street house.

XXX

When they entered the house, Helen hurried upstairs to the child, who had been calling for her, Mrs. Hart said. Presently the doctor came for his evening visit, and when, after a long time, he left the sickroom, Jackson met him in the hall, but lacked the courage to ask any question. The doctor spoke brusquely about the bad weather, and hurried off. Then Hart walked to and fro in the gloomy dining-room until his mother came down for dinner, which they ate in silence.

Before they had finished their meal the bell rang, and in reply to the maid's excuses at the door there sounded in the hall a strong woman's voice.

"But I *must* see them!"

Hart, recognizing Venetia Phillips's voice, stepped into the hall.

"Oh, Jack! I have just heard that you were all here. Everett told me all about it. Jack, it was fine! I did n't think you had it in you, Jackie, dear. To stand up there and give everything away, — it took real stuff. I know it!" She held out her hand in enthusiastic heartiness, repeating, "It was fine, fine!" Suddenly she turned back to the door where Coburn stood.

"You know Dr. Coburn, Jack! I brought him along, too. I was in such a hurry to see you all. Where's Helen?"

"Yes, I just butted in," Coburn said, laughing. "I would n't let her come without me. I wanted to shake on it, too!"

"But where's that sainted wife of yours?" Venetia persisted.

When Hart told her of little Powers's illness, she asked to go upstairs. There was an awkward silence between the two men, left alone with the common memory of that last time, barely a week before, that they had met. Coburn, having now an explanation for the architect's erratic behavior, refrained from his usual blunt speech. The architect saw through a mist of accumulated impressions, as in a long vista, that night after the fire when Coburn had found him under the spell of fearful visions. That experience was removed, as if it belonged to distant years. He had never liked Coburn the few times that he had seen him, but as they stood awkwardly in the old library a kind of sympathy grew between them.

"You must have thought I was crazy that night," the architect remarked apologetically. "I did n't know much what I was up to!"

"That's all right, man," Coburn interrupted warmly. "Don't think about it again. It was damn good luck my running across you. If I'd known, of course — Say! that took sand, what you did today. Wheeler told Venetia all about it, and she told me. It makes a man feel good to know some one has got the nerve to stand up and take medicine, and not try everlastingly to sneak out of things! If more folks nowadays would do that, it would be better for us all. Don't you mind what the papers say. They have to fling mud, — that's their game!"

"Well, it does n't make much difference now what they say except, — except for my wife," Hart answered dully. "And that can't be helped."

"Oh, I guess it won't last long. And somehow women don't mind those things half as much as you'd think, at least the best ones don't. And from what Venetia says, yours is one of the best!"

They had nothing further to say to each other, and sat silently until Venetia came back. Her exuberance had gone, and as she entered the room she was wiping away the traces of tears.

"Poor little Powers!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Jack! I am terribly sorry."

"What's the matter?" Coburn demanded.

"It's pneumonia, poor little man!"

Hart's lip trembled beneath his mustache.

"Yes, I supposed it would be. It's as bad as it well could be, for *her!*"

"I know he'll come through, — he *must!*" Venetia exclaimed helplessly, and added in a burst of admiration, "That could n't happen to Helen — it just could n't! She's so splendid, Jack! It's a big thing to know there are such women about. She's holding him up there, with a smile on her face!"

After Coburn and Venetia had left, Hart sat for a while in the dark room, and then, pulling himself together, went upstairs to his wife and child.

Again and again during the days that followed, while they worked for the child's life, and when all was done watched and waited together for what might come, that miserable foreboding of the first day came back to him. An evil fate seemed close on his heels, ready to lay hand on him here or there. The illness of the child related itself in some unknown manner with that other catastrophe. The old idea of retribution, that barbaric conception of blood sacrifice, tormented him, as it torments the most skeptical in the hour of crisis. It appeared that for his cowardice of nature, for all his weak and evil deeds, for the unknown dead in whose death he had connived, he was about to be called to pay with the life of his own child. And the mother, guiltless, in the inscrutable cruelty of fate, must pay with him and pay the larger share of the price of his evil, of his nature!

But during these days of dread the woman went her way calmly, serenely, prepared, outwardly at least, for any event. What the child's death would mean to her was known only to herself, for she consumed her grief patiently in the silence of the watch. The house grew more sombre, as day by day the child's struggle for life moved on to its crisis. Little Powers, like his mother, made his fight with unchildish patience. He had always been the quieter, less demonstrative one of the two boys, possessing a singular power of silence and abstraction, which had been put down to physical weakness. Yet under the stress of disease he showed an unexpected resistance and vitality. The father, seeing him lying in the great bed, with pathetic moments of playfulness even in the height of his fever, could not stay by his side. . . .

The suspense of the child's illness mercifully threw all outer happenings into shade. Jackson was able to keep the newspapers away from Helen, and she asked no questions. His testimony at the inquest had revived to some extent the waning public interest in the Glenmore fire. Especially the *Buzzard*, which had assumed to itself all the credit for airing the conditions in the Building Department, made merry over Hart's replies to the coroner. It printed full page cuts of scenes at the inquest that last day, when the architect was on the stand, — dramatic sketches of "tilts between the coroner and Hart," "Hart's insolent retorts," etc.; and it denounced editorially the "systematic corruption of the city's officials by Graves, Hart, and their allies." But the *Thunderer* and the more respectable papers refrained from all such bitter insinuations. For some reason they forbore to pillory the only man who had voluntarily come forward and told all that he knew. Perhaps they respected the courage of the act; perhaps they were aware that their patrons were tired of "the Glenmore tragedy;" perhaps they felt that the real guilt lay too deep to be reached by their editorial darts. However that might be, the matter rested now with the district attorney and the Grand Jury.

For the inquest was concluded and the coroner's report was published. It covered lengthily all the points touched upon by the many witnesses, and it contained much "scoring" of the city authorities. The contractor, Graves, the inspectors, Murphy and Lagrange, Gotz, the president of the defunct corporation, and Hart, were held to the Grand Jury for complicity in the death of the seventeen persons who had perished in the Glenmore fire. . . .

The worst hour of their anxiety for the

child's life came, and Helen knelt by the bed holding the little body in her arms, devouring his face with her shining eyes. The hour passed, the child lived, there was hope of his recovery. Then the next morning Jackson was obliged to tell Helen what had happened the last days. She listened as to a message from a far land, her face blanched and set from the hours of fear through which she had passed. When he said that he, with the others, had been held to the Grand Jury, she asked: —

"When will that be?"

"Very soon, less than a fortnight, Everett says. He called here yesterday. He advised me to leave the city, — he came to see about that."

"What will they do?" she asked, not heeding the last remark.

"If they find a true bill, it will go to the trial jury. And," he added slowly, "the charge will be manslaughter."

She started as he pronounced the word. In her ears it was the legal synonym for murder, and before the awfulness of that conception her heart recoiled.

"Manslaughter!" she repeated involuntarily.

"Yes, but Everett thinks it is very doubtful whether the Grand Jury will find a true bill against any one. It would be almost unheard of. Of course, Graves will stay away until he sees how it will turn out, and probably the others will keep out of reach. Everett wants me to go" —

"No, no!" she cried, "never! You have come all this way on the hard road, and we must wait for the very end, no matter what that is."

"So I thought you would feel," he answered gently. "I said the same thing to Everett. Of course the justice of it is n't very clear. It's mixed up with politics, anyway. I don't know that it would do much good to stay and be tried. But if you feel that way" —

She laid her hand on his arm, imploring him mutely not to give her all the responsibility.

"Think what it might mean, if — if they found me guilty!"

"I know," she shuddered. "But Francis, we must pay somehow, you and I We must pay!"

XXXI

But if in her heroic soul she was ready to pay, and to make him pay, at the price of public shame for her and her children, the full penalty of his misdeeds, it was not to be so. He was to escape the full measure of retribution, shielded by the accident of his class. Unknown to him, the tangled threads of his fate were being sorted in the great city, and the vengeance of society was being averted, so far, at least, as legal punishment was concerned. Everett Wheeler, once recovered from his disgust at the sentimental folly of the architect's answers to the coroner's questions, had no mind to see his cousin on trial for manslaughter. His mood was invariably to settle things, to cover them up, to bury them! As has been said, he had political influence, enough to reach even to the district attorney's office, enough to close the mouth of the *Chicago Buzzard*, to quiet the snarls of the *Thunderer*. So the case against the men held to the Grand Jury for the hotel disaster was quietly dropped. The mayor put another man in Bloom's place as chief Building Inspector, and things went merrily on in their old way. And that was the end of it all! The seventeen human beings who had lost their lives in the fire had not even pointed a moral by their agonizing death. For a few summer months the gaunt, smoke-blackened pit of ruins on the boulevard served to remind the passers-by of a gruesome tale. Then, by the beginning of the new year, in its place rose a splendid apartment building, faced with cut stone and trimmed with marble.

Wheeler notified the architect in a curt note that the case had been dismissed, and Jackson showed the letter to his wife.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed fervently, "that is the end. I shan't drag you into the mud any further."

Helen looked up from the lawyer's letter with a troubled face. She had hardened herself to the coming trial, which she had fully expected. Now that it had been spared, all was not yet right to her scrupulous perception. A terrible wrong had been committed, a wrong to the poor souls who had lost their lives, a wrong, too, to the city and to society, making an evil pool of corruption. And in some mysterious way this had been covered up, hidden, and all was to go on as before! She had a primitive idea that all evil necessitated exact payment, and as long as this payment was deferred, so long was the day of light, of health, put off.

But the man, realizing more clearly than she the indirect penalties which his situation imposed, gave no further thought to the abstract question of justice. The outlook was bad enough as it was. He saw nothing before him in this city where he naturally belonged.

"What would you think of our trying St. Louis?" he asked after a little time. "There is some sort of an opening there for me. Of course I had rather be in New York, but it is out of the question. It would take too long to get started. Or we might try Denver. I have done some work there, and it's a growing place."

"Why do you think that we must leave Chicago?" she asked.

"Why!" he exclaimed, surprised that she should consider for a moment the possibility of their remaining where he had made such a failure of his life. "Do you want to stay here and be dropped by every soul you have known?"

"I don't care for that!"

"Well, there's nothing here for me. Stewart will take the office. He let me know mighty quick that we had better part! I am a dead dog in Chicago. Only yesterday I got a letter from the Ricker Brothers turning me down after telling me last month to go ahead. They pay for the work done so far, and that is all. You see it is out of the question to stay here!"

He spoke gloomily, as if conscious of harsh treatment.

"But I don't mean to let this down me, not yet," he continued more buoyantly. "I owe it to you to make good. And I can do it somewhere else, where the sight of this mess is n't always in my eyes! It'll only be a matter of a few years."

Already the bitterness of the crisis was passing away, and he was beginning to plan for the future, for a career, for success, built on a surer foundation, but nevertheless success and repute in the world. She saw it and understood. She was standing by his side, as he sat with his elbows resting on his knees, the lawyer's letter crumpled in his hands. She put her hands on his head and drew it toward her, protectingly, pityingly, as she would the bruised head of a child.

"So you think you must begin somewhere else?" she said gently, sitting down by his side.

"It's the only thing to do. The question is where!"

She made no reply and seemed buried in her thoughts.

"By the way," he remarked, "whom do you think I saw on the street to-day? Wright. He was staring at Letterson's new store, — you know Frank Peyton did it. The old man stopped me and seemed glad to see me. I suppose he knows, too," he added musingly.

The incident comforted him greatly. He had seen Wright and had looked away from him, meaning to hurry past, but the older man had stretched out his long arm and good-naturedly drawn Hart to one side out of the press of the street.

"How are you, Hart?" he had said cordially, with his boyish smile. "What do you think of this thing? Bold, is n't it? That Peyton 's got nerve to put up this spider-web right here in State Street. Now I could n't do that! But I guess he 's on the right track. What do you think?"

They had walked down the street to-

gether, and Wright had continued to talk of Peyton and the other young architects in the city, and of their work.

"I tell you, those youngsters have got the future. They have the courage to try experiments. That won't do for an old fellow like me. My clients would kick, too. But I like to see them do it. . . . What are you doing?" he had asked abruptly. "Come in to see me, won't you? I shall be here two or three weeks. Be sure to come in!"

They had shaken hands, and the older architect had looked searchingly into Hart's face, his boyish smile changing subtly into an expression of concern and sweetness, as if there was something on the tip of his tongue which he refrained from saying there in the crowded street. The memory of the little meeting came back to the man now, and he felt more grateful for Wright's cordiality than he had at the time.

"Wright asked me to come in and see him. I think I will," he added presently.

"Why not give up the idea of starting your own office?" Helen asked suddenly, her thoughts having come to a definite point.

"What do you mean? Try something else? It would be pretty risky," he answered doubtfully, surprised that she should want him to abandon his profession, to admit defeat.

"I did n't mean that, exactly. Listen!" She slipped from the lounge where she had been sitting and knelt beside him, taking the lapels of his coat in her hands, her face aglow with a sudden enthusiasm.

"I've been thinking of so many things these last months, and lately, while Powers has been so sick, I've thought of everything since we were in Italy together, since I loved you, — all those talks we had, and the plans we made, the work you did, the sketches, those first ones." She paused, trying to put her tumultuous thoughts in order.

"I grow so slowly! I was so ignorant of everything, of myself and you. It has taken me a long time to understand, to grow up!" she exclaimed, her lips trembling in a little smile.

"We stumbled almost at the start, you and I. You started your office and worked hard, always striving to get ahead, to get us comforts and position, and not because you liked the things you were doing. You took anything that promised to bring money. And it got worse and worse, the more we had. It used to trouble me then, 'way back, but I did n't know what was the matter with it all. We lived out there with all those rich people around us. And those that were n't very rich were all trying to get richer, to have the things the others had. We did what they did, and thought what they thought. It was n't honest!"

"What do you mean by that?" he asked blankly.

"I'll say it clearly; just give me time, dear! You worked just to get money, and we spent it all on ourselves, or pretty nearly all. And the more we had, the more we seemed to need. No man ought to work that way! It ruins him. That's why there are so many common, brutal men and women everywhere. They work for the pay, and for nothing else."

"Oh, not always."

"Most of those we knew did," she replied confidently.

"It's the law of life," he protested, with a touch of his old superiority in his tone.

"No, it is n't, it is n't!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Never! There are other laws. Work is good in itself, and we must live so that the pay makes less difference, so that we have n't to think of the pay!"

"I don't see what this has to do with our going to St. Louis!" he interjected impatiently, disinclined for a theoretic discussion of the aims of life.

"But it has, Francis, dear. It has! If you go there, you will try to live the old way. You will try to get ahead, to struggle up in the world as it is called, and that is the root of all the trouble! That is what I have come to see. We are all trying to get out of the ranks, to leave the common

work to be done by others, to be leaders. We think it a disgrace to stay in the ranks, to work for the work's sake, to bear the common lot, which is to live humbly and labor! Don't let us struggle that way any longer, dear. It is wrong, — it is a curse. It will never give us happiness — never!"

He began to see the drift of her purpose, and resented it with all the prejudice of his training, — resented, at least, the application of it to him.

"The ranks are crowded enough as it is! I don't see the call for a man to put himself into them if he has the ability to do any better, I must say!"

"Not if — not after all that has happened?" she asked mournfully.

"Oh! You think that it's only *I* who should go down, meekly give up all ambition, because I can't be trusted. You are afraid that I will go wrong?" he retorted bitterly.

"No, not that! Yet" — she hesitated, aware that the new love between them hung in the balance. Then she went on courageously. "No, I have no fear of that. You could n't! But the temptation to make money will be before you every moment, and to-day few men can resist that. It is better to be in the ranks than to struggle to lead, and then lead falsely, trying for false things, — false things!"

"That is what you think of me!" he repeated mournfully.

In spite of all the experience which had come to him the last weeks, all that he had confessed to himself and to his wife, it was bitter to realize that she refused him that absolute faith and blind confidence in his guidance which had made courtship and the first years of marriage such a pleasant tribute to his egotism. He had come back to her repentant; he had said, "I have erred. I repent. Will you forgive me and love me?" And she had taken him to herself again with a deeper acceptance than at first. Yet when it came to the point of action, she seemed to be withdrawing her forgiveness, to be judging and condemning.

In this he wronged her. What she was trying hesitantly and imperfectly to say to him was not merely the lesson of his catastrophe, but the fruited thought of her life, — what had come to her through her imperfect, groping education, through the division of their marriage, through her children, through the empty dinner parties in the society he had sought, through the vacancy in her heart, yes! through the love that she had for him. While she was silent, clinging to him, baffled, he spoke again: —

"Don't you see that I want to retrieve myself, and make some amends to you for all that I have made you suffer? You would kill every ambition in me, even the one to work for you and the boys!"

"That would not make me happy, not if you made as great a fortune as uncle Powers! Not that way!"

"What would, then?"

"Do you remember some of those first things you did? The little country club at Oak Hills? I was awfully happy when you showed me that," she said softly, irrelevantly. "Somehow I know you could do that again and better things, too, if — if you could forget the money and all that. Real, honest work! You could be the artist I know you are, the maker of honest, fine buildings!"

In the enthusiasm of her face he read dimly once more the long past dream of his youth, the talk of young men in the studios, the hours by her side on the steamer, when they had come together in the imperfect attraction of youth. It was but the flicker of a distant light, however; he had learned the lesson of the city too well!

"That sounds very well. But it is n't practical. If you want to do big work, you have to be your own master, and not work for some one else! And art, especially architecture, lives on the luxury of the rich, whom you seem to despise!"

"What does it matter whose name goes on the plans? It's the work that makes it that counts, and no one can have that but the one who does it."

"Now, you're talking poetry, Nell, not sense!" he exclaimed good-naturedly, getting up from the lounge and walking to and fro. "This world does n't run on those lines, and you and I are n't going to make it over, either. You're talking like a romantic girl!"

"There is n't much of the girl left in me!" she smiled wistfully back to him.

"Just look at it practically! If I go out of business for myself, I could n't earn more than two hundred a month working for some firm. That's as much as Wright ever pays his best men. What would that be to live on? For you and me and the boys?"

"We could make it do."

"Next you'll want to take in washing!"

"I had rather do the cooking!" she flashed back.

"I can see us in a four-room flat somewhere south on one of those God-forsaken prairie streets! One slovenly maid, and the food! No, thank you! I am not quite so far gone as that yet, my dear. You don't realize the facts."

His mind was not open to her conception, even in its simplest application. To him such a manner of life meant simply degradation. She saw, as never before, how Chicago had moulded him and had left his nature set in a hard crust of prejudice. The great industrial city where he had learned the lesson of life throttled the finer aspirations of men like a remorseless giant, converting its youth into iron-clawed beasts of prey, answering to the one hoarse cry, "Success, Success!"

"And how should we educate the boys? Think of it! How could we give them as good a start in life as we had? Why, it would be criminal to them! It's nonsense!"

"I have thought of them," she replied calmly. "And I am willing to take the risks for them, too. I am willing to see them start in life poor, with just what we could do for them. Perhaps, in the world to which they will grow up, things will be different, anyway."

He had tested her in the tenderest point, and she was stanch. He began to see how far this theory went with her. She was ready to put herself outside her own class, and her children also, for the sake of an idea, a feeling that she had about man's true purpose in life.

"I must go to Powers, now," she said at last, a little sadly. Impulsively she went up to him and leaned her head against his breast for a moment. "Perhaps in time you will come to feel more as I do. And, Francis, there's another reason why I should hate to have us leave this place. I don't want to think that you are running away from the disgrace, from the trouble which has happened here!" She raised her head proudly. "That is what all cheap people do, go to some place where they are n't known; as if it mattered to us now what people think or say! I want you to stay right here, where it happened, and make a new life here."

After she had left him, he continued to walk to and fro in his uncle's old library, between the heavy black-walnut bookcases, where it was permitted to him now to smoke as many cigarettes as he liked. The house had been left very much as it was during the old man's life. Now that Mrs. Hart had freedom to make the changes which had been denied to her while the owner lived, she had never come to the necessary resolution. Powers Jackson's will was still strangely effective with her, even in death.

The architect thought of the old man, wondering vaguely what he would have said to Helen's argument. He was not so sure as formerly that he understood the rough old fellow, who apparently had grasped the main chance and wrung it dry. His uncle's idea in endowing that school struck him suddenly as complex, and also his treatment of himself. Possibly he, too, — the successful man of his day, — having exploited the world for forty years, had come to the belief that ambition in the ordinary sense of the word was futile. . .

Jackson had not thought to sneak away from the place where he had gone to failure when he suggested to his wife starting life once more in a new city. It had seemed merely ordinary good judgment to go where he should not be hampered by a past. And he resented his wife's feeling that he should remain and do a kind of penance for the sins that he had confessed, repented, and repaired so far as he was able. She asked too much of him! He had given up all the money he had, and was ready to begin the struggle for bread with a fairer view of his duties. But it seemed that that was not enough for her: she demanded now that he sacrifice his ambition, that he return to the ranks, as a draughtsman, a clerk, a hireling!

Nevertheless, her words worked unconsciously in him, for hers was the stronger nature. He had lived his own way and had failed. What she wanted must, perforce, guide him increasingly. Presently he went upstairs to the child's room. There in the darkened chamber Helen was kneeling beside the bed holding little Powers in her strong arms. The child was asleep, his thin arms stretched above his head along the pillow. In the large bed the little figure, white and wasted with the lingering fever of his disease, lay peacefully. Helen turned her face to her husband as he entered, and he could see the smile that belied the tears in her eyes. And as he stood there in the silent room watching the two, the calm of elemental feeling stole over him. The woman and the child! These were the ancient, unalterable factors of human life; outside of them the multitudinous desires of men were shifting, trivial, little. For the first time in his life an indifference to all else in the world swept over him in gratitude for these two gifts. . . .

In the weeks that followed, while the child was recovering, husband and wife recurred to the urgent question of the future. Both knew that the decision lay before them, and could not be deferred long. Yet neither was willing to press the question. One day Jackson mentioned casually that he thought of going to see Wright. That evening when they were alone, he said: —

"Well, I had a talk with Wright, Nell!"

She waited.

"He's a good deal more of a man than I used to think him!" he went on slowly. "There were a lot of people waiting to see him, and he had to go somewhere, but he did n't seem to mind that. I was there with him a long time. I guess he knows pretty nearly all that has happened."

Wright had said nothing about the Glenmore or Graves, however, and Hart had not gone into his story very far. But the older man had heard, it is true, something here and there, from this man and that, over the lunch table at his club, from one or two men in his office. And he had imagination enough to picture the whole story.

"I told him I was thinking of going somewhere else," Jackson went on.

"What did he say?"

"Oh, a good many things, — he's a pretty human fellow — Well, at the end he offered me a place with him! Not the old thing, — he's got some new men in, and can't put any one ahead of them. I guess he would have to make a place!"

She leaned forward, repressing the question that rose swiftly to her lips. But after a few moments, Jackson answered it slowly.

"I told him that I would like to think it over for a day or two."

They were in the habit of walking for an hour these warm evenings, and tonight they strolled down to the lake, as usual, following the shore to the Park. The great houses on the boulevard were already deserted by their occupants, who had begun the annual migration. As the architect looked at the dark façades of those monstrous piles of brick and stone, to which the toilsome steps of the city's rich led, he remembered how as a boy he had wondered why in this world, which

seemed to hold so many pleasant things, the owners of these houses could content themselves to live here in their ugly piles. Then the ambition to encase one's self in a great house such as these had seemed so mean! Since then he had not questioned it. Now again he looked at their burly shadows and speculated without envy.

They loitered arm in arm beside the wall, listening to the heaving lake, the splash of cool water on the concrete embankment.

"We'll try it, Nell," he remarked, after a long period of silence. "It's pretty good of the old boy to take back a man who's been on his knees!"

"Don't!" she murmured. "That hurts! And you must n't do it just for my sake."

"I think you are rather fussy!" he retorted. "Why else should I do it, my dear, dear wife?"

"But you must n't regret it! You must be sure, — not do it just to please me, but because you see it as I do, and know that it's the only way for us to live and have peace."

Doubtless she asked too much of the man she loved, for most beings — instinctive creatures — act from a philosophy of purely personal influences. Jackson Hart certainly would never have considered relinquishing his ambition to thrust himself forward, to have a career in this world, out of any intellectual convictions. Nor could it be said that his wife's half - formulated arguments had persuaded him. But she herself had convinced him, the strong, self - contained womanhood in her, her undaunted spirit, with which he lived. Especially, these latter weeks of suspense and despair, while their child's life was in the balance, had made him hers. If it were a victory for the woman, it was an emotional victory, which she had won over her husband, — and such are the only victories that endure in such matters. He felt her spirit as he had never felt anything else, and knew dimly, remotely, that in all the big questions of life she was right. Beautiful, loving, strong, and fearless, she was his! And what was his "career" against her heart and soul?

"Perhaps you will regret it," he remarked half playfully, "and will want me to change later!"

"Never, never!" She drew his arm closer to her breast.

"Well, those fellows will grin when I walk into that office after my little splurge!" He swept his arm in an arc to describe the upward and downward course of a rocket. "Into the ranks at last!"

"To work and live and love, a little while," she added softly.

"It is n't exactly the way uncle Powers solved the question!" he remarked teasingly. "I suppose you would have had him stay milking cows on that Vermont farm?"

"I did n't marry him!" she answered quickly. "And perhaps if he had it to do again, he would stay to milk the cows."

"You think so!" he exclaimed skeptically.

With her, at least, there was neither doubt nor hesitation. She answered surely the inarticulate call of the larger world, the call of the multitudes that labor and die without privilege, to share with them the common lot of life.

XXXII

That small fragment of Chicago society which had known the Jackson Harts, and interested itself in their doings, was mildly stirred over the news that the brilliant and promising young architect had been obliged to close his office, and had gone to work for his old employer. Indeed, for some weeks the Harts furnished the Forest Park dinner - tables with a fresh topic of conversation that took the place of the strikes and poor Anthony Crawford's scattered fortune. It contained quite as much food for marvel and moral reflection as either of the others.

More information about the architect's

troubles than that provided by the press had got abroad in Forest Park and the Shoreham Club. It was known, for instance, that Hart had been obliged to dissolve his partnership with Freddie Stewart, owing to grave business irregularities, which extended beyond the recent disaster. It was agreed that his offenses must have been very grave indeed to necessitate at his age, with his influential connection, such a radical change of caste as had happened. Men commonly expressed contempt because at a crisis he had shown such a deplorable "lack of nerve." They said, and among them were some of the architect's more intimate friends, that nothing he had done could justify this tame submission. "Why," Mrs. Phillips exclaimed when she heard of it, "we've seen men live down things ten times worse. There was —— and —— and ——. They are as good as any one to-day! And he need n't have told everything he knew, anyhow, to that old coroner." The measure of a man's guilt, in her eyes and those of many others, was what he was willing to admit to the world. And, finally, it was held that under the circumstances he had shown singularly little judgment in staying on in the city: there was no "future" for him, under the circumstances, in Chicago. If he felt himself unable to hold his own against scandal, they argued, he should have the wit to leave the city where he had gone wrong and seek his fortune under new skies, where the faces of his successful friends would not remind him constantly of ignoble defeat.

Not that Jackson Hart had many opportunities of encountering his successful friends in the great city of Chicago. He had resigned from his club, and the Harts had moved very far away from those pleasant northern suburbs along the lake which were filled with their old acquaintances. They had gone to live in one of those flimsy flat-buildings in the southern part of the city, concerning which the architect had speculated the night the Glenmore was burned. It was near the street-car line, for the matter of a nickel fare was now of importance in their domestic economy. Occasionally some one of the Forest Park ladies would report on her return from the city that she had run across Mrs. Hart at Steele's, "looking old and queerer than ever, dressed in the old things she wore out here, as if she did n't care whether school kept or not, poor thing!" But in the murky light of Steele's great shop, they could not have seen the serene, almost radiant beauty of the face, the beauty of a soul content with its vision of the world, in harmony with itself.

And Jackson, "reduced to the ranks" by a few grades, in that career of his which he dubbed good-humoredly, "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves, in three acts," was developing certain patient virtues of inestimable charm in the domestic circles of plain life, though not essential for brilliant success. In his box of an office next Wright's large draughting-room, he worked almost side by side with his former draughtsman Cook, who had also come back to the old firm. For some months they hardly spoke to each other; indeed, the men at Wright's generally held aloof from Hart. But they have accepted him at last. Cook has begun, even, to regain some of his old admiration for his chief, comprehending, perhaps, that there in the office by his side is working out a career of real spiritual significance, if of little outward display.

As to Wright, who knows more of the man's story than the others, he treats his old employee with a fine consideration and respect, realizing that this man is doing handsomely a thing that few men have the character to do at all. His admiration for Hart's work has grown, also, and he frankly admits that the younger man has a better talent for architecture than he himself ever possessed, and also great cleverness and ingenuity, so necessary in an art which is intimately allied with mechanics. For it is true that after sluggish years there has revived within Hart the creative impulse, that spirit of

the artist, inherent to some extent in all men, which makes the work of their hands an engrossing joy. The plans of a group of buildings that the firm have undertaken for a university in a far Western state have been entrusted very largely to Hart. As they grow from month to month in the voluminous sheets of drawings, they are becoming the pride of the office. And Wright generously allots the praise for their beauty where it largely belongs.

Thus the social waters of the fast-living city are rapidly rolling over the Jackson Harts. In all probability they will never again in this life come to the surface, and call for comment; for the architect and his wife have already sunk into the insignificance of the common lot, so much praised by the poets, so much despised by our good Americans of the "strenuous" school. There has never been any question between husband and wife of a change in their social or material condition; they contemplate with equanimity leaving their children in the universal struggle no better equipped than with the possession of health and a modest education, — there to meet their fate as their parents have done before them.

Almost the last public appearance of the Jackson Harts in that portion of the Chicago world which had formerly known them occurred at the elaborate dedicatory exercises of the Jackson Industrial Institute. When the handsomely engraved invitation came to them, the architect was disinclined to attend; but Helen, who thought only of the old man's desire, induced her husband to take her. The exercises were held in the pretty little auditorium which occupied one wing of the large school building. There was much ceremony, and numerous speeches, besides the oration delivered by the director, Dr. Everest, on "Modern Industrialism," which was considered a masterpiece of its kind, and was afterwards printed and circulated by the trustees. A bust of the founder, which fronted the stage, was first unveiled amid great applause. Dr. Everest in the introduction of his oration would turn from time to time to apostrophize its rugged marble features, while he paid his tribute to the founder of the institution. What the old man, who had always avoided voluble people like the pest, would have thought of the liberal eulogy scattered on his head, and of the eloquent discourse that followed, on the future of education and the workingman, no one will ever know. The rough old face looking inscrutably down on the little, bald-headed figure of the director gave no sign.

During the lengthy oration the architect's thoughts went wandering far astray back into his past, so closely involved with this handsome building. But Helen listened attentively to the director's flowing periods, searching his phrases for an interpretation of his purposes in regard to the school. Dr. Everest, however, was far too wary an educator to commit himself to positive ideas. Yet in the maze of his discourse there might be gathered hints of his attitude toward the problem of industrial education. After the opening tribute to the founder, "whom we may call a typical leader of our triumphant industrial democracy," the speaker dwelt glowingly on the advanced position of our country among the nations of the earth, attributing its phenomenal progress to the nature of its political and educational institutions, which had developed and encouraged the energies of such men as Powers Jackson: —

"We lead the nations of the world in the arts of peace, owing to the energy and genius of men like our noble benefactor, owing, I may say, still more to the character of our institutions, political and educational, which produce such men as he!" Then followed a flattering contrast between the "aristocratic and mediæval education" of the English universities and the older American colleges, and the broad, liberal spirit of newer institutions, especially technical

schools. The intention of the founder of the Jackson Industrial Institute, he said, was to broaden the democratic ideal, "to bring within the reach of every child in this greatest of industrial metropoli, not only the rudiments of an education, but the most advanced technical training, by means of which he may raise himself among his fellows and advance the illimitable creative ingenuity of our race. Here may come the boy whose father labors at the bottom of the industrial ladder, and if he be worthy, if he have the talent and the industry, here in our workshops and laboratories he may fit himself to mount to the very top of that ladder, and become in turn a master and leader of men like our great benefactor! And we may well believe that the sight of those benignant features will be an inspiration to the youth to strive even as he strove. That face will kindle noble ambitions of youth, knowing that he once labored with his own hands at the forge not far from this monument to his greatness, and that he rose by his own unaided industry and ability to command thousands of operatives, to control millions of capital, yes, to influence the wide industrial world!

"In America, thank God, the poor man may yet rise to a position of leadership, if he be worthy. And what the world needs to-day more than all else is leaders, leaders of men. May we not prophesy that the Jackson Industrial Institute will be a large factor, yes, the largest factor of this great city, in educating leaders, and thus assisting to put an end to that wasteful and distressing antagonism between capital and labor? By the means of the education here provided, young men may raise themselves from the ranks of common labor to the position and responsibilities of capital! Let us hope that this will be the happy result of an educational foundation provided by a great captain of industry, and placed here in the heart of the workshops of Chicago. Thus may we assist in preserving and fostering the spirit of our noble institutions by means of which man is given freedom to reap the fruits of his own labor and intelligence!" . . .

And Dr. Everest continued on this plane of eloquence for another half hour, until even Judge Phillips, who had listened with rapt attention, began to nod in his chair. At last, when the doctor sat down, stroking his thick black beard and wiping his shining brow, loud applause broke forth from all parts of the auditorium. It sounded like the ironic laughter of the gods over the travesty of the old man's purpose, to which they had just listened. To Helen, especially, it seemed that no more complete twisting of his idea in thus bestowing his wealth were possible!

However, the great school stands there, in the neighborhood where his old operatives live, — stands there and will stand there for many years, mistaken or not in its aims as one looks at this world of ours; and some day, maybe, when Dr. Everest has grasped some other form of the educational main chance, it may fall into other hands and become more nearly what its founder meant it to be, — a source of help and inspiration to the common man, who must labor all his days at common tasks, and can look to no material advancement in this life.

After the exercises the rooms of the building were thrown open for inspection, and the guests wandered through the laboratories and workshops in little parties, discussing the oration and exclaiming over the magnificence of the appointments. The architect looked about him with a certain curiosity. As they returned to the main hall under the rotunda, he exclaimed, peering up into the dome, "Nell, I can't seem to remember this place: it looks queer and strange to me, as if somebody else had done the plans, and I had just looked over them!"

"Somebody else did do them," she answered, drawing him away from a group of people who had come out of one of the adjoining rooms.

In a little while they got their wraps

and prepared to leave the institution, having a long journey before them to reach their home. As they crossed the entrance hall, they ran into Pemberton, who was alone. He bowed to Helen, and then catching sight of Hart, he merely bent his head the fraction of an inch, and, stepping to one side, passed on. He could not, evidently, forgive a stain upon a man's honor, arrogating to himself, as so many of us do, the privileges of deity. The architect's face flushed at the slight, and he hurried his steps toward the vestibule. As they passed through the broad doorway, he said to his wife, —

"Well, Nell, I suppose I deserved it, — the old Turk!"

"No, you did not deserve it," she answered quickly. "But it makes no difference, dear!"

And, fortunately, there are few things that do make any great difference to real men and women, — and one of the least is the casual judgment of their fellow men.

(*The end.*)

THE CENTENARY OF HAWTHORNE [1]

BY BLISS PERRY

In watching a performance of Shakespeare's most famous play, the attention of the spectator is arrested by one essentially solitary figure. Surrounded by the personages of a barbaric court, who eye him with curiosity, respect, or secret apprehension, stands a grave young man garbed in black. His bearing is princely. He begins to speak; but he veils deep ironic parables in a tone of perfect deference and courtesy. In vain do the king and queen utter their resonant commonplaces, and cast troubled glances at each other. They cannot sound him. How much does the prince know? What does he think? What will he do? He is inscrutable.

As the play runs its course, certain traits of Hamlet become clear enough. He is of melancholy disposition, and of an intellectual cast of mind. He has "the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword." He has won the friendship of a man and the love of a woman. He possesses an exquisite humor, and delights in talk. He is reverent; believing in the powers of good, and fearing the powers of evil. He has a restless intelligence which probes into the secret places of human life. He broods over man's mortality, and plays with it imaginatively. He has infirmities of will, yet there is in him something dangerous, which on occasion sweeps all before him. For the space of some three hours we can observe this creation of Shakespeare play his part, — listening, planning, conversing, avenging, dying. Yet no one has ever plucked out the heart of his mystery. No actor or critic or lonely reader has ever been able to pronounce to us, indubitably and without fear of contradiction, what manner of man this Hamlet really is

In the best known and best loved circle of our American writers there is likewise one figure who stands in a sort of involuntary isolation. Nathaniel Hawthorne had, indeed, warm and faithful friends. His affectionate family have loved to dwell upon the details of his domestic life. He moved as an equal among a few of the best spirits of his time. The impression he made upon them may be traced in the journals of Longfellow and Emerson, the letters of Browning and Story

[1] An address delivered at Bowdoin College in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Hawthorne's birth.

and Lowell, the recollections of Bridge and Fields. His writings have been analyzed by accomplished critics. He was himself a diarist of extraordinary minuteness and precision, and, thanks to his own descriptions, we can still see him sitting with the tavern-haunters of North Adams, with the "defiant Democrats" in the Salem Custom House, with the blameless sea-captains in Mrs. Blodgett's boarding-house in Liverpool; we can stand by his side in the art-galleries of Florence and the studios of Rome. He died but forty years ago, and many living men and women remember him with strange vividness. Yet he remains, after all, a man apart. Mystery gathers about him, even while the annalists and the critics are striving to make his portrait clear.

Certain characteristics of Hawthorne are of course indisputable, and it is not fantastic to add that some of these qualities bear a curious resemblance to those of that very Prince of Denmark who seems more real to us than do most living men. Hawthorne was a gentleman; in body the mold of form, and graced with a noble mind. Like Hamlet, he loved to discourse with unlettered people, with wandering artists, with local humorists, although without ever losing his own dignity and inviolable reserve. He had irony for the pretentious, kindness for the simple-hearted, merciless wit for the fools. He liked to speculate about men and women, about temptation and sin and punishment; but he remained, like Hamlet, clear-sighted enough to distinguish between the thing in itself and the thing as it appeared to him in his solitude and melancholy. His closest friends, like Horatio Bridge and W. D. Ticknor, were men of marked justice and sanity of mind, — of the true Horatio type. Hawthorne was capable, if need be, of passionate and swift action, for all his gentleness and exquisite courtesy of demeanor. Toward the last he had, like Hamlet, his forebodings, — "such a kind of gaingiving, as would perhaps trouble a woman;" and he died, like Hamlet, in silence, conscious of an unfinished task.

We celebrate, in this summer time, the centenary of Hawthorne's birth. It is possible to understand him, in relation to his generation, better than he was understood in the middle of the nineteenth century, though we can scarcely praise him more generously than did those few contemporaries who, like Poe, made adequate recognition of his genius. If we cannot penetrate to the heart of his mystery, we can nevertheless perceive the nature of it. Critics will long continue to assess, as best they may, the precise value of his contributions to literature, and to assign, as exactly as possible, his place in the development of his chosen art of romance-writing. But we who are gathered in his honor at the college of his choice may leave to the specialists the discussion of this and that detail of his craftsmanship. In a world where literary values, and the very basis of literary judgments, shift as they seem to be shifting in our contemporary civilization, it is impossible to predict what Hawthorne's popular rank will be in another hundred years. But we can at least say why two generations of Americans have respected Hawthorne's character and admired his writings. We can draw once more in memory the outward features of the man, and, before they fade again into the shadow, may assert our own faith in the enduring significance of his work.

No glimpse of Hawthorne, at any period of his career, is without its charm; yet a peculiar fascination attaches to those pictures of the handsome, brooding, impenetrable boy which have been sketched, in lines all too few, by his college classmates. Here in a rustic school of learning, on the edge of the wilderness, our student found his Wittenberg. His contact with books had been that of the well-bred New England lad of a day when books were still respected. He had had free choice among them, and had read, before he was fourteen, Rousseau and the *Newgate Calendar*, while the first book purchased with his own money was Spenser's

Faerie Queene. But under the Brunswick pines he was to find a better thing than books: namely, friendship. When Hawthorne matriculated in 1821, Bowdoin College had had but nineteen years of struggling life. There were a handful of professors and slightly more than a hundred students. Yet the place already had character, and it somehow bred aspiration. It is a suggestive coincidence, that in sketching Bowdoin College under an assumed name in his first book, *Fanshawe*, Hawthorne pictures his academic hero as mastered by the "dream of undying fame;" and that fifty years later, when his classmate Longfellow described the college of his youth in the noble *Morituri Salutamus*, it was in the words, —

> Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
> Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose.

To many of those dreaming youths, fame, of various degrees, became a reality. In Hawthorne's class were Longfellow, Cheever, Abbott, and Cilley; among his college mates were the highly honored names of Appleton, Bell, Fessenden, Pierce, Stowe, Prentiss, Hale. Among such ambitious companions, the shy young Hawthorne held quietly to his own path. He seems to have liked the plain, country-bred lads better than the sons of wealth and social opportunity; he belonged to the more democratic of the two literary societies. The scanty records of his undergraduate life tell us something of him, although not much: he rooms in Maine Hall, he boards at Mrs. Dunning's, he is fined for card-playing, refuses to declaim, writes better Latin and English prose than the others, — but that is about all. One trait is, indeed, marked, and it is a wholesome one: namely, tenacity of friendship, — quite consistent with a certain cool, obstinate independence. Nearly forty years after graduation Hawthorne dedicated a book, *Our Old Home*, to his college friend Franklin Pierce, who had become in 1863 extremely unpopular at the North. His publishers, with professional caution, advised Hawthorne not to ruin the chances of his book by dedicating it to the discredited ex-President. Whereupon Hawthorne wrote to them, in words that should be dear to all who believe in the vitality of college attachments: —

"I find that it would be a piece of poltroonery in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. My long and intimate relations with Pierce render the dedication altogether proper, especially as regards this book, which would have had no existence without his kindness; and if he is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him. I cannot, merely on account of pecuniary profit or literary reputation, go back from what I have deliberately thought and felt it right to do; and if I were to tear out the dedication, I should never look at the volume again without remorse and shame."

Although the young Hawthorne came no nearer winning academic distinction than Lowell or Thackeray, his college career betrays everywhere this steady insistence upon what he deliberately thought and felt it right to do. He had his own inner life, and if Bowdoin did not impart to him all the manifold intellectual and spiritual culture which an old world university in theory possesses, he found there freedom, health, and a few men to love. One at least of these friends perceived the genius which was latent in the dark-haired, keen-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, so reticent, so obstinate, so loyal. The clairvoyant was his classmate Bridge. In the preface to the *Snow Image* Hawthorne wrote, in sentences that every Bowdoin man perhaps knows by heart, yet so winning in their sentiment and phrase that they tempt quotation: —

"If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, — gathering blueberries, in study-hours, under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs, as they tum-

bled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest, — though you and I will never cast a line in it again, — two idle lads, in short, doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us, — still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny, that he was to be a writer of fiction."

But what sort of writer of fiction? Many elements contribute to the answer to that question. There are lines of literary inheritance to be reckoned with; influences of race and nationality and epoch play their part. But of all the factors that shaped Hawthorne's career as a writer, Salem inevitably comes first. Back to that weather-beaten, decrepit seaport Hawthorne returned when the bright college days were over. The gray mist of the place settles about him and gathers within him, and for a dozen years one can scarcely tell whether he is man or spectre. All that is certain is that he is alone. His classmates fare forth eagerly into law, politics, business. But Hawthorne has no taste for any of the professions. He lingers on in Salem, sharing the scanty income of his mother and sisters, reading desultory books, taking long nocturnal and daytime rambles, brooding, dreaming, and trying to learn in his dismal chamber to write stories about human life.

Many years later he penned this pathetic fragment of autobiography: —

"For a long, long while I have been occasionally visited with a singular dream; and I have an impression that I have dreamed it ever since I have been in England. It is, that I am still at college, — or, sometimes, even at school, — and there is a sense that I have been there unconscionably long, and have quite failed to make such progress as my contemporaries have done; and I seem to meet some of them with a feeling of shame and depression that broods over me as I think of it, even when awake. This dream, recurring all through these twenty or thirty years, must be one of the effects of that heavy seclusion in which I shut myself up after leaving college, when everybody moved onward and left me behind."

Such tragedies, unrelieved by any later victories of the spirit, are familiar enough to college men. As the roll is called at their reunions, there will always be here and there a name, once rich in promise, of some man who has "gone to seed." The sojourn of Hawthorne in Salem is an old story now. Nothing new is to be added to the record of morbid physical isolation and of intellectual solitude. Set those twelve years over against the corresponding twelve in the life of Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Turgenieff, and they have a ghostly pallor. True, Hawthorne's separation from the world preserved him from those distractions which often dissipate the powers of the artist. He kept, as he said, the dew of his youth and the freshness of his heart. His unbroken leisure left him free to ponder upon a few permanent objects of meditation, and no one can say how much his romances may not have gained thereby in depth of tone and concentration of intention.

Yet the plain fact remains that he hated his self-imposed prison, even while he lacked vigor to escape from it. "There is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or its sorrows;" thus he writes in 1837 to Longfellow, who had already made a career and tasted deep of both sorrow and joy. And Hawthorne's sombre seclusion was affecting his nascent art as well as his life. "I have another great difficulty," he adds to Longfellow, "in the lack of materials; for I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of." Strip the veil of romantic mystery from these Salem years, and they show their sinister significance. It was an abnormal, melancholy existence, which sapped Haw-

thorne's physical vitality and left its twilight upon his soul and upon the beautiful pages of his books.

The artistic record of that period is preserved in *Twice-Told Tales*, a collection of some twoscore stories, none of which, on their first publication, had been signed with the author's name. Hawthorne said of them afterward, — and it is the final word of criticism as well as a confession of his way of life while composing them, — "They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade."

Nevertheless the flowers did blossom in spite of all. The soil would have been better had it been enriched and watered, yet it was Hawthorne's native soil. For two hundred years his ancestors had trodden the Salem streets; they had gone to sea, had persecuted the witches, had whipped Quaker women, had helped to build a commonwealth. He had no particular pride in them or love for them, but he could not escape the bond of kinship. Toward the more hospitable and cultivated aspects of Salem society in his own day, — the Salem of the Pickerings and Saltonstalls, of Judge Story and many another name, — toward the dignity and beauty that still clothe the stately houses of Chestnut Street, Hawthorne remained indifferent. His imagination homed back to the superstition-burdened past, with its dark enthusiasms, its stern sense of law. Open the mouldering folio of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* and you will discover the men and the scenes that haunted Hawthorne's mind as he sat in his dusky chamber writing tales.

He practiced himself also, with unwearied patience, in reporting the trivial incidents of the life around him, until he had developed a descriptive style marked by exceptional physical accuracy, and yet subtly suggestive, too. Listen to this lonely and as yet scarcely recognized man of letters, as he gives counsel in 1843 to his friend Horatio Bridge, who had also taken his pen in hand:—

"Begin to write always before the impression of novelty has worn off from your mind, else you will be apt to think that the peculiarities which at first attracted you are not worth recording; yet these slight peculiarities are the very things that make the most vivid impression upon the reader. Think nothing too trifling to set down, so it be in the smallest degree characteristic. You will be surprised to find on re-perusing your journal what an importance and graphic power these little particulars assume."

This is the assured tone of the finished craftsman. And he is careful to add: "I would advise you not to stick too accurately to the bare fact, either in your descriptions or your narrative; else your hand will be cramped and the result will be a want of freedom that will deprive you of a higher truth than that which you strive to attain."

Pale blossoms, indeed, are many of these earlier stories, yet genius was stirring at their root, and their growth was guided by a hand that already distinguished between the lower truth of fact and the higher truth of imagination. Sunshine was all that was needed, and by and by, though tardily, the sunshine came. Hawthorne falls in love; he craves and finds contact with "the material world;" he goes to work in the Boston Custom House; he makes investment of money and coöperation at Brook Farm, where his handsome figure and quizzical smile seem almost substantial now, among the ghosts of once eager reformers that flit about that deserted hillside. He marries a charming woman, and lives with her in the Old Manse at Concord for four years of idyllic happiness. He publishes a new collection of tales, marked by originality of conception, a delicate sense of form, and deep moral significance. He goes picnicking with politicians, too, and gets appointed surveyor of the port of Salem. He is doing a man's work in the world now, and in spite of some humorous grumbling and the neglect of his true calling, takes a manly satisfaction in it. But partisan

politics rarely did America a better service than in 1849, when the Whig administration at Washington threw Hawthorne out of office. He soon steadied himself under the bitter blow, — writing to George S. Hillard: "I have come to feel that it is not good for me to be here. I am in a lower moral state than I have been, — a duller intellectual one. So let me go; and under God's providence, I shall arrive at something better." His admirable wife was — womanlike — more concrete. When he told her that he had been superseded, she exclaimed, "Oh, then you can write your book!"

This book, as every one knows, was the *Scarlet Letter*, that incomparable masterpiece of American fiction, which has long since taken its place among the great literature of the world. The boyish dream of Fame, analyzed in so many exquisite parables during his weary years of waiting, had at last come true for him. He was too unworldly to value it overmuch, but he took a quiet pleasure in his success, without losing his cool, detached attitude toward his own creations. "Some parts of the *Scarlet Letter*," he pronounces, "are powerfully written." His long apprenticeship in one of the most exacting fields of literary composition was over. He was forty-six; and he had but fourteen more years to live. The first two of these were the most rich in production, for they brought forth the *House of the Seven Gables*, that well-nigh faultless romance of Old Salem; the beautiful *Wonder-Book*, written in six weeks with marvelous technical mastery of a difficult *genre* of literature; and, finally, the shrewd, ironical, surprisingly novel handling of his Brook Farm material, the *Blithedale Romance*.

When Hawthorne accepted the Liverpool consulship in 1853, he was already, what he has ever since remained, the foremost of our fiction writers. His extended sojourn abroad illuminated his mind in many ways, but it can scarcely be said to have contributed new elements to his art. It brought him again into contact with executive duties, always scrupulously fulfilled; with new types of men and new scenes; and with a whole world of pictorial and plastic art, hitherto undreamed of. The record of it may be read in his laborious note-books and in one profoundly imaginative romance. But Hawthorne's spiritual commerce with Europe came, on the whole, too late; both in England and Italy he remained the observant alien. One likes him none the less for a certain sturdy provinciality, — a touch even, here and there, of honest Philistinism. But one misses, in the records of these later years, the spontaneity, the vigor, the penetration, which marked the more fragmentary *American Note-Books*. The unseen springs of vitality in him were beginning to fail; the shadows, dispersed by many a year of happiness, were beginning to close in once more. Longfellow notes in his diary, March 1, 1860: "A soft rain falling all day long, and all day long I read the *Marble Faun*. A wonderful book; but with the old dull pain in it that runs through all of Hawthorne's writings."

It was in that year that the romancer returned home, and settled at The Wayside in Concord. Wartime was nearing. Hawthorne, never an eager politician in any cause, was perplexed about his country, gloomy about himself. He wrote indeed, with his customary skill of surface composition, upon a new romance whose theme was the elixir of immortality. "I have a notion," he writes to Longfellow, "that the last book will be my best, and full of wisdom about matters of life and death." But it was fitful, despairing work, without unity of architecture. He sketched it now under one title, now under another. At last he prepared the opening chapter for the *Atlantic Monthly*, but in May, 1864, the unfinished manuscript rested upon his coffin. And so there passes from sight our New England Hamlet, with his grave beauty, his rich, mournful accents, his half-told wisdom about matters of life and death.

Yet not in these events of his outward career, natural as it is to recall them now, but in the peculiar processes of his creative activity, shall we find, if at all, the secrets of that power which gives Hawthorne his unique position in our literature. First among those deep instincts which give unity to his character and his books, should be placed his choice of moral problems as material for his art. For nearly half a century we have witnessed painstaking endeavors to base the art of fiction upon the science of physiology. Men of massive talent have wrought at such books, but their experiments are already crumbling. And we have had schools of fiction dealing with the mere intellect, registering the subtle influence of mind upon mind, and the open struggle of mind with mind, or playing with extraordinary cleverness upon the surface of motives, while ignoring a whole world of profound emotions. But the greatest masters of English fiction have never forgotten that man has a conscience. The novelist who ignores the moral and spiritual nature abandons the very field of fiction where the highest triumphs have been won. There is a word to describe this field, — a word broader than either "mind" or "conscience," and inclusive both of mental processes and spiritual perceptions. It is the word "heart."

In the *Blithedale Romance*, Westervelt, the embodiment of intellectual acuteness, is perplexed and irritated to find that Zenobia has drowned herself. He cannot grasp her motive. "Her mind was active and various in its powers," said he. "She had life's summer all before her, and a hundred varieties of brilliant success. How forcibly she might have wrought upon the world! Every prize that could be worth a woman's having — and many prizes which other women are too timid to desire — lay within Zenobia's reach." Then, in a note that Hawthorne always touches quietly, but unerringly, Miles Coverdale answers: "In all this, there would have been nothing to satisfy her heart." Even the romance-writer, according to Hawthorne's own dictum, "sins unpardonably as far as he swerves aside from the truth of the human heart."

To interpret that truth was his artistic task. He was haunted by moral problems. The extraordinary fragment, *Ethan Brand*, is an attempt to solve the problem of the development of the intellect at the expense of the soul. In *Rappaccini's Daughter* the father's love of scientific experiment overmasters his love for his child. In the *Christmas Banquet* we have a man who misses the secret that gives substance to a world of shadows. The *Scarlet Letter* is a study of the workings of conscience after a committed crime; the *House of the Seven Gables* is devoted to the legacy of ancestral guilt and its mediation; the *Marble Faun* to the influence of a sin upon the development of character.

Why did Hawthorne's imagination fasten upon subjects like these? It is not enough to say that he wrote under the influence of Puritanism. Too much has been made, by his critics, of such phrases as "Puritan gloom" and "the morbid New England conscience." It is true that Hawthorne inherited from Puritan ancestors a certain tenseness of fibre, a sensitiveness of conscience, a conviction of the reality of the moral life. It is also true that he was intensely interested in Puritanism as an historic phenomenon. It gave him the material he needed. How thoroughly he apprehended both the spirit and the outward form of life in early New England is evidenced by his *Legends of the Province House*, *Goodman Brown*, the *Gentle Boy*, the *Minister's Black Veil*. Yet neither his inheritance in Puritanism nor his profound study of it is enough to account satisfactorily for his choice of themes for his stories. Judged by his reading, by his friends and associations, by the spiritual emancipation which was already liberalizing New England when he began to write, he was Transcendentalist rather than Puritan.

Puritan theology, as such, had no hold upon him personally; he was not even a church-goer. One can only say that he was drawn to moral problems by the natural gravitation of his own mind, just as Newman was inevitably attracted to theology, or Darwin to science. From the days of Job to the day of Ibsen and Maeterlinck there has been here and there a person able to find in the moral nature of man material for the creative imagination. Hawthorne was one of these persons; he was nurtured by Puritanism, but not created by it.

A striking illustration of this habit of his mind is found in the introduction to his *Mosses from an Old Manse*, where he repeats a story of the Concord fight, which had been told to him by Lowell. On that famous April morning, a youth who had been chopping wood for the Concord minister was drawn by curiosity to the battlefield, the axe still in his hand. He encountered a wounded British soldier, and in a nervous impulse of momentary terror dealt him a fatal blow. "The story," says Hawthorne, "comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. That one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight." Observe that Hawthorne finds "an intellectual and moral exercise" in brooding over the question of the young man's responsibility. This may be called, if one pleases, the working of the morbid Puritan conscience. But it is also the very stuff out of which Greek tragedy is woven. It is the same brooding that is back of *Othello* and *Macbeth*. "England is not the world," says an old courtier in one of Schiller's plays. New England has no monopoly of the conscience.

The present generation has grown somewhat impatient of all analysis of that tragic guilt which our weak humanity may so easily incur. No doubt it is no very cheerful occupation. The anatomist of the heart develops a professional instinct for morbid pathology; he forsakes, perhaps too often, the normal organ for the abnormal. In his search for motives, it is easy for him to fall into casuistry; to impute guilt where there is none; to discover moral pitfalls where the ground is really smooth. It is with real satisfaction, with a positive glee, that Browning's monk in the *Spanish Cloister* cries, —

> "There 's a great text in Galatians,
> Once you trip on it, entails
> Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
> One sure, if another fails."

Solitude is a prolific breeder of fancies like these. Over the windows of the romancer's lonely study, as of the monk's cell, the cobwebs may gather till the whole sky seems darkened. But there is other darkness, too, terribly real. "I do not see any sin in the world," said Hawthorne's brilliant contemporary, George Sand; "but I see a great deal of ignorance." Not so with his profounder insight. The presence of evil in the human heart, palpable, like that gross darkness which could be touched, was one of the axioms of his thinking. Without it, he would have been but a sacrilegious juggler.

The solitariness of Hawthorne's life, particularly in its formative years, united with a habit of ruminating over his work to determine in some measure the character of his themes. His note-books, which have never been adequately studied in their relation to his finished stories, are filled with random suggestions. But the purely fanciful themes were for the most part silently discarded; those that really bore fruit are the imaginative ones. To this long brooding of a fertile mind over an apparently insignificant symbol we are indebted for the rarest productions of Hawthorne's genius. To take the most familiar example, it was in his tale of

Endicott and the Red Cross that he first described "a young woman with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A, embroidered in scarlet cloth, on the breast of her gown." Miss Elizabeth Peabody said promptly, "We shall hear of that letter by and by;" — and year after year that bit of embroidery glowed in the cloudy depths of Hawthorne's mind, until, when he drew it forth, it had become one of the master conceptions of the world's fiction. In similar fashion we can discover how the germs of the *House of the Seven Gables* and the *Marble Faun* were rooted, like vagrant truths, in the soil of that fertile imagination.

Yet a mind of this strange retentiveness — almost secretiveness — has, with all its fertility, certain defects. Some ideas committed to it become refined, overrefined, refined away. Symbolism, always a mode of art congenial to Hawthorne, is sometimes allowed to take the place of expression. The individual loses color and precision of outline, and becomes a mere type. Hawthorne's imagination seldom misled him; it had the inevitableness of genius. But his fancy, playing upon superficial resemblances, sporting with trivial objects, was his besetting weakness as a writer. It is none the less a weakness because it first drew public attention to him, or because it is in itself exquisite. Delicate and lovely as his fancies were, Hawthorne often played with them too long. He overelaborated them; he painted his lily instead of letting it alone. It is true that as he advanced in life there is less and less of this. Contact with the world, with real joys and sorrows, deepened his insight, and dispelled some of the pretty, playful, soap-bubble allegories with which his more idle and solitary hours had been too often filled. He might have stayed in Salem and described Town Pumps and invented Celestial Railroads to the end of his days without drawing any nearer to the *Scarlet Letter*. But little by little his powers were directed upon adequate objects; his imagination, rather than his fancy, dictated his choice of themes; and he followed that unerring guide.

Fortunate, also, was his instinct for shaping his work of art from that which lay nearest. All of his romances except one, and all of his short stories except a very few, are given a New England background. To the task of describing the landscape and people most familiar to him, Hawthorne brought an extraordinary veracity, and a hand made deft by years of unwearied exercise. Yet he is equally effective in dealing with the Pilgrims, or the stately days of the Massachusetts Province. He loves, in stories like the *Seven Gables*, to bring the past, gray with legendary mist, into the daylight of the present. Here the foreground and background are perfectly harmonized; the present is significant in proportion as its tones are mellowed and reinforced by the sombre past. Thus Hilda and Kenyon, New Englanders of Hawthorne's day, walk over the bloodstained pavements of old Rome, and the ghostly shadows of the Eternal City are about them as they move. Hawthorne himself considered the *House of the Seven Gables* and the *Marble Faun* his best achievements. They belong to the same type. Time and place and circumstance conformed to his feeling for the Romantic. Indeed, his sensitiveness to the Romantic note affects his characters throughout. They include a wide range of individualities, but they are not depicted by the usual methods of realistic portraiture. New Englanders in the main, few of them exhibit that New England eccentricity of speech and manner so assiduously observed by short story writers since Hawthorne's time. He did not trouble himself — and us — with dialect. Indeed, all his characters, like Browning's, talk much the same language. His men and women are visible through a certain atmosphere which does not blur their features, yet softens them. Even his fullest and richest personalities, like Zenobia, maintain a distance from us.

His plots likewise, various as they are, have the simplicity of true Romance. His most widely read production, the story of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale, has practically no plot whatever; it is a study of a situation. For moral problems, in spite of the ingenious practice of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Meredith, can usually be reduced to a very simple equation. An elaborate, many-threaded plot, full of incidents and surprises, of unexpected labyrinths and heaven-sent clues, would destroy the very atmosphere which Hawthorne seeks to create. The action of his romances is seldom dramatic, in the strict sense of the word. To dramatize the *Scarlet Letter* is to coarsen it. The deliberate action, the internal moral conflict, the subtle revelation of character, are all suited to the descriptive, not the dramaturgic method. They are in perfect keeping with the tone which Hawthorne instinctively maintained. He placed the persons who were to exemplify his themes now in the present, now in the past, if possible in the half-light of mingled past and present, and out of the simplest, most familiar materials he learned to compose a picture so perfect in detail, so harmonious in key, that even were the theme of slight significance, he would still vindicate his right to a high place among literary artists.

Yet perhaps the most convincing test of Hawthorne's merit is one of the most obvious. Open one of his books anywhere, and read a page aloud. Whatever else there may be, here is style. Hawthorne was once asked the secret of his style. He replied dryly that it was the result of a great deal of practice; that it came from the desire to tell the simple truth as honestly and vividly as he could. We may place alongside of this matter-of-fact confession a whimsical dream which he once noted in his journal, to the effect that the world had become dissatisfied with the inaccurate manner in which facts were reported, and had employed him at a salary of a thousand dollars a year, to relate things of importance exactly as they happened.

Is simple truth-telling, then, explanation enough? Hawthorne had, indeed, a passion for observing and reporting facts. Sometimes these facts are insignificant. For instance: "The aromatic odor of peat smoke in the sunny autumnal air is very pleasant." Mr. Henry James has remarked of this sentence that when a man turned thirty gives a place in his mind — and his inkstand — to such trifles as these, it is because nothing else of superior importance demands admission. But this is much like saying that because a botanist happens to put a dandelion into his can he has, therefore, no eye for an orchid. To the genuine collector there are no trifles, and Hawthorne had at one time the collector's passion. No French or Russian realist had more of it. Certain pages of his note-books and early sketches make one exclaim, "Here is a man with the gifts of Balzac or Tolstoi! Why might he not have become a great realistic writer, endowed as he was with this thirst for the actual? He would so well earn that thousand dollars a year!" But the facts, as such, were not enough to hold Hawthorne long; he pressed on beyond the fact to the truth behind it. As he developed, he collected certain facts to the neglect of others. He observed, but he also philosophized. If, therefore, the technique of his descriptive work often reminds us of the great realists, the use he makes of his talent as an observer and reporter forbids us to group him with them. He was born with too curious an interest in the unseen world. However striking his technical gifts, he wrote as a romancer, a creator.

And what a writer this provincial New Englander is! We talk glibly nowadays about painting and writing with one's eye on the object. Hawthorne could do this when he chose; but think of writing with your eye on the conscience of Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, and never relaxing your gaze till the book is

done! What concentration of vision! What exposing power! Hawthorne's vocabulary is not extraordinarily large; — nothing like Balzac's or Meredith's; but the words are chosen like David's five smooth stones out of the brook. The sentences move in perfect poise. Their ease is perhaps a little self-conscious; — pains have been taken with their dressing, — it is not the careless inevitable grace of Thackeray, — but it is a finished grace of their own. It is a style exquisitely simple, except in those passages where Hawthorne's fancy gets the better of him, and leads him into forced humor, all the worse for its air of cultivated exuberance. Yet even when he sins against simplicity, he is always transparently clear. The certainty of word and phrase, the firmness of outline are marvelous, when we consider the airy nature of much of his material; he may be building cloud-castles, but it is in so pure a sky that the white battlements and towers stand out sharp-edged as marble.

Because Hawthorne gave his work such an elaborate finish, some readers are apt to forget its underlying strength. Our own day of naturalistic impressionism and correct historical costuming has invented a hundred sensational and clever ways of tearing a passion to tatters. But it is well for us to remember that the real strength of a work of fiction is in the conception underlying it, and that the deepest currents of thought and feeling are

> Too full for sound and foam.

Strong-fibred, sane, self-controlled, as was Hawthorne, one may nevertheless detect in his style that melancholy vibration which marks the words of all — or almost all — those who have interpreted through literature the more mysterious aspects of life. This pathos is profound, though it is quiet; it is an undertone, but not the fundamental tone; "the gloom and terror may lie deep, but deeper still is this eternal beauty."

Yet the most marked quality of Hawthorne's style is neither simplicity, nor clearness, nor reserve of strength, nor undertone of pathos. It is rather its unbroken melody, its verbal richness. Its echoes linger in the ear; they wake old echoes in the brain. The touch of a few other men may be as perfect, the notes they evoke more brilliant, certainly more gay; but Hawthorne's deep-toned instrument yields harmonies inimitable and unforgettable. The critics who talk of the colorless life of New England and its colorless reflection in literature had better open their Hawthorne once more. His pages are steeped in color. They have a dusky glory like the great window in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*: —

> . . . diamonded with panes of quaint device,
> Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
> As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
> And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
> And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
> A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

This subdued splendor of Hawthorne's coloring is a part of the very texture of his style; compared with it the brushwork of his successors seems thin and washy, or else crude and hard; it is like comparing a rug woven in Bokhara with one manufactured in Connecticut. But surely our New England soil is not wholly barren if even for once it has flowered into such a consummate artist as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, while he devoted his art to the interpretation of truth, was nevertheless dowered with such instinct for beauty that his very words glow like gems and echo like music, and grant him a place among the few masters of English style.

After all, we do not celebrate the centenary of Hawthorne's birth merely because he was a skillful, an admirable writer. Rather do we take a solemn pride in commemorating one who steadfastly asserted the claims of spiritual things. He wrote in a generation fortunate in its balance between the hard material struggles of the colonist and pioneer, and the

far more dangerous materialism that comes with luxury and power. America had lived through sufficient history to give perspective to her romancers; she had not yet undergone the demoralizing strain of prosperity which has followed upon the epoch of the civil war. Never were Americans so profoundly idealistic, so temperamentally fit to understand the spiritualized art of Hawthorne, as between 1840 and 1860. And our pride in him is touched with a subtle regret at the disappearance of a fine civilization, provincial as it was. A more splendid civilization is still to come, no doubt; but the specific conditions that blossomed into many of Hawthorne's tales are irrevocably gone. Great as he seems when we look back, he seems still greater when we look around us. It is no service to Hawthorne's memory to disparage the industrious men and women who are producing our fiction of to-day. But to glance at them, and then to think of him, is to perceive the startling difference between talent and genius.

No one would claim that that genius was faultless in all its divinations. Feeble drawing, ineffective symbolism, morbid dallying with mortuary fancies, may indeed be detected in his books. That sound critic Edwin P. Whipple, who is passing into such ill-deserved oblivion, once said of Hawthorne: "He had spiritual insight, but it did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy." The note of robust triumph, of unquestioning faith in individual h
advance of huma ss and in the sure rarely heard in his ety, is indeed too his Pater Noster, th . In repeating *Forgive us our trespa* ss falls upon upon *Thy Kingdom come* rather than

Yet he believed that the s d sorrow of humanity, inexplicable as t re, are not to be thought of as if we w apart from God. A neighbor of Hawt e in Concord has recently written n that once, when death entered a hou old there, Hawthorne picked the finest n- flower from his garden and sent it t e mourners by Mrs. Hawthorne with s message: "Tell them that the sunflo r is a symbol of the sun, and that the sun a symbol of the glory of God." A sh simple act of neighborhood kindness, — yet treasured in one memory for more than forty years; and how much of Hawthorne there is in it! The quaint flower from an old-fashioned garden; the delicate sympathy; the perfect phrase; the faith in the power of a symbol to turn the perplexed soul to God! Hawthorne was no natural lover of darkness, but rather one who yearned for light. The gloom which haunts many of his pages is the long shadow cast by our mortal destiny upon a sensitive soul, conscious of kinship with the erring race of men. The mystery is our mystery, perceived, and not created, by that finely endowed mind and heart. The shadow is our shadow; the gleams of insight, the soft radiance of truth and beauty, are his own.

FELLOWSHIP

BY MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

I CANNOT envy leaves their green,
Nor daffodils their gold;
I can forgive the slender grass
Its motion manifold.

The glowing roses still may keep
That deep, desired red,
And slow, upon the garden path,
Their fragrant petals shed.

The bluebird from my apple tree
May vaunt her radiant flight;
I cannot envy those who share
This tranquil summer light.

TUTUILA (U. S.)

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN AND VERNON LYMAN KELLOGG

THERE are two classes of men — as we count men of our race: those who have been to the South Seas, and those who have not; those who have felt the fascination of the surf on the coral reefs, the wind in the cocoanut palms, "the wide and starry sky," the deep warm silence of the bush; those who on honey dew have fed, and those to whom all this life is far away, known only through the stories of traders, the annals of missionaries, the glowing pages of Melville, or the witchery of Stevenson.

In the South Seas are the asteroids of our earthly cosmos, — little green worlds, thousands of them, filled with joyous people who do not know and who do not care whether there exist other worlds of other people, as innocent of curiosity as to what happens in London or New York, as the folks of Vesta and Ceres are careless of the mightier politics of their planetary neighbors, Mars and Jupiter.

The little world may be a ring of broken corals like a pile of scrap iron, fringed with tall cocoa palms, around a blue lagoon into which breaks the endless white surf of the tropics; or it may be the sharp crest of uplifted volcanoes over some flaw in the earth's crust. If our island is a volcano's top, it will be velvet-carpeted to the summit with wide-leaved evergreen trees, intertangled with palms and tree ferns, and all inextricably tied together with the meshwork of the long lianas. Down through the dense green bush rush clear dancing streams, with deep pools for the green sesele or mountain-bass, and white waterfalls for the playground of laughing girls. All along the shores are awave with tall palms, and on the gray barrier reef the blue sea is awash with white breakers. In the water and on

the shore everywhere are the joyous people, shining like clean, oiled, varnished leather, straight and strong as Greeks, simple as children, happy, affectionate, irresponsible and human,—such men as there were when the earth was young.

There in the South Seas lies Tutuila. Four thousand miles to the southwest of the Golden Gate of California, "the second place to the left as you leave San Francisco," to borrow Stevenson's droll definition, Honolulu lying midway,—there you will find the green islands of Samoa. Volcanoes make the mountains and gorges and solid land of these islands; two hundred inches of rain a year and an ardent tropic sun make its wonderful forest and bush and graceful palms; the "coral insect" makes its white shoreline and cruel reefs, while copra makes its enduring smell, and its shifting civilization. And about it all is the abiding presence of the Ocean. From every vantage point one sees the blue water meet the blue sky; ever in one's ears is the low growl of the repulsed waters breaking on the guarding reef; in every direction is it ocean-wide away to the world!

There are four principal islands in the Samoan group, besides six islets. The largest island lies to the west, the others, progressively smaller and, geologically, progressively older, to the eastward. The first is Savaii, forty-five miles long and thirty miles wide, the primitive creating volcanoes not yet cold, their rugged sides overrun with liana-bound forests, as yet impassable to man. Next comes Upolu, forty miles by fifteen, richest in cocoanuts and in arable land, its town Apia, the principal one in the islands, its green mountain Vaea, with the glossy farm of Vailima on its flanks, securely within the Valhalla of literary fame. Apia harbor, calm and safe in ordinary days when the trades blow across from the land, changes into a narrow gorge with jagged jaws of coral in the season of the northwest hurricanes. Then great ships are helpless in its tortuous channels, and the sheltering reefs become themselves the sources of the direst danger. It was in 1889, in this harbor, that an impatient hurricane blew its breath on a Gordian knot of world politics and made ropy spindrift of it.

Fifty miles beyond Upolu lies Tutuila, twenty miles long, and from two to five miles wide. Sixty miles still farther to the southeast, out in the sea, is Manua, almost circular, ten miles in diameter, and oldest of all the Samoan Islands in geological time, and once most honored in hereditary leadership.

Tutuila is primarily a huge volcanic crater, which has built up the island with the lava it has ejected. This crater of Pago-Pago is fringed about with steep walls from 1000 to 2500 feet high, almost vertical on the inner edge after the fashion of craters, sloping away on the outside as the lava flows, two points in its rim, the mountains of Matafao and Peoa, much higher than the rest, and with a break half a mile wide on the south, letting in the sea. The harbor of Pago-Pago,[1] thus formed within the crater of Peoa, is nearly two miles deep and a mile wide. This size is, however, much reduced by the barrier reef which occupies half the strait at the entrance, and which forms an unbroken rim about the shore within. But with all this, there is room enough, if not for all the navies of the world, for all the ships likely ever to put in to Samoa. The winding entrance shuts out all surf from the south, and the great walls on every other side make the harbor securely landlocked, whatever the hurricane without. It is, in brief, the one good harbor in all the South Seas, and for that reason it is of high value to a great nation with expansive commercial aspirations. In any case, it is now ours, and is likely to remain so, a mere dock and coaling station in the eyes of our American administrators, but to its people the colony of Tutuila of the United States of America, a position in their eyes far nobler than to be an independent kingdom. Long ago was Pago-Pago ceded to us, and a coaling

[1] The *g* in Samoan is pronounced as *ng* in sing.

station established there; but the whole island came to us only on the division, in 1891, of the Samoan group between Germany and the United States.

Of arable land Tutuila has practically none: a few wet places are planted to taro, that curious aroid or tropical jack-in-the-pulpit, whose tuber is the substitute for the potato throughout the Pacific islands, and for all modern predigested foods, which find their prototype in *poi*. Along the seashore and on the lower flanks of the mountains is the cocoanut palm, the most graceful tree that grows. The cocoanut furnishes the only article of export from the island, and is, besides, the chief provider of the native's food, drink, clothes, house, and house furnishings. Moors, the American trader of Apia, has said that the South Sea islander awakes in the morning, naked, hungry, and athirst. He rises, climbs a cocoanut tree, and comes down clothed, fed, and drunk. To achieve the last-named condition he must have climbed this tree once, some days before, and tapped a fruiting stem so that its quickly fermenting sap may run out into a shell cup suspended from it. The cocoanut product for export bears that magic name of South Sea tales, copra. This is simply the meat of ripe cocoanuts cut out in little strips, and dried in the sun. The oily, shriveled bits are packed into sacks, and sold to the traders, who ship them to Hamburg, to San Francisco, or to Sydney. From this copra is expressed the familiar cocoanut or palm oil used in making certain soaps. All the copra from all of Samoa — and by far the major part of it comes from the German island Upolu — amounts to barely half a million dollars' worth a year. And beyond copra the Samoan exports consist chiefly in much hopeful talk about some future cacao (chocolate). Besides cocoanuts, the banana, breadfruit, papaya, orange, mango, and a few other food trees grow freely, although but little attention is paid to their cultivation. Without effort on the part of any one there is fruit enough for all. Add to this fruit, fish, chickens, pigs, *bêche de mer*, and squid, and the island contributions to the Samoan's bill of fare are practically all named. As *bonnes bouches* fat larvæ of giant wood-boring beetles, or the uncooked insides of fresh sea-urchins, may be added. Once a year, too, in the full moon of November the strange sea-worm Palolo rises from the depths to spawn, and to furnish the natives with their daintiest tidbit. An acquired taste for canned salmon — familiarly known as *pea soupa*, — the principal American export to this interesting colony of ours — is much in evidence among all Samoans. Our farewell gift to royalty consisted of a great tin of ship's biscuit, and a case of Columbia River salmon, and it distinctly had the royal approval.

There is no encouragement for white settlers in Tutuila. At present the natives are not allowed to sell their land, and if they were the land could not easily be worked. Laborers are scarce, and the price of a day's work very high. The natives are excellent laborers on other islands when carried, willingly or unwillingly, from their own place, but they do not care to work at home. The communistic conditions, general within the tropics, largely account for this. When a native earns a few dollars his own relatives and those of his wife at once pay him a visit, and the surplus is promptly spent for *pea soupa* (canned goods), or for material for personal ornamentation. We once paid Vaiula, our head fisherman at Apia, a considerable sum for a fortnight's catch. The same night it was necessary for him to borrow or beg a shilling to go to the circus where his own son was a star performer. The poverty of the tropics is due chiefly to the communism of the people, and the consequent lack of individual incentive. To the generosity of the tropics we may again ascribe the possibility of this communism. There is enough for all and to spare. Why, then, should they not share it with one another? Because there is so much there is no reason why any one should accumulate a surplus.

In Upolu the labor problem has been partly met by the Germans through the introduction of the "black boys" from the Solomon Islands. They make picturesque figures, rambling through the great cocoanut plantation with their little pack donkeys. But they are a dwarfish, negro-like people, held in low esteem by the free-born, stalwart Samoans, and their retention in semi-slavery is already adding a race problem to the many difficulties of the government at Apia. The great German planting and trading firm (Deutsche Plantagen und Handelsgesellschaft), successor to the once mighty Godeffroys, is pushing for permission to import the all-conquering Chinese coolie. If he comes the work will be done, but Stevenson's people will certainly become only encumbering ornaments in their own land. In Tutuila, the laborers on the government coal wharves are Tongans, brought from the Friendly Islands, five hundred miles south of Samoa. The Tongans are of the same stock as the Samoans. The Maoris of New Zealand, the Tahitians of the beautiful French Society Islands, the Marquesans, with whom Hermann Melville lived his idyllic life, the Hawaiians, now almost gone as a pure-blooded race, the Tongans and Samoans constitute the various branches of the Polynesian race, all tall, well-proportioned, straight-haired, beautiful brown people. Anthropologists name the Polynesians as the finest people, physically, in the world. And the erect, great-chested, strong-limbed, supple Samoans are a revelation of the present-day reality of the Greek sculptor's ideal. But the Papuan, negroid, and Malay races that inhabit the myriad islands of Micronesia and Melanesia are mostly ugly and malformed specimens of the human species.

The dense forests of Tutuila have little value as timber. The breadfruit furnishes the curious beams and rafters of the mushroom houses, while the great cocoanut fronds roof them over. But these are not trees of the forest. In the wild wood and bush live numerous kinds of birds, species allied to the honey-creepers, a few sorts of paroquets, a robin, a much-hunted dove species, some showily colored little kingfishers, a crow, an owl, and a few other predatory forms. The little blue and orange kingfishers are odd in that they are most often to be found far up on the mountain sides in the dense forest where there are certainly no fishes to fish for. The natives say that they peck out the eyes of other birds, and the American officer in charge of the customs, who keeps a few chickens for company and Sunday dinners, has repeatedly noticed the kingfishers dashing at his hens!

A species of flying-fox, a large fruit-eating bat nearly a foot long, abounds in the forests, and is the only native mammal. This interesting beast, called *pei*, is used as food, and is often seen in daytime climbing among the trees like a pigmy goblin. One species of snake is found in Upolu and Savaii, and that but sparingly. It is a harmless serpent, allied to the garter snakes, but reaching a notable size. Lizards are numerous, but the species are few and not large.

The fringing coral reefs of all these islands abound in fishes and invertebrate life. We obtained six hundred and twenty species of fishes from the harbors of Apia and Pago-Pago, all shore forms of the reefs, there being little opportunity for outside fishing or collecting from deep water. So large a number is not recorded from any other ports so small as these. The flat-topped reefs are partly exposed at low tide, but are covered with pools of every size. The reef itself is loose and broken at the surface and fissured on the edges, and fish creep and swim through all the openings and crevices. The large dead masses of branching corals are also filled with small fishes, slippery morays winding in and out the open spaces, while gayly colored damsel-fishes and butterfly-fishes cluster in the larger cavities. Everywhere in the tide pools and reef crevices swarm brittle-stars, sea-urchins, star-fishes, crabs, sea-worms, and mollusks;

under coral blocks and on the sand floor in shallow water are hosts of sea-cucumbers (*Holothurians*) of half-a-dozen species, while little octopuses go swimming backwards in inky clouds across the pools. The echinoderms are remarkably represented both in number of species and individuals, and include some extraordinary forms. At low tide the native women and children wade and poke about over the reefs, collecting *bêche de mer*, octopuses, and sea-urchins for food. They turn the big octopuses inside out by a dextrous jerk, thus disabling them so that they can be handily carried alive. Our collecting was largely done by poisoning the temporary tide pools with chloride of lime, by breaking up masses of dead coral with a hammer, and by throwing dynamite into deep angles and fissures of the reefs.

Many fishes of the coral reefs show protective coloring in the highest degree. Such species usually lie quiescent on the bottom, the general hue being a blotched or mottled gray. But in all the pools abound species which give defiance to all notions of mimicry or protective coloration. There are damsel-fishes (*Pomacentrus*), locally called Taupo (the exact cognate of the West Indian names, Damsel, Demoiselle, and Doncella), of every shade of blue, except dull shades, and marked with vivid golden or scarlet dashes. These fishes save themselves by their excessive quickness and their power of darting into small crevices. Apparently they have no need of protective coloration, and have no fear of any enemies in the reefs. Everywhere about the reefs abound butterfly-fishes (*Chætodon*), with bright yellow as a ground color, fantastically striped or streaked or spotted with blue or black. Bizarre rainbow-fishes (*Labridæ*), each species bearing streaks or marks of every possible color, abound everywhere, and in all the deeper pools are crimson soldier-fishes (*Holocentrus*), parrot-fishes (*Scarus*), and surgeon-fishes (*Teuthis*), almost all of them colored as brilliantly as fish-pigment can make them. No birds and no flowers of any land are colored more gayly than the fishes of the Samoan reefs. In the open waters we find fishes of the usual protective shades, blue-green above and silvery below, while in the rivers the fishes are green-speckled, and colored like the stones. It is only within the retreats of the great reef that the mad riot of color develops itself.

In Samoa the skipping goby (*Periophthalmus*), a little froglike fish with protruding eyes, is very common in muddy brooks and piles of stone along the shore. This active little creature leaves the water, climbing bushes and lurking on logs in pursuit of insects. It often waits on shore, in concealment, for the tide to return. It skips over the ground like a lizard, and in like fashion will flutter over the surface of the water without sinking.

Almost the only noxious animal of Samoa is the mosquito, but this is truly a fearful pest; not simply as a buzzing and stinging torment, but as the intermediate host and disseminator of the dreadful scourge elephantiasis. This is a form of filariasis in which the minute parasitic filariæ lodge in the lymphatic glands, and produce a remarkable hypertrophy of the subcutaneous tissue, so that a man's leg may come to weigh as much as all the rest of his body, or his arm be simply a great useless cylindrical mass a foot in diameter. The specific cause of the disease is the parasitic blood-worm *Filaria sanguinis-hominis*, which passes part of its life in the body, particularly the thoracic muscles, of the mosquito. The exact mode of migration of the parasite from the mosquito to man is yet undetermined; whether by the bite, that is, the piercing of the skin with the oral proboscis, or whether it occurs by the drinking of water in which the dead bodies of infested mosquitoes have disintegrated, is still undetermined. The filariæ have been observed to migrate from the thorax of the mosquito into its labium (the fleshy sheath of the proboscis), and even to escape from the tip of the labium. This

points strongly to the possibility of infection at the time of piercing, but the parasites are large, and few could enter the blood at one time. The disease has obtained an amazing prevalency among the natives, almost certainly one third or more — Manson estimates it at one half — being afflicted. It is incurable, at least in all cases of a certain length of standing, and even from the first if the patient remains in the tropics. It causes the patient little pain, being attended, however, at certain recurring intervals by fever, but in its advanced stages so deforms the body as to make the sufferer incapable of walking or of almost any other motion. White men are occasionally attacked; one white patient was seen near Pago-Pago during our stay. If the disease once seated is incurable, remedial measures must be of the nature of a campaign against the intermediary mosquito, the most abundant species of which is, interestingly enough, the same species, *Stegomyia fasciata*, so abundant in Cuba, and by the researches of American surgeons and physicians now practically convicted of breeding and disseminating the (still unknown) parasite of yellow fever.

So far as the Samoan people are concerned the most valuable possible result of American rule would be the stamping out of the mosquito in Tutuila, and steps in this direction have already been taken.

Throughout the South Seas the white trader, usually with a native wife, has stood in the time-honored twofold relation of shepherd to the sheep. At the best, the trader looks well after his flocks, protects them from the unlicensed wolves, and shears them with great regularity. The trader is always an interesting character, and sometimes an attractive and charming one. But he is "not there for his health" alone, and for the most part he finds his pastoral occupation financially profitable. A good example of the best type is Moors, a famous American trader of Apia, one time host, friend, and business man of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has traded in the South Seas for thirty years, knows the languages and the natives of a dozen widely separated groups of islands, has sixteen trading stations scattered through the various Samoan islands and islets, and is sole proprietor and king of two lonesome little Pacific coral islands a thousand miles apart, on one of which he raises sea-turtles, on the other cocoanuts. How he came to own one of these diminutive kingdoms is a story which reveals an interesting incident in Stevenson's life. The island, a perfect little emerald gem in the sapphire Pacific, was seen by Stevenson on one of his cruises, and so fascinated him by its unique beauty that he insisted that Moors should try to discover if any nation or man claimed proprietary rights in it, and if so, to bargain for it on his, Stevenson's, account. Moors learned that a French trader of Tahiti claimed the island, but would sell his rights for two thousand pounds. This Stevenson could not afford, but he urged Moors to try to get an offer of one thousand pounds, and if so to take it. In the meantime Stevenson set off on a voyage to Sydney. On his return, Moors was able to tell him that he had succeeded in buying the island for fifteen hundred pounds, thinking that Stevenson would be willing to pay so much. But Stevenson, who seemed to have quite forgotten his former interest in the island and insistence on its purchase, threw up his hands in dismay, saying, "Impossible. I have spent all my money." And Moors owns the island to this day. The trader says dryly of his famous companion's attitude toward business matters, "Stevenson was essentially a literary man, you know."

In Stevenson's *A Footnote to History*, the recent history of Samoa has been recounted with the just faithfulness of a great historian. Most of it revolves about the noble personality of Mata'afa, savage statesman and king, a man of character, dignity, ambition, and moderation, a representative of all that is strongest and most serious in Samoan life.

After the days of Malietoa Laupepa, the jurisdiction fell into the hands of the Tripartite Convention, the local representatives of the three great powers, — England, Germany, and the United States. If in Stevenson's time life in Apia was enlivened by "a fresh conspiracy every day," the condition of strenuous activity was still further emphasized under this threefold arrangement. Most notable of these intrigues were those that brought in Malietoa Tanu, and balked the natives in their choice of Mata'afa. The resulting confusion led among other things to a wanton attack on Apia by a combined American and British force from ships in the harbor. This attack, begun without warrant, and against all good advice, ended disastrously, and recently a joint tribunal has compelled the nations concerned to make good the damages inflicted. This is one of the most hopeful incidents in the history of arbitration, for the judges considered the question of justice alone, without the effort shown by most previous courts of arbitration to consider the opposing claims, and then to split the difference. It was this affair that brought the Tripartite Convention to an end, and divided the islands between Germany and the United States. To Germany fell Upolu and Savaii, the larger islands with their copra and hoped-for cacao. To the United States came the definite ownership of the admirable harbor of Pago-Pago, with the incidental encumbrance of jurisdiction over Tutuila and Manua, and all the petty complications which this jurisdiction entails.

Mata'afa is now the head chief of German Samoa. He fought against the Germans during the rule of their puppet-king Tamasese. He was vice-king, and centre of the opposition during the rule of Malietoa Laupepa, whose authority was dependent on German support. When English intrigue brought forward as king the weak boy Malietoa Tanu, Mata'afa again represented the opposition, and the support of his old enemies, the Germans, now became his strength. The division of the islands disposed of Malietoa Tanu, and now such royalty as exists, under the palms of the old capital on the sandspit of Mulinu'u, rests again with Mata'afa.

In these struggles Tutuila seems to have taken little part. Her head chief, Mauga of Pago-Pago, was from the first friendly to American rule. He gave an active welcome to Commodore Tilley, the first American governor, and the details of American control were at once arranged on a living basis.

The chiefs of Tutuila came together on April 17, 1900, and voted to cede the island to the United States. A deed of cession was drawn up with great formality. It was signed, engrossed, and forwarded to the President. No answer was received to this paper. The Samoan people are sensitive to slights. It is part of their etiquette that a gift should be promptly acknowledged, and they had offered the greatest gift within their power to make. They had presented their whole island to the President of the United States, and he had not deigned to notice the gift. Perhaps he never saw the deed of cession, perhaps he was in doubt as to the constitutional and consistent answer. To acknowledge that we hold Tutuila by the gift of her chiefs and people might question the validity of the treaty with Great Britain and Germany which preceded this deed. Conditions became difficult for Commodore Tilley and for his successor, Captain Sebree. The matter came to the attention of President Roosevelt, and with characteristic straightforwardness, he proceeded to set the matter right, careless of all questions of precedent.

According to advices from Pago-Pago, the 16th of January, 1903, "will always be a red-letter day for the Samoans." On that day the commandant of Tutuila called the people together "to receive from the President his reply to the instrument of cession given on the seventeenth day of April, 1900, by the chiefs and people of the island to the United States, and to receive the presents which were for-

warded." Besides watches and medals suitably engraved, each chief received a written greeting under the hand of the President, accepting the offer of the people. To the Samoan guard of native soldiers, or "fita-fitas," the United States flag was presented by Acting Lieutenant-Governor Minett.

On all public occasions in Samoa the addresses are made by official "talking men." The translation of the speeches of Alapa and Tuiasosopo, talking men of Tutuila, are here given, as officially reported by the "talking man," or interpreter, of the commandant of Tutuila.

Alapa, speaking for the western district, the "counties" of Fofo and Aitulagi, said: —

"Your Excellency, the Commandant, representing the President of the United States of America, to you the Secretary of Native Affairs, and to the officers of the Government assembled here to-day, greeting.

"I am Fofo and Aitulagi. I speak for all my people; my word is the voice of all.

"Many thanks! Many thanks! Many thanks! Many thanks!

"We are all gratified to-day. We had doubts about the Government at first; we were wallowing in the mud, but now we are on dry land.

"Previously Samoans carried arms and ammunition; they lost much money in purchasing them, but now — thanks! The arms have been surrendered to the Government, which has paid for them, and there is no further need for guns, because a strong Government gives us peace!

"We are pleased with the Government.

"The Government has been good, and we are better than formerly. These are my only words. Let the Government prosper."

Tuiasosopo, for the eastern district, Sua and Vaifanua and the islet of Aunuu, continued: —

"I am talking for Sua and Vaifanua. Fofo and Aitulagi have expressed their thanks. I add now the thanks of Sua and Vaifanua. We witness to-day our union with the United States of America, and we accept with rejoicing the relationship. We have seen the good will and kind intentions of the Government toward us. We are happy. The laws have been made and the courts established. The people are progressing. May good feeling always exist between the Samoan people and the United States of America."

So much, and good, for Tutuila. But there was something lacking in these inspiring scenes. The talking men of Tuamanua, the king of Manua, our (by treaty) second island, were not heard on this notable occasion. Tuamanua and his people did not deed their island to the United States, nor does this king willingly allow the flag of the republic to wave over his royal hut. And only a year ago he showed plainly that he does not consider himself a vassal of the President of the United States.

Tuamanua is a man of some education and of decided personal force. He has kept his people out of debt, and out of the clutches of beach-combers, and has even organized them into a sort of coöperative-trading company with some success. But he clings to the old traditions of his island, and one of these is that the king of Manua outranks any of the chiefs who rule parts of other islands. Therefore, when Mauga, the sagacious and dignified chief of the eastern half of Tutuila, visited Manua a year ago, he was received with exceptional welcome, but when in the ceremonial kava-drinking the talking man, or master of ceremonies, presented Mauga with his cup in such style as to indicate his equality with Tuamanua, the latter resented this *lèse-majesté*. The offending talking man was brought before a specially convened court of chiefs and given the old Samoan condemnation. His house must be destroyed, his cocoanut trees cut down, his mats and tapas wasted, and his life made forfeit to the king. This coming to the attention of the American commandant at Pago-Pago, brought to Tuamanua a note to the effect that the

American statutes do not recognize *lèse-majesté*, and that no such condign punishment must befall the unlucky sinner against the code of Manuan etiquette. A deal of trouble ensued, resulting in a trial by a naval court of several Manuan chiefs, and the falling into contempt of court by Talefua, the chief talking man of Tuamanua, and his detention for six months on the island of Tutuila. Meanwhile Tuamanua, having to do his own talking, must have felt more than ever incensed against a tyrant who not only overruled his royal prerogatives in the matter of the *ipu* of kava, but possessed itself for six months of the royal voice!

Kava is the national drink of Samoa. It is prepared by pouring fresh water over the crushed dry root of a plant of the pepper family. This crushing used to be done by the strong white teeth of the fairest village maiden, the taupo, but in deference to the prejudices of an alien race, the taupo, in these effete days, vigorously wields a small stone on pieces of the root held in a curious many-legged bowl. The drink is made freshly for each drinking, and much formal ceremony attends its preparation and tossing off. So elaborate and precise is this ceremonial on state and official occasions, that, as we have noted, kings may come to war or to deep humiliation through its modification or infraction. Kava is wholly non-alcoholic, and owes the particular effects of its use to an alkaloid. It produces first a curious partial local anæsthesia of the tongue and throat, then a slight stimulation of the mental faculties, and if much of the liquid is taken at one sitting a loss of control of the legs. But it can be used moderately, with apparently little or no harm. It is drunk many times a day by the natives, and occasionally a long sitting around the kava bowl is indulged in by a group of convivial spirits.

Less difficult, perhaps, than questions of royal precedence, but still full of practical embarrassment, are many other details of government. The interests at stake in Tutuila are relatively small, but the consequences of a mistake may be very disastrous, the more so as these people, less than six thousand all told, have little conception of the vastness of the United States or of their own smallness in its political perspective. The only interest we have in Tuamanua is to protect him and his people from being carried away some night by the "blackbirders" to work on some African sugar plantation. But as the king of an equal and sovereign state, he may declare war on us at any time, if he regards his hereditary rights as invaded. It would be easy to crush him and kill his people, but it would be wanton slaughter, with no gain of any sort. At Pago-Pago, when the flags are flying, the band playing, and the fita-fitas march in their showy blue and red semi-Turkish uniforms, it is easy to encourage and maintain the feeling of loyalty. Thus far, too, the government has been in efficient and considerate hands: hence the public has heard little of the difficulties of the situation. But the commandant finds plenty of these. In the first place Congress has never defined the status of the colony. The commandant is a naval officer with uncertain powers. The revenues of government come mainly from import duties. It is not certain whether Tutuila is territory of the United States. If it be such, and the United States tariff is in effect, then goods from the United States are admitted free. By the terms of the treaty with Great Britain and Germany, these countries have the same trading privileges in Tutuila as the United States. Consequently all goods from British Australia, New Zealand, and Fiji, or from German Samoa, should also come in free. There are no imports from anywhere else, and to adopt the view that these islands are within our tariff limits would be to destroy all their revenue. It might also create in them an open door to smuggling on a large scale. Free wool from Australia would break a great gap in our present protective tariff fence. If we regard Tutuila as outside the tariff limits of the United States, the tariff

charged is arbitrary, resting apparently on the will of the commandant alone. This condition exposes him to legal attacks on the part of dissatisfied traders as soon as he sets foot on the mainland. An absolute monarch while on the islands, he may find San Francisco full of legal questions which may give him serious embarrassment.

Moreover, the commandant finds it necessary to oppose constantly certain interests of the traders. Copra is worth about three cents a pound in San Francisco. The trader buys it from the natives at a cent and a quarter, paying in "trade" at his own prices, and weighing it in on his own scales. These scales, through long stay in the tropics, sometimes become curiously affected. One of the American officers, happening to be in a small trading station away from Pago-Pago, weighed himself on the trader's scales. He was dismayed to find that his weight had fallen from one hundred and eighty pounds to one hundred and thirty-five, having lost fully forty pounds since beginning his half day's journey from Pago-Pago.

The liquor matter, too, offers its difficulties. Fortunately the natives of Samoa mostly prefer kava to "square-face" (gin). But the white man of the South Seas usually develops a chronic thirst. In Apia liquor is sold to white men with no visible restraint, but there has been virtual prohibition in Tutuila, and where prohibition really prohibits the opposition to it becomes deadly earnest. Whether an American hotel, with a bar, shall come into being or not at Pago-Pago has been a matter constantly coming up to remind the commandant that being ruler of Tutuila is not simply leave of absence to doze on a tropic beach. Nor has the problem of religious toleration been always simple. The natives of Samoa were early converted to Christianity. Each village has a large church, usually much too large, but built so as to outdo its neighbors. Sunday is devoted almost entirely to "mijinery;" this useful and expressive word denoting church-going, pastors, church members, or almost anything else connected with the London Missionary Society's work. "Popa" is similarly the all-including word for Roman Catholic missions, priests, and neophytes. Six or seven services are held each Sunday in the native churches, the major part of each being vigorous, enthusiastic, and not unmelodious singing. Familiar hymns, recast a little to suit the Samoan voice and custom, and translated into the resonant vowels and few liquid consonants, come ringing out through the whole day. At night, too, groups of natives will squat on the mats under the mushroom roof of some large hut, and sing there hour after hour for pure joy of tune and rhythm. Our boatmen would sing as we came rowing home, just before the quick twilight, from the day's collecting on the reefs. The tenor begins the melody, and after a few bars the bass joins with a sort of native harmony, an instinctive counterpoint; then the tenor rests, the bass singing alone for a few measures, soon to be rejoined by the higher voice. At each ceasing the last one or two syllables are given in a curious jerkily spoken or shouted way, not unlike that sometimes heard from Wagnerian baritones and basses on the German stage.

Until lately the London Missionary Society and the Roman Catholics (much less strongly entrenched) have had a practical monopoly of religious activity. But recently Mormon missionaries have begun to attract many natives, and to get a firm footing. These Mormon propagandists seem to be a most practical and effective set of workers. They teach practical industries, and not only in Samoa, but elsewhere in the South Seas, are rapidly gaining followers. Some of the industrial teaching of the London Missionary Society seems to have taken the lines which so thoroughly aroused the indignation and contempt of Mary Kingsley on the West Coast of Africa. At least, our head fisherman at Apia showed us with great

pride a daintily bound little hymn-book, the binding and rather ornate tooling having all been done by his son in "mijinery school." The Mormons attend rather to planting and woodworking than to gilt-patterned bookbindings.

The influence of the missionaries has certainly been for the most part beneficial to the natives. The constant antagonism of the less reputable traders and the beach-combers — the lost human flotsam and jetsam of the South Seas — to the missionaries is shining evidence that their work is for the real good of the natives. But two things they have brought into the life of our joyous brown wards of the coral beaches which are certainly calamitous. These are clothing, and, by consequence, pneumonia. As terrible a scourge as elephantiasis is, pneumonia is the more rapidly destructive, and in time it may depopulate the islands. In the good old days the rains beat upon the shining oiled shoulders and back of the half-naked native as harmlessly as on the well-preened plumage of the wild duck; but now the cheap cotton shirt or white jacket clings wet and clammy to the skin, the quick chill strikes through the blood, and the end comes with appalling swiftness and certainty. The gaudily be-ribboned, absurd little chip hat pinned to the great mass of long black hair, and the immodest *holuku* (Mother Hubbard gown) of the women, and the tightly buttoned white barber's jacket above the bare brown legs of the men, really reach the climax of absurdity, and, what is worse, they are unwholesome both for health and morals. But such is the costume of the saved! Well that they be truly saved, for they have made a fair start in their "mijinery" clothes, to test quickly the power of their new religion.

Years ago the conditions in Hawaii were much as now in Samoa. The cultivation of sugar, the rush of commercial prosperity, the immigration of a few white men and of a host of Orientals have changed the old condition of Hawaii. The native is now only an incident in the economic development of the territory. Politically, he is a nuisance, because he has a vote; he delights in hustings, and he has not the slightest interest in hoarding money either by himself or by the state. Hence his vote is always for lavish expenditure. The principles of democracy find their severest strain in the presence of race problems. When one race has no regard for what the other holds dear, it is not easy to found a commonwealth on unity of interests. In Hawaii, the American becomes impatient of a people who care more for the fragrance of a flower, the flutter of a ribbon, and the joys of gossip, than for constitutional liberty, industrial prosperity, or commercial progress. The native is equally impatient of those who hoard money, where money exists only to be spent. "No better than a *haole*" (foreigner) is their pungent description of the native who earns money and then keeps it. In Samoa the old ideals still hold in their original picturesque beauty. It is a race of primitive Homeric folk which abides there. May it remain so for a thousand years, and in our *ipu* of kava may we drink the health of Mata'afa, Seiumanu of the hurricane night, Mauga and Tuamanua, great human men that they are, not forgetting the memory of Tusitala, greatest, wisest, and most human of these island chieftains all.

THE TWO CHANTY-MEN

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

Of late years, in the fall, as soon as pollock are reported in any considerable number on the Big Bumbo Ground, Skipper Job Gaskett finds means to communicate the fact to his early shipmate, Abram Kentle, of distant Dogfish Point. White-haired Abram, who has but lately returned after many years' absence, then rolls up a "shift" of clothes in an oilskin suit, and with the bundle under his arm, betakes himself down the old post road to the house of his friend at Killick Cove. In anticipation of this now annual visit, Skipper Job has his drag-boat and gear in readiness, and for some time both follow the example of many others in the town, and devote themselves to laying in a supply of winter's fish.

Starting away from home at the usual early hour one mild morning, dearth of suitable bait and a failure of the wind so delayed their return, that darkness shut down before they again reached the mouth of the broad stream, just inside of which lay Killick Cove. By this time a dense fog had rolled in from the sea, and encountering the strong ebb-tide out of the river, they were obliged to anchor. After a dish of hot tea in the cuddy, the disappointed fishermen lighted their pipes, and fell to pacing that small portion of deck remaining between kid-boards, hogshead tubs, and like clutter of the little craft. On the forward rigging, around a smoky riding-light, thickly studded drops of water sparkled against an inky background. Through the lantern's yellow glimmer the thick fog solemnly sifted past, and under the boat's bow fast swirling eddies of the rushing ebb lapped with stealthy trickle.

"How like the mischeef this tide doos empt to-night, you!" said Skipper Gaskett. "It must lack all of two hours' time to low-water slack, yit. I do wisht we could saved our tide in home this afternoon, for I cal'lated to foot it acrosst to the Crick and try to pick me a bucket of cockles off'n the flats, so's to piecen out our bait to-morrow. There's times you know, when seems's though pollock would n't look at nothin' else unless'n *'t is* cockles."

"Pollock is consid'ble partial to cockles, no two ways about that," said Abram Kentle. "Talkin' of going acrosst to the Crick, though, I wonder is there ary one of them Crick Bowses left over there at this day o' the world? Ezry Bowse was in the old Nonesuch the fust time ever we went off-shore, ye rec'lect."

"Yes, I know, but you hain't need look for ary Bowse alive to this Cove these twenty year and more," Job Gaskett replied. "It's some sing'lar, too, the way the whole kit of them Crick Bowses has made out to be drownded and killt off. There's nothin' only the cellar-hole left of the old home-place over there now'days."

"I want to know ef they're all hands on 'em goners," Abram said. "This 'ere Ezry was called the best chanty-man ever trod a ratline aboard ship."

"Oh, complete, Ezry was, and no mistake!" the skipper assented. "He could n't be beat noways, when it come to chantyin'. Ezry was all the one of the boys that ever come back to the old home-place there. After all the rest-part of the fambly was gone, he come back from sea one time, and lived over there all soul alone till he got through."

"Sho, you!" said Abram Kentle. "Ezry he'd been off-shore in square-riggers ever sence he fust commenced to go, and I know 't was seldom ever you'd hear the likes of him for chantyin'. Him and old Sammy Futtock was called by all odds the smartest pair o' chanty-men ever went out of this river."

"Nothin' on two legs that ever went out of here could commence to tetch 'em, now that's a fact!" said Job. "You come to take it ashore here of a morning when we'll say a brand, spangin' new ship laid to anchor, with a full crew of young bucks, every mother's son on 'em from right 'round this Cove, like's not; you take it the morning she cal'lated to git under way, and ef it did n't sound some beautysome to hear them old chanties acrosst the river, then I would n't never say so! Why, them days you know they'd have to commence heavin' on the win'lass with handspikes same's early this morning, and in this deep water prob'ly it would be hard onto noon-time afore ever they was hove short, with the boys chantyin' stiddy the whole time!

"'Way you, Rio!
Away you, Rio!
Then fare you well, my bonnie young girl,
We 're bound to the Rio Grande!'"

roared Skipper Gaskett, while Abram Kentle joined in with a series of quavering wails.

"Seems's though I'd give a finger jest to hear one of them A No. 1 old chanties again. By fire, but would n't it seem something like, though! You let Ezry Bowse or Sammy Futtock, ary one, strike up 'Storm along, Stormy!' or 'Santy Anna,' or 'Blow, boys, blow,' or some other of them old favorytes, and the rest-part of the crew would come down with the chorus fit to take you chock off'n your feet!" And again fired by the recollection of these old-time sea ditties, Job Gaskett once more burst forth: —

"Blow, my bullies, I long to hear you.
Blow, boys, *blow!*
Blow, my bullies, I come to cheer you.
Blow, my bully boys, *blow!*

"Yes sir-ee! There was a slue of them chanties, and a reg'lar-built smart chanty-man was a consid'ble big herb aboard ship in them days. He'd get more work outen the men a-chantyin' than ever the mates could commence to."

"I guess he would *so!*" Abram Kentle said decidedly. "I been aboard vessel where seems's though the men could n't pull a pound's heft without they had a chanty at every hand's turn. Why, take it the time you and me was youngsters aboard the old Nonesuch, out of here; about how long would it took to heave short unless'n we had chantyin'? Set-fire, I cal'late the kelps would growed ten foot long the whole bigness of her bottom afore ever she'd been clear of this river!"

"You might jes' soon undertook to do away with grub them days, as them same old chanty-men," declared Job. "The breed is all died out, though, at this day o' the world. Folks 'round here would gawk some to see old Ezry Bowse come rollin' down along the road now'days, would n't they? I tell ye he was a proper old deep-water feller ef ever I sot eye on a one in my life! D' ye rec'lect the big full-rigged ship in Injy-ink on the breast of him? He'd allus wear his shirt collar hove wide open in all weathers, so's you'd catch sight of that ship's royals and t'gallant-yards jest showing above his tie."

"Solid Injy-ink him and Sammy was, their whole bigness, same's the bulk of them old shell-backs," said Abram. "What ever become of old Sammy Futtock, anyways?" he added.

"Why," replied the skipper, "him and Ezry lays together chock down in the furtherest sou'west corner of the old Oakum Hill buryin'-ground."

"Sho, you!" said Abram. "What possessed folks to take and lay 'em so fur in from the road as all that, in room of down nigher home somewheres?"

"Waal, the way it looks to me, there wa'n't no great call to lay 'em clean away down in there, as I can see," Job said. "They's mostly Advents lays in there back of the hill, you know. Ezry and Sammy had allus went together aboard ship their whole lives, and being as they kind of took up along with them Advents a short spell afore they come to git through, why seems's though them same Advents turned to and laid 'em

neck and neck one alongside t'other in back of the hill. Betwixt you and me and the windlass-bitts though, seems's ef they never laid none too easy in there, neither."

"Sho, now!" Abram said. "I ain't been a-nigh the place sence I was the bigness of a trawl-kag, but I know that come to git in that fur, you're handy-by to Heron Swamp. Ezry Bowse was allus counted a master weeked old creatur', but for all that, I s'pose maybe he'd full lievser lay in back of the meetin'-house down to the Cove."

"Jes' so eggsactly! Now you've hit it for one thing!" cried Job. "I want my folks should take and lay me somewheres handy-by to the shore; some place where I'll be apt to git the rote good and plain by spells, anyways. How'd *you* love to lay clean away in there to the norrard of the hill, Abram? leave alone being chucked clean down in the corner there, where take it spring-times, you'll go plumb to the knees, every clip! Do you cal'late ever you'd love to lay chock down in there, and harken to nothin' in God's world unless'n it is the frogs a-peepin' in amongst them cat-tails all around ye, jest only one stiddy yip?"

"I don't want to lay in no sich shape!" said Abram Kentle positively.

"No more doos them two, then!" the skipper rejoined. "When them that's got through lay real good and easy, d' ye call it anyways nach'al for 'em to up and travel by nights? Would n't you sooner cal'late they'd stay put, in room of scullin' round this river night-times, same's they will by spells?"

"Any one would suppose'n, now that's a fact. Did ever you run a-foul on 'em yourself?" asked Abram. "Most the whole of you Gasketts allus was great on all sich works."

"Time and again I've heard them two chantyin' on this river by nights sence they got through, and I ain't all the one to hear 'em at it, neither," Job answered. "What's more," he added, "'t is allus called a proper good forerunner of a heavy breeze o' wind consid'ble quick follerin', too."

"Waal," said Abram, "I'm knowing to it there's any God's quantity of sich works going on all the time, of course. The thing of it is, though, some sees 'em or else hears 'em, and some ain't made so's to. That ain't sayin' but what the works is there, jest the same."

"You can bate they're there!" Job said. "I seen a raft on 'em in my day, too. But there, you, there's a plenty more reasons why them two old reynucks don't lay easy. I cal'late for one thing they was 'most too weeked ever to lay good and easy anywheres. Talk about your drinkin' rum, and swearin', and cussin'; — don't never say a word! I been shipmates along o' them that could swear and cuss jest a few, but you come to take Ezry or Sammy, ary one, and seems's though they could n't so much as open their mouths without they'd tear off a big chunk, like! Scand'lous weeked, them two allus was. Prob'ly you've heard tell the way Ezry finally turned to and prayed for a rainstorm that time, ain't ye never?"

"No, sir; it's tol'ble sure I never heard tell of *him* praying for nothin'!" declared Abram Kentle.

"Oh, for sure he did up and pray too, that once, but I guess that was all the prayer ever he got off, and that one was a plenty," the skipper said. "I'll have to tell ye about that scrape, then, seeing how I got drawed into it a little mite myself. Guess likely 't was the time you was away so long. Ezry and Sammy, you know, allus was the biggest kind of chummies, and cal'lated to hang together through thick and thin. After they'd got consid'ble well along in years, the two on 'em took a notion to quit going, and stop ashore the rest-part of their lives. They had enough laid by to rub along with like, and so Ezry he fetched his dunnage up to the old home-place there, and commenced to keep house all soul alone; that is, without no women-folks to do for him.

"Sammy Futtock he did have some

cousins or something left, that lived clean away out back here amongst the alders in Number Two Deestrict, and seems's though they would have give him a home and welcome, but all the place in town where he'd put in much of any time was over to Ezry Bowse's, there. Sammy's folks, ye see, was every one strict Advents. Them Advents allus growed thick as blackberries all up through Number Two, ever sence Adam was a plague-gone oakum-boy, I cal'late. Waal, seems's though the women-folks in pertikler was possessed to coax Sammy to tend out on them meetings of theirn, and finally to convert him over, and all sich works, but Sammy he never appeared to have the least mite of use for them kind, and they could n't seem to hitch hosses wuth a cent. Ef ever they did coax him to stop along on 'em a spell, Ezry Bowse allus would take and climb up a-top of a big high laidge o' rocks right handy-by to his house, and commence a-chantyin' 'Rio' so's you'd hear him the whole bigness of the Cove. The lungs of him was for all the world same's a pair of blacksmith's belluses, and same time there was allus something ter'ble drawring like to his voice, so's folks would heave aside whatever they was doing of, and harken to her for all they was wuth. He'd turn to and shin up a-top of that big laidge where 't was good and sightly, and then he'd strike up chantyin', —

"'We've a bully ship and a bully crew;
Way you, Rio!
A bucco mate and cap'n too;
And away to Rio!'

Set-fire, you! Time he was through with the fust verse, you'd hear Sammy Futtock answering of him down through the hollows betwixt them hills from 'most up to Heron Swamp: —

"'Up aloft the yards must go,
And away to Rio!'

Mighty quick after, down Sammy would come hisself, snappin' and cracklin' through them bushes same's ary wild creatur', making a bee-line acrosst lots for Ezry's place, and then the pair would turn to and have one of their reg'lar old times together, singing chanties and drinkin' red rum till they could n't so much as set up."

"Sho, now!" said Abram. "Seems's though Sammy cal'lated to slip and git under way soon's ever Ezry signalized him, Advents or no Advents!"

"Good land, yes; them two was bound to raise ructions there to Ezry's place, anyways you could rig it. Master weeked, they allus was. Why, one time there was a whole kit of them Advents got together along with the Elder, and trooped it down to Ezry's, cal'latin' to lay theirselves right out, and see ef they could n't fetch the old reynuck to his oats someways or 'nother. Elder he turned to and opened up a-prayin', and he prayed and he prayed till bimeby his throat give out on him complete, so's he could n't fetch another yip to save him. Ezry he sot there as perlite as ever you please, and they said wanted Elder should turn to and have a drop along of him, by way of helping out his throat like! Waal, next thing, all them dezen or twenty women Advents hopped up and commenced a-singin' the very pootiest they knowed, but be jiggered ef afore they was anyways nigh through, Ezry did n't turn to and start in chantyin' 'Sally Brown' so's to drown out the whole batch of 'em clip and clean! 'Sally Brown,' ye know, ain't cal'lated for no prayer-meetin's by a jugful; consekense was them Advents finally concluded they'd full better quit, and jest give Ezry up for a bad egg like."

"Noways to blame, neither," commented Abram Kentle.

"Fur from it," the skipper said. "Seems's though the weeked old reynuck could make out to set there and behave hisself kind of half decent while Elder was to work prayin', but soon's ever it come to singin', he cal'lated to take a hand hisself, and give 'em some p'ints. Waal, only a short spell after, he took a notion to make him a garden over there, though prob'ly he knowed no more how to make truck grow than what I do, and

by fire! what I *dunno* in regards to it would fill a book; but anyways, he started in with a garden-patch that spring, and they all said kept her wed out nice as a pin for a spell, but the way it worked that year, we never got one sol'tary drop of rain till fall. The wells every one went bone dry; brooks was dry as puff-balls everywheres, and all the way in God's world ever folks got so much as a turn o' water was to take and haul it in bar'ls from a little b'ilin' spring clean down in the thick of the swamp.

"Waal, Ezry he worked same's a nailer trying to save his garden that season, but bimeby when he come to see every namable thing in her going back on him complete, why, he commenced to take on horrid. I've heard tell the way he'd stomp 'round his place there, a-swearin' and cussin' fit to take your breath, till finally be jiggered, ef the old creatur' did n't take a notion to try prayin' for rain hisself, the way they was all hands doing of the whole bigness of the county. There was an uncle of mine had been off traipesing through the alders for his cow that day, and he overheard Ezry at it there, down in amongst his dry beans and truck. The old sir allus allowed Ezry says like this, — starting in at the fust commencement kind of easy and coaxin' like, for him, — 'Now look a-here you, Lord!' 's he, 'I tell you jest how bad off I be. Here I been workin' same's ary nigger-slave to keep this 'ere garden all wed out in good shape, and I been luggin' turns o' water for these tormented beans and all the rest-part of the truck nigh the whole summer long, till there ain't a drop I can beg or borry this side of Heron Swamp. Now,' 's he, 'I can't stand everything, no more'n a stone-drag, and I'll be keel-hauled ef ever I'll turn to and lug water that fur, not for no garden! The heft o' the stuff is gone for already, but I want you should turn to right off quick's ever you can, and give us a good old soaker of a rainstorm afore it's too late to save a thing. I don't mean,' 's he, 'no plague-gone fog-mull with dreeblin' little showers by spells; a stiddy fortni't of them kind would n't be no objict with 'most every namable thing I got here all horned up same's a burnt boot, but,' 's he, 'jest turn to and let her go by the hockshead-tub; give us something will be apt to strike in chock to the roots, no matter ef you blow a livin' gale o' wind doing of it!' And then to top off with, he up and says like this: 'Now, Lord, ef you ain't a mind to do this 'ere inside of twenty-four hours' time, blame' ef I won't allus think hard of ye, and no mistake about it!'"

"The blasphemis old reynuck!" exclaimed Abram Kentle, suddenly stopping his pacing. "That's wuss'n his swearin' and sayin' over in the fust place. Do you cal'late, though, ever he did really turn to and talk that way?"

"Cal'late?" repeated Job. "No, I don't cal'late nothin' about it; I'm *knowing* to it that's how he talked it! The old sir has told me it prob'ly a hundred times afore now."

"Waal, but how about the rainstorm?" asked Abram. "Did she come?"

"I ruther guess she made out to show up, ef I was any jedge!" the skipper said. "Enough rain come to lay the dust, anyways, and some to spare. I kind of mistrusted there was an air o' wind come with her too, for we busted 'most a brand-new mains'l aboard the Myrtie Gaskett that night, and had a dirty squeak of it to find the turf at all. That's hossin' ahead a grain too fast, though. You rec'lect old Tildy Purdick's tavern up river in them days, do ye?"

"Lord, yes," Abram replied. "Tildy's place had consid'ble of a hard name long afore I left 'round here."

"Waal," continued Job, "it's safe to say it never improved no great sight afterwards. You take it in the fall o' the year, when there'd be a big fleet laying in here to anchor, and there was likely to be some tall old shindies up there by nights. Ezry and Sammy allus cal'lated to go up there by boat jest about once in every so often, so's to fill their little rum-kags, and same time fetch home all they was able to

lug un'neath their jackets; — 't was seldom ever they'd forget that part of their errant, now, I tell ye. Old Tildy she allus seemed to have a soft spot in her heart for them two, and she'd cal'late for 'em not to start downstream for home without the tide had pinched a couple o' foot, and was runnin' out strong enough to fetch 'em down along no matter ef they was drunk as lords, which you can bate they most gin'ally was.

"Down river them two would come right on the strength of the ebb in Ezry's old baskit of a wherry, a-singin' them sea chanties jest one stiddy string. By spells maybe one on 'em would grab holt of an oar and go through the motions of rowing a grain, but the pair was allus and forever chantyin' so's everybody would be knowing to it they was coming down along, quick's ever the tide pinched off, and had begun to empt in good shape.

"Old Cap'n Pel'tiah Roundturn he kep' store them days ye rec'lect, right handy-by the shore, and the old sir was one of the real old 'square-riggers' hisself. Ezry and Sammy had been along of him in quite a few ships out of here, and the cap'n sot a great store by 'em, too. He allus allowed better sailor-men than them two, when they was sober, seldom ever trod a ratline, and so the old sir was in the habit of watchin' out for 'em like, when they come down river three sheets in the wind with rum, and ef they was too set-fired drunk to make a landing their-selves, he'd send a boat out to gaft onto 'em, and tow 'em in to his shore. He had a plaguy good heart into him, old Cap'n Pelly did, and I've knowed him to set up in his store half the night waiting to hear that chantyin' coming down river with the ebb. Then some one would go and fetch 'em in as I say, abreast the store somewheres; heave their humdurgan out on the beach so's they would n't strike adrift again, and ef it wa'n't too late or stormy-like, they'd leave 'em be in their boat to sober off fit to go home.

"There them two old shell-backs would set sometimes till long after the tide had dreened clean away down and left 'em stranded high and dry, a-chantyin' away as chipper as ever you see, and never realizin' a mite where they was to. The very last time ever I seen 'em setting there that way, I rec'lect well they was tunin' up with 'Haul on the Bowline,' — you know how we'd have that chanty to set up on the weather-brace by, and quick's ever we'd sing out 'Haul,' all hands would buckle down together. Waal, sir, so Ezry and Sammy sot there all dry on them flats that time a-chantyin' jest only 'Haul on the Bowline,' and nothin' else.

> "'Haul on the Bowline,
> Our packet is a-rollin';
> Haul on the Bowline,
> The Bowline — *Haul!*'

they'd give it to her in proper good shape. Each one on 'em had an oar over the side, and quick's ever they'd said 'The Bowline — *Haul!*' be jiggered ef the pair would n't lay right back on them thwarts and dig their oars into them mud-flats so spiteful 't would start the clams a-squirtin' for all they was wuth, every-wheres inside a dezen boats' lengths!"

"Sho, now! Must put ye in mind of a couple of old nach'als," remarked Abram.

"So they did, for all the world, you!" the skipper said. "But what I'm coming at, only a short spell after Ezry Bowse had prayed that way in his garden, him and Sammy started up river on another one of them high-jinks o' theirn to Tildy Purdick's place. They got filled up chock-a-block, same's usual, but seems's though it wa'n't high-water slack till past night-time that day, and so they never got started down river till consid-'ble late. It had been hermin' up thick and greasy for foul weather all day, and by sundown shet in dungeon thick-a-fog here in the river. Old Cap'n Pelly he'd been called out of town quite sudden by sickness, though seems's ef he left word with quite a few to look after Ezry and Sammy that night. What's everybody's business ain't nobody's, ye know, though;

there was plenty folks heard 'em chantyin' down along a-nigh midnight, but everybody cal'lated somebody else besides him was tending to 'em, and so betwixt the lot them two pore old fools come down on the strength of the ebb in a black dungeon o' fog, and in room of stopping to the Cove, away they went chock out to sea, a-chantyin' same's ever."

"Sho, you!" said Abram Kentle feelingly. "Rum will down the best on 'em in time, won't it?"

"Never knowed it to fail in the long run, now that's gospil truth," Job said. "I was bound home from Canso that time, with a trip o' fish in the old Myrtie. At daylight we was up abreast Dogfish P'int, but then she shet in on us, and held so plaguy mod'rit that come midnight and all the fur ever we'd got was off here a piece to the s'utheast; stark calm, and thick-a-fog as ever you see it sence Adam cut his eye-teeth. All to once we took the wind and rain together in a master heavy squall from the east-'ard, so's afore I could get the muslin off'n her, the mains'l split from head to foot. Finally, the wind backened in plumb to the no'theast and pricked on so scand'lous tough I took and hove her to with her head off-shore, in hopes the fog would scale so's we'd git holt of the light on the Shags or something. All of a sudden, close aboard of us to wind'ard, there come this voice a-chantyin', —

" 'I wisht I was old Stormy's son;
I'd give my sailors plenty o' rum!
Ay, — Storm along, Stormy!'

and in a secont's time that dinged old wherry, with Ezry and Sammy setting chock in her bottom, was blowed down right agin our weather rail with a clip that stove in her whole broadside."

"Spillt 'em in good shape, then?" Abram said.

"Why, nach'ally. 'T was jest only bull-luck that ever we was able to resicue 'em, too, and Sammy in pertikler was nigh spoke for. Sammy he'd sobered off enough so's to turn to and bale like a good one, and that's all the way ever the boat had kept a-top o' water at all, for both oars was lost, and Ezry he would n't do a thing without it was to set there in a foot o' water, and chanty stiddy. Lord sakes! Water he ast for, and that's jest what he got, for besides the salt-water that come over 'em, it rained that time same as heavin' of it ker-chuck in your face by the draw-bucketful. We finally got holt of the light, and come into the harbor all right, but I dunno's ever I was any tickleder to find a hole in the beach and git my anchors down than what I was that night, for it blowed fit to make a rabbit shed tears. Sammy Futtock, though, he was all broke up like, and never was his own self again. He ketched a fever, and after he come out of that, turned to and joined in along of them Advents; knocked off drinkin' complete, and finally, they said, coaxed Ezry into acting kind of respectable for a spell. Fust thing anybody knowed, though, he up and died all of a sudden, and quick's ever Ezry learnt the news, he took a shock like, hisself, so's the pair got through pretty much together, same's they lived. That's how they come to lay together chock in there back of Oakum Hill."

"Sho, you! Consid'ble of a little hist'ry, and no mistake," said Abram Kentle. "But you claim they're liable to chanty on this river by nights at this day o' the world, do ye?"

"'T ain't a year's time sence I heard 'em myself," said Job promptly. "Three times afore that I've been woke up by 'em to home there; three sep'rate times I've turned out of bed and hove up my window to harken and make dead sure I wa'n't noways mistakened. Every time it's been ebb tide and thick-a-fog, and nigh's ever I could tell, it's allus been 'Storm along, Stormy' I heard. That's all the one ever they struck up the night they went adrift, accordin' to all tell, and mind ye, too, a heavy breeze o' wind has allus followed close in the wake of this same chantyin'. Now you take it last fall. For quite a spell the her-

ring struck consid'ble thick here in the river, and there was a number of good dark nights when they'd rise to the torch in pretty fair shape. I rigged me up a torch one afternoon, and cal'lated to have a try at 'em in the eddy of Wrack Islant, along with old Uncle Fairway up the road there. After supper she shet in thick-a-fog, and the wind pretty nigh let go; 't was a proper good night to torch herring, and no mistake. We had n't but jest shoved off, when way out in the strength of the ebb, there come this chantyin' jes' same's I'd allus heard afore. Now by fire! thinks I to myself right off, I'm jest plague-gone old fool enough to lay alongside that 'ere, and see who's who, and what's what! I knowed well it was liable to mean a gold watch or else a wooden leg, as the feller says, and as a gin'ral rule I don't never cal'late to go fur out of my way jest to lock horns along with them kind of things; same time, you un'stand, no more do I cal'late to put up with any great sight of crowdin' from 'em neither, and I see this time right off that with sich caterwaulin', every blame' herring in the river was like to be scairt into conniptions and skip.

You know yourself, Abram, that ef you cal'late to torch by nights, you don't want to raise no great hue and cry about it.

"I'm jest as partial to chantyin' as the next one, and allus was, but come to have that shindy struck up the very secont I wanted to git me a herring or two was some aggravatin', and r'iled me up consid'ble. Uncle Fairway was too deef to hear a thing, but I grabbed holt of the oars and give it to her for every pound I was wuth out into the tide, in hopes to head off them sounds, when be jiggered ef 't wa'n't my luck to break a tholepin, and afore ever I could whittle me a one out, the tide had run this 'ere chantyin' chock out of hearing."

"Sho, you!" said Abram. "Seems's though your courage was good, ef you *was* lackin' in jedgment like. I never would advise ye to try and hold your breath till you got me into no sich works myself, for I'm satisfied to leave alone of 'em clip and clean! Come, here's an air o' wind breezenin' up already; let's we up killick and be out of this afore ever them two come drifting down acrosst our bow to-night!"

DISSONANCE AND EVIL

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

EVERY one who cares for art, who likes to read discussions of art, must often have felt how fascinating, and yet how generally misleading, are the analogies which writers love to make between art and other human interests. Such analogies give us at first a delicious mental fillip, a sense of novel discovery and possession. We feel that we understand two things better by seeing wherein they are one. We thought we knew them before, but merely to contemplate them together gives to each a new color and charm. Unfortunately, however, further contemplation, as a rule, leads to doubt. The analogy limps, or halts altogether, and we are left with a sense of having been hoaxed. We find only superficial and entertaining the similarity we had fancied fundamental and enlightening; we are disappointed, or, worse still, in our enthusiasm we twist and misinterpret the facts, and are deceived.

Such analogies, as seductive as they are treacherous, have especially infested the literature of music. So different is music from anything else we deal with that critics have been sorely tempted, in treating it, to resort to mutilating simplifications, distorting comparisons, and explanations that do not explain. Sentimental essayists, whose vaporous effusions have delighted and betrayed thousands of readers, and metaphysical theorists, whose zeal for philosophy has been the measure of their violence to art, have devised the prettiest comparisons between music and something else, — one might almost say anything else, — the only drawback of which is that they are false. It is an awkward fact about music — awkward, that is, for the critics of it — that it is unique in human experience.

But to say that music is in the last analysis unlike anything else we know is not to say that our reactions upon it, which in their turn affect its own nature, are not in many respects like our reactions on our other experiences. Unique as the experience of music is in our world (for nowhere else do we encounter tones related to one another in time and pitch), yet the perception of this material, being a process of our minds, must share the nature of our other perceptions. As the human mind is everywhere one, all the matters it perceives have in common certain peculiarities produced by its mode of perceiving. Analogies, consequently, may be perfectly valid so long as they restrict themselves to these peculiarities; and by calling our attention to the subjective or self-supplied element in all our experience they may furthermore have for us a legitimate and deep interest. They can never take the place of observation, study, and experiment, but they can assuredly sharpen our wits and provoke our imaginations. Innutritious as mental foods, they may be valuable stimulants. Knowledge comes not only from the investigation of the unknown, but also from the analysis and ordering of the known; and to behold our minds performing one function in two different situations is to be both entertained and enlightened.

To trace the effect of the perceiving function of our minds in two such dissimilar realms as music and ethics, to see how our way of approaching them binds together even these, remote as they are, with fragile but tangible threads of analogy, will then, one may hope, be an interesting and not too dangerous task. Dangerous it certainly would be to hang too heavy a theory on threads so slender; but, after all, it is the threads and not the theory that now interest us. Our present

purpose is merely to point out how, in music, dissonance, and in life, evil, alike depend in large part for their peculiar meaning and value on an identical element in our modes of viewing them, on an intrinsic and persistent peculiarity in our perceptive faculty.

It is not necessary to go very deeply into psychology, or to make any very technical definitions, in order to get before our minds, clearly enough for our present purpose, this peculiarity of perception. Perception, as we vaguely realize even without analysis, is a much more far-reaching and significant mental process than sensation. When we perceive we not only find certain impressions of the world coming to us from without, as is the case with sensation, but we also, by an inward and more or less self-determined activity, arrange these impressions in order, relate them intelligibly to one another, and thereby, as we say, possess them. Sensation, so to speak, happens to us; perception we win. Sensation is accidental, perception has purpose and value. It is a sort of intellectual reclaiming process by which we make the weeds of useless sense-impressions give place to crops of sustaining, vitalizing ideas. When, for example, hearing twelve strokes of a bell, we consider them not as isolated sounds but as the striking of a clock, we elevate a series of sensations into a perception. Or when, seeing an at first haphazard mass of dots on a sheet of paper, we suddenly discover that these dots make letters, and the letters a word, then we substitute a valuable and informing perception for our first chaotic bundle of sensations. Whenever, in short, we discern in a number of sensations any kind of relationship which unites them in a group, grafts upon them intelligible value, and domesticates them, so to say, in our service, we perceive. Perception is a process which by apprehending relations makes many things one, transforms chaos into order, and outlines on the shifting surface of chance a profile of meaning.

In no branch of human interest has the perceiving faculty achieved more remarkable results than in the art of music, where it has produced a continuous evolution of technique covering centuries of time, and constantly opening up the most unforeseeable and surprising vistas of new progress. In that art, moreover, none of its results are more interesting than one which is defined by implication in a distinction of terms which we may now profitably examine, — the distinction, namely, between the terms "dissonance" and "discord." It is unfortunately a common error, especially with English musical writers, to use these terms as synonyms. To do so, however, is greatly to impoverish both language and thought; for there is between them one of those far-reaching distinctions of meaning of which a full analysis would constitute a philosophical theory. Stated as concisely as possible, the distinction is this: a discord is merely a harsh and disagreeable combination of sounds; a dissonance is a combination of sounds, which, though harsh in itself, is justified, and even necessitated, by certain musical laws. Any one can make a discord, by merely sitting on the piano keys; only a trained musician can write a dissonance. In brief, discord is accidental, fortuitous; it is that which happens to be unpleasant. Dissonance, on the other hand, is planned, intended; it is that which must be unpleasant. Furthermore, if we have borne in mind the nature of perception, we shall have no hesitation in adding that this accidental character of discord, and this purposeful character of dissonance, must ultimately depend on our being able to comprehend the latter, and not the former. Dissonance must be justified, if at all, by our perception in it of relations that we cannot perceive in discord. What, then, are these relations?

Music, as every one knows, consists of several melodic parts, or "voices," as they are called even when played by instruments instead of sung, going on at once and combining in a satisfactory

mass of sound. These voices, each singing its own tune, are like so many strands in a basket, so many threads in a fabric, or so many members in a society. All must cooperate to produce one harmonious general result, yet each also has its measure of independence, goes its own way, and fulfills its own purpose. Like a human being, it is at once a citizen and an individual. Musicians, recognizing this twofold function of the parts, or voices, consider them from two points of view, and as subject to two realms of law. In the first place, they must, as a whole, make an agreeable combination of sound often enough to give us the feeling that they are working together, that they are not entirely unrelated and at cross purposes. The chords they form in the successive moments of their progress must be prevailingly "consonant;" that is, must be physically pleasant in the sense that they do not arouse in the ear distressing sensations that attend certain combinations of tones, and must be mentally grateful in the sense that they are easily recognized and perceived. On the other hand, when for a moment they make combinations which are painful to the ear or difficult to unravel, they must be so conducted as to make us feel their momentary harshness inevitable and right. Such laws, which concern the simultaneous combination of many voices in successive moments of time, are called harmonic laws. In the second place, each single voice is subject to certain other and equally important laws, which concern themselves not with its relation to the other voices, but with its individual coherence, significance, and interest. Of these, which may be called the melodic laws, the most important is that the single voice must make not a mere random series of tones, but an intelligible melody or tune. It must be built out of definite, recognizable figures or motifs, groups of tones having certain fixed relations in time and pitch; and these motifs must be so repeated and expanded and developed as to give it, as a whole, thematic meaning and point. Moreover, it must not stagnate in the moment, however interesting that may be, but must progress urgently toward a goal; it must give the sense of life and motion that is essential to any utterance, and particularly to musical utterance. This urgency of melody, this constant striving and pressing toward the goal, is perhaps the most characteristic feature of music.

It is on our clear perception of these harmonic and melodic relations of tones that our use of dissonance depends. Obviously enough, any given voice, at any given moment in the progress of a piece of music, may be obliged, in order to fill out a tonal figure or to carry out a melodic design, to take a tone that will not combine agreeably with those which the other voices, under similar obligations, must sound. For the moment, harmonic purity must be sacrificed to melodic interest. The result is a dissonance. It is now quite clear how such a dissonance differs from a discord. The discord is a mere accidental combination of disagreeable sounds; but the dissonance, embodying a momentary harshness as the unavoidable result of melodic tendencies being purposefully carried out, is in no sense accidental; its physical painfulness, even if extreme, is justified by a necessity perceived in it. We endure, we even welcome it, because we grasp its relations.

If dissonance is thus primarily a by-product of melodic motion, however, it ends by being much more than that. Every musician will feel the erroneousness of defining dissonance as a mere result. The fact is that dissonance, reacting potently on the very melodic motion that produced it, becomes immediately one of the most vitalizing elements in musical effect. Even if we overlook, as we must do here, its merely sensuous value as an offset to the over-sweetness of too many consonant chords, we must be careful to estimate justly its service to melodic vitality. The unpleasantness of dissonance arouses in us a peculiar rest-

lessness; it makes us impatient for the melodies to press on, to continue their motion until they reach a pleasanter place; and thus it deeply intensifies that sense of urgency, of progress, of motion, which is the life of melody. Like those rocks in a mountain brook which so pile up the water that, when they are once past, it hurls itself forward with new impetus, dissonances immensely reënforce the momentum of the melodies they momentarily encumber. They give the tension of palpitating life to an organism which without them would be flabby, stagnant, inert. In order to realize this, it is only necessary to play over, carefully noting the impulse given by the frequent dissonances to the melodic progress of the parts, a fugue of Bach, a sonata of Beethoven, or a novelette of Schumann.

This reënforcement of melodic vitality by dissonance, however, will occur only so long as we, the listeners, firmly grasp the melodic strands that lead us. They are the threads that penetrate the labyrinth; so long as we hold them we shall advance with excitement and interest, but if we once lose them our interest will turn to confusion. Our perceptions, then, by which we seize the relations of the tones in the melodies and of the chords in the harmonic sequence, must be keen and well trained. We must be aware, at the moment of the dissonance, that all those jarring tones are part of a scheme that is being purposefully and intelligently carried out by the composer. If we fail even for an instant to hear each tone, we cannot be sensible of the added momentum it gets from the dissonance, or expectant of the tone it is progressing to, which will resolve the chaos into order. The melodies will lose for us their unity, and become meaningless fragments; the dissonance will degenerate into a discord. The effect of dissonance accordingly depends on the intelligence of the hearer, on his having trained perceptions. If these be lacking, one of the most potent formative agents of musical effect will mean to him mere ugliness and fatigue.

So much, then, for a brief sketch of one aspect of the psychology of dissonance. It has shown us, in the first place, how dissonant effects are reclaimed from the realm of mere meaningless discord by our faculty of perception; how, in the second place, they originate as by-products in the process of carrying out certain melodic tendencies; and how, finally, they end by giving an immense stimulus to these very melodic tendencies, the urgency of which is the fundamental vitalizing principle in music.

It requires, fortunately, no great learning or penetration, but only a natural interest in human life, and a habit of observing it, to discern in our attitude toward evil a striking analogy with our attitude toward dissonance. To discern this analogy is merely to point out how, in the two realms, widely sundered as they are, of music and of ethical life, our perceptive faculty is alike active, and leads to similar results. As a matter of fact, the phenomena of evil are determined by our ethical perceptions much as the phenomena of discord and dissonance are determined by our musical perceptions. And what is more, the average man is inclined to be as naïve in his ethical as in his musical attitude.

Most people, it is curious to note, lump together as "evil" everything that is disagreeable. Evil is whatever hurts them, interferes with their comfort, upsets their plans. In this sense, death, poverty, disappointment in love, toothache, accidents, taxes, are examples of evil things. This view, crude and superficial as it is, is very widely held. It is the spontaneous view of the natural man. Its most striking peculiarity is that it takes no account of human reactions upon events, but accepts the events themselves as the ultimate and essential facts. The immediately pleasant it labels "good," the immediately unpleasant "bad," with charming naïveté. It even employs the terms of philosophy, such as "optimism" and "pessimism," which properly define only general mental at-

titudes, to describe the facts of mere experience: men say that they are "optimistic this morning," because they have breakfasted well; or that they are "pessimistic," there being a fall in stocks. It crops out in theology, in such arguments as that God cannot be omnipotent, since he permits earthquakes and volcanoes, floods, droughts, and tempests. It unhappily dominates the thought even of many sincere reformers and pioneers, who believe that the salvation of humanity means the elimination of discomforts from life. They fancy that because evil makes us uncomfortable, good is to be pursued through steam-heat, electricity, and furniture. Good and evil are for them external facts, not inward conditions.

The reason that this conception of evil as something external and fatal is so crude and unsatisfactory is that it entirely fails to take account of a vital element in our experience of bad things, — namely, of our mental attitude toward them, our spiritual reaction upon them. We instinctively feel that no evil worthy of the name is defined simply by stating an event, a fact, an outward condition. To that external factor in it we must add the internal factor of our behavior toward it. There is no such thing as an abstract evil, floating in a vacuum like some lost meteorite in the interplanetary spaces. Any evil is evil only in relation to some consciousness. And if it be thus related to some consciousness, then it will be in turn reacted upon by that consciousness. Nothing, in short, has any effect upon us, or is in any sense real to us, until, as we may say, it is assimilated; and the form in which we assimilate it is determined not more by it than by ourselves. It is a fact of the most momentous importance that we contribute to our own lives, moment by moment and with inevitable constancy, an ingredient which is always the same, and which enters into instant chemical combination with everything that befalls us. This ingredient is the peculiar quality of our character or genius. As it is in the nature of man to transform certain kinds of vibrations of ether, from whatever source they reach him, into light, and certain kinds of air-vibrations into sound, so it is in his nature to turn all his experience to the uses of character. Or again, as nitric acid, brought into contact with iron, copper, zinc, or lead, makes in turn nitrate of iron, nitrate of copper, nitrate of zinc, or nitrate of lead, — but always a nitrate, — so the character of a man, brought into contact with events, treats them all as spiritual opportunities. If, then, we would gain more than a superficial conception of evil, we must insist on perceiving evils in their relation to the ideal purposes our characters create. These purposes, constantly held, never in the finite world fulfilled, run through our lives as melodies run through music. Changeless, perennial, they pierce and penetrate the kaleidoscopic flux of events as melodies pierce and penetrate the fabric of harmonies in which they are embodied. They alone persist, they alone stamp life, teeming and inchoate as it is, with one dominant character, one unchanging value and significance. Nothing can befall a man that he cannot in some degree relate to his ideals. The direst temptation is a means of holiness; the utmost frailty is a condition of strength; loss, loneliness, and bereavement are the schools of loyalty; and failures are the stages in success.

Nor need we fear that this analysis of the relation of ideals to events, by which we have been led from the conception of external evil to that of ethical evil, just as by analyzing the relations of melody and harmony we were led from the conception of discord to that of dissonance, is a mere intellectual feat, a device of ingenuity, without real value as a revelation of truth. To convince ourselves of its validity we need only note that it is actually our ideal purposes themselves which introduce into our world most of the evils we experience. So close and causal is the relation. By merely surrendering the ideals, we could generally evade

the evils. Temptation (to take the examples just used) exists for us only so long as we desire holiness; we should be unaware of our weakness did we not long for strength; only the lover can experience loneliness; and we can fail only so long as we try to succeed. The animals, as Walt Whitman keenly says, are neither respectable nor unhappy; for having no ideals, they cannot fall short. "The conscious ills which beset our fortune," writes Professor Royce, "are in a large measure due to the very magnitude and ideality of our undertakings themselves, to the very loftiness of our purposes, and even to the very presence of our active control over our deeds. For all these more ideal aspects of our consciousness mean that we set our standard high, and strive beyond the present more ardently. And in such cases our ideals actually imply our present dissatisfaction, and so contribute to our consciousness of temporal ill." It is true, then, in a very real sense, that our ideal aims not only react to modify the nature of evils, but actually produce some of the most significant evils we experience. Even so, we have seen, the melodies in a piece of music not only influence our attitude toward the dissonances they encounter in their progress, but actually create these dissonances by following out their chosen paths. They must, as melodies, be significant, interesting, thematic; and that involves many momentary complexities of harmony. Our ideals, in their turn, make high demands upon us, — demands which often bring us into painful conflict with our environment. Ideals, then, create and justify the sort of evil we have called ethical, just as melodies create and justify dissonance.

Finally, the ethical evil thus created and justified by ideal aims reacts to give these aims an immensely increased vitality. And here we touch at last upon a peculiarity of ethical as opposed to external evil, which has, more strikingly than any other, suggested the analogy with musical dissonance. Dissonance, we saw, was a harshness or complexity, resulting from the carrying out of melodic purposes, which in turn actually stimulated and vitalized those purposes. Similarly, are not ethical evils those birth pangs of the spirit which, primarily caused by the conflict between our ideal aims and our circumstances, end by impelling us all the more irresistibly along our path, filling us with a new and immeasurable vitality? Do not the very obstacles to our progress develop in us a strength by which we not only overleap them, but are prompted to seek worthier goals? Is not our very ignorance of the final issues of life, pathetic as it is from one point of view, the condition of a courage which could not be so noble if it fought no fears? Does not the dignity of our faith depend on the limitation of our knowledge? The more we study the facts of our inner life, the more convinced we must become that our misfortunes and our sufferings, be they only clearly understood and firmly handled, are the sources of new moral momentum in us; that they initiate and foster our ideal aims, unfolding before us like a panorama new consummations and fulfillments.

Are there then, nevertheless, no such things as blind and fatal evils, unamenable to character, wholly stubborn to ideal uses? Not absolutely, perhaps; but relatively there surely are, as we know to our sorrow. We constantly do encounter evils we cannot comprehend, evils which for us are opaque, diabolic, and disastrous. To trace the relation of such evils to spiritual life would mean to delve deeply in the researches of metaphysics, to define types of consciousness both higher and lower than the human, and to see whether what is for us fatal and terrible may not be for these other minds necessary and right. But this we cannot attempt. We can here only suggest that, harsh as much of our experience irremediably is, we are ever, with surprised delight, discovering in it, now here and now there, supposed discords that on further acquaintance turn out to be dis-

sonances. Who can tell where the process will end? So long as our evil remains external it is, alas, an accident, a chaos, a prank of destiny; but once let it be perceived as in a relation to our inner purposes, even if only in the relation of an enemy that may be conquered, and it is won over, reclaimed, domesticated. Our one skill, then, in life as in art, is the skill to perceive; and the great business of our lives is the training of perception. The one irremediable misfortune is to be blind; the one ever serviceable technique is insight.

If, therefore, our conceptions of dissonance and of evil depend in so large a measure on our intelligence, on our power to penetrate their tissue and hold clearly in mind the aims which justify them, should we not expect these conceptions to change from age to age and from individual to individual, reflecting accurately various stages of training and faculty? The answer is definite enough on the musical side, if somewhat problematic on the ethical. Nothing in musical history is more surprising than the constant unfolding of the power to discriminate dissonance from discord. When men first combined tones together they could tolerate hardly any interval harsher than the octave, the fifth, and the fourth. Gradually the thirds and sixths were introduced, but with many strict regulations and conditions. Even in Mozart's time the third was often omitted from the final chord of a composition, as too opposed to the sense of restfulness desired; and Bach generally ends his fugues written in minor keys, not with the minor third, but with the less dissonant major interval. Beethoven horrified his contemporaries by the harsh combinations he delighted in, and Schumann and Wagner have accustomed our ears to sounds that would have seemed quite intolerable to Palestrina, if not even to Haydn. All this means that as the musical perceptions of men gradually became sharpened they learned to hold clearly in mind combinations of tone constantly more complex, and to perceive their relations and functions so clearly that they could tolerate greater and greater momentary harshness, so long as it was felt as necessary to melodic progress, and useful to melodic vitality. In our own day the development is more rapid than ever, and no man can say where it will stop.

When we turn to the history of ethics the analogous process is harder to trace. Certainly, however, the lesson taught by the greatest moralists, from Marcus Aurelius down to Maeterlinck, is that happiness springs not from pleasure or the avoidance of discomfort, but from self-mastery and the unfolding of the inner powers. There are still, and probably always will be, those who can conceive human progress only as a gain in material welfare; but, on the whole, the consensus of feeling seems to be more and more moving toward a moral or idealistic interpretation of life, and men are slowly learning that evil is to be controlled and spiritualized rather than abolished, and that it is possible to be happy without being comfortable.

A SELBORNE PILGRIMAGE

BY CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

A BLOWING September day of sunshine and high-piled white clouds greeted us as we stepped out on the platform of Alton Station. We were just escaped from a week of London fog and London mud, and the country air smelt sweet, freshened as it was by the wind driving in from the sea, twenty miles of lowland and down away. The hunt for an inn, lunch, and the hiring of a team detained us but a short hour, and it was hardly more than midday when we drove down the high street of the little town, famed in White's day for its manufactures by "the people called Quakers," on our way to Selborne. It had rained steadily for six days, mossing the roofs of farm-buildings with a green as deep as that of the lush pastures. In the hollow lanes pools of water still lay, rippled and glittering with wind and sun. From the high hedges, blown dry hours since, chiff-chaffs said their simple say persistently, white-throats lifted themselves in dizzy spirals, singing excitedly, and from all sides came indiscriminate snatches of song, surprising at the time of year, but confirmatory of old Gilbert's testimony that in Hampshire bird-song is not over by midsummer.

We were soon among the hopfields, in which scores of men and women and children were busy harvesting, — Londoners drawn all the fifty miles by promise of the high pay, villagers from far and near, and gypsies from everywhere. The gayly painted vans of the wanderers stood in sheltered roadsides that offered a stretch of grass for their horses, but all were now deserted by everybody but the oldest women and the children too young to harvest. A very respectable lot nowadays, the gypsies, our driver told us, not given to pilfering and drink as the Londoners.

Hills had been before us to the southeast almost from our start, but it was not until our guide told us that Selborne was only a mile away, and I knew the farm we were passing must be Norton Farm, that I felt sure that these hills must be the Hanger and Nore Hill. It is downhill from Norton Farm to "the small rivulet" at the northwest end of the village, the one that, even in this rainy spot, frequently fails, as I know from the *Natural History of Selborne*. A sharp climb and we are in the quaint old village of thatched and timbered cottages. This open space to the left is, for sure, the Plestor, — from the point of view at which our dog-cart stops, hardly changed from the print of it in the quarto of 1813. From this old cut and many readings in the *Natural History*, I had for years pictured to myself Selborne; now the reality was before me, to prove very like the picture, but far better. The village, as White says in his accurate eighteenth-century way, "consists of one single straggling street, three quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel to the Hanger." It is hardly larger now than it was when he wrote, and, while changed, in essentials is the Selborne he knew. We had scarcely stopped when our driver pointed out, to the right and farther down the street, the Wakes, the naturalist's home for so many years and the birthplace of the *Natural History*. I should not have recognized it, for the old prints I was familiar with represented it from its own lawn, and, indeed, even from that point of view it is hardly now recognizable, so much has it been added to since his day.

We were not granted admission to the house, for it was then in the hands of those who, humanly enough, wished it entirely to themselves and discouraged all pilgrimages. A little later it was for sale, and the lovers of the *Natural His-*

tory trying to raise by public subscription the amount necessary to purchase it for the world, as Wordsworth's Dove Cottage had been purchased. But the effort failed, and it passed again into private ownership. We were admitted to its "outlet," as Gilbert White, somewhat provincially, perhaps, for a Fellow of Oriel, called the lawns that lie between his house and the fields under the Hanger, lawns that he was always dividing anew with paths, or breaking with hahas, or clearing of shrubberies to open up new vistas of the Hanger, or of Baker's Hill. It was the day of the triumphs of William Kent, and White was an interested experimenter with the new landscape art. Here in his "outlet" we saw an oak that it is said he planted, though in its size and dilapidated age it looks older; his veritable sundial; the circle of trees grown up about the site of his summer-house. As we looked out over the fields — "stiff clay (good wheat land)" — that lie between the Wakes and the Hanger, admiring the beechen covert of the hill and the quiet of this typical English country home, it was not difficult to restore in imagination what it all was like in his day. That is the same wood of beeches hanging on the steep chalk hill; these the same fields, although they are now not plough land, but pastures; this was just such a September sun as ripened his grapes; these cumulus clouds above us were just such as rolled up from the Channel over the Hampshire downs, his "vast mountains" three hundred feet high, in the first autumn of his permanent establishment in the Wakes, one hundred and fifty-seven years ago [1902]. We can well imagine his content when, in 1763, the Wakes came into his own hands, the comfortable house with its little fat acreage behind, and the flutter his inheritance must have caused among the ladies of the neighborhood; for this is Jane Austen's as well as Gilbert White's country.

As we looked at the Wakes from the lawn we could pick out the gables of the house that White fell heir to among the many gables of the present structure; these timbered cottages to the right were his neighbors'; that church tower to the left rose over the church he ministered to so faithfully the last nine years of his life, — the very church tower where he observed so closely the breeding habits of the swifts. It comes to me to think of his ministry before his observation of natural history as my eyes fall on the tower, for I have always held it proven that, although he was an absentee from Moreton-Pinkney, as curate of Faringdon and afterwards of Selborne he thought of himself as pastor and then as naturalist. How any one who knows his letters can believe him slipshod in his clerical duties I am at a loss to understand, so intimate is he with the affairs of all in his neighborhood, peasant to gentry, and so solicitous is he for their welfare. He doubtless did preach the same sermon thirty-six times, but he never preached it in the same place more than once a year, and generally only once in two. Let the guiltless among the clergymen, his critics, cast the first stone. He buried the dead to the satisfaction of their relatives, not a little feat in a small country village, and he married couples when they asked him to, and sometimes when they did not, if he thought them better wed.

It is an Old-World, leisured life that he led, this country clergyman, — a very happy life, for all that he grew deaf in his last years; and the secret of the popularity of his book, that has gone through almost as many editions as there are years since it was published in 1789, seems to me to rest more on the leisure and content and happiness it wins the reader to share, than on any other of its many attracting qualities. But it was not this quality that, almost a century after its publication, so interested a boy of ten far off in America, that he laid out on the garret floor a plan of Selborne. The Hanger at its back was a horsehide trunk, its flanking streams were formed each of two sides of a quilting frame, and

Dorton Priory below their junction was a ruined Noah's Ark. He played hunting for churn-owl eggs on the Hanger slopes, and made excursions far out of the charmed triangle to play dredging for Roman coins in Woolmer Pond, or digging old Timothy the Tortoise out of his sleeping-place in the Ringmer garden. Churn-owl eggs he had first chosen for play-hunting because there was something he liked in the word "churn-owl;" it was of impressive sound and mysterious; then he looked up churn-owl in the encyclopædia, and found it was a bird like his well-known nighthawk and often-sought whippoorwill, and he played the game with renewed zest. The boy had once picked up an Indian arrow-head along the Delaware. Treasure-trove was treasure-trove, whether of Marcus Aurelius or of the Lenni-Lenapes, and there was — he never troubled to follow it out exactly — some sort of connection between these differing mementos of vanished races. He had always a box tortoise in his own Germantown garden, and he liked to "play Timothy," for there was something mysterious in the creature's going under ground and staying there all winter. His own tortoises generally escaped before it was time for them to hibernate, so he had to content himself with just playing they were burying or unburying themselves. In short, the boy liked to read the *Natural History* because in it were records of little things, incidents, experiences, similar to those in which he himself had a share, but which he had not found elsewhere in a book, and because it was about animals, and all boys and all men like animal stories. As the boy grew older and read White's account of the different ways in which a field mouse, a squirrel, and a nuthatch eat hazel nuts, he followed the next red squirrel with nut in mouth that he met on the Wissahickon Hills, and found it took the squirrel just twenty-three minutes to completely clean out the nut. It was a butternut, perhaps a particularly hard one, or perhaps the squirrel was a trifle nervous in his presence, for since then he has noted red squirrels make much better time with the same kind of nut. White taught him to observe minutely.

As men grow older White's *Natural History* takes them back to boyhood, and they love it for that; they love it for reasons that make them love Izaak Walton, because it takes them out of doors in good company; they love it for the reason they love Elia, because it reveals a lovable, a winsome personality; they love it for its precise old English; they love it because it recalls a state of village society that has to them the charm of old china and Chippendale furniture; they love it because its material is in part familiar from their own experience, and because they learn more of things only partly known, things, therefore, of tantalizing interest; — very, very many love it for this reason, perhaps as many as love it because it wins for them some part of its maker's delightful leisure, — a leisure with enough of necessary routine to prevent it palling, a leisure of happiness and content! Time moved so slowly in Selborne that White could sow beechnuts on the downs in expectation of seeing a wood there, and could busy himself so carefully with his book that it was eighteen years in the making after he, at fifty, determined upon publishing.

The *Natural History* cannot appeal with the qualities that charm most in many latter-day nature books. It expresses none of the romance of nature, as does Thoreau's writing so often, and Jefferies's. Much of Thoreau is interesting because of the inherent interest of observed fact, as is all Jefferies's early work, but both these men are at their best when writing of the romance of nature. Yet the *Natural History*, without this romance, has appealed scarcely less to the poets than to the naturalists. Some of the latter smile indulgently when it is mentioned, because it is unsystematic and confident of theories now proved untenable. Yet accepted scientific facts of yesterday, arrived at after the most system-

atic research, and tested by workers whose devotion to truth is unquestioned, are already crumbling. Let the scientists not forget that they change creeds as readily as other folk. And let it be remembered, too, that although for some unexplained reason, when such evidence as White possessed tended to disprove the theory, he believed in the hibernation of swallows, yet he never said they did hibernate, for he had never found them hibernating. He never forgot the distinction between presumption and proof. Darwin read the *Natural History* with fascination as boy, with deep interest as man, and, naturalists themselves tell us, learnt much about earthworms from White's observations, who, before Darwin advanced his theory of their functions, had put on record about them more that was suggestive than any other observer. Of actual scientific accomplishment was White's description — the first in England — of the harvest mouse, the least of British mammals, and his distinction, which Linnæus borrowed, between the two sorts of tortoises, — the box tortoise, of which our common American tortoise is representative, and the tortoise that cannot shut itself up tightly, like White's own beloved Timothy, whom he thought, but who was not, an American.

That was White's closest association with America, I think, that Timothy was born here. He does speculate about the lost Atlantis, wonder much at our moose, a specimen of which he saw at Goodwood, note Benedict Arnold's flight and the fall of Saratoga, and mention Franklin, in whose experiments concerning the conveyance of sound under water he was much interested. His brother, in a letter to Gilbert at the outset of the Revolutionary War, questions and ponders: "Is not the ridicule some of our wise governors would have thrown on America applicable to Cicero's on Britain? and may not America be to England erelong what England is now to Rome? I cannot allow that the Romans acquired their riches by virtuous industry; the infamous oppression these people exercised over mankind has been handled too tenderly." But Gilbert held to the old order in most things, and the French Revolution appalled him to intense horror of republican doctrines. To the naturalist Marsham he writes on January 2, 1793: "You cannot abhor the dangerous doctrines of levellers and republicans more than I do! I was born and bred a gentleman, and I hope I shall be allowed to die such." Such he did die, on June 26, 1793. A gentleman, Lord Chesterfield would have called him; a gentleman, we of today. He lived a life of eighteenth-century leisure, his duties as clergyman and naturalist aiding and abetting each other with exceptional hap. His journeys to Faringdon to preach, and his calls to illness and deathbed, taking him out on horseback in all sorts of weather at all seasons and at all times of day, brought to his notice natural occurrences that might otherwise have escaped him, and each wonder of nature he witnessed was to him a fresh text from which to preach of the power and goodness of God.

Each spring he went to Oxford, and frequently he made other trips there, serving one year as proctor, and once standing for provost of Oriel, fortunately to meet with defeat. Though nothing could tempt him to leave Selborne for long, not even offers of fat college livings, he was, until he grew deaf in his later years, and his lifelong proneness to coach-sickness became constant sickness on every trip, by no means a stay-at-home. He would rather entertain his relatives and his friends at the Wakes than visit them, but he did like little junketing tours, if his destination were within the powers of Mouse or whatever horse he happened to possess at the time. But none of his horses were too good, so he never saw Wales or the Lake country. Derby was as far north as he traveled, Devon as far west; his most frequent journeys were to London, where, of course, he had business as well as his brother; to Rutland, where his sister lived;

to Ringmer in Sussex, where were his aunt Snooke and Timothy; to Fyfield and the other little Hampshire villages where his brothers were settled. With many of his family, not only with his brothers and sisters and their children, but with nieces and nephews brought into the family by marriage — he was pleased that there were sixty-three nephews and nieces — he corresponded, and with the naturalists of the time, — first chiefly with Pennant, and then chiefly with Barrington. It is the series of letters to these latter, begun without thought of eventual publication, that, revised, make the text of the *Natural History*. The series to Pennant, beginning in 1767 and ending in 1780, is of forty-four letters, that to Barrington, beginning in 1769 and ending in 1787, is of sixty-six. The subject material of these letters is White's observations of natural history in Selborne and elsewhere: chiefly of birds, for birds he loved best, but of mammals, fishes, insects, trees, as well. There are even records of folk-lore. Facts in his letters are taken from his notebooks and lists, which he kept with great care for years. As I have said, he had no thought of printing at first, but with his correspondents printing and his brother a publisher, it was inevitable that he should print some day, if death did not overtake him. In 1788, five years before he died, he finished his book, the part concerned with the Antiquities of Selborne having detained him long after the Natural History was completed. His old friend Mulso, as apt as critic as he was sprightly as correspondent, feared that the Antiquities would weighten the Natural History; but the latter was so fresh and taking, that the majority, who did not care for the Antiquities, so delighted in it that they were never a matter of concern. The success of his book was a great delight to him, of course, but he nowhere exults over that success, or even felicitates himself upon it, as does Mulso, who was afraid he would die before he saw the book out. In the study of White's life there is nothing more heartening than his friendship with Mulso, who, himself nothing of a naturalist, is always attempting to spur White on to a realization of the alien powers of which he knew his friend the possessor. His letters to White should be read by all who care for bright correspondence. They rank well up with the best of the letter-writing century. White's to him are lost, but they could scarcely be so valuable as his, which reflect a side of White's personality that without them we would lack.

White had lived his life in happiness, with no thought of being a literary personage, although many of his friends were writers. He went to school to the father of the Wartons, and the poet Collins was his friend. He wrote some verses himself, typical mid-eighteenth-century verses, but of interest to all to whom White is of interest, because he wrote them, and because they add to his picture of Selborne. At last he put his happy life into a book. Some have held that there was a romance that saddened his life, that he was once in love with Hester Mulso, his friend's sister, who, as Mrs. Chapone, is remembered as one of Richardson's adoring circle, as a protégée of Dr. Johnson, and as the author of *Letters to a Young Lady on the Improvement of her Mind*. It may be that White was in love with her; it is certain that she flirted with him. There is no proof, however, in any of her letters or of his that either was sorry that she was not Mrs. White. That Jack Mulso would have been pleased with the match his letters show, and I used to maintain that the letter of Timothy the Tortoise to Hecky Mulso was suggestive of romance. Hecky Mulso wrote in 1784 some verses to Timothy, which brought forth a playful reply that is White's chief indulgence in humor. Reading this letter I dwelt fondly on the situation. It was pleasing to think of the old gentleman, dating Timothy's reply "From the border under the fruit-wall," and signing it "Your sorrowful reptile, Timothy." Was the oldish lady, I would

speculate, fond of Gilbert, or only "in spirits" when she wrote the verses to Timothy? It may be that in describing Timothy's loneliness White was hinting at his own, and something in Hecky's verses may have prompted this vein. It is strange, I thought, that he should address his reply to "Miss Hecky Mulso" when Hecky was the Widow Chapone; but I dismissed this as a forgetful lapse into her maiden name on his brooding over old times. Now Gilbert's great-grand-nephew, Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White, comes along with the suggestion that it is Jack's daughter Hecky whom Gilbert is writing to. It may be that it is, but the situation is still pleasant to dwell on, — the young girl's rhyming letter to Timothy, and the old gentleman's facetious answer.

White had known Timothy for forty years in Mrs. Snooke's Sussex garden. She bequeathed Timothy to her nephew on her death in 1780, and the "sorrowful reptile" dwelt with him until his death, but did not long survive him. Timothy's shell was preserved by White's niece because his master loved him, and it may now be seen in the British Museum. Watching Timothy fondly and curiously, White noted that the tortoise could not shut tight his shell; another kind of tortoise White knew had this power; he called his brother John's attention to the fact, his brother brought it to the attention of Linnæus, and a new classification was on record. But though White made scientific discoveries by watching every-day affairs of animals, these discoveries were few, and would not give him any considerable rank among naturalists. It is his curiosity about the ways of little living things, about their personalities, that makes his descriptions of worth. Just as he can picture to us Timothy a-tiptoe at five o'clock of a June morning, about venturing forth on a love quest, so he can give us the black-cap's song in words that catch the song's tone, and that hold it in memory: "The black-cap has in common a full, sweet, deep, loud and wild pipe; yet that strain is of short continuance, and his motions are desultory; but when that bird sits calmly and engages in song in earnest, he pours forth very sweet, but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted." Well put, all may see, but how accurately and how true in quality, only those who know the bird may say; how hard to do, only those who have attempted to give in words the quality of bird-song. April morning after April morning, for spring upon spring, Gilbert White listened to that song in Selborne lanes. It recurred and recurred, unforgettable in his ears; and so, on a September day, after the song was stilled, he could put it down truly. That is another secret of White's charm. The happy moments of years are pressed into small measure. It is no wonder they brim over between the lines. Of all the little living things that he loved, it is of the swallows that he has written most carefully and most lovingly. His monographs on the Hirundines were read to the Royal Society by the Hon. Daines Barrington. The chimney-swallow is to White "a delicate songster; . . . in soft sunny weather [it] sings both perching and flying, on trees in a kind of concert and on chimney tops;" martlets "are no songsters; but twitter in a pretty inward soft manner in their nests;" and he finds a good word to say even of the note of the swift, which he must admit is harsh and screaming, "yet there are ears to which it is not displeasing, from an agreeable association of ideas, since that note never occurs but in the most lovely summer weather."

The man that could so write must of necessity have believed "a little turn for English poetry . . . a pretty accomplishment for a young gentleman," that would "not only enable him the better to read and relish our best poets," but would be "a happy influence even upon his prose composition." White mentions many English poets, — Chaucer, who attracted

him by a keen eye for things out of doors; Langland; Gawain Douglas; Shakespeare; Chapman; Taylor, the Water Poet; Milton, many times; Dryden, whom he wrote down "to me much the greatest master of numbers of any of our English bards;" Pope; Thomson, "the naturalist poet;" Somerville, and John Phillips of "Cyder" fame. His letters give us contemporary opinion of Lord Chesterfield, Gibbon, and Dr. Johnson. How the Doctor would have snorted had he heard of White's opinion that the *Tour to the Western Islands of Scotland* was "a sentimental journey;" and how he would have sneered at the *Natural History*, had he lived to see its vogue! White, of course, had made Latin verses under Dr. Warton, and we find him citing Homer and Plato and Horace and Ovid, as we should expect an eighteenth-century gentleman to cite them; but Virgil among the ancients gave him most pleasure. It was, of course, the *Georgics* that, read and re-read with never-failing gusto, caused him to forget his characteristic caution and fall into superlatives, — the *Georgics*, "that most beautiful of all human compositions."

As I stood on the lawn of the Wakes, I wondered which window of the old house opened into the room where he and nephew Jack had their quarrels over Latin quantities, the severest quarrels which his gentle courtesy permitted. Here from his lawn he loved to look at the Hanger; we would go to the Hanger and from its top know his favorite view of the village with his home in its midst; and there was still to be seen the church, and his grave, and the Lithes, and the Priory Farm, — but we could not hope to see half of the places associated with him here. We passed out of the Wakes garden into the narrow street, and crossed the Plestor to the church, still shadowed by the great yew whose measurements he recorded. The grave lies close to the north wall of the church, marked by a low stone at head, and a lower stone at foot. On the headstone are the letters "G. W.," so faint now that they look as if they had not been cut, but only scratched there. The date line is undecipherable. A few steps from the grave you may look into the Lithes and Dorton Vale. His house is but a hundred yards away. This is the church where he ministered; here, among his family and close to his most familiar scenes, he lies, as he should. It is as fitting a resting-place for Gilbert White as Grasmere Churchyard for Wordsworth.

The Hanger rose, unvisited, to our front as we came out of the churchyard, and by the sunken lane to the right we made our way toward it, turning in through a cart-way a foot deep with heavy black mud. We climbed up the little Zigzag. It led us to the site of the "Hermitage," the cut of which in the first edition of the *Natural History* so troubled Jack Mulso, since it gave no idea of the height at which the hut clung to the hillside. Here the hermit, in the person of nephew Harry, discoursed gravely and prophetically to the ladies whom Gilbert would escort thither on evenings of sweet weather. To the Hermitage ran the Bostal, or sloping path, that White had constructed at an easy grade up the Hanger, to suit the heavier steps of his later years. He then depreciated the Zigzag, and, as he carefully records, stirred up feuds among the supporters of the rival paths. The Bostal seems finally to have won the day, though the heifers and colts of the village, and some of the ladies, still remained "Zigzagians." Here at the Hermitage he would picnic or take tea with the young people he gathered about him, his own guests, or the guests of the vicarage, returning to the Wakes in the long summer twilight, to make the girls pay for their outing by singing for him. Of these little impromptu concerts he writes to his niece Mary: "I retain still a smattering of many passages in my memory, which I sing over to myself when I am in spirits." His book proves to us that there were many moments in his seventy-three long and happy years that he was "in spirits."

The prospect from this Hermitage site, at the Hanger top, is praised by all his guests when, returned home, they write him in acknowledgment of his hospitality. Even in letters of years later they recur to the prospect, and, indeed, it is as lovely a picture of quiet English landscape, set in its frame of pendulous beech boughs, as the south counties afford, — Selborne Village, and Dorton Vale below, the cluster of houses, the woods, the tilled land, the downs far beyond.

The sun was now low in the west, so we went down again to the village, where wood smoke from one cottage chimney, upcurling over the thatched roofs and timbered and plastered walls of the old houses, carried us back, with an ease no other of Selborne's many symbols of the past afforded, to White's own day of simple leisure. Great high-piled clouds, their white now warming to gold, rode buoyantly before the southwest wind, as we trotted slowly back to Alton by way of deep lanes that took us by Chawton, where Jane Austen worked at her miniatures only twenty years after White had finished his. After leaving these haunts of old-time peace, it was a jar to take train. But this night, at least, we did not have to spend in any "great factious manufacturing town" such as White hated, but in the old cathedral and college city of Winchester, where we found a quiet inn with walled garden, and old gables across the way. I can ask nothing happier than another such blowing day in old Hampshire.

CONCERNING TEMPERANCE AND JUDGMENT TO COME

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

I

Some years ago, at a period when I still continued to have an immense appetite for life, I suddenly, and rather unexpectedly to myself, blossomed into a full-fledged reformer or reformeress, whichever you choose to call it.

I say unexpectedly, and yet, as I look back, I can see that for a long time previous to this apotheosis my habits had been vaguely leading up to it. As a headquarters for tramps, temperance lecturers, Young Men Christians, delegates to Sunday-School Conventions, and similar wanderers on the face of the earth, my house had always been "run wide open." There was, undoubtedly, a special mark somewhere about the premises that indicated my husband and myself as the ideal host and hostess alike for wayside wanderers and all creatures with a mission. We took them in, fed them, clothed them, — if necessary, — talked over their special enthusiasms with them, and sent them upon their meandering way with the hope — when we stopped to think about it at all — that our hospitality had in some way furthered the kingdom of righteousness.

This complaisance did not, on my part at least, necessarily indicate any really discriminating sympathy with the respective missions of my visitors; it simply meant, in most instances, that I possessed an inordinate zest for affairs, for trying experiments and taking chances. The system of moral ethics in which I had been educated was not a complicated one. Certain things, so I had been taught, were broadly and indubitably right, and other things were just as conspicuously wrong. Between these domains of good and evil there was a clear line of demarca-

tion whose uncompromising distinctness admitted of no shading-off whatever. This was a good working theory, and, it must be admitted, resulted in a race of strong, if rather rigid, men and women. It also threw around unformulating spirits like my own an ægis of direction as useful as Matthew Arnold believed the creed of the Established Church to be to unreasoning souls. Under its guidance we went on cheerfully and blunderingly toward the light. I am often sorry that I ever began to analyze. That code of ethics which defined right and wrong with such finality, and comprehended the whole duty of man in always shoving the good onward and stamping out the evil whenever one had the opportunity, was much less difficult to follow out than one that regulates sin by the heredity and environment of the individual, and relieves him of responsibility if his skull does not fit accurately over the gray matter beneath.

In those happy bygone days when right was right and wrong was wrong I went gayly on my predestined way of assisting everybody to educate the morals of everybody else, undeterred by any morbid questionings in regard to the tenability of my own position. There was, so far as I remember, only one occasion when I actually balked at any duty which was suggested to me. A constitutional amendment to the prohibitory law of Maine was, after a strenuous campaign, to be submitted to popular vote. I do not think I knew then, and I am very sure I do not know now, just what the amendment was about, but I know I believed in it, whatever it was, just as I believe in the law itself, and shall believe so long as I have reason to think that every rumseller in the United States would rejoice to have it repealed. When, however, it was proposed as my sacred duty on this momentous occasion to serve hot coffee at the polls, and decorate the brows of doubtful voters with propitiating garlands, my spirit rebelled. I felt sure that, right or wrong, I preferred polls where liquid refreshments were not dealt out, and voters whose brows were decorated only by common sense.

Yet all these preliminary movements were leading up to the fateful moment of the formation of the Woman's Temperance League of Waterville. It is an unfortunate fact that the prohibitory law of Maine is sometimes violated just as the license laws of other states are violated, and some of the prominent men of the town, who were themselves otherwise occupied, suggested to some of the prominent women who always have leisure to reform things, that the hour for such reformation had struck. I was not one of those who signed the call for the meeting which was to inaugurate the new order of things, but I was of the number that promptly answered when the bugle note sounded. Had there been a call to form a society for altering the configuration of the earth, there were some of us who would, in those days, have presented ourselves with the same cheerful promptness, sustained not so much by our courage as by our ignorance.

We were women who thirsted for action; show us something to be done, and without altogether knowing what, or why, or how, we rallied at the sound of the tocsin. Would we form a league to wipe out intemperance? Certainly. We had no hesitation in undertaking a little task like that.

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the border!

After all, it is by just such unreasoning courage as this that many good works have been accomplished. I wish — stay, *do* I wish? — that I were young enough and hopeful enough to do it all over again.

It had been promised by the instigators of our league — the care-laden gentlemen who had not time to league themselves — that when we were duly organized they would coöperate by joining in a mass meeting whose utterances should eloquently launch us on our career. While we were assembled in solemn conclave in regard to this mass meeting these good men were seized with sudden fore-

bodings in regard to their part in such a demonstration. Was it wise — thus inquired the delegate who hurried to confer with us — to convoke a public meeting without first ascertaining the temper of the community in regard to the object to be accomplished? Would it not be a politic plan to appoint a committee for circulating a petition among the business men of the town to ascertain whether a majority of them really desired to have the law enforced?

This suggestion, had it only been made at an earlier period of the world's history, would have furnished a practical precedent for Moses when he received the Ten Commandments on the Mount. "Would it not be wiser," he would, thus warned, have suggested politely, "if I first take a stroll down the mountain and ascertain what the feeling of the Children of Israel is in regard to having so many commandments unloaded on them in one afflicting lump?"

There is a great deal said about the emancipation of the modern woman. My own observation goes to show that there is no amount of foolishness to which she will not lend herself at the instigation of man. In this case our delegate had only to suggest, and we appointed a committee at once to go forth into the highways and byways and ascertain the number of those who had not bowed the knee to Baal. So far as I can find out, a man seldom hesitates to sign a petition because it is immoral, — it is only the moral ones which he has a conscience against endorsing hastily. The circumstance of his being fortunate enough to be a reasoning creature, too, furnishes him with a large stock of hesitancies.

The lawyers did not sign our petition because the fact that a law was on the statute books constituted in itself sufficient reason for its enforcement; the physicians, as a class, did not care to commit themselves, though one of them assured us that a two or three gallon keg of whiskey or brandy would furnish all that was medicinally necessary for the use of the community during a year; the clergymen without exception, I think, gave us their endorsement, partly because "it is their nature to" endorse such causes, and partly because they are not so constitutionally thirsty as their brethren of the other professions. Some of the storekeepers signed the petition because they thought a strict enforcement of the law would help their business, and others declined to sign lest their interests should be injured by enforcement. All sorts of politic considerations and twists and turns of argument came into the matter. One man declined to sign because he did not believe in women as reformers. A woman's place, he said, was at home looking after her husband and her family, and if she had no husband and family it was equally fitting that she should devote herself to minding her own business whatever it might be. When asked what course a woman might legitimately pursue in regard to a drunken husband, this philosopher opined that it was perfectly allowable for her to "shut him up." This, he stated candidly, was his wife's method with himself. Whenever he was observed to have vanished from public view for a season we were at liberty to suppose that he was repenting his sins in a state of incarceration.

The canvass, with all its humors, difficulties, and disagreeablenesses — which latter it did not lack — at last ended, summing up a decided majority of influential voters who were willing the law should be enforced, provided it could be done without any undue exertion on their own part. The mass meeting was therefore held, and the tide of eloquence duly poured out. Launched on this wave of plaudits the Woman's Temperance League was supposed to be amply strengthened and encouraged to be able to pursue what Amy March would have called its "Herculaneum labors" indefinitely and triumphantly.

That this was a woman's campaign was sufficiently indicated by the simplicity, naïveté, and directness with which it

was conducted. No man would have dared to do some of the things we did, even if he could have brought himself to believe in their efficacy, but to us there seemed but one watchword in leading a forlorn hope: "Up, boys, and at 'em!"

There were at that time three weekly newspapers in Waterville. The two Republican journals gave us a half column each of space in which to declare our sentiments and report our progress from week to week. The Democratic paper devoted itself to candid criticism. "The Waterville Woman's Temperance League," remarked a contemporary journal, "has rushed into print."

The local political situation was such that we were allowed great freedom of expression in our utterances. We were voteless, irresponsible beings with a propensity for calling a spade a spade so far as it could be done consistently with dignity and self-respect, and many a Waterville citizen went around in those days with an uneasy sense that if any of the coats advertised in our temperance column fitted him, he was at perfect liberty to put it on. The critical Democratic journal said unhandsome things about us, and being but women we sometimes wept over these compliments o' nights. In the morning, however, we dried our tears and went back to the fighting line again. With all the crudenesses and the mistakes that can be urged against it, that period of my life is not one I am going to feel meaching about when I come before the final bar of judgment.

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of our movement, — and with a certain portion of the community it was necessarily unpopular, — the membership of our league did not materially decrease, and even the most timid and naturally conservative women among us accepted astounding tasks with astounding courage. There never was an enterprise more fertile in stunts than this one of ours. We sat in the City Liquor Agency, to which source of supply the increasing dryness of the times drove many thirsty souls, and noted the number of quarts of alcohol required by town paupers, Saturday night invalids, and men whose wives had weak backs; we confronted the City Fathers to give them a reason for the faith that was in us; we raised money by subscription, by entertainments, by breakfasts, dinners, and suppers; we clothed, fed, and admonished the poor; we wept, we prayed, and, to keep our courage up, some of us laughed a good deal. We made ourselves very unwelcome, very much unappreciated, very much criticised, and it was, I think, this saving sense of humor which carried us through. I remember serving, with great inward reluctance, on various committees, the results to be expected from whose labors must, as it seems to me now, have been purely ethical, consisting, as in the modern interpretation of the virtue of prayer, principally in the beneficial effects on the mind of the performer. In one instance, which often comes back to me, one of the three leaders of a forlorn hope was influenced wholly by an unquestioning sense of the moral necessity of her mission, while the other two were hampered by a somewhat ludicrous vision of its inefficacy. In the remembrance, the humor of the scene outbalances its more serious aspect: the courteous victim firmly resolved to be mannerly though the heavens fell, yet inwardly wishing that women would be contented to attend to their own affairs; the earnest spokeswoman explaining her mission with the full conviction that only a mutual comprehension was needed to produce a delightful unity of sentiment; and the two doubters pinching each other in the background, and trying not to ruin the situation by an untimely grin.

We wished, perhaps, no less sincerely than our companion that the kingdom of heaven might come upon earth, but the belief in the immediate efficacy of moral suasion as a practical agent is largely a matter of temperament.

Whether the crusade of the Woman's Temperance League accomplished, on

the whole, any permanent good, is a question which I have often asked myself. The movement was full of pathetically humorous phases, but it was also heroically sincere. I suppose many efforts which seem futile to us as we look back upon them have an efficacy which we do not realize, because our vision takes in so small a part of the eternal scheme of things.

> There shall never be one lost good! what was shall live as before;
> The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
> What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more,
> On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

When I remember the many mornings of waking to consciousness with a direful sinking of the heart at the thought that it was my melancholy duty to go on crusading, — alas, how unfailingly we see the pathos of our own woes! — when, to put selfishness one side, I recall the fortitude of those other women more timid than myself, I sometimes cherish the modest hope that there is at least one unbroken arc laid up in the happy hereafter for the warrioresses of the Woman's Temperance League of Waterville. There is no moral reason that I know why Noah should possess the only arc — spell it how you like — upon those heavenly highlands!

II

I think the psychological aspect of the question was first brought home to me during that historic campaign of the Woman's Temperance League when I recognized the attitude of the old French Canadian women who came to the City Agency on Saturday afternoons for alcohol with which to manufacture the weekly dram of "split" that should transform them from grubs into butterflies. To them this longed-for indulgence was neither moral nor immoral; it was simply a matter of enjoyment. The magic draught furnished for them the same element of excitement which the theatre, the popular novel, the enthusiasms of football and baseball and other fashionable expedients furnish to better educated people. It was the alleviation that made their starved lives bearable. When they threatened to come with their brooms and sweep out the meddling women who were interfering with the good cheer furnished by the Agency, they too were, in their own estimation, leading a crusade for freedom and the rights of the individual.

It is a safe conclusion in regard to the average man that however logical he may be in mind, he is bound to be more or less irresistibly *il*logical in acts. This is because the intellectual assent is usually biased somewhat by the influence of the human qualification. Each of us recognizes the law in its application to the other fellow. Hence the reformer who really desires to get at the root of the matter should be a person of active imagination, and an adaptability which enables him to comprehend the standpoint of the individual to be reformed; above all, he should possess no theories incapable of modification. If he can add to these qualifications a sense of humor, a readiness not to take himself too seriously, and a recognition of the fact that the other man's right and wrong may differ in conception from *his* right and wrong, he will have an outfit which will materially lighten a thorny path. Thus much I discovered in my own brief career as a reformeress.

The advantages of a lively imagination and an active interest in other people's affairs I undoubtedly possess. There is in me also, I sadly fear, a suggestion of inherent wickedness which has always made it easy for sinners to confide their weaknesses to my ear with an unflattering certainty of my comprehension. During my aforementioned temperance campaign one kindly disposed gentleman, who was at that time recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, came to sit with me for an hour or two, that I might observe with my own eyes the discomforts attendant upon his malady.

"Do you suppose," he inquired, when

we had ended a breathless period of chasing rats around his hat brim, "that any man, especially a man of my age, would turn himself into a blooming menagerie if he could help it? I guess not."

"What makes you do it, then?" I asked rather vacuously.

"I do it *now* because I have an Appetite for drink, — and you can spell it with a large A, — but when I began the cursed business it was all for fun. Well," my visitor added meditatively, "I've had fun."

Another appreciative individual called on me on his way to the railway station, that I might enter intelligently into his motives in taking the Keeley Cure.

"I ain't going for the purpose of pleasing myself," he declared. "If it was n't for the way my wife feels about it I should n't ever take any Keeley Cures. When people tell you that there ain't any fun in drinking, you just mention to 'em that they don't know. The most fun I've ever had in my life has been when I had just enough aboard to make me feel good; an' when I've heard preachers proclaiming from the pulpit that there was n't any enjoyment to be derived from the pleasures o' the world, I've been tempted to stand right up in my tracks an' tell 'em to talk about what they understood."

"The preachers usually qualify it a little. They say there is no *true* pleasure in these things," I suggested.

"True fiddlesticks!" commented my friend derisively. "The fact is," with a sudden change of tone, "my wife's an awful good woman, and if she wants me to quit spreeing it I'd ought to be willing to please her, and I am willing. But I'd never do it to please myself."

It was at about this period, too, that I was interviewed by a gentleman of sprightly turn of mind, and gifted with great facility for unvarnished narrative.

"For God's sake," he began without preamble, "can't you, 'mongst all the discoveries you're makin', find something kind o' innocent and excitin' to amuse a man like me?"

"What would be the nature of it?" I inquired, a good deal overwhelmed by the difficulties of the task proposed.

"That's jest what I don' know," answered my interlocutor; "if I did I should n't be askin' you. It's this way with me; an' I ain't the only one in the same case: I'm old enough, mebbe you'll say, to settle down, but I ain't settled down, an' I don' know's I ever shall. There's plenty of 'em thinks I'd ought to be contented with goin' to prayer-meetin' once or twice a week, but if there's any recreation about prayer-meetin's I've never found it out. I like to read the *Youth's Companion*, but I can't set at home and do that every night in the week. I want something different," — warming to his subject, — "if it wa'n't nothing more than a toboggan slide on the other side of the river."

"I don't see anything in the way of your tobogganing," I commented rather helplessly. I seemed to be wholly at a loss for original suggestions.

"I don't want to toboggan all by myself. I want you to be there and all the rest of 'em standin' in a row at the top o' the hill; an' then all git on our sleds at the same minute an' slide — slide like *the* devil!"

At this flight of fancy the face of the narrator glowed with enthusiasm and poetic intensity. In fancy he saw the whole circle of his acquaintance sliding like the — ahem! and he knew that the realization of that visionary transit would satisfy a long-felt want of his being. I confess that I understood him perfectly. I, too, had longed to toboggan. In his rude and imperfect dreaming he had unconsciously got to the bottom, or, at any rate, *one* of the bottoms, of the whole matter

Starved longings, unrealized desires, overflowing animal spirits without legitimate outlet, unbalanced natures destitute of training in self-control, impoverished aspirations, — these are what lie at the foundation of the social problem which the reformer has to solve, and no remedy which does not take all these into consid-

eration will ever be permanently efficacious. The would-be reformer should be willing to disabuse himself of prejudices, and cultivate what is known as "an open mind;" not so open, either, as to interfere with its capability for being violently closed as often as occasion demands.

When one strips the situation of phrases one is forced to acknowledge that there are a great many people who intend to do only what they find pleasure in doing, and who do not recognize any enjoyment in abstract goodness. "You say," they tell us in effect, "that to be good is to be happy. Prove it." We cannot prove it, at least in any concrete form, and there is no sensible reason why we should desire to prove it, but no doubt we shall go on making the statement until the end of time.

There is also an increasing number of individuals who, so far from finding recreation, or even comfort and peace in prayer-meetings, find them only irredeemably dull. If there is a steady decrease in the demand for prayer-meetings and a correspondingly steady increase in the appetite for — say, toboggan-sliding, might there not be found, gradually, naturally, and not reprehensibly, some middle ground of interest through which more prayer-meetingers can be induced to consider the merits of tobogganing, and more tobogganers drawn into prayer-meetings?

It is a tendency of mankind to go on looking at subjects from an established standpoint long after the conditions which created that standpoint have become a thing of the past; and this is especially true in regard to questions of morals. Many people feel at once that to be betrayed into any fresh theory or admission on moral subjects is an inevitable step toward immorality. "He holds liberal views," they say, and shake their pious heads with conscious joy in their own narrowness. Yet to hold liberal views may mean nothing more than to be possessed of a willingness to search for and accept truth. If a great many people who "want to be angels," or think they do, could have the privilege; if a good many more, who have no angelic leanings whatever, and never will have, could be removed to *their* appropriate destination; and if the remainder, being persons of penetrable epidermis, could read their titles clear to stripping moral questions of futilities and dealing with moral conditions as they are, what an immense amount of powder might be saved!

To say that prayer-meetings are dull is an irreverence, therefore one should never breathe the thought; to say that people demand excitement and recreation is to acknowledge the frivolity of the race, hence such a craving should never be put forward as representing a genuine need of human nature: yet many prayer-meetings are dull, and a large proportion of mankind do insistently demand to be amused; and since these are self-evident facts, the practical question arises, What are we going to do about it?

Our forefathers were a church-going people, but it does not necessarily follow that they were more innately religious than our own generation. They lived in an age when the stern conditions of existence furnished a continuous undercurrent of excitement, and what was lacking in other ways was more than made up to them by the nerve-thrilling, soul-harrowing amenities of their creeds. They were believers in a tangible hell, and to go to church on Sunday and listen to a sermon which depicted each hearer as dangling over a genuine, red-hot, steam-fitted Inferno, just as a spider sways on a single filament of his web, offered an excitement outbalancing the tensest moment of a football game, or even of a crisis in the stock market.

The man who drove his plough over a hillside never so remote, meditating as he toiled on the doctrine that doomed a large proportion of the race to everlasting punishment, and made the election of those who should be saved an arbitrary one, dependent upon the whim of a Deity

whose caprices must never be criticised, — such a man carried in his lonely bosom a whole volume of intensities. The sombre atmosphere of a creed like that was lurid enough to color the most commonplace days and nights, and lend a fearful joy to the barrenest existence.

When the old-fashioned belief in a concrete Sheol was taken out of our theology, religion, whatever it may have gained, was shorn of its most fascinating risk. "Man," says Sabatier, "is incurably religious;" he is also incurably opposed to monotony, and the faith that gets any permanent hold alike upon his intellect and his emotions must be a broad and sane Christianity which, taking into account every rooted instinct of his nature, makes the tendencies of both body and soul enter into vigorous and sensible character-building.

I do not believe that man's amusements will ever drive out his spiritual longings; I do not believe his spiritual longings will ever wholly root out the earthy ones. The mistake lies in the assumption that the two are necessarily inimical.

When we can succeed in developing a race of sane, sound, clean-natured, high-minded men and women their amusements will take care of themselves, but until that millennial breed really appears to inherit the earth the demand of my buoyant friend for "something kind o' innocent and excitin' " to amuse men like him is a matter for serious consideration.

There is a certain sectarian college whose fostering church sends every year an envoy to inquire into the welfare of the institution, and to keep a jealous watch over its interests and those of the denomination. One might imagine such a messenger inquiring earnestly: Is this college educating men and women in the broadest sense of the word? Is it qualifying them to become good citizens, wise heads of families? Are they clean, trustworthy, trained to high thoughts? Have they gained spiritual common sense as well as the learning of the schools? Above all, do you teach the youth in your charge that most significant truth that "loyalty to God means liberty for man"?

This is what one might erroneously suppose the scope of such a mission to comprehend. What the messenger really did demand to be told on a recent visit was this: Has President —— yet succeeded in stamping out dancing?

Yet if it is easy to be narrow, it is also easy to grant too much latitude. He needs must be a wise man, and a philosopher into the bargain, who knows just when to be wide as the universe, and when to stand like a wall. In a world made up of wheels within wheels and ramifications within ramifications, where everything depends on some other thing and the other thing depends on everything else, the difficulty of maintaining a just balance must be acknowledged; yet in this struggle for a just balance lies the salvation of the earth.

We live — to sum up the situation — in a generation that has gone recreation-mad. Outdoor sports and indoor sports fill up our leisure moments, or, in some cases, all our moments. Athletics, golf, tennis, games of all manners and lacking manners, rise, flourish, and decay. The race horse, the bicycle, and the automobile pursue one another across the stage of action. We play at being intellectual, we play at being religious, we play at being "tough," and all three are merged and included in being men and women "of the world."

Our best educated classes, — and we flatter ourselves that we have the last word in the matter of education, — our wisest classes are not necessarily very wise in the matter of their recreations; our half-educated brethren and sisters ape the manners of their betters, and a degree lower down in the scale the struggling masses take what they can get in the way of amusement, and take it where they can get it. In all classes, high and low, veneered and unveneered, it is almost universally true that the founda-

tions of appetite are too often laid in the struggle to "have a good time." The instrument of an occasional hilarity has an unfortunate tendency to develop into the minister to a quenchless thirst.

I am always willing to ask questions which I cannot answer, therefore I frankly confess that I do not know just how the balance between the prayer-meeting and the toboggan slide is to be reached; probably the chasm between the two would seem to me much less abysmal than to some of my stricter brethren. It is a chasm that will never be bridged by prohibitions alone, by persuasions alone, by sacrifice alone. Since in the last resort every thinking creature must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, to harden him for the contest, to teach him how to grow to the full stature of a man, is the burden of the human problem. It is a problem that will never be solved by demanding unnecessary sacrifices, by ignoring vital instincts, by allowing prejudice to usurp the functions of common sense.

THE PHANTOM COASTERS

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY

THE coasters of the past are back,—
  The Emblem, Effort, Enterprise;
'T was long ago they went to rack,
  But lo, they loom before my eyes.

Below the cliffs that saw them strike
  And foaming breakers round them fold,
Their skeletons are hidden, like
  The pirate's Bible and his gold.

Yet now, as in their golden prime,
  The circles of the sea they sweep;
They pass behind the veil of Time
  And traverse the primeval deep.

About them howl forgotten gales:
  Above are prehistoric skies:
The fleet of Greece beside them sails
  And Troy town's wreck behind them lies.

THE TODDS' UTOPIA

BY ELLA BETTS WATERBURY

I

Louisa Mae hung a rusty dishpan against the outside of the warped summer kitchen, standing on her tiptoes to reach the nail under the sagging, disjointed eaves-spout. She wiped her hands on a piece of towel inside the door, and groped in the gathering dusk to find the hook again. Then she ran down the narrow path that led to the road. The hem of her scant calico dress brushed the tall dew-covered weeds in the yard, and her long black braid of hair flopped against a row of white china buttons. The air was warm, and the dust thick and heavy, curling up in little puffs at each step. The trees and bushes along the roadside appeared blurred and indistinct, and Louisa Mae walked briskly past the thick clump where the tree toads wailed their rasping song, and the katydids disputed. Down in the slough, where the crickets chipped their harsh chorus, she broke into a run again.

Across the road, a little farther beyond, she swung open a white picket gate. Then she hurried around the cinder walk to the back door, where a light shone out on a vine-covered porch. Louisa Mae stopped and listened. A song, in a high, tuneless voice, came floating out, and as she climbed the steps, she saw, through the open doorway, a plump woman in a gray dress moving an iron ladle round and round. She slipped noiselessly in, and sank into a wooden rocker by the spacious wood-box. The chorus was coming out in jerks, and the words "rolling on, rolling on" were ascending the scale to a dizzy height.

"I just hate that song, Mrs. Sawen." Louisa Mae spoke defiantly, and her two wrinkled, run-over shoes rested flatly on the floor.

The broad shoulders gave a perceptible start, and a round face, filled with placid surprise, confronted her.

"My! Louisa Mae, but you did give me a scare."

"We've rolled on and rolled on all our lives, just like it tells us to."

"What can be the matter?" Mrs. Sawen shoved a large crock to the side of the table, and gazed down at Louisa Mae from above her big glasses.

"Pa's got the moving fever again, and Hank's catching it." The brown rocker moved jerkily over the uneven floor.

"Why, you haven't been here more than a couple of months!"

"I know it. I kind of thought they might be contented. I've seen it coming on, though."

"Maybe it'll blow over."

"No 't won't. When it comes it sticks."

"Where do they want to move to?" Mrs. Sawen was sifting the creamy flour into the crock before her.

Louisa Mae's brown fingers clasped the splintered handles of the rocker tightly.

"Out to Green County. Pa's just always been set on Green County. When we were up in Dakota he said it was Green County he ought to have gone to, and when we were down in Oklahoma he said it was Green County he ought to have gone to, and now we're here he says it's Green County he ought to have kept on to." Louisa Mae sank back into the cretonne cushions with the red roses and the brown leaves.

"Green County is n't any better than Taylor County, Louisa Mae," Mrs. Sawen responded promptly, a ring of loyalty in her easy tone.

The boards beneath the clumsy rockers squeaked again. Then it ceased abruptly.

"I can't bear to leave this place." The

light in Louisa Mae's eyes softened. "And so I've come to ask you if you — if you would n't get Mr. Sawen to talk to pa. He might make him stay. Tell him to tell pa Green County ain't got enough to keep a person alive. He's always stayed shy of such places. And tell him there's blizzards in winter, — pa ain't got no more use for Dakota, — and a man has to work all day for just starvation wages."

"I'll see that Thomas does all he can for you." Mrs. Sawen set the crock on the back corner of the table. "Here's a little milk I saved for you." She brought a thick white pitcher from the corner cupboard. "Did you have good luck with your cookies this morning?"

"They were just fine!" Louisa Mae's eyes lighted up. "I meant to bring you over some to try, but pa and Hank ate them all up. They're awful fond of such things."

"And here's something I got for you down at the store to-day." Mrs. Sawen slipped a small roll into the brown fingers.

"Oh, it's a red hair ribbon! Aunt Lavina sent me and Nolie each a new hat yesterday. You're awful good, Mrs." —

But the sitting-room door snapped shut, and so Louisa Mae stole hurriedly down the steps, and out into the summer night.

II

It was one of those little country stores whose half-dozen departments or so are compressed to a single small floor. At one side were the shelves of dry goods and shoe-boxes, at the other the groceries and post office. The hardware and clothing departments were at the rear, while the surplus stock, as far as was possible, hung suspended from the ceiling.

It was six o'clock, and trade had slackened for the day. Mr. Sawen sat tilted back in an armchair, his square-toed shoes crossed on the top of a round rusty stove, and his bald head glistening above the edge of the extended evening paper. The flies buzzed loudly, darting here and there with undisputed freedom. Suddenly a heavy step sounded outside, and the armchair rested with a thump on the floor. A lank man, with a stubby gray beard, and thick clumsy boots, entered.

"L'weezy Mae sent me down after salt. L'weezy Mae's al'ays getting out of something," he complained, his voice weak and drawling.

Mr. Sawen took a dust-covered bag from the shelf behind him, and set it down on the counter.

"Nice weather we're having, Mr. Todd." Mr. Sawen had a brisk tone with an "eye to business" air.

"Getting pretty hot to work," he responded, producing a nickel and five pennies.

"Finding you like this place pretty well, — eh?" The money rattled into a wooden drawer beneath the counter.

"Well, now, I'll tell you." Mr. Todd folded his arms and leaned up against the wooden partition setting off the "post office." "If it wa'n't for Green County I don't know but what I'd as lieve stay here as most anywhere."

"Green County? What part of Green County?"

"I kind of calculated on settling round Prairie Centre."

"Got folks there?"

"Not exactly, only my sister-in-law's husband — Levi Dobson. He's dead now. He came from near there."

"Prairie Centre is n't one bit better than this place," answered Mr. Sawen shortly, tapping the streaked show case with his pencil.

"Now that's just 'cording to how one thinks." Mr. Todd leisurely unfolded his arms. "I've al'ays kind of hankered after Green County. I'd orter gone there in the beginning, but I got to hearing so much about Dakota land I concluded to take up a claim out there. Then when we just got settled down Oklahoma opened up, and I was afraid to miss that chance. And all that time I was feeling it was Green County we'd orter be in." He

stood up, his sluggish tone rising, and his bony arms gesticulating. "If it had n't been for L'weezy Mae I'd been there now, too. She liked the looks of this place, and the team was about done out, so I give in. I never did feel as if 't was justice to me and Hank, though." Mr. Todd's voice subsided, and he leaned back, his arms refolded.

"If you know where you're well off, Mr. Todd, you'll stay right here. Everybody likes Louisa Mae, and they're going to help her."

"I ain't got nothing to say agin your treatment of us. Only I never was a hand to run down a place I never see."

A little girl with a blue sunbonnet pushed back on her head appeared in the doorway, bending to one side to keep a green glass can from touching the floor.

"My mother she forgot to get some kerosene this morning, and the lamps they ain't got no more oil left in them."

"Kind of a case of Moses when the lights went out, at your house, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Only my big brother's name's John."

Mr. Sawen leaned down for the outstretched can, and went to the back of the store. The child turned longing eyes in the direction of a row of glass jars, securely imprisoning sticks of brightly striped candy. Mr. Todd picked up his purchase, helped himself generously from the open cracker barrel, and slouched out.

III

A rude pine table stood in the centre of the low unplastered kitchen. Mr. Todd and a tall, lank young man with a receding chin sat opposite each other. At the end was a small boy with a round face and tousled hair.

"Seems as if I never could get you men filled up." Louisa Mae, with flushed cheeks, stood before the stove watching the white circles on the iron break into bubbles.

"Well, they taste real good, L'weezy Mae. You're getting the hang to fancy cooking real quick."

"This is all there is. You've ate nine apiece." She piled four large puffy cakes on a cracked brown plate, and shoved it into the centre of the table. It scraped along the uncovered boards. Again the brief and occasional remarks ceased, and again the steel knives and forks clicked sharply.

"You ain't got none, Louisa," finally noted, with solicitude, the occupant of the lower end of the table.

"I don't want any, Nolie. I'm not hungry."

"I eat five. We get lots better stuff to eat than when pa did the cooking."

"Mrs. Sawen told me how to make other good things, too."

"Candy!" He ran his tongue about his sticky face gleefully, and slid down from the rickety chair.

At length Mr. Todd rubbed his coarse shirt-sleeve across his mouth with a satisfied air.

"I 'bout made up my mind we'd better try and get off next week. What do you say, Hank?"

"Early summer's always a good time to start," Hank responded, shoving back the box he was sitting on.

"Oh, pa! you ain't really going?" Louisa Mae caught her breath, and clasped her hands tightly together.

"Now, L'weezy, 't ain't no use taking on so."

"We won't ever get another start like we got here."

"Green County's got better chances for starting than this place'll ever have."

"You've never had so steady work before."

"Nor such small pay, neither." Mr. Todd's voice suggested irritability. "I never worked so hard all 't once in my life. I feel sorter all used up,—like as if I needed a good rest."

"Nor Hank ain't ever had such a good job, neither."

"Hauling sand the whole time's not what you think it is, Louisa Mae. Shovel-

ing all day's 'bout used up my back. I don't know but what a rest'd seem kind of good to me, too." Hank's tone was an echo of his father's.

"Rent runs out Friday, so I've kind of reckoned on getting off then. How does that strike you, Hank?" Mr. Todd rested his arms on the table, squinting one eye dubiously.

"Strikes me as being just about the time," approved Hank impassively.

"When we get to Green County, then we'll settle down for good," the father announced, his features relaxing.

"That's just what I was thinking, too," nodded Hank.

Louisa Mae picked up the cup of sugar and the molasses can with a jerk.

"You've always rolled on, and you'll always keep rolling on. You don't know when you're the best off you ever was."

"Now, L'weezy, now." Mr. Todd rose heavily from the broken chair. "When we get to Green County I'll give you everything you want, — schooling, and a silk dress, and carpets."

Hank put on a flapping straw hat, and moved languidly toward the door.

"Be easy on the team," warned his father. "They've kind of fatted up, and we'll want them in good shape when we start off." He set his shapeless felt hat firmer on his shaggy head, hitched up a drooping suspender, and followed.

As soon as Louisa Mae was alone she piled up the battered dishes, scraping them noisily. Then she opened the front door and let the warm sunlight and the cool, fresh air pervade the small, empty rooms. She leaned against the door casing, her eyes moving from the neglected yard before her, with its sagging, swaying fence, to the trim, well-kept place opposite, to the open pasture beyond, then up from the tree-crowned hills, to the blue sky and the shining sun. This, in some vague way, seemed to Louisa Mae a panorama of her own life. The bad things were near at hand, but the good things were away off beyond her reach.

A low cloud of dust came rolling down the road, and a small tattered figure squirmed through the broken fence, and approached the sunken steps.

"Have they gone, Nolie?"

"Yes." He shifted his weight from one bare foot to the other. "Guess we're going to Green County, ain't we?"

"No!" she cried sharply. "No, we're not, and don't you ever tell them you want to, either. Have you?"

"No, I never!" One brown foot remained suspended, and two black eyes became immovable. "I just said I'd like a ride."

Louisa Mae clutched a brown gingham sleeve and shook her victim recklessly.

"Nolie Todd, do you want to freeze like we did up in Dakota, or starve like we did in Oklahoma, or be pestered with grasshoppers like we were in Kansas, or get robbed like we did down in Missouri, or nearly drown like we did out at Rapid Creek? Do you want to all the time be roaming round and round and never knowing nothing, or never living like other folks, — now, do you?"

"No — no, I'd ruther stay here," he gasped, wriggling away from his sister's hold.

"Course you would. Why, if you moved away Mrs. Sawen would n't ever give you any more apples."

She hastened back into the house and brought a tablet of pink paper, a small ink bottle and a stubby penholder, and placed them on the end of the kitchen table. Then she drew up the broken chair, took out the cork, and dipped the rusty pen deep in. But she withdrew it instantly.

"Nolie," she called, running to the door, "Nolie." Nothing but a blue jay from the green pump answered her. Then Louisa Mae sat down on the doorstep and buried her chin in her hands.

After a while, at the sound of light footfalls on the grass, she looked up.

"Oh, Nolie, where *have* you been? I want you to run right over to Mrs. Sawen's and ask her to please lend me a bottle of ink."

"We got some. I saw it on the shelf," he answered from a safe distance.

"It won't write a bit since I filled it up with water to make it more. Run along quick, won't you? I'm in such a hurry."

He disappeared from sight around the corner of the house, but it was some time before he returned. Louisa Mae's patience had settled into despair when she finally spied a ragged straw hat bobbing along through the branches of the trees down the road.

"She says we can have this one. She's got another."

Louisa Mae took it eagerly.

"Now, Nolie, I'm going to write a letter, and I want you round handy to take it down when I've finished. You stay right here. I'll let you have my reader to look at the pictures if you'll sit on this step." She brought a red book with a warped, wrinkled cover, and put it reluctantly into two grimy outstretched hands.

Then Louisa Mae returned to her writing. She blotted and rubbed holes in the paper, and ran off the lines innumerable times. She spelled by sound and ignored punctuation. Nolie had already reached the last picture, that of a big Newfoundland dog, when she at length sealed it with the aid of a flatiron.

"It's done now." She put the letter into one hand, and a large, flimsy purse into the other. "There's a nickel in there. You're to get a stamp. That costs two cents. Then you can spend one cent for candy, and bring the other two cents home. And now don't you lose it, and you let Mr. Sawen put the stamp on. You remember how you licked all the mucilage off the last one."

"Who's it to?" he asked dubiously.

"Oh — it's a business letter, Nolie."

IV

The sun had climbed high, and was sending its hot rays straight down on a drooping felt hat and some weather-stained canvas. Mr. Todd was tinkering around a covered wagon standing in the yard.

"L'weezy — L'weezy — L'weezy Mae," he called, his weak, drawling voice taking on a petulant note.

"What is it you want, pa?" Louisa Mae stood in the open doorway, the sleeves of her tight, faded dress rolled to the elbows, and her black hair rumpled about her small, tanned face.

"Why can't you hurry up with those things? We won't get off to-day at this rate."

"I am. I'm hunting for the big kettle."

Mr. Todd continued his work. He finished hanging some pails beneath the wagon. Then he wiped his red face on his sleeve, and leaned against the wheel, fanning himself with his limp hat.

"L'weezy — L'weezy — L'weezy Mae."

"I'm coming now." She brought a pile of cooking utensils and set them down with a clatter.

"What'll we do with the stove, and the table, and the what-not the folks here give us?" she asked.

"We'll just have to leave those."

"We won't find people out there who'll give us such a start as they have here."

"Now, L'weezy, don't go to saying things against those you never met. There's plenty of good folks everywhere."

She looked down at the tilted heap of dented tinware before her, then at the wagon, and then at the sun.

"When do you calculate to get off?"

"It'll be two o'clock straight before I ever get out of this yard. The harness broke again, and Hank's fixing it."

"I'm going over to Mrs. Sawen's to bid her good-by."

"Now, L'weezy, you know I can't spare you. You's over there last night."

"This is the last time, sure. 'T won't be nice to go off without seeing her just before we start."

"Seems as if you're getting awful fussy lately."

Louisa Mae sped across the weedy yard to the road. Mr. Todd hastened his shuffling plod in the direction of the barn. He found Hank seated on the floor mending the broken harness with pieces of rope.

"I almost feel's if I's never going to see Green County," he fretted, pacing up and down the straw-littered floor.

"Yes, we will, pa. I'm through now," Hank reassured him, shutting up his knife, and gathering together the pieces of harness. Mr. Todd stood with folded arms gazing out at his late work.

"I do wish L'weezy'd hurry up," he said peevishly.

There was the pattering of bare feet, and a small shadow fell across the ground before him.

"Say, Nolie, I wish you'd go over after L'weezy. Tell her we ain't going to wait much longer. Soon's Hank hitches up we're going, sure. Seems as if L'weezy's just got set this time." He walked over to the wagon and peered into it, but returned to the shade again.

After a while Louisa Mae came across the yard up toward the barn.

"My goodness, L'weezy, why don't you hurry up? Hank's got the harness fixed now. You go and see't we have everything, and then we'll start."

A whistle blew, and then a bell clanged. Louisa Mae stopped motionless. Then a white column of smoke rose from the trees in the distance, and trailed along in the air.

"Do go on, L'weezy. You act like you never heard a train of cars before," came querulously from her father, as he tugged to gather up the flapping canvas at the back of the wagon.

She went into the house and sat down on a box by the front window, her fingers nervously tying and untying the strings of the sunbonnet in her lap. Her eyes were bent obstinately in the direction of the road, where it ended abruptly in a slope. Suddenly a black satin parasol glistened above the top of the knoll, and then a straight, thin figure with a leather hand-bag appeared. Louisa Mae uttered a little cry of joy and rushed out of the door, the box falling backward with a bang.

"Aunt Lavina — oh, aunt Lavina!" she cried.

"Sister Laviny Dobson — well, I swan!" Mr. Todd stood open-mouthed and motionless.

"If 't ain't aunt Lavina!" Hank stopped, the straps hanging loose in his feeble grasp.

Mrs. Lavina Dobson walked straight toward the wagon, Louisa Mae close behind her.

"How do you do, Greely? I hope my visit is convenient," she said in cordial greeting, her face beaming complacently.

"Howdy, sister Laviny, howdy? Yes — yes — why yes, you're welcome, real welcome," he responded weakly.

"Was you getting ready to go to work?" Mrs. Dobson's spectacles surveyed the scene critically.

"No — why — no. I — I was just hitching up."

"If you don't happen to be in much of a hurry, then, you'll be just handy to go down and bring up my trunk."

"Your trunk!" Mr. Todd's arms fell helpless at his sides.

"Why, yes, Greely, my trunk. I've come to spend the summer with you."

"But we're — we're going out to Green County."

"To Green County! What for?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you, Laviny." Mr. Todd stroked his stubby beard gently. "Hank and me's decided to settle down for good in Green County."

Mrs. Lavina Dobson gripped the handle of her parasol tightly. The horses patiently switched the flies. Louisa Mae's dark eyes grew large and round.

"Course I don't want to seem not hospitable, Laviny. If I wa'n't just on the point of starting for Green County, I'd be — I'd be mighty glad to see you — not, of course, but what I am now — only" —

"Dobson's folks lived there all their

lives. It's as near like this spot as two straws."

"Yes, I know, Laviny — only you see" —

"I see you're bound to go. That's all I see."

"Now sister Laviny" —

Mrs. Lavina Dobson gave the leather hand-bag an exasperated shake.

"Greely Todd, if you and Henry want to move out to Green County, you go, and you stay to Green County until you get enough of Green County. Only these two children don't budge one inch. You dragged the life out of sister 'Melia, but you don't out of them. I set my foot down squarely there."

"I — I — now, Laviny. I wa'n't meaning nothing but their good. Green County al'ays" —

"What do you intend to do, Greely Todd?"

"Why — I — I — I'm kind of set on seeing Green County. What do you say, Hank?"

"I — I think 'bout like you do. I'd feel better to see it, anyway."

"Then see Green County, and see it once for all. I can run things around here about as well as they seem to be run now."

She picked up her black lawn dress sprigged with white, and stepped carefully around the burr weeds toward the house.

"Pa, why can't you" —

"Now, L'weezy Mae, I guess me and sister Laviny knows how to arrange business better than you. Hank, ain't you never going to bring up that team?"

V

It was a drizzling, cold morning in early September. Louisa Mae was sewing patchwork by the kitchen fire, and aunt Lavina was braiding a rug.

"They've come. They've come home." Nolie fumbled at the loose latch, and stumbled into the room, his eyes wide with wonder. "The team, it's clean played out, and pa and Hank's just covered with mud, and the cover's all torn and everything."

The red and yellow blocks fluttered from Louisa Mae's lap as she flew to meet a bedraggled, dejected-looking man coming slowly toward the house.

"Oh, pa! I'm so glad to see you. I thought you was n't ever coming," she cried joyfully, throwing her arms about his wet, ragged coat. "Where's Hank?"

"He's tending to the horses. I'm going out again soon's I get warmed up."

Aunt Lavina shoved the coffee-pot to the front of the glistening stove. Then she brought out a tablecloth, unfolded it, and smoothed it down.

Mr. Todd sank feebly into a cushioned chair by the fire.

"I suppose you're hungry," she said, trying to appear cheerful.

"Yes, I be," he responded curtly. "And Hank, he's starved."

She set the glass spoonholder in the centre of the red cover, and then brought out a pan of potatoes.

"And how did you find Green County?"

Mr. Todd rose stiffly, and shook his black clenched fist with a fierce gesture.

"Green County's the blamedest hole the Lord ever made."

After a brief silence he went out. The savory odor of coffee had taken the place of the stuffy smell of steaming clothing, when aunt Lavina lifted her shining knife from the pan of potatoes and pointed it squarely at Louisa Mae, who was cutting off thick slices of the light bread.

"Did n't I tell you they'd come back? I knew it all along. Why, do you know, Louisa Mae, that I sent twenty-five letters to those people I knew in and about Prairie Centre. I wrote them every one myself, too. I told them not to give Greely Todd nor his son Henry help in any kind of a way when they arrived. They were n't even to give them so much as a meal of victuals, nor a place to sleep, nor a day's work. Then I put my reasons and

I put them good and strong, too. I told them just exactly how things stood with those two men."

"Did you?" said Louisa Mae, a startled look in her eyes.

"'T was a pretty hard lesson, I guess. But a pretty hard lesson was what Greely Todd needed," added Mrs. Lavina Dobson with decision, as she set her knife deftly into the skin of another potato.

A LITERARY BLACKMAILER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY PAUL VAN DYKE

In the middle of the eighteenth century Count Mazzuchelli, one of the most distinguished littérateurs of his day, published a life of Aretino. The preface of the second edition begins thus: "The name of Pietro Aretino has always been so famous in the world that it never could be hid from the knowledge of even the least learned." And Addison in the *Spectator* of March 27, 1711, declined to tell the career of Aretino as an illustration of his point because he is "too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries."

It is doubtful whether either of these sentences would be written now. The fame of Aretino, so vivid two centuries after his death, has declined, until to-day many people of cultivation would know little more of him than his name. It is, perhaps, just as well not to know anything about Pietro Aretino, because up to the last few years it was difficult to know the truth about him. Pietro's life was written by enemies, and, as his contemporary Cranmer said of his own foes, "They dragged him out of the dunghill." The scandal-mongers of later generations enlarged their invectives into the following story. And features of the disreputable career thus created for him appear in every mention of Pietro Aretino, except those of a few Italian writers of the last dozen years.

According to this legend he was the illegitimate son of a gentleman of Arezzo and a notoriously bad woman. After such an up-bringing as might be expected from his parentage, he fled from Arezzo because of an impious poem. (A variation of the legend makes him steal from his mother.) He made a living in Perugia as a bookbinder, and picked up his education by reading the works he handled. There was a picture in the city representing the Madonna at the foot of the Cross. Aretino painted a lute in her outstretched arms. After this sacrilege he fled to Rome, where he became a servant in the house of Chigi, the great banker. He stole a silver cup from his master, and fled to Venice, where he led a life of extraordinary debauchery, and won an evil reputation as an atheist and writer of pornographic literature. He was fatally hurt by falling over backward from his seat in a fit of laughter at an anecdote of dishonorable adventure of one of his sisters, whose lives were worse than his mother's. And this scene was painted in 1854 by the noted German painter, Feuerbach. Finally, he died uttering one of the most profane sayings in the annals of blasphemy.

In addition to this unsavory life history, entirely false, Aretino has been labeled with a larger number of strong epithets than any other man in the history of literature. "The ignominy of his century;" "the Cæsar Borgia of literature;" "perverter of morals and letters;" "the synonym for all infamies." These are a few

of the judgments that have been passed upon him.

To know Pietro Aretino in the four thousand letters from and to him, which have survived in print, is to recognize that he had great capacities and some amiable qualities, which won him many ardent admirers and a number of warm friends. But it is also to perceive that his character was essentially selfish and corrupt. In spite of the strain of religiosity in Pietro's character, it is hard to raise any very strong objection to the epitaph falsely supposed to have stood on his tomb. "Here lies Pietro Aretino, who spoke evil of every one except God. He never spoke evil of God, simply because he never knew Him."

If, then, the epitaph is just, why trouble to retell correctly the story of a bad life? Simply because, to put Pietro Aretino aside labeled and classified by an absolute moral judgment, to make him a scapegoat for the sins of his times, is to miss knowing a vivid and illuminating personality. To judge him sympathetically, to see his career as it appeared to himself and to many of his contemporaries, is to throw upon the society of the late Renaissance in Italy gleams of light comparable in revealing power to those which shine from the pages of Benvenuto Cellini. If the cobbler's son, who in an age of pedantry gained fame and fortune by an untrained pen; whom Titian painted out of close friendship; whose head Sansovino cast in the bronze doors of San Marco; of whom Ariosto wrote in *Orlando Furioso*, "Behold the Scourge of Princes, the divine Pietro Aretino;" to whom his native city gave the title Salvator Patriæ, and the King of France sent a gold chain of eight pounds' weight; whom a pope rose from his seat to receive with a kiss of welcome, and who by command rode in a stately procession in the post of honor at the Emperor's right hand, — if this man be a degenerate type, his degeneration cannot be diagnosed by a fixed moral judgment, for his character and career are symptomatic of the disease of his times.

There is not space in this article to show Aretino as he was. And it seems wisest to speak of one side of his career, — the financial side. Balzac, in introducing his characters, seldom fails to tell us about their income; and to understand where Pietro got the money which supported the palace on the Grand Canal at Venice, in which for so many years he kept open house, is to begin to form a conception of the man. He coined it out of a reputation for a certain kind of skill with the pen which he had acquired when he came to Venice at the age of thirty-five.

A short account of his previous career will show what that reputation was. Pietro was born in Arezzo, in 1492, of a poor shoemaker and his wife, both, so far as we know, honorable people. He left his birthplace to seek his fortune, and after a stay in Perugia, went to Rome, where he found a patron in Agostino Chigi, the rich papal banker. From the house of Chigi he passed to the court of Leo X, that Pope "who enjoyed the papacy God had given him," spent eight thousand ducats a year on his kitchen, a hundred thousand in gaming and presents to court favorites, gave Michael Angelo six thousand for painting the Sistine Chapel, and showed equal zest for a hunting trip, a fresco of Raphael, an indecent comedy, a discussion between Bembo and Bibbiena, or the elaborate farce of a wild practical joke. In the cultivated company gathered in Leo's palace, Pietro soon made a place for himself among the best, — not by training, for he had none, but by the vigor of his language. A poet, known for skill in reciting improvised verses to the lute, mentions him among the famous men of Leo's court, Bembo, Castiglione, Sadolet, and others, as "a singer sweet and free, whose lithe tongue has the mastery, both of praise and blame." But, either because the men he knew were not laudable, or because his spirit was acrid, blaming evidently came easier to him than praising. A pastoral dialogue of the day makes one speaker advise the other, "Try your

best to have Aretino for your friend, because he is a bad enemy. God guard every one from his tongue."

In 1521 Leo died. Hate followed his bier. Every enemy of the Medici family and party took the ready arms of voice and pen. The cardinal Soderini thanked God in an oration for having delivered the church from Leo's tyranny. A letter from Rome reported, "no Pope since the Church of God existed has left a worse memory at his death, so much so that all Rome is saying, He came in like a fox, he lived as a lion (Leo), he died like a dog." These were, of course, the words of Leo's enemies, and the friends of his family rallied at once for defense. They had no time to lose over the dead. They looked to the future pope. The adherents of the Medici did all they could to force the election of Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, Leo's cousin with the bar sinister. While they struggled behind the closed doors of the conclave, Pietro waged a bitter fight for the family of his patron, issuing a series of mordant satires on the cardinals. The form he gave them foretells the vigorous originality of his talent. He never cared for the fashionable style and methods of the trained littérateurs of his day. His bent took him into unbeaten paths. Six times in his career he gave to a literary form, as yet but little used, new power and vogue. And now, while fighting for his patron like other bravi of the pen, he made the beginning of a fame which might be called Italian. Pietro was, so far as we know, the first man whose name became noted outside of Rome as a writer of Pasquinades.

His party lost, and an outsider, whose name had never brought any price in the pools the Romans eagerly sold on the election, was suddenly chosen. When the Pope elect crossed the Alps, and drew near to Rome, Pietro thought it wise to leave. Adrian was an honest priest and a stern ruler. He wanted to throw into the Tiber the stone image of Pasquino, to which the satires were fastened, and was only dissuaded by being told it was useless to try and drown Pasquino; "like a frog, he would talk out of the water." If the Pope could have laid hands on Pietro he certainly would have tried to see whether "the secretary of Pasquino" could talk out of a dungeon.

Pietro was not kept away from Rome long. Adrian died, to the great joy of Roman society, whose sons of Belial decorated his physician's door with laurel wreaths and the inscription Salvator Patriæ. A new golden age seemed to begin. The son of Lorenzo de' Medici was succeeded, after the brief pontificate of a Flemish barbarian, by the nephew of Lorenzo, Clement VII. The whole band of those who lived by their talents rejoiced that a pope representing the reactionary ideas of the Middle Ages was replaced by a man of progress, in touch with the times. Adrian had taken great interest in religion, and none in art. They hoped that Clement would not spend so much energy in promoting the old-fashioned virtues, that he would have none to spare for forwarding men of "Virtú" who could create with pen or chisel or brush things to please the mind or the taste.

The temper of the secretary of Pasquino was soothed by golden hopes, his dreaded and applauded tongue was still. His contemporaries were ill content with his silence. After color and form in the plastic arts, the Italians of the early sixteenth century seem to have found most pleasure in satire. And Aretino had shown himself able to give them a satire suited to their taste, — suggesting no ideals, without hope of reforms, so local and personal that it is hard for another generation to understand it, — no bitter passion of the soul, but just a delicate morsel for the intense *Schadenfreude* of the day. They called on him not to stop his career. What stood for the public of our day demanded something from his pen. A poet wrote in a dialogue between a Traveller and Marforio, the comrade of Pasquino: "*Traveller:* Marforio, since the day when this Pope was elected, your

brother Pasquino is grown almost dumb and Aretino no longer reproves vice. What have you to say about it? *Marforio:* Why, don't you know that Armellino has cut short Pasquino by giving him to understand that if he makes a sound they 'll slit his tongue for him? So the poor chap does n't dare to breathe, much less talk. *Traveller:* Pietro Aretino, who is in such high favor, was taken with a mouthful of bait like a frog, and now he sings, but he does n't want to touch the court. That would be a mistake, because it is giving him means to play the swell like a baron," etc.

On the 7th of June, 1525, the secretary of the Marquis of Mantua wrote, "You promised several days ago to send some beautiful and pleasing compositions, made for Pasquino, and we have been continually in eager expectation because we want always to have some new fruit of your active talent. And we don't know why we suffer such dearth of them unless it is to make us more hungry for them," etc., etc. To which the Marquis added a postscript in his own hand: "Please M. Pietro send me some of your compositions, and kiss the feet of His Holiness for me — and I am entirely yours — entirely yours. The Marquis of Mantua."

These urgings, backed by the factional hatred of the court and perhaps by disappointment because Clement's gold did not flow his way fast enough, set Pietro's tongue free. Pasquino began to talk again; more particularly about the Datario Ghiberti, Clement's chief counselor. As a result, Pietro, riding alone one day, was dragged from his horse and left for dead, covered with dagger wounds. Everybody knew who had tried to kill him, — a certain Achilles della Volta of the household of the Datario Ghiberti, and years afterward Achilles, on trial for another deadly assault, confessed that he had stabbed Aretino. It was taken for granted by all Rome that the master had ordered the servant to avenge the insults of "the secretary of Pasquino;" an accusation which Ghiberti, years afterward, when Bishop of Verona, solemnly denied in a letter to the Marquis of Mantua. Aretino did his best to get the Pope to punish his assailant, but Achilles remained untouched in the household of Clement's chief counselor. Vowing vengeance, Pietro left Rome, and shortly afterwards settled in Venice, where he lived for twenty-nine years.

He was a born spendthrift. Money burned in his pockets and leaked through his fingers. And, like so many men who have the gift of language, he claimed the right of genius to have every desire satisfied. In 1537 he was spending, according to his own account, about a hundred ducats a month, living lavishly in a palace on the Grand Canal, with a household of twenty people. In 1542 he reckoned his receipts at eighteen hundred ducats a year. Little, if any, of this money was from the sale of his books. In his first volume of letters he includes one to his publisher, which says, "With the same good will with which I have given you the other works, I give you these few letters. . . . The only profit I wish is your testimony that I have given them to you. I wish, God willing, to get my pay for the fatigues of writing, not from the poverty of those who buy my books, but from the 'Cortesia' of Princes. Let him learn to be a merchant who seeks material gain, and practising the trade of a bookseller, lay aside the name of a poet. . . . So print my letters carefully and well, because I do not want any other return from you."

By the "Cortesia" of Princes, on which Pietro depended for his income, he means a magnanimous readiness to promote in every way the pleasure of a man of ability. It belongs to the character of a prince. Without it the monarch is lower than the merchant who has it. "It is a noble thing," he writes, "to love a woman; it is a divine thing to wish well to be a man of genius, because the love of genius is related to the love of God." His pages are full of praises of the divine trait of liberality to genius and invective against meanness. By "Servitú" which repaid "Cor-

tesia," he meant the moral duty of the man of genius to repay his patrons by immortality. He asserts that "the road of Cortesia leads to eternal glory." For he believed that his writings would give eternal glory to those mentioned in them, and he called himself "the secretary of the world." The belief was not too fatuous in one who was told in various forms by dozens of correspondents, "your benefits are of such a nature that they render immortal those who receive them." And the world of great men treated him like its secretary, with gifts of splendid garments, heavy gold chains, splendid plate, and streams of ducats. The man who was pensioned and complimented simultaneously by Henry VIII of England, Francis I of France, and the Emperor Charles V, might not unreasonably claim to hold a position of international authority in the world of letters.

For all the favors he received from his patrons Aretino paid to the best of his ability. It is difficult to see how adulation could be raised to a pitch higher than the tone of some of his letters. He writes to Antonio da Leyva: "It is not to be doubted that Antonio is more God than man, because if he was more man than God he would not have risen from a private position to be a prince, and from a mortal to an immortal. Everybody knows how much dignity Alexander gained from his being born of a King, and how much was added to Cæsar because he was not descended from an Emperor. For which reason virtue, and not fortune, crowned him in the same way in which she will crown you. And very justly, because you have gained of yourself all that is in you. Therefore the fortunate Emperor ought to count the chief of his felicities, the possession of the good Leyva." It was rather difficult, of course, to keep on the same scale in a letter to Leyva's master, printed almost next to this, but Aretino was equal to the task. He tells the Emperor that, if the scroll on which he writes had a soul, it ought "to prefer itself to all the glorious scrolls of the ancients, just because it is not read but merely touched by the friend of Christ, Charles Augustus, before whose merits the universe ought at once to bow. And certainly, as God has enlarged the world to give room to your merits, it is necessary for Him also to raise the sky because the space of the entire air is not large enough for the flight of your fame." He is able to touch the harp of flattery with a firm hand for private patrons also. He writes to Signor Severino Bonci who has shown toward him the royal virtue of magnificence in every sort of "Cortesia," "He is worthy of being deified in the eternity of memory as a terrestrial Jove." And he bids Signora Beatrice Pia, "exulting in the thought of the graces with which the grave qualities that make you illustrious, thrive in splendour, feel certain that you abound in such great perfection of your essential nature, that you could with the mere superfluity of such a divine gift change into goodness the imperfection of the being of all your sex."

But perhaps the masterpiece of the vast collection of flattery, of which the reader has only a few scattered specimens, is found in Aretino's dedication of his second volume of letters to Henry VIII. "O supreme Arbiter of peace and war, temporal and spiritual, do not be indignant that the Universe does not dedicate to you temples and erect to you altars as to one of the more sublime *numi* because the infinite number of your immense deeds keeps it confused, just as the sun would confound us if nature, taking it from its place, should place it close to our eyes."

In this exchange of "Servitú" for "Cortesia," Aretino was simply carrying into literature the relation of the mercenary soldier to his patron. And as the Swiss Guards of the Tuileries two centuries later felt bound to die for their bread, so Aretino felt bound to exalt and defend the glory of those who sustained his genius. He writes to Signor Luigi Gonzaga, "I was always, Signore, and always will be as faithful to my patrons as

to my friends, and unless I am given cause of offense, would rather die than attack the honour of another."

In thus hiring himself out as a giver of immortality, Aretino was playing on the common weakness of the men of his day, — an insatiable desire for fame. This craving for glory, which possessed the age like an infectious disease, was not the desire to be praised by those who knew, for doing well things worth doing — but a passion largely vulgar, — a thirst to be known among one's fellows for anything and everything; a material pride that made all ears itch for even the coarsest flattery. The liking for applause beset the men of the Renaissance. One has only to glance at a book which shows the best side of the society of the first generation of the sixteenth century, the *Cortigiano* of Castiglione, to see that he advises the perfect gentleman to be always, in every act of his life, playing to the gallery.

Aretino has given, perhaps, the most striking description of this characteristic passion of his age, — this thirst and hunger for praise which made fame seem almost like a material thing to be eaten and drunk. "I do not know the pleasure misers feel in the sound of the gold they count, but I know well that the blessed spirits do not hear music which is more grateful than the harmony which comes out of one's own praises. One feeds on it as in paradise the souls feed on the vision of God." He writes to the Cardinal of Trent at the baths, "Although it may be that crowds of friends, a swift succession of pleasures, harmony of instruments, the sight of jewels, the suavity of odours, the delicate folds of drapery, the pleasantness of books, the joyfulness of songs and agreeable conversation may not seem to you suited to your pious dignity — you can enjoy instead of such pastimes the thought of your own merits, recreating your senses and spirits with the goodness which all people perceive in you, for which grace all men bow before you, praise you, and watch you. Certainly there is no joy which surpasses the joy of him who is not only known as good but is approved as the best."

It was the shrewd choice of a man who knew his public which led Aretino to give up the small gains of bookselling to levy heavy tribute on the inordinate vanity of the great men of his day.

And he would not sell flattery at retail. He writes Signore S. G.: "I have sent back the ten ducats to your friend, begging him on receiving back your gift to return the praises I gave you. Because it does not seem to me the part of an honest man to honour one who vituperates me as you would have vituperated me if I had accepted what is rather an alms given to a beggar than a present to a man of genius. Certainly those who buy fame must be generous minded, giving, not according to the rank of their soul, but as the condition of him to whom they give demands, because the poor ink has a hard task in trying to exalt the name which is weighed down as if by lead by every sort of de merits."

The passion for fame had another side, and the audacious cleverness of Aretino's scheme for coining his reputation cannot be appreciated until we have looked at it. The love of flattery seldom fails to breed an extreme touchiness. To the man greedy of adulation the time comes when one word of dispraise gives more pain than ten words of praise can give pleasure. If the Italian of the Renaissance was apt for satiric speech, he paid for his evil tongue by a thin skin, sensitive to every malicious breath. Even to-day among the Latin races, where the Renaissance flourished in its vigor, there is a lasting sense of wrong for verbal insult — "injuries," *oltraggi* — which the English-speaking race, used to a word and a blow, or to words forgotten, finds it hard to appreciate. And Aretino counted on this shrinking hatred of mordant words to bring in his tribute from those who thought the price of his praise too high.

He tried his hand with success at comedy, tragedy, letters, verse, religious works, and pornographic works, but his

specialty was *maldicentia*. It was admitted that he had the worst tongue in Italy. Nobody cared to feel the rough side of it. Every prince and lord in Europe whose name was mentioned in Italy was anxious to keep Aretino from commenting on those facts of his career or those traits in his character which would provoke cynical laughter. They were the more anxious not to become the theme of Aretino's wit because he was shrewd enough not to invent scandals. Those he uses in his satiric writings are either true or had become current in private talk.

From the time he went to Venice until his death, Aretino asserted that he had a divine mission, — to punish the vices of princes and expose the hypocrisy of priests. And one cannot turn over five pages of his letters without finding vague allusions to the crimes which haunt princely courts, and the vileness by which prelates rose to power at Rome. For example, promising to write regularly, he adds, "And in case I fail, put it down to the fault of a certain beastly desire to resemble princes, and not being able to do so with any other mask than that of lies, it may be that I make this promise, keeping it in the way they keep theirs." Asked by a preacher to define charity, he answers, "A friar's hood, because the shadow of its sanctity covers the multitude of the vile progeny of your hypocritical actions." A certain transaction he says would be dishonest "even among cardinals." "If," he writes to the Spaniard Don Luigi d' Avila, "from being Italian one could change into a Spaniard, as from being a Christian one can change into a priest," etc. Through all his letters runs a stream of such allusions to the meanness and bad faith of princes, or to the hypocrisy of all ranks in the church. These allusions in his published letters are, for the most part, vague. Occasionally, indeed, when the pay of one of his patrons had been too long delayed, he becomes more pointed. He writes to Count Massiliano Stampa: "It is so difficult to decide, O Marchese, which is greater, the praise with which I exalt your honours or the trick with which you delude my hopes, that I keep silent about it, and in my silence I am sorrier for myself who believe in you than for you who trick me — because my trustfulness comes from a certain stupid simplicity of nature, and your cheating me comes from princely malevolence. Wherefore in such a matter I am more worthy of excuse than you of blame." And sometimes he names prelates who for him incarnate the hypocrisy he denounces in the church. But these passages, though not few among his published letters, would hardly have maintained, amidst the strong competition of the day, his reputation of having the most dangerous tongue in the world. This reputation, absolutely necessary for keeping at its highest figure the income he drew from his profession, he maintained in satiric verse and unpublished letters circulated, for the most part, in manuscript. By these less public writings he could cause fear without giving deadly offense, and if necessary he could disavow them.

The choice which Aretino presented to kings and great men was a very simple one. A eulogistic letter assured them of his desire to spread their fame and make them immortal. Not to accept the offer was to run the risk of being pilloried for the laughter of Italy. This literary mill, whose upper stone was flattery and its lower satire, squeezed from the vanity of men a steady stream of gold for its ingenious author. The plan was not entirely original. In the fifteenth century the sale of eulogy and invective had been common among the humanists, but Aretino first assembled and arranged the rude and elementary devices of his predecessors. And he drew from his machine a large income which enabled him to live in far better style than Erasmus, the acknowledged father and king of letters.

From the seventeenth century on, writers have expanded in severe epithets on the infamy of this system. One ob-

vious thing seems to have escaped them. If the system had seemed in its own day too infamous, it could not have been so successful. The utterances of a ribald blackmailer, looked down on by all honest men as infamous, could not have steadily flattered pride nor stirred fear. Nor did Aretino try to hide his practices. On the contrary, he made so clear an explanation of his system in letters he printed that we trace it entirely in them. And he is proud of his office as the "Scourge of Princes." His letters abound with passages like the following: "Believe me, I am the same good companion I was in old days, and my joyful amiability has grown with my growing reputation and ease of life. The weight of years would seem light to me if I were not fat. . . . For my increase of flesh, many attribute the fault to the happiness with which God has surrounded me, and the talents He has showered on me by His grace. And I confess it because mummies would be restored to life if the world continually visited them with tribute. And for that, I render thanks to Christ, because certainly these things are His gifts and not our merits." "If I were not worthy of any honour for the originality with which I give life to style, I merit at least a little glory for having forced truth into the ante-chambers and the ears of the great ones of the world to the shame of adulation and falsehood. And not to defraud my rank, I will quote the words which fell from the sacred mouth of the great Antonio da Leyva. 'Aretino is more necessary to life than sermons, for they direct towards the right way only simple people, but his writings, men of birth and power.'" He is equally frank in showing the gains of his service and his willingness to sell either silence or speech. He speaks of "one of those presents which Princes often give me, I hardly know whether to say out of fear or out of liberality," etc. He often threatens "the vendettas of ink, more eternal than the offences of blood." "The stinginess of promises and the tenacity of avarice is a reason for acting badly, not simply for speaking badly, and if they don't look out I will put an ornament on the face of the name of somebody which shall stand for a sign until the Day of Judgment." He considered that he had done a great service to literature in systematizing this commercial use of invective and eulogy. He asserts that he is the "Redeemer of Genius who has returned her to her ancient place." "Her glory was dimmed by the shadows of the avarice of men of power, and before I began to lacerate their names men of genius begged the honest necessaries of life. And if some one rose above the pressure of necessity, he did it as a buffoon and not as a person of merit. My pen, armed with its terrors, has brought matters to such a pass that the Signori coming to themselves have cherished great intellects with enforced 'Cortesia.'"

He left to posterity, as a proud record of glory, a medal which shows on the reverse Aretino seated while figures bring him gifts. The inscription reads, "Princes supported by the tribute of their people bring tribute to their servant."

MACHINE-MADE HUMAN BEINGS

BY MARY MOSS

BEYOND a handful of born leaders to whom being "different" has ever spelt distinction rather than disgrace, and a yet smaller group who find no prohibitive effort in the repulsive act of thinking, from time out of mind the mass of mankind has instinctively gravitated toward uniformity. Like the nineteen million logical descendants from Darwin's original pair of elephants, this tendency has hitherto been kept within bounds by time, space, and a few other natural enemies which we complacently accepted as permanent limits to human enterprise. Within the past quarter of a century, however, science applied to every-day life has practically nullified those barriers. We all vaguely remember what happened when the multiplying propensity of rabbits struck a too favorable environment. In the long run these catastrophes evolve their own remedies, — I forget how Australia was rescued, probably the small boy followed the rabbit, — but the mills of the gods grind slowly, and at our present stage of adjustment they seem to be grinding out a new and peculiarly insufferable product, — the machine-made human being.

It is true that Frankenstein once succeeded in manufacturing a man, but, working in an amateurish way, this inventor failed to provide a mate, and the machine-made race perished. A century later, human intellect in triumphant progress has perfected cheap production, reproduction, and distribution. These improvements straightway facilitated diffusion of knowledge and culture as imparted in public schools; likewise they have developed the department store (as a social and intellectual factor), the up-to-date newspaper and inexpensive, genteel magazine. These in turn, instead of temporarily animating one lay figure, are successfully putting upon the world myriads of human beings who enter life with almost no handicap upon their passion for resembling one another.

Of course common tendencies have always existed, — witness that mystic recrudescence on a certain unspringlike February day of whip tops, which have long lain neglected in toy shop windows. No mild January sun had power to lure them forth, but when the sap began to rise, every urchin vibrated to racial promptings and hastened to buy a top. In the same way, vernal prickings instigate every woman to procure Spring headgear; that law is also cosmic. But here creeps in a difference, the note of a changed era. Owing to improved processes, she not only wants it, but she gets it. The new hat is at once generated for rich and poor alike. Syndicate newspapers, five and ten cent magazines carry the glad tidings to remote country villages. Nowhere will you find a maiden so mean-spirited as to wear the cast-off finery of her wealthier sister. Crowns were high last year, this year they are non-existent. Traveling salesmen see that demand is duly met. The same pace being set for every department of modern life, the influence wielded by modes is really unprecedented, although from the beginning of things dress, education, amusements, morals, and behavior have been swayed by irresponsible glacial movement.

To speak flippantly, even the Crusades might be classed as fads, — even those strange, heart-rending children's pilgrimages of the Middle Ages. Many religious movements, however genuine their inspiration, have a touch of the same hysterical taint. Coming to lesser instances, it was a fad of Marie Antoinette to milk her cows. Fine ladies were induced by fashion to learn maternal in-

stincts from a crabbed bachelor, not himself the best of fathers. The fainting, gaming, and ready tears of eighteenth-century heroines, duels about nothing in the early nineteenth, "Frazzling," that idiotic raveling of gold thread so piteously described by poor Caroline Bauer as the exasperating occupation of her morganatic spouse, — all of these were far sillier fashions than any which beset the present generation, not excepting Christian Science, or heavy masonry pergolas in small back yards. The point is that fashions to-day have gained a distinctly new and baleful authority simply because the most efficient contemporary effort is applied to stimulating them and to hastening their diffusion. Addison wrote, in 1711, "A man who takes a journey into the country is as much surprised as one who walks into a gallery of old family pictures, and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the persons he converses with." The *Spectator* goes on to tell how "a fashion makes its progress much slower into Cumberland than Cornwall. I have heard that the Steenkirk (a military cravat dating from the battle nineteen years before) arrived but two months ago at Newcastle." In sober truth, it took longer for Edinburgh to hear the news of Waterloo than it now does for Freeland, Pennsylvania, to learn that white was worn at the Grand Prix. After that Freeland also wore white till an English duchess came out in scarlet, upon which, by some magic *tour de force* in the dry goods trade, Freeland immediately turned geranium color. Formerly, even in great cities, a fashion required some time to permeate the masses; now a fresh mode strikes the whole continent broadside, reaching all classes simultaneously. The Plaza, Madison Avenue, the Tenderloin and Rivington Street all wear the same costume at Easter, varying only in fineness of material, not a whit in general effect. The cunningest Héloïse or Annette in her Fifth Avenue "Petit Paris," strive as she may, cannot keep her one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar "confection" one little move ahead of apparel marked "Four ninety-eight" in Fourteenth Street, and "One ninety-eight" on the Bowery. Nor does it stop there. In the department stores of small fresh-water towns, the ready-made "gown" of April, 1904, revealed fully as much beribboned underwear through its curtain lace transparencies as the gayest "smart little frock" in a Twenty-Third Street window. And those frocks, without the slightest regard for becomingness, or heed for the disastrous state of their filmy textures after a few Sunday trolley trips or Saturday afternoon picnics, swept the continent like prairie fire.

Uniform dress again merely illustrates a universal condition which has blighted every pursuit and amusement, till by dint of increased facility for doing precisely what our neighbors are doing, — neighbors in California, Bangor, London, Grand Rapids, Vienna, and the Rocky Mountains, — we stand an excellent chance of attaining absolute sameness. It has already come to pass that the inconvenient pariah clinging to an individual taste fares no better than the lonely man whose sole topic was the Prophet Habakkuk. To prove this, only ask at any well-equipped shop for a garden seed, a game, a shade of ribbon, or a book not in actual vogue. In the city of Philadelphia, not famous for pace, you might as well expect to find calashes or loaf sugar as to buy at first or second hand one copy of *Robert Elsmere*. Following the mode, on the contrary, has grown so easy that, moving in the direction of least resistance, we are fast reaching a complete abdication of individual rights, a sheeplike acceptance of every diversion, form of instruction, or way of life labeled "the latest." And after all, instead of making us freer, these material advances have ended by creating a power which is relentlessly herding us into flocks and droves, to be led hither and yon without our exercising a spark of independent volition.

It is superfluous to hint at the bearing of this upon our politics. My perception

of its effect upon the stage was rendered articulate by a popular continuous performance at one of the showiest theatres in a city whose inhabitants have passed the million.

Stylish, prosperous adults filled the house. There were beautiful picture hats, immaculate ostrich plumes, lace blouses, jewels real, as well as *articles de Paris*. Men and women sat in well-fed content without apparent wish to lynch the box-office man, or otherwise testify their sense of having been buncoed. A magician came first. After watching attentively to the end of his turn, I was at a loss to decide whether his exhibition was meant to puzzle, or to lay bare the whole mystery of parlor magic. Hearty applause! Next, a ventriloquist. The skill of this artist rose to the level of a fair Punch and Judy show. It might have imposed upon an average child under ten. The stage was peopled with clumsy manikins, not even marionettes; the ventriloquist slapped these quite often, and they replied with facetious repartee. His jokes were stale beyond belief, but a thoroughly docile audience greeted every sally with approval. The ventriloquist then wound up by dancing a cakewalk with a life-sized black doll which he carried in his arms. The audience seemed greatly pleased. Enter six young ladies dressed like a mill girl's vision of luxury, one pretty, five decidedly plain. With the aid of six dreary youths they sang, or rather squeaked, the most banal, tuneless ditty in voices both thin and flat. At the fifth encore I left, although an acrobat, an entertainer, and eleven other acts were still to come.

Such a spectacle must leave any thoughtful person wondering why grown men and women liked so tame and worthless a hotchpotch. Decent it was, but no domestic evening with the Halma board under Bernard Shaw's family lamp could possibly have been duller. Liked it! There lies the crux. Had they ever stopped to consider whether they liked it or not? Was one spectator capable of independently liking anything so abstract as a show? The women would as readily dream of questioning the fashion in coiffure, or of rebelling against the prevailing outline for head, foot — or midriff! Correspondingly, that part of them which is not body (neither mind nor soul seems an exact definition) submits with equal docility to the prevailing amusement. Nor were the escorts more impatient or discriminating, although, judged by the splendor of their womenkind, many of them must have been shrewd business men. But here, once more, the machine rules. Carried along by mechanical contrivances and the elaborate organization of commerce, a man is now compelled to move rapidly, but in grooves. He depends upon a stenographer with a manifolding typewriter. He remembers with a mimeograph; he exists by grace of system and card catalogues. Over-specialized along one line and totally undeveloped in every other direction, taken off his own ground, at a play for instance, he is all abroad. Yet any ordinarily sensible merchant or broker should be qualified by mere living to reach some opinion of his own about the doings of fellow creatures, even upon the stage. But away from his office, our merchant can only flounder. Send him to 33 West Fifty-Sixth Street, and his trained mind directs him to the exact spot; but caught out of town, he could steer no approximate course by the points of the compass. Apart from business, he takes all of life on faith, guided by the sign, "Standing Room Only."

Next to clothes and recreation, nothing, not even education, is more subject to fashion than literature. Listen in any public library: something like this is bound to happen several times an hour.

Customer. *Lady Rose's Daughter*, please.

Librarian. Not a copy in. What would you like instead?

Customer. Well, I don't much care. *Pigs in Clover* and the *Simple Life*, or any of the new books.

Librarian. None in. Did you ever read Mrs. Ward's *Eleanor?*

Customer. No, I missed that.

Librarian. Six copies are in now, shall I —

Customer (justly incensed, as if plied with stale eggs or ancient oysters). . . . That! Me read a last year's book!

I who write saw one and the same damsel, after demanding the *Wings of a Dove* and *Dorothy Vernon* (books of the year), roundly snub the librarian for suggesting the *Awkward Age* and *When Knighthood was in Flower* (unread works of the same authors), and finally depart in content with Gorky's "latest," *Mrs. Wiggs*, and the *Valley of Decision*. To that girl books were as little a matter of choice as the weather, as evanescent as omelette soufflé; and owing to accelerated facilities for distribution, every visit to the library only intensified her conception of literature.

Again, I confess, there is nothing new in this but the pace. Hand-made processes took a little time, time enough for an individual here and there to find personal satisfaction ministered to in one direction, thwarted in another. There was leisure for palates to register a flavor. Our brisker methods have now brought about a grotesque condition. They have moulded a populace much alike in mass, but whose separate development utterly lacks homogeneity. The rabbis of old held up as an aim in life "unending variations of mind and the difference of facial expression." We, on the other hand, positively glory in an attrition which can only make for odious regularity. At the same time, our advanced educational institutions are laboriously teaching children how to be individual, if you please! And pages of magazines are devoted to formulas for achieving originality. Set down in cold print, these two statements savor of satirical invention. Would they were not literal fact!

There can be no more pertinent example of this unequal development than the faultlessly elegant appearance of those young ladies who abound in suburban trains, at matinées, and watering-places. Since the human nail was popularized by the discovery of manicuring in the early eighties, their well-kept hands carry out the deception of their faultless attire. In a few instances, owing to a wide acquaintance with the uniform elocution now practiced upon the stage, their voices are dropping from the nose to the chest register. It is true that predigested pedagogy has fostered youth's inborn dislike to mental effort to the point of leaving their ordinary speech at least — shaky — in grammar; but a liberal range of general culture is supplied by daily advertisements which keep them posted in anniversaries of important events, while Mr. David Belasco, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and other educators constantly open up over-grown historical vistas. (Is there a saleslady on the Atlantic slope unfamiliar with the touching story of Madame Du Barry?) The pianola tribe, along with vaudeville and department store concerts, keep them in touch with the musical world. Thanks to an observation trained in Nature Study courses, they can foretell the approach of Christmas by holly-decked bulk windows. From their outer shell it is a pardonable error to suppose them civilized, yet if their actual grade of *Bildung* were expressed in clothes, these seeming princesses could be with difficulty told from avowed barbarians. Yet these future mothers of our nation have ideals of their own, and are spiritedly sincere in the pursuit of them, and, unfortunately, they are entirely successful in acquiring an impermeable veneer which effectually protects the amazing rawness within from any ripening gleam of genuine development. Consequently our public unprotestingly accepts upholstery drama, costume novels, machine-made music, high feather ruffs one summer, open-work lace collars the next winter, in a mood of machine-made content, till the whimsical paradox is reached. Collectively, they rush after whatever is labeled

new; as units they balk at anything not approved by their fellows. The New may be as hoary as the "continuous" jokes; the Old as little known as the wit of Charles Lamb or Sidney Smith.

Of course, we may comfort ourselves with platitudes: "It is never wise to attempt swimming upstream." This current which bears us along with distracting haste may ultimately serve some good purpose. Indeed, one true point of light here and there struggles to be seen, but the magnificent machine-made organization of our society hurries to snuff it out.

Among the barely tolerated immigrants who complicate our social condition, there come backward folk from the Old World, with backward, hand-made tastes and traditions. A "Dago" woman of the first generation is contemptibly indifferent to fashion. Strict sumptuary laws would in no way infringe upon her personal liberty. Thickset and comfortable, she wears a short, full skirt, while the slim, sophisticated "American" lady on the next floor draggles a yard of sinuous train. But that sturdy peasant woman knows strange and graceful choric figures, far superior to the ugly, indecorous cakewalk and high kicking which to her daughter will represent the worship of Terpsichore. Her husband, too, can tune a violin and play on it charming strains brought from his native land. Italians still love *Funiculi Funicula*, at least — a contemporary of *Whoa Emma!* and far older than *Ta Ra Ra Boum De Aye!* both of which, after the merciful habit of American and English topical songs, failed to weather their second summer.

When families named Malatesta or Ricciotti go to a theatre, instead of passively enduring jerky and unmeaning vaudeville, they follow with consecutive attention stories of Charlemagne and his Paladins, finding nothing tiresome or ridiculous in the words "Morire pro Patria, Morire pro Honore."

The Hun also brings his fiddle, and if you know where to seek it, you may sit on a huge *duvet* and listen while Mr. Ondrecek or Mr. Lipscak reels off, not ragtime, but czardas, music, real music! And neighbors, gathering outside in the dusk, also listen with enjoyment, drifting at last into a national dance, till little Rosie, who attends public school and is "learning," scornfully remarks, "That old back number! Can't he give us *Mr. Dooley?*"

With the Italians again, in camps of berry pickers where whole communities rough it for the harvest weeks, you will find groups of men lying on the earth after their day's work, clustering about a fat pine fire, eagerly following the classic narrative of an improvisator.

In the Bowery, a Yiddish company lately gave — *Monna Vanna!* Not because manager or players thought it a paying piece, but from an abstract ambition to keep abreast with the best contemporary art. And while in this case the audience were not entirely in sympathy (giving only six recalls after the curtain), as a rule, the Eastern Jew — Russian, Pole, Roumanian — brings to the theatre a serious appreciation for serious drama, a toleration for mental effort, a willingness to exercise individual judgment in his amusements.

Until assimilated by our civilization, all these "inferior" peoples have power of attention, capacity for interest in interesting things. This is the wail of an avowed pessimist. I see no way to stem the tide of hateful similarity, unless, indeed, some optimist can devise a check by which fragments of a precious inheritance may be preserved to our uses, before the hoarded tradition of centuries is ground up and dispersed by the baneful leveler of our comfortable, flavorless, machine-made existence.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD: BOOKS AND THE HOUR

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

However plaintive one may grow at times over the neglect of greatness by its own age, one must note that a great man often owes his first hold upon posterity to the enthusiasm of his surviving contemporaries; or, if not his first, his best hold. The younger critic is at a disadvantage in dealing with writers of the generation just past; for here is a fame not quite old enough to be established, not quite new enough to give a fresh intelligence free swing. The older critic is himself a part of his theme. He has had his chance of original impression. He recalls the first appearance of *Sartor Resartus*, or of *Bells and Pomegranates*. He has had, it may be, some direct or indirect acquaintance with the man himself. *Virgilium vidi tantum:* the mellow effectiveness of criticism so inspired can hardly be overset by any brilliant contrary-mindedness on the part of the younger generation.

The complementary value of these two methods of approach has been well illustrated by two recent studies of Browning. Mr. Chesterton's book was a brilliant performance in the not altogether grateful rôle of the contrary-minded. Professor Dowden has produced [1] a study based upon a more intimate, long-standing, and cordial knowledge of the man and his work. The result is a critical biography of Browning, altogether the most valuable that has as yet been produced. Mrs. Orr is, of course, drawn upon largely for facts, but Mr. Dowden's interpretation of them is quite his own. It is, however, by delicate shadings, rather than by bold strokes, that the Browning whom he paints for us is distinguished from the portraits which we already have from other hands. Especially happy is the present treatment of that relation in Browning's life to which public attention has been so recently and so unduly redirected.

Mr. Dowden's criticisms, considerable both in quantity and in quality, are interwoven with the narrative, and so presented, effectively illustrate the development of the poet's art. From this point of view much work commonly rated as immature, minor, or decadent, assumes significance. Now and then it seems that the critic is a trifle over-influenced by the prepossession of the biographer. "*Pauline*," he says, "is a poem from which Browning ought not to have desired to detach himself. Rarely does a poem by a writer so young deserve better to be read for its own sake. It is an interesting document in the history of its author's mind. It gives promises and pledges which were redeemed in full. It shows what dropped away from the poet and what, being an essential part of his equipment, was retained. It exhibits his artistic method in the process of formation. It sets forth certain leading thoughts which are dominant in his later work. . . . The poem is dramatic, yet, like so much of Browning's later work, it is not pure drama coming from profound sympathy with a spirit other than the writer's own; it is only hybrid drama, in which the dramatis persona thinks and moves and acts under the necessity of expounding certain ideas of the poet."

But Professor Dowden is by no means rigidly bound to the historical method. At times he detaches himself to such effect as this, apropos of *Pacchiarotto:* "But vigour alone does not produce poetry, and it may easily run into a kind of good-humoured effrontery. . . . There is a little too much in all this of the robustious Herakles sending his great voice be-

[1] *Robert Browning.* By Edward Dowden. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

fore him. An author ought to be aware that no pledge to admire him and his writings has been administered to every one who enters the world, and that as sure as he attracts, so surely must he repel. . . . Browning's good-humoured effrontery in his rhymes expects too much good-humour from his reader, who may be amiable enough to accept rough and ready successes, but cannot often be delighted by brilliant gymnastics of sound and sense. In like manner it asks for a particularly well-disposed reader to appreciate the wit of Browning's retort upon his critics: 'You are chimney-sweeps,' he sings out in his great voice, 'listen! I have invented several insulting nicknames for you. Decamp! or my housemaid will fling the slops in your faces.' This may appear to some people to be genial and clever. It certainly has none of the exquisite malignity of Pope's poisoned rapier. Perhaps it is a little dull; perhaps it is a little outrageous."

Mr. Benson's *Rossetti* [1] is one of the most satisfying of the later issues in the English Men of Letters Series. It is less brilliant than some of its predecessors, but it is apparently based upon more thorough original investigation, and composed with greater deliberation. In spite of its brevity, therefore, it deserves more attention than the ordinary biographical sketch. The author's manner of approaching his theme is reassuring. He promptly disclaims the common view of Rossetti as "an affected, decadent, fantastic figure, posturing in a gloomy *danse macabre*, or wandering in an airless labyrinth of poisonous loveliness." Rossetti is here to be pictured rather as "a brave, genial, robust personality, which, sadly as its early brightness was dimmed by the years, still kept its gaze resolutely on the ultimate hope, the further issue, the central vision." Nor are we to be allowed to retain illusions as to the outward man. He was, it seems, a short, stout, shabby figure of a man, rather fond of slang, broad humor, and loud laughter; whose talk was at all times "plain, brisk, sensible, pungent, and vigorous." There was nothing of the prophet about him, nothing of the poseur. There was, to be sure, a touch of mystery in the authority which he seemed to possess over even the strongest spirits with whom he came in contact. "This magnetism," says Mr. Benson, "dominated Morris absolutely for a time, it determined the art of Burne-Jones, it upset Ruskin, it profoundly affected Mr. Swinburne's poetry. . . . He laid no snares for other natures; but in his presence his conceptions and aims naturally presented themselves to others as the conceptions and aims most worth striving for." Mr. Benson's treatment of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and its work is discreetly sympathetic. He has no liking for the extravagances and *morbidezza* to which the movement led, but he discerns its origin in a true instinct of youth. The *Germ* faithfully expresses that instinct: "It is all fragrant of sincere and enthusiastic youth and artistic purpose. It suggests a whole background of ardent impulsive figures, inspired by a generous emotion, and determined to see things with their own eyes, and to say them in their own way." The outward beauty which Rossetti saw brought him no abiding sense of peace. For the sake of Rossetti as a man we must, with Mr. Benson, deplore the limitation of his ideal; nevertheless, it is an ideal worth embodying in art, and Rossetti gave it a true embodiment.

One may naturally, though not very reasonably, connect the name of Mr. Yeats with that of Rossetti. Both are poets of cult, if not of coterie; and there the resemblance ends, if we are to believe Mr. Yeats. Rossetti was not a pure mystic, and his lack of instinct for symbolic expression was, says Mr. Yeats, so marked as to disqualify him for the editorship of Blake. To the younger poet mysticisim, poetry, and symbolism appear to be almost synonymous terms. A recent brief

[1] *Rossetti.* By ARTHUR C. BENSON. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

study of his personality and work[1] will be of value to many persons who have but a vague notion of what he has done and what he stands for. A cult is likely to have its devotees and its scoffers; Mr. Krans fortunately belongs to neither class. He displays a sympathetic understanding of Mr. Yeats's mysticism, his belief in magic, his love of symbols. He is, meanwhile, calmly observant of the paradoxes, the lapses from taste and from common sense, the special addictions, which belong to the chosen method. "After all allowances have been made, there remains a not inconsiderable part of his work that is darkened by a recondite imagery which for him, no doubt, has a meaning, — for no one would dare to appear so meaningless unless he felt he meant a great deal, — but to the rest of mankind conveys no idea, induces no mood, and is at most a perspicuous gloom." The specific service which, independently of his methods, Mr. Yeats may be seen to be doing is to promote a movement "against that externality in life of which the theatre of the day is the great monument. . . . In the Ireland of to-day Mr. Yeats is important as the leader in a literary awakening that may go far toward bringing into being what Ireland most needs, — a cultivated national public."

II

It is a favorite theory of Mr. Yeats that the poetry of the coterie and the poetry of the people are really the same poetry; while what is commonly known as popular poetry is only the poetry of the middle classes. Longfellow he numbers among producers of this kind of poetry; and, what is more surprising, Burns. Whittier, in many respects more like Burns than like Longfellow, he would doubtless refer to the same category. One can see truth in this contention about middle-class poetry. It is not of the highest order; the average reading person, represented by the middle class, is baffled by the highest. He must have his poetry made in simple and obvious forms to fit his simple and direct habit of thought and feeling. But though Whittier's poetry was not of the subtlest or of the richest, it was genuine; and it is not a merely middle-class sentiment which cherishes the poet's memory. His biographer has just produced a volume[2] containing a good deal of interesting information about the places which Whittier poetized. The purpose of the book, as the sub-title shows, is sufficiently modest. It aims to be a handbook. But it contains, also, some literary relics, the value of which is mainly autobiographical; the most interesting of them are written in a playful vein, the quality of which indicates, to say truth, good humor in the man rather than creative humor in the poet.

Among other recent books of the gleaning sort is a volume of material connected directly or indirectly with that famous resort of French *émigrés*, Juniper Hall.[3] The book is handsomely made, and has some interesting pictures, notably a portrait of Fanny Burney here first published. It will be of special interest to the student of eighteenth-century history, but contains not a little which concerns the general reader.

Both of these classes will be appealed to by the recently published Ford lectures of Sir Leslie Stephen.[4] Their composition was completed when the critic's health had begun to fail, and they were delivered and sent through the press by his nephew, Mr. Herbert Fisher. Sir Leslie's work might have had a more showy conclusion, but it could hardly have had a more fitting

[1] *William Butler Yeats, and the Irish Literary Revival.* By HORATIO SHEAFE KRANS. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

[2] *Whittier-Land: A Handbook of North Essex.* By SAMUEL T. PICKARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

[3] *Juniper Hall.* By CONSTANCE HILL. New York: John Lane. 1904.

[4] *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century.* By Sir LESLIE STEPHEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

one. His distinction lay in the quiet precision with which he arrived at and expressed perfectly independent judgments. Under the consulship of Dobson the literary eighteenth century has been subjected to sufficiently minute examination. To the research of others Sir Leslie doubtless owes much of the careful knowledge upon which his generalizations are built; but the firmness and breadth of his judgments belong to no one else. The union of common sense and imagination has issue in a sense altogether uncommon. Stephen was as incapable of the merely robust as of the merely fanciful. His thought is both fine and direct, and his style, even to that favorite weapon of irony, expresses the essential fineness and directness of his impulse.

The present lectures are based upon a belief that the historical method of criticism is, on the whole, the most fruitful; and that one of the facts most clearly proved by such a method is the close relation between the social life of any given period and its literature. Sir Leslie has no little admiration for the temper of the eighteenth century: "the century, as its enemies used to say, of coarse utilitarian aims, of religious indifference and political corruption; or, as I prefer to say, the century of sound common sense and growing toleration, and of steady social and industrial development." The literary product of the century was what conditions made it; and of course the spirit of conservatism ruled. "It did not generate that stimulus to literary activity due to the dawning of new ideas and the opening of wide vistas of speculation." It produced, however, a literature of practical efficiency, uttering, with singular distinctness, "the beliefs prevalent in the social stratum to which the chief writers belonged."

III

Sir Leslie's development of this theory, as it is borne out by specific instances, is well worth following, and his conclusion is striking: "The watchword of every literary school may be brought under the formula, 'Return to Nature;' though Nature receives different interpretations." To Pope and Addison it meant the Nature of the Wit; to Richardson and Fielding the Nature of the middle-class John Bull; to Scott, "his 'honest gray hills' speaking in every fold of old traditional lore;" to Wordsworth the Nature of the peasant and uneducated man; and so forth. In short, the "Return to Nature" means the discovery of a literary type best expressing "the really vital and powerful currents of thought which are moulding society. The great author must have a people behind him; utter both what he really thinks and feels and what is thought and felt most profoundly by his contemporaries. As the literature ceases to be truly representative, and adheres to the conventionalism of the former period, it becomes 'unnatural,' and the literary forms become a survival instead of a genuine creation."

Such a generalization ought, it seems, to help us in arriving at a sound opinion of contemporary literature. What does the Return to Nature mean to us? What sort of writing now expresses "the really vital and powerful currents of thought which are moulding society"? Is it journalism, or scientific writing, or literary dogmatism, or poetry? Evidently it is not elegance; the wit, or man of cultivated taste, had his day in the nineteenth century as well as in the eighteenth. He still has an audience, but he does not, even in his own fancy, stand for what is vital and powerful in modern life. His qualms and niceties are quite beside the mark to a generation of plain blunt men hot on the trail of the dollar, the microbe, and the Filipino. Such a writer as Vernon Lee can hardly, even with the help of Browning, be made to seem a quite live and modern person. A cultivated woman of letters and of the world, she produces a superior kind of boudoir literature. Her latest essays[1] display the technical

[1] *Hortus Vitæ.* By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane. 1904.

skill, the evidences of a well-stored and ingenious mind, the carefully attenuated humor, the simplicity *à la mode*, with which her former books have made us familiar. It is all very clever, versatile, and finished; but one is not sure whether it is the product of a true, though faint, creative impulse, or of mere literary habit. Certainly there has never been an age to which mere refinement and the literary habit have seemed more impertinent. Nature means to us something very different: now the Nature of the mystic, now that of the *épicier*, now that of the scientist; never that of the dilettante.

A more than local impulse is suggested by the Irish literary movement, which is, indeed, in most essentials European rather than Irish. There is much to irritate the hardy mind in current expressions of mysticism *via* symbolism; there is something of wholesomeness, however, in the goad which, as a reaction against immediate conventions, it succeeds in applying. Moreover, a clearer definition, a more indubitable creative impulse, is evident in the prose essays of a Maeterlinck than in those of a Vernon Lee. The devotee is, after all, more in our line than the connoisseur; for his purpose, if not his method, is sure to be more to the point, though the concrete value of the point remain in doubt. I am not sure what the title of M. Maeterlinck's new book means,[1] unless it may signify the contact of a mystical intelligence with the Garden of Life and the Garden of Letters. I miss the meaning of several of the essays here collected, and disagree with a large part of what I seem to understand. But I am sincerely glad to have read the book, much of which, after all, is perfectly simple, direct, and spiritually, if not intellectually, sound. M. Maeterlinck has an interest in the active world which most of his brother symbolists lack; and special enthusiasms for the things of the active world: for dueling with the sword, democracy, the automobile, to suggest the substance of a few of the present papers. One turns with special interest to the essay on the *Modern Drama*, and the interest increases as one perceives that it is in no obvious sense a defense of his own work. Modern life, he holds, no longer affords material for tragedy; it lacks the atmosphere, the glamour, which make so much for the effect of such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*. As for modern drama, inevitably "its scene is a modern house, it passes between men and women of to-day. The names of the invisible protagonists — the passions and ideas — are the same, more or less, as of old. . . . But how great is the difference we find in the aspect and quality, the extent and influence, of these ideal actors. Of all their ancient weapons not one is left them, not one of the marvelous moments of olden days. It is seldom that cries are heard now; bloodshed is rare, and tears not often seen. It is in a small room, round a table, close to the fire, that the joys and sorrows of mankind are decided. We suffer, or make others suffer, we love, we die, there in our corner." Modern drama has, therefore, been forced to look to the treatment of psychological or moral problems. But action, not psychology or morals, is the end to be sought by the dramatist; and the moral problems treated upon the stage have been connected with conventional ideas of duty. M. Maeterlinck sees in the prospect of a more resolute struggle of charity and justice against egoism and ignorance, the only hope for "a new theatre, a theatre of peace, and of beauty without tears."

Even more clearly in the final essay does M. Maeterlinck's sturdy optimism make itself heard. It is striking that this dreamer should base his hopes for the future upon the efficacy of reason. "We no longer believe," he triumphantly concludes, "that this world is as the apple of the eye of one God who is alive to our

[1] *The Double Garden*. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK: Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXERA DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

slightest thoughts; but we know that it is subjected to forces quite as powerful, quite as alive to laws and duties which it behooves us to penetrate. That is why our attitude in the face of the mystery of these forces has changed. It is no longer one of fear, but one of boldness. It no longer demands that the slave shall kneel before the master or the creator, but permits a gage as between equals, for we bear within ourselves the equal of the deepest and greatest mysteries."

Such writing as this cannot possibly appeal to middle-class sympathies. If a numerical constituency counts, M. Wagner is far more representative than M. Maeterlinck. *By the Fireside*[1] will doubtless be as popular as its forerunners. It is deliberately didactic and undisguisedly sentimental, and its opinions are based upon precisely those notions of conventional duty the need of which, by M. Maeterlinck's showing, the world has outgrown. These intimate homilies on the conduct of life seem, indeed, to be always sure of an audience. Another excellent book of the day treats of work,[2] as M. Wagner's treats of home life. It is admirable in its kind, restrained in sentiment, simple and vigorous in style. Perhaps there is nothing new in it, but, since it is the expression of a distinct personality, there is nothing trite either. Unfortunately its title is of a sort to warn off indolent persons, so that, as is commonly the case, one supposes, with such books, it will be read most by those who need it least.

IV

Of a far sterner sort is the book by Mrs. Gilman[3] on the same theme. This, we see at the outset, is to be no mere literary effusion, no mere product of individual reflection. It represents, indeed, still another current notion as to what the Return to Nature means. A glance at the table of contents intimates plainly that such things as psychology, sociology, and political economy are in the wind. Our noses are at once applied to the scientific grindstone. We learn what a concept is, and wonder that we have so long been indifferent to it. We have interesting illustrations of what the concept can do by way of interpreting incidents of which poets have loosely prated: "An excellent proof of the power of concepts compared with conditions is given in the heroism of William Phelps, the Indianapolis negro. Two colored men were at work in a great boiler, riveting. Some person by accident turned on the steam. Hot steam as a material condition is quite forcible, and the two men started for the ladder. But Phelps, who was foremost, was arrested by a concept. He stepped back, saying to the other, 'You go first — you're married!' Even in that comparatively undeveloped brain, a group of concepts as to Duty and Honour were stronger modifiers of conduct than boiling steam." The description appears to be not without humor, whether conscious or otherwise. Elsewhere, an impatient habit of generalization compromises the effectiveness of the book both from the literary point of view and as a scientific study. It is all very well for the lady writer to say, "A flourishing society can maintain more fools than any savage period could afford." But when she proceeds, with such dicta for authority, to nudge us toward the conclusion that nothing that is is right, we begin to surmise that at least there is much to be said on both sides. There is not a little cleverness in the book, much raw output of intellect; but so little literary quality that the substance of the work may be had pretty satisfactorily from the summaries which are methodically prefixed to the several chapters.

[1] *By the Fireside.* By CHARLES WAGNER. Translated from the French by MARY LOUISE HENDEE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

[2] *Work.* By HUGH BLACK, M. A. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 1904.

[3] *Human Work.* By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

The latest venture of that talented and irrepressible, irresponsible Mr. H. G. Wells[1] displays less irascibility, though hardly less common sense. Seldom has there been given a more brilliant display of intellectual pyrotechnics. The book is remarkable, as his other speculative books have been, for the extreme mental agility employed, and for the perfect confidence with which the author erects rapid inference into philosophical truth. As he Jamesily admits, he is "remarkably not qualified to assume an authoritative tone in these matters;" but there is hardly a department of philosophy or science into which, during the course of these inquiries, he fails to insert his wandering mental proboscis. He succeeds in doing whatever clever assurance, not always attended by common sense, can hope to do. Those who have read the volume of papers called *Anticipations*, published a year or two ago, will know what to expect from this book, which is intended for a sort of sequel or complement thereof. In connection with a pamphlet called the *Discovery of the Future*, Mr. Wells intends these two books to present "a general theory of social development and of social and political conduct." One is not sure that something of the kind is not actually presented, but the pages so bristle with theory and sparkle with epigram as to leave the outline of the alleged theory somewhat thin. Where a tangency does not offer, a contiguity often suffices to create a diversion. Diverting the book is, and suggestive as a parcel of fragmentary surmises may be. It is hardly possible for the reader to be side-tracked, as there is no clearly marked main line of thought to follow. All sorts of trouble is found with modern society, and all sorts of novel specifics are recommended; but I do not see what in the way of coherent analysis or construction is to be had from the book.

It is a relief to turn from it to such a study as Professor Shaler's,[2] in which scientific observation is made the basis of reasoning rather than of speculation, and the attempt is to convince rather than to startle. The specific aim is "to array certain tolerably evident facts concerning the conditions of development and of contact of the diverse tribes and races of men with a view to providing foundation for some considerations as to the way in which various grievous evils of human intercourse may be remedied." The writer has further "endeavored to apply certain observations on those contact phenomena to two various race problems, those presented by the intercourse of the Jews and the Negroes with the people of our own race." Professor Shaler's treatment of these questions is broad and unhurried. Now and then it seems that he is making a somewhat ponderous statement of minor or obvious truths; but he does well, on the whole, to leave the light glancing style to brilliant amateurs like Mr. Wells. His suggestions toward a method of handling American race problems are, when the fit moment arrives, concretely stated. The tribal sense must be suppressed; and intelligent study of the causes of racial difference must supplant prejudice. At the same time, certain precautions are to be taken against unnatural admixtures, physical or social. Black and white blood are not to be mingled; and immigration is to be so far restricted as to exclude those (except the Jews) whose racial strain is altogether different from ours; and such of our own race as have shown themselves worthless. As for the black race, Mr. Shaler believes that "a considerable part of them will be found very well fitted for the more serious duties of citizenship, and that with fit help in education and incentive somewhere near half of them can be uplifted to a plane where they will contribute to the quality of the state. Of the remainder, the most that can be hoped is that they will make useful laborers. In this lower group there is a

[1] *Mankind in the Making.* By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

[2] *The Neighbor.* By N. S. Shaler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

remnant, probably not five per cent of the whole black population, which retains so much of the primitive brute that it cannot be turned to account."

There is much to be had from such a book as this. Literature in the narrower sense it is not; nevertheless, it is within the bounds of possibility that it may appear more true to Nature as this age sees it, more suggestive of "the really vital and powerful currents" of modern life than most of the pretty things we succeed in producing in the name of pure literature.

LETTERS, DIARIES, AND REMINISCENCES. 1800–1850

Few men well known in the social and political life of their time — a time abounding in published memorials of all kinds — had been till the other day so entirely forgotten as Thomas Creevey. Since the publication of the *Creevey Papers*[1] the editor has told of a visit paid by him to a lady who had just completed her hundredth year, and who at once greeted him with: "People keep asking me, Who was Creevey? Why, dear me! I recollect when I was a young woman, seventy or eighty years ago, everybody was talking about Creevey, and speculating what office he would get when the Whigs came into power." Not that he had remained quite unrecorded, for Greville drew a pen-portrait of him, which has excited the curiosity of at least a few readers of the *Journals*. The subject of it, a man of obscure origin, was educated at Cambridge, read law at Gray's Inn, entered Parliament in 1802 as member for the pocket borough of Thetford, and the same year married a widow, well connected and of comfortable fortune. This fortune passed from him on the death of his wife in 1818. But Creevey had excellent health, unfailing good spirits, and a wealth of friends and acquaintances. He passed from one great house to another, always a welcome, indeed a sought-for guest. "He is certainly a living proof," writes Greville in 1829, "that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth."

Occasionally for brief periods a diarist and always the most indefatigable of correspondents, — especially in the letters which he wrote almost daily to his stepdaughter, Miss Elizabeth Ord, for nearly a score of years, — Creevey is a very lively and complete chronicler of the political and social gossip of his time. Broadly speaking, literature, science, or art interested him not at all, though of course a diner-out in such request often met, with more or less pleasure, personages of other worlds than that which governs and that which amuses itself. Politically he was a Whig of Radical proclivities, and a thoroughgoing partisan. "I scarcely know an earthly blessing," he writes in 1804, "I would purchase at the expense of those sensations I feel towards the incomparable Charley;" such devotion to his leader being mingled with virulent abuse of Pitt, even when the hand of Death was upon him. But not all the epithets in Creevey's rich and varied store of vituperation were reserved for the party in power; there was never-ending strife among the members of the Opposition, — one cause that it remained the Opposition through so many weary years. Like his friend Sheridan, Creevey was among the habitual guests at the Pavilion while the Prince was the hope of the Whigs; but his liking for "Prinney" speedily vanished when the Regent retained his father's ministers. His former adherent's disgust at the whole squalid business of the Queen's trial was sincere enough, though his letters show plainly that the desire to make political capital out of the miserable affair was the sole aim of Caroline's leading

[1] *The Creevey Papers:* a Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M. P. Born 1768 — Died 1838. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M. P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

advocates. As an extreme Whig, Creevey of course "hated" (and attacked) the Wellesleys, a hatred that personal intercourse dissipated. He was living in Brussels during the Hundred Days and when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and was treated then and later with the utmost friendliness by the Duke, who apparently, like so many others, found this aggressive Radical an agreeable companion. Creevey's vivid, unstudied record of the Duke's conversation and conduct before and after the battle shows the literal truth of his summing up years later: "Nothing could do a conqueror more honor than his gravity and seriousness at the loss of lives he had sustained, his admission of his great danger, and the justice he did his enemy."

Whatever his theories as to political reform, socially, Creevey was content to take the world as he found it, to amuse and be amused. The side-lights he throws on men and manners are always of interest. One single instance of a change in two directions may be quoted. Writing of Lady Darlington, — a Second Mrs. Tanqueray of 1820, — he finds her faultless in dress and demeanor; but happening to have with her a somewhat prolonged tête-à-tête, he says "the cloven foot appeared. I don't mean more than that tendency to *slang*," which he thinks a person of that sort can never entirely get over. Mr. Creevey and some of his friends often used great license in language, but, as the editor comments, "if swearing was reckoned a grace in male conversation, slang was pronounced a disgrace among ladies." When the day of the Whigs finally came, Creevey was past sixty, and had lost his seat in Parliament, but offices were conferred upon him which made easy his last years, and quite softened his tone regarding those in authority. He was keenly curious respecting "our little Vic," and bears testimony to her amiability, simplicity, and homeliness in private, her dignity and distinction in public, her good sense and strong will. "What is to become of her, or how she is to turn out, who shall say?" The height to which she was destined to raise the Monarchy from the seemingly hopeless disrepute in which the sons of George III had left it would have appeared a wild imagination to the writer.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's work as editor, in selection, comment, and annotation, is exceedingly well done, and wins the gratitude of the reader. In one case we note that he fails to correct Creevey's misspelling of a name, that of Eliza Linley, and indeed shows an imperfect acquaintance with the history of Sir Joshua's St. Cecilia, whose beauty has been transmitted to the fourth and fifth generations, for he confounds that lovely singer with her successor, Hester Ogle, the Mrs. Sheridan of these memoirs.

Lord Francis Leveson Gower (later Lord Ellesmere), the younger son of that great Highland chieftainess, the Countess-Duchess of Sutherland, very early in life became a devoted admirer of the Duke of Wellington, and various circumstances promoted an intimacy between them, which continued unbroken till the Duke's death. Lord Francis had many attractive personal qualities, and undoubtedly won from the elder man so unusual a degree of confidence and affection as to give to his Reminiscences of the Duke[1] a quite peculiar interest and value. He drew not only upon his recollection, but often from a diary whose records are vivid and to the point. There are bits of illuminating detail as to the great man's habits, manners, tastes, sentiments, and beliefs, occasional reminiscences of his own, and a full account of his oversight of the article written by Lord Francis for the *Quarterly*, in "refutation of Alison's nonsense on the subject of Waterloo." It is amusing to note that Wellington had jumped to the conclusion that the historian was a Whig

[1] *Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington.* By Francis, First Earl of Ellesmere. Edited, with a Memoir of Lord Ellesmere, by his daughter Alice, Countess of Strafford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

"hired to depreciate and defame him," and the reviewer had some difficulty in convincing him that Alison, "that pompous compiler from gazettes," sincerely admired the Duke, but admired himself a good deal more. The brief introductory sketch of Lord Ellesmere, and especially the too few letters of his quoted therein, give a most agreeable impression of a man, whose literary and artistic tastes and manifold good works would probably have made him the subject of a much more extended memoir, if he had died nearer to our day of the ever ready biographer.

A sometime companion-in-arms of Colonel Arthur Wellesley in India was Captain George Elers, who late in life wrote memoirs[1] covering the years of his military service, which ended in 1811. Captain Elers was a nephew of the Miss Elers with whom Richard Lovell Edgeworth, at the age of nineteen, eloped to Gretna Green, and their daughter Maria seems to have remembered her cousin kindly, as letters here given show. His father having lost his fortune, young Elers had neither money nor influence to assist him in his profession, wherein he differed, as in most other things, from his friend Colonel Wellesley, and he finally, in a fit of pique (or, as he says, despair), was foolish enough to resign his commission, while the great war was still overshadowing Europe. He doubtless would have proved a brave soldier had chance ever given him an opportunity to show his mettle, and his descriptions of military life have sometimes a good deal of interest, though the scribe is the most commonplace of men. An officer's life in India a century ago seems curiously like the accounts of it to-day, with one important difference, — the custom of dueling. Concerning this, the tragic tales Captain Elers tells almost rival those that come to us from the German army of to-day. Perhaps a hundred years hence those may seem as strange to German readers.

Very pleasant glimpses of English society in early Victorian days are given in the home letters of Mrs. George Bancroft,[2] written during her husband's service as American Minister. The lady is quick-sighted, sensible, open-minded, and intensely interested in the new world opened to her under such favorable auspices, and she writes easily, unpretentiously, and always readably. It is largely a record of that abounding and delightfully well-ordered English hospitality in town and country shown to her by new friends whose names are a part of the history of their time, political, social, or literary. The visitor finds that for the thorough enjoyment of the great world, "mere fine ladyism will not do, or prosy bluism," but "a healthy, practical, and extensive culture" is needed, as well as an easy use of several languages, and she is rather surprised at the number of women she meets having such qualifications. She notes, too, the simple, unaffected manners of personages of high position, which makes society something like a large family party; also the subordinate position held therein by the young, — a contrast to all American usages. She describes with some humor the etiquette of the servants' hall, finally realizing the enviable position and privileges of the butler and lady's maid, but never quite mastering the division of labor between the upper and under housemaid, though the upper patiently explains that she does only "the top of the work." She finds there are Anglicisms as well as Americanisms, but she goes on to say, "The upper classes here do *speak* English so roundly and fully, that it pleases my ear amazingly." On reaching the last page the reader is sorry that Mr. Bancroft's term of office should have been so brief.

S. M. F.

[1] *Memoirs of George Elers, Captain in the 12th Regiment of Foot* (1777–1842). Edited by Lord Monson and George Leveson Gower. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

[2] *Letters from England*, 1846–1849. By Elizabeth Davis Bancroft. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VICTUALS AND DRINK IN JANE AUSTEN

HAVE you ever observed, in reading Miss Austen, how frankly and frequently people eat? They are unashamed of food, soberly putting through a full day's victualing. They breakfast none too early, for Catherine Morland on her first morning at Northanger is awakened by the sun at the cheery hour of eight; and it is a hardship worthy of note that William Price, entering on his lieutenancy, must be up and off by half-past nine. The breakfast menu is slurred over for the most part. In the leisurely breakfast-room of Northanger Abbey, that humorous old scoundrel, General Tilney, sips his cocoa and reads his newspaper. At Mansfield they breakfast on eggs and cold pork, for William and Crawford are breezily off and away, after the manner of gentlemen, leaving their cluttered plates of shells and bones for Fanny to cry over.

If breakfast is a somewhat unemphatic meal, not so the mid-morning collation, always served to visitors. These refreshments vary in kind and quality. While Miss Crawford plays away the morning, harping to Edmund Bertram, her attendant brother-in-law assiduously plies the sandwich-tray, — love is not above bread and butter. Even the indecently humble Miss Bates can offer a caller sweet cake or baked apples from the buffet. But this is mere sit-about-as-you-please refreshment; at Pemberley, the abundance of the feast calls for more decorum. The "entrance of the servants with cold meat, cake, and a variety of all the finest fruits in season," interrupts a most awkward and chilly call. Yielding up the ghost of conversation, the company cheerfully gathers around the table loaded with "beautiful pyramids of grapes, nectarines, and peaches," well worth the price of a bad half-hour.

Dinner is a meal of which the hour is not exactly determined, seeming to be shoved at pleasure to one side or the other of four o'clock. At dinner the stand-by is mutton. There is a surfeit of mutton in English literature. It is boiled mutton usually, too. Now, boiled mutton is to my mind a poor sort of dish, unsuggestive, boldly and flagrantly nourishing — a most British thing; it will never gain a foothold on the American stomach or imagination. But the Austenite must e'en eat it. Roast mutton is a different thing. You might know Emma Woodhouse would have roast mutton rather than boiled; it is to roast mutton and rice pudding that the little Kneightleys go scampering home through the wintry weather.

The manner of serving dinner arouses some questioning. Mrs. Bennet does not invite Bingley to dinner impromptu, "for though she always kept a very good table, she did not think anything less than two courses could be good enough for a man on whom she had such anxious designs, or satisfy the appetite and pride of one who had ten thousand a year." The two-course dinner with which Jane's lover was afterward honored comprised venison, soup, partridges, and, I surmise, dessert. One queries at just what item in the menu the dinner was broken into two courses.

Dinner over and the gentlemen's wine-drinking done, the company must have tea and coffee in the drawing-room, served with substantial accompaniment of cake. Coffee would appear to have been an unfeminine thing, for it never appears in the after-dinner equipage unless there are gentlemen present. The tea function varies in formality. At ceremonious Mansfield it is ushered in by "solemn procession, headed by Baddeley, of tea-board, urn, and cake-bearers." It is all much prettier and cosier at Long-

bourn, where Jane Bennet makes the tea, and Elizabeth pours the coffee.

But the most savory meal in Jane Austen is the supper that rounds off a social evening. No hungry balls for Jane Austen's doughty dancers, but draw up and sit down, all of you, and eat in earnest of cold ham and chicken, rout-cakes and ices, and if you are a frail-strung Fanny be flushed and "feverish with hopes and fears, soup and negus." These are ball-room refreshments; for utter toothsomeness commend me to a little Woodhouse supper, when the "table is set out in the drawing-room and moved forward towards the fire," — suggestive, this last. It warms the very palate to read of that minced chicken, the scalloped oysters, the apple tarts, the custard, the wine, the muffin. There is nothing niggardly about Emma Woodhouse; husbands for Harriet or food for the hungry, she is always a good provider.

Thus the day's eating. However, you must still, if you would fulfill your whole duty, sip a glass of warmed wine before you go to bed and sink into the deep slumber of the bountifully nourished.

For the most part Jane Austen treats food frankly *qua* food, aliment for aliment's sake and no bones about it, but the victualing of character may be put to more subtle use. The fluctuations of the appetite may indicate an emotional crisis. I reckon up four notable heroines who promptly "go off their food" under amatory discomforts. Of these Marianne Dashwood is the most prominent, of course, — perfectly proper of Marianne. Yet one sympathizes with Mrs. Jennings's misdirected attentions, — poor Mrs. Jennings, who cannot "cure a disappointment in love by a variety of sweetmeats and olives and a good fire"! Perfidious Willoughby, to work such havoc with a young lady's digestion! Marianne Dashwood *could* not eat, but Jane Fairfax *would* not. Don't tell me she could not have choked down her mutton and saved a solicitous aunt and grandmamma much anxiety, if she had wanted to! I never did like Jane, — she was close-mouthed and contrary, and I don't believe she was nearly so pretty as Emma.

Even that buoyant child, Catherine Morland, can be laid low by love, and when reproved for some chatter about the beatific French bread of Northanger, replies from utter heights of woe, "It is all the same to me what I eat."

But the love-versus-nutriment motive has fullest treatment in the story of Fanny Price. Quite early in the history of her heart we find that when nipped at her rival's attentions, this sensitive maiden, if cousin Edmund is not there to mix her bedtime wine and water, "would rather go without it than not." I am glad that Miss Austen is not above sustaining the most spirituelle of her heroines on this nightcap toddy.

To me the most agonizing scenes to which Miss Austen ever works herself up are those that picture Fanny Price's visit home. Here Miss Austen for once tries to harrow, tries to do her worst, — and that worst is — disgusting food, supreme emblem and expression of the sordidness, vulgarity, and shiftlessness of the family of Price. With positive revulsion the novelist draws that nauseating picture of "the table, cut and notched by her brothers, where stood the tea-board never thoroughly cleaned, the cups and saucers wiped in streaks, the milk a mixture of motes floating in thin blue, and the bread and butter growing every minute more greasy than even Rebecca's hand had first produced it." This after the venison haunches of Mansfield! It is starvation or surrender with Fanny now, and if Crawford had not misbehaved, dear knows what might have happened! When a delicately reared heroine is reduced to a diet of baker's buns, it is enough to drive the most faithful heart to matrimony. It must have gone hard with Miss Austen to starve a heroine, for, like Emma Woodhouse, Miss Austen is a good provider. Sometimes you might think her more careful after the stomachs of her people

than after their souls,—so much the better for them and for her.

THE BOVINE CLUB

A Society conducted on Gladstonian Principles

Fired with a zeal for achieving sound health, certain ladies have started a club called the "Organized Ruminators," or "Bovine Club." William E. Gladstone is naturally their patron saint, for did he not chew every mouthful thirty-two times, and retain his faculties in full vigor until he was more than eighty years of age?

We resolved to do likewise, and in the enthusiasm of the hour it seemed as if we were attempting an easy task. We had observed the success attained by the unscientific in the discussion of tutti-frutti gum, in the trains and trolleys, and we rashly inferred that the true Gladstonian doctrine could be carried out at the hospitable board with the same ease.

Alas! We were reckoning without our host, or rather without our host's butler, a much more important person. It may seem a simple thing, to those who have not tried, to paraphrase Mark Twain, and to

> Chew, my sisters, chew with care,
> Chew in the presence of the black butlère.

But it is not. That solemn functionary regulates the length, I am tempted to say the shortage, of a course, on mystic principles known only to the cook and himself, but possibly having some connection with meals in the servants' hall. His calculations are by no means based on a unit of thirty-two to one. Unless you hold firmly on to your plate with both hands,—and this proceeding society does not look upon favorably,—he will whisk it dextrously away, when you have reached point seven, let us say.

All of us do not, it is true, possess butlers in solemn black. But even the humble maid-servant of the suburbs has her rights, to say nothing of her young man waiting in the kitchen. It is found that a dinner absorbed on Gladstonian principles produces a cloud on the brow of the waitress, an admonitory rattling of dishes in the pantry, followed, perhaps, by a week's warning given next day.

Difficult as the members of the new society find it to face the frozen butler and his ilk, they find it even harder to pursue correct principles of mastication, and at the same time maintain conversation as a fine art. How and when did Mr. Gladstone deliver himself of his thoughts during the progress of a meal? How did he answer questions? or did he maintain a silence as of pastoral glades, broken only by faint bovine echoes? Doubtless in the bosom of his own family the great man would have replied to a question inopportunely asked by his better half, "My dear—seventeen," or whatever number he had reached in his progress to the correct thirty-two. Should his noble example ever be followed by the world in general, we might dare say this to a neighbor, or make the necessary signs in the finger language. But the brave pioneers of the Bovine Club hesitate to do this, lest they be thought deaf and dumb or crazy.

It is said that English dinner-tables are surrounded by a rather sad and silent company, which we can well believe, if all are bent on performing faithfully the Gladstonian act. For if you speak before you reach thirty-two there is a manifest danger of losing count. It does not add liveliness to the conversation, if your next-door neighbor asks you a question, say at the eighth point, and you maintain a stony silence until you have dispatched that mouthful.

Conscientious persons must also take into consideration the case of their companions. The gentleman next me, with one eye on the flitting butler and vanishing plates, has doubtless begun on his next campaign of food-trituration. Shall I interrupt him with a frivolous answer and perhaps cause him to lose his reckoning? Perish the thought!

Possibly Sir Thomas More and the

great men of earlier days, who listened to reading aloud at their meals, were prehistoric Gladstonians. In Henry James's new book, *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*, we find that Lady Stowell thus rebuked Walter Savage Landor for trying to engage her in talk. "For the love of God let me alone and don't bother me so, Mr. Landor ; I don't know what I'm eating." Thackeray has a similar anecdote, it will be remembered, of an alderman eating turtle. In a society regarding its food with such earnest concentration of thought, it was evidently an easier task for Mr. Gladstone to introduce his principles than it is for his humble followers in America.

The Bovine Club find, moreover, a lack of detail in his statements. Thirty-two grindings of the dental mill to every mouthful. This historic utterance is in the grand style certainly. But how about soup? And what is the proper size of a bite? After careful experiment, our society has voted unanimously to make a difference between the small bite and the large bite, just as between the long haul and the short haul.

Another point on which the English Oracle fails to enlighten us is as to the rate of speed, — the quickness of the stroke, as the oarsmen have it. Should we imitate Harvard's thirty-five to the minute, or should we adopt the longer, slower, more successful stroke of Yale? Doubtless something must depend on the age and agility of the butler, as well as on the appetite of the diner-out. A stout, elderly functionary of rheumatic tendencies might permit the slow sweep of Eli's oars — or here we should say jaws — provided it were not his "hevening hout." But a young, brisk butler-waitress would wear the crimson of Johnny Harvard.

The stroke of the oarsmen is set by the coxswain, as all the world knows, — a young, small, slim, and hungry person, who sits at the training-table with the crew, in order that they may prevent him from eating. He must, perforce, be a "lean and hungry Cassius," for otherwise he would weigh too much in the boat.

When Gladstonian principles begin to prevail it would be highly convenient to borrow one of these captains of athletics, from the nearest university. Being accustomed to speak, or, more exactly, to roar, and not to eat, what could be more congenial to his taste than to attend elegant dinner-parties, and, seated in the place of honor, to give the word of command?

Thus when the fish course was brought in he could arise in his place, and say, "Now, then, fellows — I mean ladies and gentlemen — Now — Now — Now!" A judicious coxswain could of course "hit up the stroke" if he noted impatience in the eye of the butler, or if the kitchen-maid made signals of distress from the butler's pantry, denoting the falling of the omelette soufflé. He would also keep his eagle eye on old gentlemen pulling an irregular stroke, and admonish such offenders in the gentle language universally used by athletes.

"In union there is strength," and the Bovine Club, undismayed by the difficulties of their present task, look fondly forward to the day when, led by youth of genius, all sensible people shall chew in unison, at the rate of thirty-two to one, corrected time, and shall live to be a hundred as a necessary consequence.

ON READING ALOUD

There appears to be a generally cherished household belief that reading aloud is of itself a virtuous domestic exercise It has, no doubt, its value as a social expedient for "keeping the boys at home," or for mitigating the *ennui* of such as must sew or darn of an evening. It affords a practical method of diffusing information among the greater number at the expense of one pair of eyes; as well as of lulling the aged or infirm to that luxurious slumber which is likely to be insured by the assiduous wakefulness of somebody else. That is a charming picture of the united family gathered about

the hearth while paterfamilias reads aloud. It really does not matter, so far as the attractiveness of the group is concerned, what he is reading; it may be the *Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *Sherlock Holmes*, or the latest number of the *Ladies' Domestic Twaddler*. Never mind. The fact remains that father is reading aloud.

Now I do not wish to scoff at any institution, or even at any theory, so venerable. I do wish to suggest, however, that comparatively few books are fit to be read aloud. One may make a reasonable contention to the effect that all literature should have a vocable and audible quality; but the fact remains that outside of poetry there are few forms of literature which are not as well or better off without the interposition of the voice. The reason appears to be that a printed page empowers the ear with a faculty of rapid hearing. The inward ear may receive an impression quite as surely as the outward ear, and far more rapidly. Printed words represent sound rather than form to most people; and this is at first an obstacle to the attainment of pace in reading. Many persons never lose the sense of literature as printed speech, and consequently read a book aloud almost as fast as they read it to themselves. They would like to read it quite as fast, and their attempt results in that hurrying monotone which is characteristic of most family reading. The voice is not really called upon to exert itself intelligently. It is merely made use of to *suggest print;* an odd retaliation of the eye. Such reading is nothing better than a labor-saving makeshift. It does not interpret, it only makes a clumsy conveyance. The process is amusingly complicated, if we follow it from the first conception of the author's mind to the final interpretation of the reader. A sentence, we will say, suggests itself to some person's mind as speech. He makes a record of it in writing, which is rendered more legible and available by print. This record the eye is able to reconvert into material for the inward ear to deal with. But the eye acts rapidly, and is all the time urging the inward ear to shake off the sloth of the outward ear, and to get on with the business in hand. Consequently, the inward ear becomes impatient of its clumsier fellow, and prefers to rely directly on that brisk official, the eye. The voice is first embarrassed by this impatience, then discouraged. It finds that a rough and hasty appeal to the outward ear serves; thence an impression is communicated to the inward eye, by means of which, in turn, the inward ear is able to make a satisfactorily rapid interpretation of what the original speaker was saying.

I am afraid this sounds a good deal like a bit of amateur psychology; but I lean toward the hope that there is common sense in the speculation, notwithstanding. I should draw two deductions from it: the first, that no literature is worth reading aloud which will endure a markedly greater pace than the voice is capable of making intelligible; the second, that only persons who are capable of interpreting literature by means of the voice ought, unless for social or practical purposes, to read aloud at all. Literature has a right to be interpreted, and not merely made vocal.

It is clear that poetry most naturally lends itself to reading aloud; for it is essentially musical and compact, and so pregnant in substance as to make hurried reading out of the question. Beyond this, the briefer prose forms are most amenable. Whatever is most compact, whatever is most dramatic, or, better, most lyrical, is made for *viva voce* treatment. A letter, an entry or two in some diary, a chapter of autobiography, a few pages of Jane Austen, a humorous short story, a chapter of the *Autocrat*, — these offer the readiest voice-hold to the family interpreter. A half hour of such reading may be one of the happiest of daily episodes. It sets no premium upon mere indolence; it interferes in no serious way with the liberties of the family circle. It does absolutely the best that can be done for the

interpretation of the purer forms of literature. It reserves the other forms (and the modern reader has, also, to concern himself largely with these) for the individual reader, who may profitably decide for himself whether the special instance calls upon him to peruse, to skim, or to skip; and at what pace. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and, like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, or to omit. The unhappy person whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally deliberate consideration of every six inches of black and white that comes his way may be an excellent husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, a model citizen : he is certainly not a good reader.

SWINDLING AND NEWSPAPER-ADVERTISING

It will have to be fought somehow. It will have to be conquered somehow. For it has grown to be a public menace, — this SWINDLING THROUGH NEWSPAPER-ADVERTISING.

What is the best method of contending with the menace? How shall the Public get at the Newspaper Proprietor and the Newspaper Business Manager who stand ready to take the money for every line of fraudulent advertising that is offered them? Is there any means of punishing or restraining the man who prints advertising that he knows is nothing other than an absolute swindle?

Few outside the journalistic profession have an idea of the immense sums drawn out of the public each year through the medium of newspaper advertisements, heralding wild-cat mining schemes, "get rich quick" enterprises, and the multitude of "stock," prize-puzzle, and "development" snares. But of them all, the bogus mining or "investment" device undoubtedly leads the van as a swift bringer-home of the coin.

The spirit and fibre of the class that patronize these schemes are represented in the words of a citizen from central Illinois, whose acquaintance I made a few years since, while doing newspaper work in Chicago: —

"Yes," he confessed to me, in a burst of philosophical confidence, "I tackle every patent medicine as comes along. Been at it forty years, an' I 'low if my 'innards' holds out, I'm good for a few years more."

He was a member of a vast clientage, this corn-fed enthusiast, — the unnumbered thousands who will send on their money the moment they conclude that the particular thing is "well advertised."

The promoter of a bogus enterprise understands this peculiarity of that portion of the public he seeks, and instead of inch items he announces "The Rising-Star Ebenezer-African Mining, Development and Ameliorating Corporation, Limited" in advertisements that cover solid pages in the daily newspapers. This is the peg of the successful advertising swindle: Show the "come-on" that it is "well advertised" and he will throw in what ready cash he has, mortgage his house and lot, and then make himself a missionary for "The Rising-Star Ebenezer-African" among the army of his wife's relations. When the wife's relations throughout the country have been rounded up and have yielded over everything but their immortal souls, "The Rising-Star Ebenezer," etc., goes into the hands of a receiver, and the divisions and brigades of maternal relatives — may think it over. The "Rising-Star" is never heard of again. Some months after, when things have "quieted down," the promoter of that institution suddenly flares forth as the "Wind and Water Promoting and Pyrotechnical Company" "controlling umteen million acres in Popotalego County, Salt River, Jumping-off-place." Again, the solid newspaper page. Again, what shekels the mourners of "Rising-Star Ebenezer-African" have managed in the interim to save or borrow!

In the course of a recent information

quest in Boston's State Street, the centre of her financial operations, I was referred to a certain statistician as the man who could, more accurately than any one else, give me the figures upon the annual volume of financial deals. To him, I put this question: "Can you make a guess as to the losses of Boston and New England during the past ten years in wild-cat speculation?"

His answer was: "I think I am safe in saying that if I should compute the statistics it would figure up fully five hundred million."

And it was the Newspaper Advertisement that was the principal avenue of the takers of this $500,000,000 in reaching their clients. Of these miles of newspaper columns, it may be hazarded that at least one third were fraudulent on their face. Newspaper Business Managers accepted those advertisements, and Newspaper Proprietors allowed those advertisements to continue to be published when they knew, or criminally neglected easy means of knowing, that those advertisements were but the announcements of gigantic swindles.

What is true of Boston, which is a noted centre for financial schemes, is true of New York and Chicago, or any other large city. Incidents illustrating actual newspaper-swindling operations in Boston are typical. Here is one of the incidents: —

Some months ago, the Boston press was flooded with page announcements of an "oil company." The men back of this "company" were known by reputation, or personally, to even the routine local reporters of Boston. One of these men had been repeatedly cited into the Poor Debtors' Court. Coming to Boston, a few years ago, from a Western state, he had started his financial career in the East by mortgaging a piece of pasture land for a few thousand dollars. Then by successive mortgage raising he ultimately ran his string of mortgages up to $150,000! And all out of a piece of pasture land. Another official in this precious "company" had been a leading official in a swindle by which so many thousands were duped. — This for the biographical.

The Boston dailies ran the advertisements, which in ingenious and artful eloquence dilated upon the acres and acres of "holdings" of "oil lands" in a Southwestern state, the wells that were being sunk, and the wondrous prospects of "commercial oil." The speedily acquired means enabled the promoters of this concern to page-advertise in the dailies of New York, Chicago, and other great cities. Money was coming into the Boston headquarters in an unceasing tide. The advertising was distributed over the country by a Boston advertising agency, and, as a rule, Proprietors and Business Managers of Newspapers were ready, and did publish every penny's worth of this "oil company's" advertising that was offered them.

Now, what were the facts regarding this "oil company"?

The facts were that it did not own an acre of commercial oil land, and that it did not dispose of a gill of commercial oil.

Any Newspaper Manager could have so satisfied himself within twenty-four hours by wiring the local correspondent of his paper or the representative of the Associated Press in that portion of the country where the "holdings" were alleged to be located. But — these Newspaper Proprietors and Business Managers did n't wire. They did n't want to wire. Wiring for that information was n't popular! The advertisements suggested enough, and, bidding his conscience, "Be silent, little trembler!" the eager Business Manager gleefully rubbed his hands, and wondered how long the "graft" would continue. — It should be said, and said to its distinguished honor, that, of the Boston dailies which were offered these columns of "oil" advertising, just one Boston daily did refuse! Nor is that daily, which is, and justly, celebrated for its editorial and business office dignity and probity, a feeble and unprofitable sheet, but it is and has long been, with a

single exception, the greatest dividend-payer of any newspaper in Boston. So there is at least one instance of honest journalism paying financially!

But what of the "oil company"? As usual, — after the "come-ons" had been nursed along from one variety of its "stock" to another, and every cent that the promoters figured could be wrung out was wrung, — the next ring was to ring down the curtain. A brief newspaper dispatch, one morning, from the "field of operations" in the Southwest told of the Boston "oil company" going to pieces, and the appointment of a receiver. It may be remarked in passing, as an instance of man's sublime faith in man, that there still are men and women investors in this "company" who have hopes!

The above incident has been cited solely because it is typical. There was nothing especially novel in the way this gigantic scheme was worked. It was "the same old tune in the same old way," and the typical class of gullibles joyously paid for hearing the inspiring strains of its favorite national air.

BROKEN GLASS AND ORANGE PEEL

My middle-aged friend Gratiano, being an *animalier* rather than a prosy philanthropist, has set out to reform human manners and customs on behalf of the courteous friendly beasts. In the country he hunts for fragments of bottles as persons of other minds hunt for lunar moths, four-leaved clover, and *Lactarius deliciosus*. Every glisten in the road suspends his conversation, and draws the soul out of his eyes; he growls, pounces, retrieves, and presently inserts his ugly nugget of glass in the crevices of the next stone wall, or jabs it viciously, with a stick, deep into a bank of mud. You are to understand that this proceeding is protective; it is part of the ritual of his passion for dogs: his own big dog, your dog, and dogs alien, distant, and unborn.

Again, Gratiano dedicates no inconsiderable number of minutes during the week (to the chagrin of his family and friends) in applying the toe of his boot to banana or orange peel dropped in the city streets. He curvets obliquely and hurriedly from your side, bringing himself to a standstill among wheels and cracking whips; then he deftly and elegantly shies the offending object into its haven close under the curbstone, and returns, to take up his interrupted paradox. If there be two pulpless skins, he repeats the gesture with an impassioned lightning-like kick; his gymnastics will never cease so long as, literally, they bear fruit. Gratiano excuses this singular urban industry, if pressed on the subject, by saying that he pursues it on principle, for the sake of law and order, also of horses; but it is debatable whether some demon of unreason does not impel him to attack garbage as soon as spied, even as it repeatedly forced Dr. Johnson to number the Fleet Street posts, touching each of them with his benighted fist as he passed.

It seems to be part of Gratiano's philosophy to take account of the fact that peel is a singularly visible object. He plays up, as actors say, to this fact. As along his line of march, down town, peel always gets into the gutter, that tends to make gutters look as if there, and there only, were the happy predestined home of peel; and so, by a long, patient, suggestive process, the good diplomatic Gratiano arranges that all folk of that neighborhood shall shortly begin to throw peel where they have seen it lying all their lives! Lastly, as boys and girls, teamsters and hoodlums are as repetitive by nature as sheep or the Chinese mind, in due time every scrap of wasted civic peel, the world over, must attach itself to the circumjacent gutter, and menace nevermore any traveling creature. But ages before the reformation of Young America in these public particulars is complete, Gratiano will have gone to Paradise, to be embarrassed throughout his new and

more passive career by the effusive soft-nosed thanks of myriad dogs and horses who have brought away their full quota of four sound paws and four unbroken legs from the highways and byways of our perilous civilization.

ON WRITING FOR THE CLUB

Why do we love so well these back pages? Why do we convene here regularly, happy in this obscure company of literary nonentities? Is it not because here, in the common parlance of the day, we "get together," you and I of literary aspiration; express our opinions freely and quite informally; use the personal pronoun liberally, and, in fine, enjoy ourselves in the egotistic fancies of our own conceit? — all of which might be considered distinctly bad form, not to say vulgar, in that more formal and distinguished company gathered in the front pages. Those of us who have not as yet acquired that nicety of expression, or that elegance of style, *de rigueur* in the fashionable literary world of our time, and who, perhaps, do not as yet feel quite at ease in the more formal literary soirées of the day, nevertheless like much to sit here in this quiet ante-room, a little off the grand Salon, and breathe the rare and scented atmosphere environing its learned and aristocratic company, though we venture not our presence in their midst. Of course we have all had invitations, many of them, to be sure; and as for social standing, pooh! we could take our place with the best blood on the front page, but our modesty, our reserve, and, perhaps, a kindly thought of others who set more value by such trifles, deter us from claiming what is clearly our place. Candidly, fellow scribbler, speaking for myself, I am no great lover of formal gatherings, and find, among those persons assembled here in the modest obscurity of literary incognito, much pleasant and congenial company. Here we are protected from a vulgar notoriety, and from those offensive public attentions so annoying at the larger "functions;" our names are not bawled out in stentorian tones to a gaping crowd the instant we enter the room. Here we may glide in quite unnoticed, almost imperceptibly in fact, and gossip vaguely and ramblingly on our favorite topics with any chance acquaintance, without fear of being stopped on the street the next morning by some man we hate, and asked if we really meant all that nonsense we said last night. When I consider these things, fellow scribbler, I sometimes wish we were all back in the days of literary incognito, when a man could say what he thought on a public occasion and not be immediately taken to task in a private capacity. In those good old days there was less formality and more individuality displayed at literary gatherings. For when nobody knew a man's name, but every one knew his personality, a man cared more to say what he thought than what people thought of what he said. Supposing the Saturday Reviewers might have been buttonholed by the first vulgar critic of the street and called to a reckoning, think you they would have concocted such splendid philippics?

Again — in those palmy days an essay was an essay. It was no cut-and-dried affair of so many words, with a determined beginning and a logical and ultimate end. A man was not supposed to start out with a theme, and viciously track it down with an all-pursuing and implacable logic until it was clearly exhausted, and then to basely murder it in some final and ultimate judgment, a dead and wholly undone thing, of no further service to mortal man. It was, as it claimed to be, an essay, — a slight attempt, a trial, a sort of feint at the subject. It was something like a good fox hunt. You usually started out from some definite point, one, if possible, happily commanding a large and comprehensive view of the surrounding country, but you were never supposed to confine your chase within the limits of your first view of the field. Your purpose was to enjoy yourself, and to follow the wily fox into whatever new or strange paths he might

lead you, being not too scrupulous either about cutting through the well-tilled fields of any thrifty husbandman if the way seemed promising, or seriously concerning yourself as to where or when the hunt should finally end. I don't think Addison, or Swift, or Lamb ever bothered really very much about any particular theme; they just let themselves play around one in a light, fanciful way, never considering it very seriously, but merely letting the vagaries of their wit touch it now and again, then roving off on long and happy parentheses, in a sort of prolonged detour about the subject. How think you they could otherwise have written such ample, not to say copious essays, without becoming tiresome? We follow the devious windings of their happy rambles because we never know just where they are going to turn up next, and what happy circumstance may enliven the occasion. Is it not this vagabond characteristic, combined with the delightful fascination of their personalities, which makes them such good company, and keeps our literary appetites whetted with impatience?

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT OF LITERATURE

Apropos of that able "Plea for the Typewriter" in the July Club, I have a piece of evidence in my possession. The firm favored by the flattering testimonial could not decide whether it was intended to advertise the typewriter or the writer. One member of the firm has a sense of humor, and has entrusted the letter to me for private circulation among my friends of the Contributors' Club. It is addressed to "The Blitzenspeeder Typewriter Company," and speaks for itself: —

Out of gratitude for what the Blitzenspeeder has done for me I wish to state my reasons for preferring it to all other typewriters. It is easy to run, light, compact, convenient to carry about on one's travels. When I start on a journey I take my dress-suit case in one hand and my typewriter case in the other. I have no sooner seated myself in the train than I see a freak of some sort, or some person or thing worthy of honorable mention. I immediately remove my typewriter from its case, give the subject one quarter, one half, or one whole column, as it may deserve, mail my copy at the next station, and receive by return mail a check for from ten to twenty-five dollars. Such rapid and satisfactory results would be possible with no other machine on the market. I had labored for years with the old style, non-portable machine, all to no purpose. I was on the verge of starvation when a friend advised me to try the Blitzenspeeder. Since I began the use of that machine I have lived well, have paid all my debts, and have a snug sum of money in the bank. I have gained twenty pounds in weight, six inches in height, am in excellent health and spirits, and have had my picture in all the Sunday papers. I attribute my phenomenal success in literature entirely to the use of the Blitzenspeeder Typewriter. You may use this letter where it will do the most good. I wish to give honor where honor is due, and I have no desire to monopolize success.

Yours for rapid production,

REDDY RUYTER.

THE

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ISIDRO [1]

BY MARY AUSTIN

I

IN WHICH ISIDRO SEEKS HIS FORTUNE

It was the year of our Lord 18—, and the spring coming on lustily, when the younger son of Antonio Escobar rode out to seek his fortune, singing lightly to the jingle of his bit and bridle rein, as if it were no great matter for a man with good Castilian blood in him, and his youth at high tide, to become a priest; rode merrily, in fact, as if he already saw the end of all that coil of mischief and murder and love, as if he saw Padre Saavedra appeased, Mascado dead, and himself happy in his own chimney corner, no priest, but the head of a great house. In truth, Isidro saw none of these things, but it was a day to make a man sing whatever he saw.

Spring exhaled from the hills, and the valleys were wells of intoxicating balm. Radiant corollas lapped the trail and closed smoothly over where the horse trod. A great body of warm air moved fluently about him, nestling to the cheek as he rode. The sun glinted warmly on the lucent green of the wild oats, on the burnt gold of the poppies, on the thick silver-broidered rim of his sombrero, the silver fringe of his cloak, the silver mountings of his pistols, on the silver and jewels of bridle and spurs. In fact, there was more silver a-glitter in his dress and harness than he carried in his purse, for he rode only to Monterey, and who on that road would ask toll of an Escobar?

Baggage he had next to none; a change of linen and such small matters; what should a priest do with fine raiment? What, indeed; but an Escobar it seemed might have much. His ruffles were all of very fine needlework, his smallclothes of Genoese velvet, his jacket ropy with precious embroidery, none so fresh as it had been; the black silk kerchief knotted under his sombrero was of the finest, his saddle, of Mexican leather work, cunningly carved. And this fine sprig of an ancient house was to be a priest.

It was a matter practically determined upon before he was born, and, being so settled, Isidro was complaisant. The case was this: Mercedes Venegas, a tender slip of a girl, as wan and lovely as the rim of a new moon, being motherless and left to herself too much, had vowed herself to Holy Church and the Sisterhood of the Sacred Heart. But before she had come through her novitiate the eyes of Antonio Ossais Escobar, roving eyes and keen for a maid, had spied her out, and the matter falling in with some worldly plans of her father, she had been drawn back from being the bride of the Church to be bride to the hot-hearted Escobar. Not without a price, though. Don Antonio had been obliged to surrender a good lump of her dowry to Holy Church, with the further promise, not certified to, but spiritually binding, to give back of her issue as much as in herself he had taken away.

So the promise ran, but being long gone by, and himself come to a new country, it

[1] Copyright, 1904, by MARY AUSTIN.

is doubtful if the elder Escobar would have remembered it if St. Francis, to whom he vowed, had not mercifully sent him the gout as a hint on that score. The subject had come up off and on for a dozen years as the malady ran high or low, and found Isidro in no wise unkindly disposed toward it. He liked a red lip, and had an eye for the turn of an ankle; even so he liked the wind in the sage and bloom of the almond; they stirred no deeper ardor than might be satisfied with mere looking. He liked a horse, he liked a cup of wine, and had an ear for a tune. Well-a-day! A priest might look at God's world as well as another, might drink wine for his stomach's sake, and ride of necessity. As for music, it pleased him well, so it were fairly executed, whether it were a rondeau or a hymn.

And, on the other side, there was his father fond of a merry tune, liking wine very well, a horse better, women more than all three, and so beridden by gout that he could have small enjoyment of any. All said, there were worse things than being a priest. So Isidro Escobar, being turned twenty, rode out to Monterey, singing as he rode a very proper song for a young man, all of love and high emprise, except that he forgot most of the words, and went on making merry noises in his throat in sheer delight of the trail and the day.

As for Don Antonio, he thought his son very well suited to be a priest, and was vexed with him accordingly. It was a thing that could never have been said of him in his younger days. Other times, when his gout, which he misread for his conscience, troubled him, he felt it a satisfaction to make peace so handsomely with Holy Church. If it had been Pascual now!

Pascual, who had ridden as far as the home inclosure with his brother, and, notwithstanding Isidro's weaknesses, was very fond of him, was at that moment riding back, looking complacently at the tangle of vine and fig tree where the ranch garden sloped down to the trail, and thinking Isidro rather a fool to give it all up so easily, and none so fit as himself to be lord of this good demesne.

As for Isidro, he rode forward, looking not once at the home where he had grown up, nor to the hills that he had known, nor up the slope to the tall white cross raised in memory of Mercedes Venegas Escobar whose body lay in Zacatecas, and whose soul was no doubt in Paradise; nor thought if he should ever look on these again, nor when, nor how. He was not of the nature that looks back. He looked rather at the wild oats, how they were tasseling; at the blue of the lupines in the swale; at the broods of the burrowing owl blinking a-row in their burrows, and caught up handfuls of over-sweet white forget-me-nots, stooping lightly from the saddle. He answered the pipe of the lark, and the nesting call of the quail, gave good-morrow to the badger who showed him his teeth for courtesy, and to the lean coyote who paid him no heed whatever; and when he came by the wash where old Miguel set his traps, turned out of the trail to see if they had caught anything. He found a fox in one, which he set free, very pitiful of its dangling useless member as it made off limpingly, and finding the others empty, snapped them one by one, laughing softly to himself.

"Priest's work," he said.

That was Isidro all over. Miguel was accustomed to say that the younger Escobar had more thought for dumb beasts than for his own kind, though the lad protested he would have helped Miguel out of a trap as readily as a coyote. To which the old man would say that that also was Isidro. You could never make him angry however you might try. He was quite as much amused over his inaptness at young men's accomplishments as you were, and he could not be dared to try more than pleased him, but had always an answer for you. There could be no doubt, said the men at his father's hacienda, that Isidro was cut out for a priest.

"Ah, no doubt," said the women, with an accent that made the men understand that they had somehow the worst of it.

For all this they were sorry to see him go; Margarita, who had nursed him, wept copiously in the kitchen; the old Don fretted in the patio, and to hide his fretting swore heartily at Isidro's dog chained in the kennel, and not to be stopped of his grieving, as were the rest of them, by thinking what a fine thing it would be to have a priest in the family.

And all this time Isidro rode singing into the noon of spring, and the high day of adventure. He crossed the bad land, lifting his horse cautiously from the pitfalls of badger and squirrel holes, scaring the blue heron from his watch, and when he had struck firmly into the foothill trail laid his rein on the horse's neck and fell into a muse concerning the thing he would be. He had sung of love, riding out from Las Plumas in the blaze of morning, but when he came by the place called The Dove in the evening glow, he sang of the Virgin Mary. That, too, was Isidro. His sympathies slipped off the coil of things he had known, and shaped themselves to what would be. He had the fine resonance of an old violin that gives back the perfect tone; you could not strike a discord out of him unawares. That was what made you love him when you had sat an hour in his company, until you had seen him so sitting with your dearest foe, and then you had moments of exasperation with him. You found him always in possession of your point of view; he understood at once what you were driving at. It was only after reflection that you perceived that he was not driven. One felt convinced he would make an excellent confessor. For all his quietness he had his way with women, more even than Pascual, who swaggered prodigiously, and was known to take his affairs to heart. Under this complaisance of mood there was a hint of something not quite grasped, something foreign to an Escobar, like the brown lights in his hair, and the touch of Saxon ruddiness that he had from some far-off strain of his mother's.

He had a square chin, a little cleft, a level eye, and a quick collected demeanor like a wild thing. His lower lip, all of his mouth not hidden by a mustache, had a trick as if it had been caught smiling unawares. He was courteous, never more so than when least your friend, but seldom anything else. This was that Isidro who rode out from Las Plumas to be a priest, and let his cigarette die out between his fingers while he sang a hymn to the Mother of God.

He rode all that day in the Escobar demesne, having a late start, and slept the first night with the vaqueros branding calves in the meadow of Los Robles. The next day at noon he passed out of the Escobar grant. The trail he took kept still to the east slope of the coast range, and ran northward through the spurs of the Sierritas, by dip and angle working up toward the summit whence he would cross into the Salinas. To the left he had always the leopard-colored hills, and eastward the vast dim hollow of the valley spreading softly into the spring haze. As he traveled, the shy wild herds cleared out of the wild oats before him. Jack rabbits ran by droves like small deer in the chaparral. Isidro sang less and smoked more, and fell gradually into the carriage and motion of one who travels far of a set purpose. The light, palpitating from the hollow sky, beat down his eyelids. His thoughts drew inward with his gaze; he swayed lightly to the jogging of his horse. He met Indians — women and children and goods — roving with the spring, for no reason but that their blood prompted them, and gave them the compliments of the road.

He woke once out of a noontide drowse of travel at what promised a touch of adventure. In the glade of a shallow cañon between the oaks he came upon a red deer of those parts, a buck well antlered and letting blood freely from a wound in the throat, that bore a man to the earth and trampled him. The man — a mother-

naked Indian — had the buck by the horns so that they might do him no hurt, but at every move he felt the cutting hooves. The buck put his forehead against the man's chest and pressed hard, lifting and dragging him with no sound but the sobbing of hot breath and drip of his wound. The man looked in the brute's eyes and had a look back again, each thinking of death not his own. Two ravens sat hard by on an oak, expectant but indifferent which might be quarry. Doubtless the struggle must have gone to the man, for he of the two had lost least blood. The Indian's knife lay on the grass within an arm's length, but he dared not loose his hold to reach it. Isidro picked up the blade and found the buck's heart with it. Next moment the Indian rose up breathing short, and drenched with the warm flood.

"Body of Christ! friend," said Isidro, "the next deer you kill, make sure of it before you come up with him."

Red as he was, and covered with bruises, the Indian, who, now that he was up, showed comely in a dark, low-browed sort, and looked to have some foreign blood in him, began to disembowel his kill and make it ready for packing.

"I owe you thanks, señor," he said in good enough Spanish, but with no thankfulness of manner. When he had slung as much as he could carry upon his shoulders, he made up the trail, and Isidro, who felt himself entitled to some entertainment, drew rein beside him.

"Where to, friend?" he said cheerily, since two on the same road go better than one.

"I follow the trail, señor," said the man, and so surlily that Isidro concluded there was nothing to be looked for from that quarter.

"Priest's work again," he said, "to do a good deed and get scant thanks for it. Truly I begin well," and he rode laughing up the trail.

Toward evening he crossed a mesa, open and falling abruptly to the valley, of a mile's breadth or more, very fragrant with sage and gilias opening in the waning light. The sound of bells came faintly up to him with the blether of sheep from the mesa's edge that marked the progress of a flock. Against the slanting light he made out the forms of shepherds running, it seemed, and in some commotion. They came together, and one ran and the other drew up with him, halting and parting as in flight and pursuit. And across the clear space of evening something reached him like an exhalation, a presage, a sense of evil where no evil should be. He would have turned out of the trail, being used to trust his instinct, but he could not convince himself that this matter was for his minding. How should an Escobar concern himself with two sheep-herders chasing coyotes.

Presently, looking back from a rise of land, he saw the flock spread out across the mesa, and one shepherd moving his accustomed round.

"Now on my life," said Isidro, "I would have sworn there were two," and again some instinct pricked him vaguely.

II

NOÉ AND REINA MARIA

The sheep which Isidro had seen feeding at evening belonged to Mariana, the Portuguese. His house stood in a little open plain having a pool in the midst, treeless, and very lonely, called The Reed; his sheep fed thence into the free lands as far as might be. The Portuguese was old, he was rich, he was unspeakably dirty, and a man of no blood. The Escobars, who knew him slightly, used him considerately, because manners were becoming to an Escobar, not because the old miser was in any wise worth considering. Mariana was not known to have any one belonging to him; his house was low and mean, thatched with tules, having a floor of stamped earth; his dress and manners what might have been expected. Those who wished to say nothing evil of

him could find nothing better to say than that he was diligent; those who would speak of him only with contempt found nothing worse. He was reputed to have at his bed's head a great box full of gold and silver pieces, — and yet he worked! It was predicted of him that because of his riches he would have a foul ending, and as yet he had not. There you have the time and the people. Mariana was openly a hoarder of gold, and was not robbed; he was diligent without need, and therefore scorned.

His sheep were in three brands, and Mariana kept the tale of them. He had with him, keeping the home flock, one Juan Ruiz, a mongrel as to breed, who spoke Spanish, Portuguese, and French indifferently well, and believed himself a very fine fellow. Mariana used toward him an absence of surliness that amounted to kindliness, therefore it was reported that Ruiz had some claim upon him. The herder in his cups had been known to hint broadly that there was more likeness than liking between them. Whatever the case, Ruiz bore him a deep-seated grudge. Mariana, as I have said, was old, and growing older, and boozy with drink was not a proper spectacle to be the proprietor of fleeces and gold; and Ruiz, who was a pretty fellow in his own fashion, and loved frippery inordinately, was poor. What more would you have? If ever there was a man fitted to make ducks and drakes of a fortune it was Ruiz, but in this case the fortune lay in a strong box at the head of his master's bed.

On the day that Isidro Escobar came riding across the mesa where Ruiz fed the flock, Mariana, who trusted no one very much, came down to see how they fared, and to bring supplies to his shepherd. Among other things he brought wine; I have said there was the appearance of kindliness on Mariana's side. It was the wine of San Gabriel, heady and cordial to the blood. They pieced out the noon siesta with a bottle, and grew merry. Ruiz clapped Mariana on the shoulder and called him kin; the Portuguese admitted that he had known Ruiz's mother. They sang together, they laughed, finally they wept. That was when they were beginning the second bottle. When they had no more than half done, Ruiz remembered his grievance and brooded over it darkly, and in the third bottle he killed Mariana, not all at once as you might say the word, but provoked him, broiled with him, pricked him blunderingly with his knife. Mariana, who was leery with drink half his days, and had no hint of the other's grievance, on which point Ruiz himself was by now not quite clear, was in no case to deal with the affair. At last, sobered a little by blood-letting, he became afraid and ran. This with beasts of the Ruiz order was the worst thing to do. Pursuit whetted him. So they ran and wrestled futilely and struck blindly, for the drink worked in them yet, but Ruiz's knife, because he was heaviest and longest of arm, bit oftenest and to the bone. It was the dust of their running that Isidro saw across the evening glow. Between drink and bleeding they fell headlong into the scrub, panting like spent beasts. But Mariana, having bled most, was most sobered, and began to crawl away, and Ruiz, when he had come to himself a little, began to work after him on his wet trail with the knife between his teeth, leering through a mist of rage and drink. If he had no grievance before that was enough.

"Ha, you will leave me, hell litter?" he said, and so, voiding curses, he reeled and came up to him, plunging his knife in Mariana's back. The Portuguese fell forward with a wet cough, and the poppies, drowned in blood, shrank all away from him.

Ruiz, for his part, went back to find the dregs of the bottle. He was very merry with himself about Mariana lying out in the sage like a stuck pig. "Ah, ah! but it served him right, setting up for a rich man, who had neither manners nor wit, nor looks, — no, certainly, not looks." Then he observed his own wounds, and grew frightened to see them bleed; grew

very pitiful of himself, washing and binding them, blubbered over them, thinking new grievances of Mariana, who would so misuse him. So he wept, sitting on a hummock waist deep in bloom, until the day drew into dusk, and the dogs and the flock clamored for their evening care.

"Eh? — Oh, — go to Mariana out there," he said; "he is master," and laughed, thinking it a very fine jest, and afterwards wept again, and so fell into a mindless sleep.

It was in the hope and promise of dawn when he awoke. The sky paled slowly; here and there peaks swam into rosy glow above the cool dark. He felt the stiffness of his wounds, and groaned, remembering — what? — That Mariana lay out there in the scrub. It was a deep sleep he kept out there between the poppies and the sage; he looked not to have stirred all night. It was a joke between them that Mariana would play out to the end. Ruiz went about the morning meal fumblingly. The sky filled and filled; pale slits of light between the rifts began to streak the floor of the plain. By the spring a mourning dove began to call. The dogs shrunk uneasily; they looked at the figure of Mariana, and now it seemed to stir, and now did not. Noé put his nose to the air and moaned with a hushed noise in his throat. Ruiz wished to make haste, but seemed intolerably slow. He strayed out toward the still body as the day warmed him and cleared the mists of drink. "Get up, Mariana," he began to say, but fell off into whispering; a patch of sun lit the blackened poppies, and his ear caught the burr-r-r of flies.

Without doubt the habit of a man's work stands him in good stead; whatever had come to Mariana there was still the flock. They were scattering northward, and Noé and Reina Maria had, it appeared, little mind for their work, but they heard the shepherd's voice and answered it. To bring the sheep together in good form took them a flock's length farther from Mariana. It is probable Juan Ruiz had not thought till then what he should do, but now this was the thing, — to get away; to get shut of the sight and nearness of the dead.

He began to push the sheep into the hills, crossed the trail, and struck up over a sharp ridge. His progress grew into hurry, his hurry to a fever of flight. He pressed the sheep unmercifully; bells jangled up the steeps and down into hollows by paths that only sheep could have taken, by places where were no paths, and at last he wearied them beyond going. He was by this time beside himself. They came to an open hill-slope above a stream, thick and slippery with new grass. The shepherd instinct told him the sheep must rest and feed, but his mind gave him no rest. He killed a lamb and fed the dogs, and since he had eaten nothing that day, ate also, and made out to spend the night. He was beyond the country of the burrowing owls; there was no sound other than the eager cropping of the sheep. There came a wind walking across the grasses that made the shadows stir, and in every patch of shadow were dead men trembling to arise, struggling and twisting so they might come at him. So it seemed to Ruiz. He got his back to a rock and shuddered into sleep. He woke after an hour or two and began to think. He was neither clear nor quick in his mind, but by and by he thrashed the matter out somewhat in this fashion.

It was not likely Mariana would be missed, or, if missed, found again; by now the coyotes should be at him. And if found, what then? There was no witness. The dogs? Ah yes. They had carried themselves strangely toward him that day. All through his sleep he had heard Noé keening the dead master with a mournful howl. The faith a shepherd grows to have in the understanding of his dogs passes belief. It is equal to his assurance of their ability to make themselves understood. Ruiz was afraid of Noé and Reina Maria. The sheep also had Mariana's mark; but if he got shut of all these, what was there to accuse him? Above all, his desire moved him to get

away and away, and to mix with his own kind. There was a very dull sort of cunning in this that did not at first profit him. He had to battle with the shepherd habit to stay by the flock. Unconsciously he had worked all day against it, but the fear of dead men walking in the dark also held him still. With all this he gave no thought to the great box of reals lying unguarded in the hut of Mariana. About the hour the night breeze fell off before dawn he left the flock on the hill, and began to strike along the ridge by ways he knew, to come into Monterey from the north, which he hoped to do in four days. He left the dead and the witnesses, and carried his guilt openly in his face.

What happened to Noé and Reina Maria with the flock is a matter of record. Mascado, the Indian renegade, for purposes of his own tracked them from the day they struck the rancheria of Peter Lebecque, backward to where he found the body of Mariana, big and overblown by flies. There was nothing to tell from it except that it had been a man. The flock, it seemed, must have stayed upon the hill that day, or near it, forging forward a little by the trail Ruiz had taken. The dogs ate of the lamb that he had killed, and kept the flock close. They went on a little from there doubtfully, but presently, it seemed, they made certain, by what gift God knows, that the shepherd would not return. They headed the flock toward the place of The Reed, where they had been bred. It is not known if they had any food after the first day; they had not been taught killing. The second night brought them — for they made pace slowly — to a very close-grown and woody stretch of country all a-tumble of great boulders among the trees. They found themselves brought up against a crisis. Through the middle of this copse ran a stream full and roaring from the rains. What urgency they used, Reina Maria who was old in the wisdom of herding, and Noé who was young, could not be guessed. Sufficient that they got the flock so near the crossing that some two or three were drowned. But they could do no more; they went, perforce, upstream. Here is a matter for wonder, and made talk in sheep camps wherever the dogs of Del Mar — for they were of that breed — were known. The Reed lay nearest as the crow flies going downstream; the only hope of crossing lay upstream where there might be shallows, and that way they took. Here it seems was a disagreement. They were hungry, no doubt, overwrought, and one of them loved himself more than the flock. It was a question of saving the sheep who did very well, or saving their own skins. Noé would and Reina Maria would not. So they fought, faint and a-hungered, one for himself and the other for the flock, and the silly sheep strayed bleating through the scrub. The battle went to Reina Maria; it was Noé, when succor found them, that showed most wounds. So they worked the flock up the waterside, which here ran parallel to a foot trail, toward the traveled roads. They had been four days from Mariana, two of them without food, and had come twenty miles.

In the meantime Isidro Escobar had hardly come more. From the oak shelter where he had slept the second night of his journey he had set out leisurely to Los Alamos, which he made by noon. That was the day Ruiz was hurrying his flock across country by steeper ways than the accustomed trail. Between the Escobars and the family at Los Alamos there was amnesty and observance. It lay out of the trail somewhat, but not too far for the courtesy of an Escobar. By all the laws of hospitality Isidro should have stayed a month, but contented himself with three days, pleading his appointment with Padre Saavedra, and the urgence of his new calling, which now began to sit becomingly upon him.

He was, therefore, pushing merrily along the trail that rounded a barren hill running like a cape into a lake of woods that gave off a continuous murmuring. He was riding fast, not certain where he should rest, or if, in fact, he would have

any shelter but his cloak, and gave no attention to the way. Toward mid-afternoon he heard afar the slow, incessant jangle of bells that bespoke a moving flock. It promised him other things, — a meal and company, at least. The wood was scattered more, and marked by an absence of underbrush. Between the boles of oak were grassy plats, in one of which he looked to find the sheep camp. By the rising of the ground whereon the wood stood, and the dipping of the trail, he could not see very far into it, but the sound lay still ahead of him; so, with no other warning, when the ridge of westward hills began to make a twilight gloom in the gully, he came suddenly upon the flock, Noé, and Reina Maria.

III

THE HUT OF THE GRAPEVINE

Isidro was an owner of sheep, one bred to an open life, and no fool. He made sure on the instant that there was no shepherd about. Wanting other witness, the behavior of the dogs would have told him that. To make doubly sure he raised a shout that rang and rang among the tree boles and the rocks and brought no answer.

He looked the flock over and found them sleek; the brand he thought he had seen, but could not be sure. Then he came to the dogs; here was evidence. They looked gaunt and wolfish-eyed; they had wounds, — Noé was caked with blood about the throat. Isidro thought they bore the marks of wolf's teeth or coyote's. They fawned upon him with short, gulping barks and throaty whines, glad and wishful at once in an intolerable speechlessness. Properly they should have stood off from him and left parleying to the shepherd. The absence of such reserve was the best evidence that they understood the fact, if not the reason, of their desertion. Something of what they had suffered they told Isidro in their dumb way, which was a very good way since it touched him. His first move, done quickly to take advantage of the waning day, was to cast a wide circle about the flock, to pick up the trail of the vanished shepherd. He found the way the sheep had come with Noé and Reina Maria, but found nothing more. At the first motion of riding away Noé had set up a thin howl, but Reina Maria had the faith of her sex. She waited the event.

"So," said Isidro, "it seems there is no company where I looked to find it, and no fire, though a fire would be a comfort, and no food but great need of feeding." It was quite dusk in the wood, where the earth was all a litter of rotten leaves. The ripples of the stream, which at this point ran shallowly in a rocky bed, began to climb above the hushed noises of the day; the air had a feel of dampness. Isidro made his horse comfortable by the stream border, where there was a cropping of fresh grass, and lit a fire of twigs. He thought of supper and then of the dogs, for they looked to have suffered much. He killed a lamb for them bunglingly, as not being used to such work, spattering his ruffles with blood, and was pleased to see them feed. They were in a fair way to get a taste for new mutton.

"My faith!" said he, watching their ravening, "is it so long as that?"

Isidro set to work to piece out the circumstance. Whatever had befallen the shepherd it could not be Indians, since these would hardly have spared the flock; nor wild beasts, though the wounds of Noé hinted at that. It was not possible that a beast which could carry off a man would let the dogs go free. Besides, the sheep were too sleek, too little uneasy; they had had no fright, as would have shown in the case of an attack by wolves or bears. The only thing that was clear was the devotion of Noé and Reina Maria.

"Good dogs," said Isidro, and praised them to their fill, though in an unfamiliar speech.

The bells of the sheep made a friendly

tinkle; the flock drowsed; the dogs dressed their wounds by the fire. Isidro heaped him a bed of dried fern and slept deep.

He awoke in the morning twilight; all the wood was astir with wild pigeons, — soft, slaty blue like the sky. The flock was out and feeding up the stream; Noé and Reina Maria stood for orders. Here was a bother. There was no mistaking the attitude of the dogs, — they had shifted their responsibility.

Caramba! Was an Escobar to turn herder, and go straggling into the Presidio of Monterey with a flock not his own at his heels? It was a pity, of course, but clearly not a case for his intervention. So Isidro; not so Noé and Reina Maria. When the man put his horse to the ford they brought up the flock that, also reassured by the man's presence, began to get over in a silly fashion. Directly they had a hint of a new desertion. It went hard with the dogs at first in the shock to a free given faith. They were checked, bewildered. Noé yelped dismally, and then frankly deserted the flock for the man. But Reina Maria ran to and fro between him and her charge, back and forth with tongue wagging out and red, wearied eyes, harrying the flock and fawning on the man, not daunted, but persisting until she had won his understanding and rested the case upon the facts. She was fit to burst with running and eagerness. A hundred rods or so of this, and Isidro wheeled back in a kind of comical dismay.

"Your way, my lady!" he cried. "Jesus! but I will make poor work of being a priest if I refuse such begging. Thou art a faithful beast."

"A priest is a shepherd in some sort," he said later, moving with the flock slowly in the morning freshness, "but I doubt the herder has the easier time of it." The difficulties of the work came home to him presently. Thus far he had followed the trail, which grew steep and stony in a great tangle of brush. The light lay level with the hills and too warm. The sheep scattered in the brush, and the dogs were plainly fagged.

To keep the trail grew nearly impossible; besides, it seemed little likely to afford pasture.

"My friends," said Isidro, "it is clear we shall get nowhere at this rate, and seeing I am new to the business and likely to make a mess of it, do you be so kind as to lead the way."

No doubt communication between man and beast is helped by speech, but it is not indispensable. Noé and Reina Maria knew only Portuguese and a little French, Isidro only Castilian, but somehow there passed from each to each some assurance, sense of understanding. Gradually the dogs assumed the responsibility of the flocks, growing assured as they felt themselves free and Isidro following. They passed out of the thickets, turned north along an open ridge, and by noon made a little grassy swale, through which the rill of a spring ran unseen, though you heard it talking in the grass. Beyond that was rolling country, nearly treeless, lush with wild oats, bordered with poppies, holding little lakes of white forget-me-nots in coves of the hills.

The grass grew up tall, and muffled the bells of the sheep. Then began trees again, — buckeyes bursting into bloom, wateroaks strung with long, pendulous vines misty with bloom. Deer stood up in the open places; a band of antelope flashed by them, three coyotes behind them in full chase; they came upon two tawny cats at their mating in the clear warm space before a rocky wall. They saw no man, neither shepherd nor Indian, nor any trace of one. Those were the days when men shifted for themselves without finiken. So long as the flock lasted and he had the means of a fire — it was still the time of flint and tinder — they would not lack food, and for shelter Isidro had his cloak. But by the time the light had got a yellow tinge from shining slantwise on the poppy fires, they came upon a better shift. Under an oak, mocking the jays with as shrill a voice,

sat a slim, dark lad, pillowed on a great sheaf of plucked bloom.

For excuse of his being, a small flock, lacking a brand, fed thereabout, minded by a mongrel cur that looked more for killing than herding, but, nevertheless, came and went obediently at the lad's word. So much Isidro perceived at the first onset; for the rest, since he had come upon him suddenly, Isidro found himself enough to do to turn aside his own sheep so that the two bands might not mix,—a matter in which the lad spent no pains. He stood up, though, and seeing him not likely to begin, Isidro fetched a very courteous bow.

"Señor," he said, "will you do me the favor to tell me whose sheep I have, and whither they would go?"

"That," said the lad, "you should know better than I. Keep back your sheep, sir; if they mix the parting out will be no sport."

"Your pardon, señor, so I should judge, but I am newly come into the business, and the dogs do not understand Castilian."

The herd boy spoke some words of diverse tongues, mongrel speech of the mixed peoples that come together in a new land, and lighted upon those that the dogs understood, for they went at their work with quickened apprehension. The lad got his own band behind him, and started them moving.

"As for the flock, señor," he said, "whose should they be if not yours, unless you have stolen them?"

"My faith, you have a tongue!" cried Isidro; "but as for stealing, it appears that they have stolen me, since they have taken me out of my way so that I know not how I shall come at it, nor what to do with them."

"You speak riddles, señor."

"Then I will speak more to the point;" whereupon he told him straightly how he came upon the flock and what followed.

"The brand is Mariana's," said the boy, "and the dogs I think I have seen. Noé?" he questioned, and the dog fawned upon him. "They are Mariana's sheep, and the dogs belonged to Juan Ruiz. They passed a fortnight since. Strange work."

"I know none stranger," said Isidro with much gravity; "and since you know their owner, who is no doubt much distressed on their account, will you do me the favor to restore them? I will give you two reals for your trouble, and the Portuguese will scarcely do less."

The boy knit his brows with quick darting scorn. "The señor does not understand these things. Juan Ruiz has doubtless come to some hurt. Suppose the Portuguese comes upon me unawares with his dogs and his sheep. Will he believe me if I say I had them from a fine gentleman in the woods?"

"As well your story as mine," said Isidro, beginning to be vastly amused. He rolled a cigarette and leaned against his horse, waiting. The boy frowned, and thought. When he spoke again it was with a curious apathy, as if he had somehow come free of the whole affair.

"If the señor will but come with me," he said.

"As well with you as anywhere," cried Isidro with the greatest cheerfulness. Seeing the boy moving before him with the flock Isidro took thought of him. He was slightly built for his age, which looked to be fifteen, and was clothed for the most part in very good woven stuff, cut after no fashion but convenience, wore moccasins, and about his calves strips of buckskin wrapped many times Indian fashion. He had black hair cropped at the shoulders, and falling so as to leave visible only a thin disk of face, dark and ruddy-colored. He stood straightly, and had the fine, level looking eyes of an Indian, though no Indian as was plain to see. About his brows he wore a rag of red silk, in which were tucked vine leaves for coolness; under this penthouse his eyes were alert and unfrightened as a bird's.

They went sidelong on a ridge, avoiding a deep cañon, and came clear of trees. Presently they reached the head of a long,

winding shallow that should have held a stream, but flowed only a river of grass and bloom. Down this the sheep poured steadily as if it had been a lane, and Isidro found space for conversation.

"Your sheep?" said he.

"Peter Lebecque's."

"And who may Peter Lebecque be? I have not heard of him, and I thought to know these hills."

"And who may you be that should know such humble folk?" quoth the shepherd lad.

"My faith," thought Isidro, "but this is a sharp one!" Nevertheless, he took off his hat with a very low sweep, being now beside his companion. "Isidro Rodrigo Escobar, your servant, señor."

The boy eyed him a moment through narrowing lids, and then, as if appeased, replied in kind:—

"Peter Lebecque is a trapper; he lives by the Grapevine where the water of that creek comes out of the Gap."

"And where may that be?"

"It is near by, señor."

"And you, what are you called?"

"El Zarzo." [1]

"El Zarzo? Nothing else?"

"Nothing else, señor."

"But that is no name for a Christian. Had you never another?"

"El Zarzo I am called, señor, or Zarzito."

"Well, well, a good name enough; one might guess how you came by it."

The way began to narrow and wind down; presently they heard the barking of dogs. The gully widened abruptly to a little meadow fronting a cañon wall, looking from above to have a close green thicket in its midst. Isidro, when they had come down to the level, perceived it to be a group of tree trunks overgrown by wild vines that had come up by the help of the trees and afterward strangled them. The twisted stems rose up like pillars, and overhead ran stringers of vine thatched with leaves. Alcoves and galleries of shade lay between the tree boles under thick rainproof roofs. The outer walls were cunningly pieced out by willow withes, to which the vines had taken kindly; a rod away it looked to be all nature. It was as safe and dark as a lair; the floor of stamped earth had a musty dampness; it smelt like a fox's earth. Bearskins drying in the sun stank very vilely, and dogs lolled hunting fleas on the floor.

Peter Lebecque, who was shaping a trap, stood up as they came, but found no words; all manner of threats, questionings, resentments, played across his eyes. El Zarzo slid away from Isidro and stood in low-toned foreign talk a long time with the trapper, with many a quick flung look and dropped inflection. They need not, however, have concerned themselves so much; an Escobar had the manners not to hear what was not intended for his ears. Isidro stood by his horse and smoked cigarettes until the sun was quite down.

By that the old rascal, for so he looked, came forward to take his horse. "Will you eat, señor?" he said.

"With the best will in the world," said Isidro.

The old trapper took a pot of very savory stew from the fire, added bread and wine and a dish of beans. They three sat upon stools about a table contrived of hewn slabs, and dipped in the dish, every man with his own knife and his fingers. The day went out in a flare of crimson clouds trumpeted by a sea wind; there was promise of rain.

It appeared that Peter Lebecque knew something of fine manners, though Isidro confessed to himself that he could not get to like the look of him. There was a great deal of polite indirection before they came to the pith of their business.

The sheep, it was agreed, were Mariana's; further agreed that Isidro and the lad should deliver them to-morrow to the shepherds of Mariana, who might be met with about the place called Pasteria. This you can imagine was no comfortable news for Isidro, since it took him still further out of his course, but, in fact, there was no help for it.

[1] The Briar.

"It would go hard," said the trapper, "if the flock were found with us. An Escobar is above suspicion, but we, señor, are poor folk." He leered wickedly with beady eyes. Isidro had washed his hands before meat, and the old villain had noted blood upon his wrists.

"As you will," said Isidro, wishing to be rid of the matter, "and then you will tell me how I shall come by the trail to the Presidio of Monterey again."

"Ah, Monterey; it is a very fine town, I have heard."

"I have never been there."

"Nor I, but I have heard, a gay town, and many gay ladies, eh señor?"

"Oh, as to that I cannot say; I go to Padre Saavedra at Carmelo." Isidro let a prodigious yawn; he was tired of the day's work, and tired of the company. When he had got to bed at last on a heap of skins he had his saddle for pillow, and his pistols ready to hand. "I am not a priest yet," he said, "and the old fellow looks to be the devil or of his brood."

By this the rain had begun, and drummed softly on the thatch of vines. The old man and the lad had their heads together, talking in a foreign tongue, droning and incessant as the drip of the rain; the sound of it ran on into the night, and mixed strangely with Isidro's dreams.

IV

THE FATHER PRESIDENT

In a cove of quietness back from the bay, between the mountains and the Point of Pines, stands Carmel, otherwise the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo, second of the strongholds of Holy Church established by that great saint and greater man, Fray Junip'ero Serra, for the salvation of souls and the increasing glory of God. Where the river winds through the mission purlieus shallowly to the sea, rise the towers and chimes of San Carlos, overlooking the alcoves of the Mission and the wattled huts of the neophytes. It looks beyond to the strips of tillage, the winking weirs that head up the river for the irrigating ditches, to the sloping fields of the Mission, browsed over by clean-limbed cattle. Over this clearing and over some miles of oak forest and birch-fringed waters, over rolling pine lands and blossomy meadows, the Padres of San Carlos had right of usufruct and disposition, over field and flock and folk, rights temporal and spiritual under the hand of the Father President of Missions.

It was at the time Isidro Escobar set out to be a priest for his own good and the better ease of his father's conscience a very goodly demesne, a flowery land full of golden-throated larks lilting in the barley, of doves moaning in the blossoming pears, of jays shouting in the sombre oaks. The cattle lowed from the hills, the Indian women crooned at their weaving in the sun.

Upon a day when Peter Lebecque sat knitting his fierce brows in his hut over an Escobar who, with blood upon his wrists, drove Mariana's shepherdless sheep to no purpose, it happened that Padre Vicente Saavedra, Father President of Missions of Alta California, Brother of St. Francis, together with Fray Demetrio Fages, his almoner and secretary, set out to walk from San Carlos to the Presidio on business of the Commandante's. Of this business and whom it might concern he knew nothing, but surmised much. At sundown on the previous day an orderly rode out to San Carlos desiring the Father President's presence with all possible convenience; nothing more from that source, but from Demetrio Fages, a comfortable gossip, he had gathered that a ship of a build such as seldom put into that port had anchored off Monterey. Padre Saavedra had spent much of the time thereafter walking up and down in the corridor.

These were tight times for the Father President. He knew from his college of San Fernando that this new strumpet Republic contrived evil against the Brothers of St. Francis; nothing less than

the removal of the mission demesne from under the cure of his order. He knew also that the brotherhood was primed against that attempt, and his faith was great, but of late his mind misgave him. Communication with his college was slow. Whispers reached him from the outside, rumors, veiled intimations.

From Soledad, from Santa Inez, from La Purisima, there were reports of restlessness and lack of reverence among the neophytes. The fact was, the reverend Father President hardly glimpsed the breadth of the disaster. Liberty was awake and crying in the land. The secularization of the Missions was an accomplished fact while the Padre still hoped to avert it.

Father Saavedra was less shrewd than saintly. In the management of the Missions difficulties arose; if there was a way out he took it; if not, it was indubitably so ordered of God, hence bearable. He looked for the ultimate triumph of St. Francis, but what he could contrive by way of betterment he did. His night's muse had been rather of his own affairs than this business of the Commandante's, which he supposed might be pertinent to the matter.

Notwithstanding his afternoon of years and the heaviness of his concerns, the Padre walked springily toward the Presidio of Monterey. A wet fog that hung in shreds and patches about the pines had left the fields dewy and glorious. Blossoms lapped the trail, birds sang in the woods, Padre Vicente was in tune. He must needs talk, and since this was clearly no time to let vapors, he talked with Fages upon another matter which lay close to his heart, and concerned the good of the order. Said he:—

"You should know something of the family of Escobar, brother, a very ancient house and a noble one, well set up by marriages on either side. Don Antonio, who has the estates of Las Plumas and La Liebre, you have met. Know, then, that his younger son, called Isidro, is dedicated, vowed, given over to Mother Church and our Holy Order of St. Francis. Him I look to have with me in three days at the farthest. To that end I have had the room made ready next to mine at Carmelo."

This was straight news. If the secretary's eyes had not been cast down as their custom was he would have seen the little flicker of pride with which it was delivered; but then the dropped lids hid also a little prick of alert dismayedness behind them. The good Padre was big with his plan, which was now ripe for delivery. He went on:—

"You will know, of course, that this scion of a goodly house cannot be made a priest here in California, as one might say the word, that he must needs go to our college of San Fernando, perhaps also to Rome, but in good time, brother, in good time.

"You have heard me speak, Fray Demetrio, of the danger that threatens our great foundation, the work of our brother in Christ and St. Francis, Padre Junip'ero Serra, whom God assoil, and how that by prayer and the works of the Superior of our order and the intervention of Holy Church it may yet be turned aside." This was as far as the Father President would admit the imminence of that dissolution of the Missions which was so soon to be accomplished, lest by admitting he should make it sure. Anything more implied a doubt of the sovereign powers of St. Francis; St. Francis, it appeared, had other affairs.

"Yet," said Padre Vicente, "in times like these even the least of God's servants, of whom we are, may do somewhat. The coming of this young man into our order at this time should mean much for the Missions, much, Demetrio, and was no doubt so ordered aforetime, as you shall hear." Upon this the good Padre out with the story of Mercedes Venegas and the elder Escobar, and a very pretty story he made of it down to the ruin of Don Antonio's fortune and the grant to him of the twin estates of Las Plumas and La Liebre. Yet there remained in

Mexico members of both mother's and father's houses, men of affairs and good fortune, well friended of the state, who might serve St. Francis a turn.

"So," concluded the Padre, "we have here in this young man, whom I have seen and found well inclined toward the work, that which may win for us many worldly means, by which it is ordained God's work should proceed." Thus the Father President unbosomed himself of his conceit, which was, plainly put, to keep Isidro by him until the spirit and power of the Missions had got into his blood, and then send him to Mexico to be made a priest, and use his family for priestly ends. An excellent plan enough, but too late in fruition. Perhaps Fages knew this; the man was no fool, though reputed slow; no less a saint than many of his stripe, and greedy of advancement. Perhaps Father Vicente made the mistake of taking his subordinate's limitations for granted. Fray Demetrio was a man of no blood and little schooling, but if he had gone far for a man of his parts he might go farther. Father Vicente was all for Holy Church and St. Francis; Fages was all for Fages. Holy Church was a good thing for you if you could make it so; one might climb by the skirts of St. Francis to some very desirable seat. So when the Father President unburdened himself on the hill trail between Carmelo and the Presidio of Monterey he gave that worthy food for thought. He had hardly done with it by the time they had come to the top of the hill that looks on the town. Out beyond, caught, as it were, in the bight of the moon-shaped bay, the stranger ship dipped to her white reflection on the tide.

"How make you her country?" asked the Padre.

"Venetian by the flag," said Fray Demetrio.

"Venetian. Ah, ah!" The Father President felt a loosening about his heart. What menace to St. Francis could come from that quarter? An hour later he was with the Commandante at the Presidio.

The Commandante of Monterey was a personable man, keen, well set up, not young, iron gray as to hair, as to temper cold steel that remembered the pit where it was forged. A just man, very jealous of military power. The Father President and the Commandante were, as respected their several jurisdictions, upon the edge of distrust; for the rest, they were very good friends. The Commandante's rooms overlooked the blue floor of the bay and the Venetian ship which lay in the anchorage. The vessel had seen stiff weather and the mercy of God. Off Cape San Lucas, beating before a southerly wind, it became certain the rotten mainsail would never hold; the sound of splitting canvas was like the crack of doom to the crew, who took themselves at once to religion. They found an advocate with God in the person of the Virgin, and by her intervention, being strengthened miraculously, the sail held, and had been vowed to her at the first port of entry. The sailors even now gathered on the beach to walk barefoot, each holding a corner of the canvas to bring it to the church of San Carlos at Monterey. They raised a hymn as they walked, the burden of which came up through the Commandante's window, and served for all introduction to the conversation.

"There came in that vessel, the King's Delight," said the Commandante, "one Valentin Delgardo, with letters from the capital upon a matter which concerns the civil authorities, which concerns you, Padre, a little, me most of all." Here was a good beginning, but the Padre waited to hear more. It grew upon him as he waited that Jesus Castro must be older than he thought, not so much by years as by grief. When the Commandante was ready for going on it was curtly enough.

"You knew my wife?" The Padre bowed. "She was a Ramirez. This Delgardo comes with word of a considerable estate which has fallen to her or her heirs; failing the direct line it reverts to the Church, — to the Hospital of the Clean Conception at Mexico, to be exact." This

was large news, but could hardly be expected to interest a brother of St. Francis; the Padre judged there was more. Presently it came.

"You wonder what further there could be in the matter, since you, Padre, in common with the rest of the world, believe me childless; so, for a long time, I supposed myself, but the truth is Ysabel had a child." Something of what this cost Castro the Padre guessed, but the Commandante's temper brooked no pity.

"It is true," he went on, beginning to walk up and down the room, "there was a daughter, and no one knows what has become of her. . . . Ysabel was at Santa Barbara; I was putting down the revolt in the south. It was the year of the pestilence. On my return I found my wife dead, and the woman Elisa, her nurse, gone back to her people. Of the child I could hear no word. As you have perhaps heard — as you know" — The pride of a Castro could go no farther.

"As I know, my son," assented Saavedra fatherly. Report had it that the Señora Castro had died of hate for the proudest man in New Spain, whose hair was white with grief of her before his time.

"Well," said the Commandante, "it was not for a year that I heard anything of that matter. Padre Bonaventura, who confessed her when she died, was transferred from Santa Barbara, but when he learned of my return he made occasion to see me and told me this much. Ysabel was not yet recovered from her confinement when she was taken with the fever, and though the Padre came as quickly as he might in that fearful time, she was soon spent. What she confessed to him was that she had had a child and put it away from her, — I cannot believe her mind right at that time, — but repented. She wished me to have it, for it was mine of a surety. 'Tell him to take the child,' she said, and with that she died." Damp like death stood on the Commandante's brows. Father Saavedra kept his fine hands twisted in a knot, and his eyes on the King's Delight. Men will not look on one another's mortal agony.

Said the Padre at last, "And you found no trace?"

"None. The woman Elisa might have told somewhat, but she had disappeared. Afterward I came upon sure proof that she had died of the fever."

"And now?"

"Now I wish to know more. Elisa was a Christian, and very intelligent. If the child died she would hardly have had it buried without a priest; if it lived she would have had it baptized. Some of your Padres may know; I am told they keep strict register. Or, at least, whoever had her in charge would have confessed, perhaps."

"The seal of the confessional," began the Father President —

"The seal of the confessional, Padre," interrupted the other, "has been used before now to restore that which was lost, and to bring riches into the maw of the Church." He shrugged off the implied rebuke of the Padre's uplifted hand and hurried on: "I have heard lately that your college of San Fernando has fallen somewhat into decay. The child is the heiress of the Ramirez; bring me news of her, and I promise you St. Francis shall not suffer for it." It was a relief to Castro to speak peremptorily of what he would do if the child were found; it seemed almost like getting something done; but to do the Padre justice, at this point he had hardly a thought of the bribe to St. Francis, though that came afterward as befitted a Superior of the Order. Just now he was touched as a man by the other man's consuming grief.

"By what marks would you know her when found?"

"None, none!" cried Castro. "I know nothing except the time of her birth. She would be turned sixteen by now. You see I did not know — I was not sure — my wife had not said — I had been four months from home, and it is probable Ysabel was brought untimely to bed.

She had not been well in Santa Barbara. Then when I heard that my wife was dead I wished not to live myself; I asked to be kept in active service. But in the end I went back to Santa Barbara, and there I learned about the child."

Slowly the two men beat over the stubble of the Commandante's old grief, but found small comfort in it. The woman Elisa had not been one of the mission neophytes, and in that busy time she had died without priestly ministrations. There had been another woman with her keeping the Señora Castro's house. It seemed she might be able to tell something if she could be found. It appeared to the Padre that she must be living, for if she had died in any of the Missions she would have confessed, and word of it come to the Commandante. There were not then so many dwellers in Alta California that the name of Jesus Castro could come up in any such connection and the Padres not know who it should be. The Father President promised to charge his mind with it as he went on his yearly round of Missions, which would begin now in a week or two at most.

It was a matter which could be turned to account in many ways. To serve Castro in this affair would be to turn his influence on the side of the Missions in the crisis which approached, and the reward might be considerable. Besides, there was the heiress herself, who, if found, might be, as a child of the Missions, brought to serve their end. These were the thoughts of the functionary, the head of an order; there was another which was pure priesthood. Father Vicente was jealous for souls, and Castro an indifferent communicant. If now he could be helped in this matter his thoughts might be turned properly toward God and the Church, his mother, who served him. This was sweet thought, and the Padre fed upon it walking back to Monterey. But what he thought he did not tell to Fages, much to that worthy's discomfiture. The good Brother had an itch for news.

V

YSABEL

This is a true account of Ysabel Castro, and how a child of hers came to be lost. The rest of the argument has to do with finding her. Most of it was known to her husband; as much as was known to all the world was known to Vicente Saavedra; the rest you shall hear and judge.

If Ysabel Castro had been a beautiful woman, fit to set a man beside himself, Ysabel Ramirez had been a more beautiful girl. There are still extant in San Blas among the gallants there some songs which were made of her worshipfully. They knew how to appraise a woman, those sprigs of New Spain, — her hands, her ankles, her eyebrows, the black shroud of her hair. That she had few suitors for her hand among many lovers was not so much because the Señor Ramirez was villainously poor as that he was villainously proud.

Suitors or no suitors, Ysabel had given her heart to another Ramirez, a cousin in some sort, who had the family beauty, the family pride, and, it may be added, the family poverty. There is no doubt he loved Ysabel; perhaps the young people might have come together and been happy in the face of all these, — such things have happened in New Spain, — but before this could be accomplished Jesus Castro had seen her. Castro was already a made man, and his youth dry in him when the beauty of Ysabel Ramirez shook the crypts of his soul. One is obliged to admit, had there been no impediment, it would have been a suitable marriage. The name of Castro was as good as Ramirez, the fortunes better.

The pride of young men is not the pride of middle age. Ramon Ramirez was too proud to have his cousin if she did not love him; Castro was too proud, loving her, not to have her on any terms. In the end he possessed her, at what cost to him-

self you shall hear. Always one must admit a certain amount of misunderstanding to mitigate the pitiableness of human affairs.

When Castro began to make favors of small loans to the elder Ramirez it was merely to ease the need he had of serving Ysabel. When Ramirez began to accept favors he had no hint of Castro's suit. If he had known how much the weight of debt pressed upon the elder man, Castro might not have used such urgency. That Ysabel did not love him he knew, but had no hint of the affair with the cousin; there had been no formal betrothal, and, besides, the body and soul of him cried out for her. The desire of mastery mastered him; Ysabel he would have if he died for it. But Ysabel died.

She had one stormy hour with her father, a stolen one with her lover, and afterward submitted to what was, for her, the will of God. They were all for pride, those dons of New Spain, for name and honor and bravery; but, in fact, they were a simple folk.

Jesus Castro was at that time Commandante at San Blas, and Ramon Ramirez one of his lieutenants. At the marriage of his superior Ramon held a stirrup for the bride at the church door. Castro saw his hand tremble when her foot was on it, and got an inkling; looked at his wife's face, and had a revelation. There went to that wedding a broken heart, a slighted troth, a cold exchange of coin, for all of which Castro paid.

Ysabel saw to that. She went to his hearth in scorn, to his bed with cold shudderings of distaste. He had his will of her as far as the outward form, never so far as the borderland of soul and understanding. His pretty plan for marrying a wife and winning her afterward went all awry. It was not that he was too proud to woo, but he lacked knowing how. She met his courtesies with contempt, and his passion with bitter gibes. In all this was no outward quarrel. Her very obedience was a mock. Ramon she had never seen, never tried to see since her marriage. It was not doubt of his wife's honor that led him to exchange his post to Santa Barbara, where all was strange, but the hope that in sheer loneliness she might turn to her husband. The worst of his unhappiness was that with all her hating he could not unlove her.

At Santa Barbara Ysabel loathed him more, and clung closer to the woman Elisa, who had nursed her.

In truth, I think the poor lady not all to blame in this. With all his will to do her good, her husband's bitter passion would not let him spare her. Besides, her condition — she was by now *enceinte* — no doubt worked a disorder in her mind. Of this, as you have learned, Castro had no hint.

"It would please him too much," said Ysabel to her woman.

Indian revolts in the south kept her husband away from home much of that year, and furthered her plan of concealment. When the Doña Ysabel was near her time, there broke out at the Mission a great pestilence of fever that carried off the natives by scores, and kept every man's mind upon his own affairs.

Those were simple times when nature had a large measure of trust, and women served one another at need. Doña Ysabel had in her hour, which came untimely, the woman Elisa and one other. About sundawn, when they showed her the child, she saw that she had stamped it with her hate, — the very front and feature of the Castros. She turned upon her side and hid her face. "Take it away," she said to the women, "take it away."

It seemed a weakling, not likely to find breath for going on, and the women had hurried it to the priest for baptism. Father Bonaventura had too much to do at that time for record keeping; he christened the child, between two deaths, Jacintha Concepcion, and knew no more about it.

Ysabel never saw her child but once afterward. The women put it to her breast, but there was no milk; the rage of grief had dried that fountain. It seemed

she might have been tenderly moved toward it, for she looked at it long, and took a medal from her neck to hang about the child's, but at once she rose up in her bed, bright and hot and shaken terribly, crying upon the women to take it away. She seemed not to have any thought but "Take it away! take it away!" and — "never let him know, Elisa, never let him know," meaning her husband, "ah God, never let him know!" So she would fall asleep moaning, and waking fall to crying again very pitifully. It seemed as if the child were a great shame to her which she would hide, as, indeed, such a birth might be to a woman who was a maid at heart. But the women understood that she was in a fever, and were very tender of her.

On the ninth day the woman Elisa saw that she opened new eyes upon her, strange, but sane. "Go for the Padre," she said to the other serving woman; "it is the shadow of death." The shadow was very near.

"I have been a sinful woman," Ysabel said to the priest between two breaths. "Tell my husband to take the child" — With that she fell a-shuddering so that the Padre made haste to lay the host between her lips. So she died, but when Padre Bonaventura had time to inquire into the matter the woman and the child had disappeared. Doña Ysabel should have shown her repentance to her servant rather than the priest. The woman loved her, and was as reticent as death.

Neither the Padre nor Castro could make anything of it. That they had died of the fever seemed likeliest. Castro fed upon the hint of forgiveness in that last word, "Tell my husband to take the child" — Ah, Christ, what would he not give! but to the world he was still a childless man.

As much of this as he knew Padre Saavedra brooded over after his meeting with the Commandante. He glimpsed a little what had been in Ysabel's mind when she had denied her child — the good father had confessed women as well as men — and a little of the notion of the woman Elisa, but he believed the daughter of Castro still alive, since God, who ordered all things, would hardly let it rise up to trouble his mind if there were nothing to come of it. The woman Elisa was a Christian, therefore if living to be reached through Holy Church. Father Saavedra had it in mind to go through the Missions as with a sieve till she was found, or some trace of her. Castro believed her dead of the plague, but the child was not with her; then she had left it in charge of some other who might still be reached. But the best reason for believing was the urgent need of St. Francis to support his failing cause; the fortune of Ramirez might very well be the ram caught in the thicket for sacrifice. You will easily perceive by this the bent of the Father President's mind.

At the Presidio the Padre had asked Castro for proofs, marks of identification by which the child should be known when found; the Commandante, you remember, had said there were none. There was the medal, — Castro had seen it on his wife's bosom, — but they knew nothing of that; and there were marks: the beauty of the Ramirez stamped by the Commandante, — two perfect parted bows of lips, two great eyes under a fine curved line of brows meeting over the high straight nose, a temper quick and restrained, a tongue tipped with the aloe of bitterness that curdled Doña Ysabel's heart, great power of hating, greater for loving. By these marks you should know the child of Ysabel and Jesus Castro when she was found. No doubt the good Padre was right. The surface of waters is troubled above bodies about to rise; something was to come up out of the depths to concern the Commandante and the Father President. Revolving the affair Father Vicente paced back to Carmelo neither so cheery nor so communicable as he had been in the morning.

Meantime Castro who knew more of these things than the Padre, but not so much as you have heard, set straightly

about the business of doing something. He sought out Don Valentin, and put it before him somewhat in this fashion. There was an heir, a daughter who would be about sixteen, but she was unfortunately out of touch, mislaid, in fact lost. He let Delgardo think what he would of causes, gave him only facts, place, time, the name of the nurse. It occurred to him now as he talked that he had not paid sufficient attention to the other woman; he had been all for Elisa. It grew upon him that here was a clue that might be followed to advantage. All this was interesting, though it was hardly clear what it purported to Delgardo, but there was more to follow.

This Delgardo was as courtly and serviceable a young man as ever came out of Mexico; a nimble wit and likely to have himself most in hand when there was most need. All the young caballeros about the Presidio were vastly taken with him. He brought them a new style of waistcoat and a new game at cards. The rope of silver around his peaked sombrero was fastened with a great turquoise. The leathers of his spurs had jewels in them. Besides he could talk, as the fashion then set, of liberty and the Republic, — had all its newest phases very pat.

It seemed from his account that there had been a half brother of the elder Ramirez who had gone far in the favor of fortune, but not far enough in the favor of ladies to secure him a lawful heir. Dying, his estates fell to the heirs of Ysabel, if any such were found. Delgardo freely admitted that he had accepted that quest from the administrator because it brought him to the new land where he had heard estates were to be come by. He had taken ship at San Blas on this same King's Delight that dwindled to a speck against the west. He had no other employment but the business of the heir.

Castro considered that he had here a tool to his hand. Delgardo could see for himself — Castro put it to him, walking up and down in the low room opening toward the sea — that he was the man for this affair. Once supplied with money, letters, all the details that were known to the father, this young blade with the quick wit should do wonders. To tell the truth, Castro had made a perfunctory search. The rage of Ysabel even in her grave had been a thing not lightly to be braved. From the first he had been sure it would baffle him.

Padre Bonaventura was no longer at Santa Barbara, but at San Gabriel. He should be able to set forth the facts freshly. The census of the inhabitants was so strictly kept by the Missions that a careful search must reveal something, and the girl once found, — ah, well, — who so worthy of the doe as he who sped the arrow; to whom should the dove belong if not to him who set the snare? In short, Castro let him know in very courtly and roundabout fashion, and not all at one sitting or in one day, that if he would but find the daughter of Ysabel Ramirez he might have whatever he asked, even to the hand of the heiress. Delgardo felicitated himself things were coming his way, but he would have a surer bond. This polite indirection had a little fallen into disuse in the days of the Republic. He would do his utmost he said, and marry her — "if so be she was marriageable!" The eyes of the Commandante narrowed to two slits spitting fire. Marriageable! to a Delgardo, the daughter of a Ramirez! Don Valentin kept a level eye; he had seen great men rage before now; nevertheless, he had good manners in the main.

"The Señor Commandante forgets — the señorita may be married by now." This was a check, and Castro let his rage die out while he considered it. Ah, ah, no matter; only find her, the reward would not be wanting. So, finally, a bargain was struck, but at this first interview they had hardly made a beginning. There was very little business in those days in Alta California which could not better be finished to-morrow than to-day.

Delgardo had gone off to his quarters in the town. Lights twinkled in the houses and went out. Somewhere out of

sight a woman sang to a fretful child, the sentries called across the dark. Over in Carmel Padre Vicente knelt by the bones of Serra; in devotion his soul took flight. Demetrio Fages, near him, moved sidewise on his knees to rest them from the tiles; he prayed with his lips, his hands, and the surface of his mind. The depths of him were busy with other things.

By and by the moon swam into the clear void; it looked in on the serene face of the Father President, sleeping with his hands clasped on a crucifix lest death surprise him; on Delgardo, gaming with the young bloods of Monterey; on Escobar, sleeping in his silver-fringed mantle, and on El Zarzo watching him in the wakeful pauses with black, deep-lighted eyes. But in the house of the Commandante lay shadow of darkness; where no moon could pierce a man rolled face downward on his bed, who moaned and bit his hands, and cried only "Ysabel! Ysabel! Ysabel!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREAT PURITAN

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

We have before us now, on Cromwell, Carlyle's *Life and Letters*, Mr. Gardiner's history of the period, the last volumes of Mr. Lecky's history, and Mr. Morley's *Life;* to which distinguished list should be added the historical chapters of Mr. Masson's *Milton*, which, put together and expanded in parts, might be found the best historic mirror of the time.

"Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then?" ejaculates Carlyle, speaking of Cromwell's slaughter of the garrison of Drogheda. Sage of Chelsea, we dare not; we should be upsetting the balance of our historical judgment. There was sure to be a recoil from Carlyle. "Dry-as-dust" was sure to have his own again. Dry-as-dust was, of course, indispensable and inestimable. Yet if there has been a man of transcendent power who has done great things for his kind, though far from being "godlike" he may be altogether fallible, human admiration and sympathy are not irrational or unhistoric. Carlyle might, perhaps, retort that Dry-as-dust's minute criticisms of character and motive were idiosyncratic, and probably had no surer basis than the hero-worshiper's rhapsodies of admiration. Carlyle has also the advantage of treating history with perfect breadth and freedom on its comic as well as on its serious side. The admission of humor into history is the unique stroke of his genius.

Oliver's character is a very interesting study in itself as a remarkable combination of power with the tenderness which was totally wanting in the character of Napoleon. To his power there could be no stronger testimony than that of his arch-enemy Clarendon, in whom admiration visibly struggles with hatred. "To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. And as they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have

demanded that either of them would have denied him." Clarendon goes on to mention the two instances of his protection of the Protestants in Savoy and Languedoc. That the three nations "perfectly hated" Cromwell and that the army "was undevoted to him" are the ideas of Mr. Hyde. But it is certain that Cromwell's power was shown in bending to his will and using in his service men like Monk, Broghill, and Whitelocke, who had no attachment to his person or to his cause.

The steward of Cromwell's household, writing after his master's death, says, "His temper was exceeding fiery, as I have known, but the flame of it, kept down for the most part, was soon allayed by those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure, though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to Himself, of which there was large proportion. A larger soul, I think, has seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was." Cromwell's family affections were strong, and show themselves in his letters at the most critical periods of his life. The death of a favorite daughter was one of the things that brought him to the grave.

Cromwell's character had for its basis religion, and of the most enthusiastic kind, commencing with a dark spell of spiritual wrestlings with evil. A good key to it is the *Pilgrim's Progress*. In every crisis of his wonderful life Oliver evidently was upborne by the belief that he was in the hand of God. He ever trusted in divine guidance, and found support in prayer. In this respect a greatly softened counterpart of him has been seen in Gladstone, probably the last of the line. Cromwell's faith was of a very simple kind, and would not have been out of place at a camp-meeting. He was, of course, utterly uncritical. He believed in the literal inspiration of the whole of Scripture. He drew no distinction, unfortunately, between the Old Testament and the New. His enthusiasm was not free, nor was it possible that it should be free, from fanaticism. In his language there is often an unctuousness which offends our skeptical taste. But of his sincerity there can be no doubt. Of that we have proof in the death-bed scene, as well as in the transport of supreme exaltation when the sun rises on victory at Dunbar.

There were in the Revolution two movements, distinguishable though blended, the political and the religious; resistance to the usurpation of Charles, and resistance to the ecclesiasticism of Laud; two allied powers of reaction. Cromwell belonged to the religious movement, while Pym, and still more distinctly the highly secular Martin, belonged to the political. This should be borne in mind in judging of the consistency of Cromwell's course when he had risen to power, and especially of his apparent willingness to accept the title of king. He was never a political revolutionist. At the outset, at all events, he would have been content with a really constitutional monarchy, provided there was freedom of religion. Nor was he ever an enemy to aristocracy, though it was with the democracy that his lot as the leader of the Independents was cast. He avowed that he honored a real gentleman. To the Levellers he was utterly opposed.

On the other hand, the two movements being blended as they were, Cromwell was a politician and a partner in the ideas and counsels of Pym, Hampden, and the other political leaders of the party. We have him in the Long Parliament taking part in debate with great vehemence of manner, with unpolished language, and an untunable voice, yet with effect. Napoleon was a soldier before he was a statesman, and carried into government the autocratic ideas of the camp. Cromwell was a statesman before he was a soldier, and in government preserved his statesmanlike and constitutional tendencies and ideals.

Cromwell's education had not been high, though he had spent a year at Cambridge. His standard of education was very modest, comprising only a little his-

tory, geography, and mathematics, a small measure, probably, of the last. But he was no Muggletonian enemy of secular science and learning. On the contrary, he respected them both. He saved the Universities from the fanatics who would have destroyed them. He made himself Chancellor of Oxford, and gave it a set of heads under whom it had its only period of intellectual activity and usefulness to the nation between the Middle Ages and the reforms of the last century. He appreciated college culture, and tried to draw young men of promise from the Universities to the service of the state. To extend academical culture to the North, he founded the University of Durham.

It was not likely that a man who took to war at forty-three would become a master of military science. It appears that Cromwell was out-generaled by Leslie, who had learned his science in the Thirty Years' War, and would have been defeated by him at Dunbar had not Leslie's hand been forced by the demented enthusiasts on his side. Not much generalship of the higher kind, in fact, was shown either by the Parliamentary or the Royal commanders. Cromwell became a supreme leader of cavalry at a time when the cavalry was the important arm, the infantry being a weak combination of the pikeman with the musketeer who carried a clumsy weapon with a ponderous rest, and depended on the pikeman to shield him from the horsemen. Cromwell always had his troopers well in hand, and his charges were effective. He seems also to have made good use of artillery. Ruined castles, at least, are always said to have been battered by Cromwell. But his grand services in the war were the spirit which he brought to it and the insight which led him to replace the "tapsters and servingmen," of whom the Parliamentary ranks at first were full, with religious yeomen qualified to cope with the fiery valor of the Cavalier. He brought, too, a hopefulness which no reverse could quell, and which burned in him like a pillar of fire. Finally, unlike Manchester and other half-hearted commanders, he saw and acted on the conviction that the only way to sure peace was decisive victory. Without him unquestionably the Parliamentary cause would have been lost.

Clarendon has done Cromwell the justice of saying that he was not a man of blood. He certainly was not. He voted for the death of Strafford, who is now an object of interest and pity. But there could be no doubt that Strafford, after passing from the patriot ranks into the place of favorite and minister of autocracy vacated by Buckingham, had conspired against public liberty, and raised an army in Ireland by arbitrary methods for the purpose of making the king absolute. He was proved to have avowed his design at the Council Board. Mr. Gardiner's interpretation of the cant word "thorough," used by Strafford and Laud in their correspondence as denoting merely thorough-going devotion to the king's service, will surely not bear examination. What did Strafford mean by saying that he "wished Hampden and others to his likeness were whipped into their right senses"? For the execution of Laud, a needless act of cruelty when the old man was powerless and a captive, Cromwell was not responsible. It was the act of the Presbyterians. But Liberal writers who show their philosophy by patronizing Laud should remember that they have not, for writing against Prelacy, been whipped, branded, had their tongues bored, and been sent to confinement for life in a lonely fortress. Laud, let it be noted, was the innovator. He tried to force his mimic Catholicism on a nation which before had been Protestant, as the position of the communion table in the churches showed. Charles tried to force autocracy on a nation which under his father had been Parliamentary, using a prelatical church, according to his own avowal, as an instrument for that purpose. The French Revolution was one of demolition; the English Revolution was one of resistance to reaction.

There can be no doubt that Cromwell was, for that age, humane in war. At Worcester he risked his own life in riding forward to persuade the Scotch to accept quarter. We have him after being twice fired on by the Clubmen still forbearing to fall upon them, and imploring them to disperse. The exception, and about the darkest stain on Cromwell's memory, is the slaughter of the garrison of Drogheda. The feeling of English Protestants toward the Irish Catholics after the Ulster massacre of 1641 was that of the British toward the Sepoy mutineers after the massacre of Cawnpore. The war of the races and religions in Ireland had been waged with fiendish ferocity on both sides. The Papal Nuncio Rinuccini triumphantly reports that after a victory won by the Catholics no prisoners had been taken. The law of war in those days, and indeed, theoretically, even in the days of Wellington, was that a garrison disregarding a summons to surrender on terms and standing a storm was not entitled to quarter. Cromwell's temper, as Maidstone says, and as more than once unhappily appeared, "was fiery, though the flame of it was for the most part kept down by his moral endowments." In this case it was not kept down. Cromwell had led the third storming party in person when two had been repulsed, and Badajos and San Sebastian can tell how fierce are the passions which the storming of a city sets on fire. Cromwell did not thank God for the massacre, as some who rave against him would have us think; he thanked God for the victory, and excused the slaughter on the ground of just retribution and necessary example. The execution appears to have been confined to the soldiery and some friars who were trumpeters of the rebellion. The armies of Alva, Parma, and Tilly put citizens of cities taken by storm, as well as the garrison, to the sword, and sacked the cities. For the slaughter at Wexford Cromwell was not personally responsible. It took place in a conflict between the victorious soldiery and the citizens, the citizens having provoked resentment by their drowning of Protestants and their piracy.

Cromwell's proclamation on landing in Ireland assuring all non-combatants of impunity and protection was the first note of humanity heard in all those years. Its promise was strictly kept and sternly enforced against any attempt at outrage; whereas Rupert's Cavaliers marauded at their will and sacked a captured city.

Another and very different occasion on which the "flame" of Cromwell's temper broke out and was not controlled by the moral endowments was the turning out of the Long Parliament, the "Rump," as it was then called, and had in fact become. That assembly contained some very able and very noble men, but it was a party oligarchy without credentials, hopelessly unnational and odious to the Puritanism militant of the army by which the victory had been won, and to the people at large. Some of its members were corrupt, and their corruption tainted the body. Its finance was confiscation. It had involved the nation in an insane and disastrous though, on the whole, triumphant war with the Protestant Commonwealth of Holland. It had to depart, and it had made it clear that it would not depart of its own accord. But the contumely with which Cromwell expelled it was in every way a mistake, and sowed his future path with thorns. He had served it, he had accepted rewards and honors at its hands. He owed it at least a decent funeral. He appears to have had difficulty in winding himself up to the striking point, and, thus wound up, to have lost his self-control. The want of command of language which appears in his speeches may have helped, in his convulsive effort to express himself, to carry him farther than he meant to go. Something of that kind happened to Wellington in his calamitous declaration against Parliamentary Reform. The error, at all events, was great and disastrous. It was stamped by Bradshaw's dignified protest.

But the greatest error of Cromwell's

life was the execution of the king. Not that in this he showed himself a man of blood. There was in him not a particle of the Terrorist, or of the passion for regicide which slew the helpless king of France. He had been provoked, no doubt, by Charles's double dealing, but he did not hate him; on the contrary, he was well inclined to him, and had wished to come to terms with him. Himself brimming with family affection, he had been touched by the sight of Charles with his children. He was impelled to the fatal act by what seemed to him fell necessity, and by the uncontrollable wrath of the army against the king whose perfidious machinations, while he was treating with the Parliament for a settlement, had rekindled civil war, invited Scotch invasion, and brought them and their cause once more into the extremity of peril. It was at the prayer-meeting of the soldiers at Windsor, before they marched against Hamilton, that the king's doom was really pronounced. The secret treaty with the Scotch for the invasion of England brought Charles to the block, and his offense surely was capital, though its punishment was most ill-advised. The death of the captive king set the king free and absolved the monarchy; it put inexpiable blood between the regicides and a great part of the nation; and flunkeyism, far from being sickened as Carlyle says it was, flourished on the martyrdom, and has continued to flourish on it ever since. The success of *Eikon Basilike* was the proof.

On the other hand, to compare the tribunal to a drum-head court-martial is surely unfair. Nothing could be more solemn than the trial; and the government by which the trial was held, though revolutionary, was then the supreme power of the nation. There was nothing of the levity and monkeyism which disgraced the trial of Louis XVI. It may be added that the treatment of the king's children at the hands of the regicides presents a striking contrast to the infamous assassination of the poor little Dauphin. Carlyle is right in saying that there is a difference between the followers of Christ and the followers of Jean Jacques.

Cromwell's motive in putting the king to death can hardly have been to open his own way to the throne. Three months afterwards his eldest son was married to the daughter of a private gentleman, after some rather anxious negotiations about the settlement. Richard can hardly have been regarded by his father as possible heir to a crown. As he rose, he would feel that he was rising. He said himself, "No one rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going." But after Naseby, and shortly before his utterance of those memorable words, he was seriously weighing in conferences with the Elector Palatine a proposal for transferring himself and his victorious veterans to the battlefield of Germany.

A civil war should close with amnesty and settlement. That the war of the American Revolution closed, not with amnesty, but with the expulsion of the Loyalists, and the consequent foundation by them of a hostile nation, is a slur on the humanity and wisdom of the Revolutionists, and on Washington, who failed to exert his influence, as Hamilton did, on the right side. Cromwell's crowning victory at Worcester was followed by an amnesty, though one not so full as it ought to have been, or as every sign of Cromwell's general disposition warrants us in believing that it would have been had the decision rested with him alone.

Master of the state after the expulsion of the Long Parliament, Cromwell showed that he did not aim at military despotism, by calling the Barebones Parliament, or the Nominative Parliament, as it is more rationally termed, an assembly appointed partly by the Independent churches, partly by the officers; an attempt apparently to install that government of Puritan worth for which Harrison and the ultra-religious party of the Revolution yearned. The Barebones Parliament showed itself practical by set-

ting on foot social reforms which have been adopted in later days. But it showed itself unpractical in attempting at once disestablishment of the church and abolition of the Court of Chancery. In the first attempt it dashed itself against a tendency still deeply rooted in the nation; in the second, against a very powerful profession. Unlike the Rump, it had a decent funeral.

Then came the Instrument of Government, which, if it was not the work of Cromwell, who seems, in truth, not to have been much of a builder of constitutions or so attentive as he might have been to forms of polity, must have had his approbation. It is in a measure a republican counterpart of the old constitution with king, Privy Council, Lords, and Commons, omitting the House of Lords. The place of the king is taken by a Protector for life, elected by the standing Council of State, which takes the place of the Privy Council. Vacancies in the Council of State are filled by a mixed process of election and nomination, Parliament naming six, out of whom the Council is to choose two, and present them to the Protector, who is to appoint one. There is a single House of Parliament, with a redistribution of seats on the principle of population, anticipating the Reform Act of 1832. The Protector is invested with the general prerogative of the king, domestic, and in dealings with foreign nations; but his legislative veto is limited to twenty days, and his disposal of the forces, military and naval, a very vital point at this juncture, is to be with consent of Parliament, if Parliament is then sitting, otherwise with that of the majority of the Council of State. There are safeguards against intermission of Parliaments suggested by the anti-Parliamentary action of Charles I. There is a special provision, dictated by the necessities of the time, for the maintenance of a standing army of 10,000 horse and 20,000 foot, by a revenue not to be taken away or reduced without the consent of the Protector.

Mr. Morley in his *Life of Cromwell* seems inclined to regard the discussion of forms of government as stale and trivial. Yet forms of government are surely important, and seldom has such a union of intelligence with experience been brought to the discussion as was brought by the statesmen of the English Commonwealth. Their work is at least a vigorous attempt at combining authority and stability with responsibility on an elective basis. It has long lain forgotten and mouldering in Whitelocke's *Memorials*. But at the pass to which Democracy has now come, with organized demagogism, party government, and the caucus, those who are seeking a way of escape from revolution on the one hand and reaction on the other may not disdain to glance at the Instrument of Government.

The struggle between the Protector and the Parliament, which filled the greater part of the Protectorate, has not been depicted by any intelligent observer, but its general nature is clear. The party in Parliament which sought to keep all power in the hands of the elective representatives of the people might appeal with force to general principles, the assertion of which had been the object of the civil war. It is easy to sympathize with men who had been fighting for a high ideal even when they were practically ruining their own cause and doing their best to set their own heads on Temple Bar. But they were mistaken in assuming that they represented the nation. They were the representatives not of the nation, but of a party; all who had fought for the king having been excluded from election, while even of those who had not fought for the king a great part were not republican. Had they succeeded in making themselves supreme they would have at once come into collision with the body of the people. The Protectorate alone had any pretension to being national or any chance of gradually reuniting the divided and distracted nation. The tug of war seems to have been rather on the subject of the control of the army than on any of the political clauses of the In-

strument of Government. But the control of the army was supreme power.

Military government must always be an evil. But the government of the Protector was not military beyond what was really necessary to maintain the settlement. Law reigned and was administered in the regular courts by independent judges. The personal liberty of all who submitted to the government was unimpaired. The command of a sufficient military force was necessary for the repression of conspiracy with which the country was seething and which threatened to ally itself with foreign invasion, and to rekindle the flame of civil war. Did Cromwell use arbitrary power further than was necessary to maintain the settlement, secure public peace, and avert a recurrence of strife? Was he all the time doing his best to act in harmony with Parliament, and to return in concert with it to constitutional government? The first of these questions may be confidently answered in the negative; the second may as confidently be answered in the affirmative. The speeches, which to Carlyle seem oracular, are clumsy and uncouth in expression, rambling, and often confused. But through them all there struggles a heartfelt and manifestly sincere desire to get back to constitutional government, to act harmoniously with the Parliament, and in concert with it to save the nation.

On one of the questions between the Protector and the Parliament Cromwell was clearly and nobly in the right, as well as before his age. He steadily upheld to the best of his power the principle of religious toleration. He snatched the Socinian Biddle from the fangs of the persecuting Parliament, in which Presbyterian bigotry held sway. The mad Quaker Nayler was saved from death for his blasphemies only by ninety-eight votes to eighty-two, and was condemned to public whippings, brandings, tongue-borings, and humiliation, compared with which death would have been a mercy. In this case, again, Cromwell interposed, and did his best to control and mitigate the persecution. His constant fidelity to toleration is admitted by his severest critics. Such a case as that of Nayler is a sufficient proof that in the Protectorate, not in the Parliament, lay the hope of a reunion of the nation.

Scotland was united to England upon terms of equality, the bond being sealed by the calling of members from Scotland to Cromwell's Parliament. Nature had proclaimed that union, though the perversity of man and the malignity of fortune had long delayed it, with the worst consequences to both nations,— desolating wars, border lawlessness and raids, subserviency of Scotland to France. The Scotch people were rid of the domination of an anarchical aristocracy, in place of which came justice administered by judges chosen for merit and not by family; "kinless loons," as an ejected jobber plaintively called them. To the improvement in this respect the testimony is decisive. Order was extended to the Highlands, and an end was put to the Highlanders' marauding. The spiritual tyranny of the Kirk was suspended, so that even Royalists craving for religious freedom blessed the day. There was an end of witch-burning. Free trade with England produced its natural effects. "We count those years," says Bishop Burnet, a Scotchman, "years of great prosperity." When Cromwell died his work was undone. There ensued a renewal of oligarchical oppression, reintrusion of Prelacy, and Stuart persecution of Scotch religion, more civil broils, the rising of Dundee, renewal of the old animosities, and a quarrel about the Darien Company which brought the two nations to the verge of war. Nor did the mischief end there, for twice the Highlands, which had relapsed into clannish lawlessness, furnished Stuart pretenders with forces for the renewal of civil war. Deprived of free trade with England and her colonies, Scotland became the scene of such penury and vagrancy that the Scotch patriot Fletcher proposed slavery as the cure.

To speak of Cromwell's treatment of the Irish nation is a misuse of language. There was no Irish nation. There were in the same island two races with different languages and religions, immemorially hostile to each other, which had been waging for four years a war of mutual extermination, commenced on the side of the Celt and Catholic by a hideous massacre of the English Protestants. After such a conflict the settlement was not likely to be mild. The feeling of the Protestants, both Irish and English, against the Irish Catholics after the rebellion and massacre of 1641, as was said before, was like that of the British against the Sepoy mutineers. The Saxon after a murderous struggle had won the land, and Cromwell could no more have taken it from him and given it to the vanquished Celt, had he been so minded, than he could have made the Shannon run back to its source. The Adventurers who had advanced money for the war on the security of rebel lands to be confiscated, and the soldiers who had received their pay in land-scrip, claimed their respective dues. The transplantation of all the Irish land-owners to Connaught, though not perhaps carried out with the full rigor of its first conception, was a cruel and hateful measure. But fell experience had shown that if the two races were mingled, one would rise and massacre the other, a catastrophe nearly repeated in 1688. Laborers and artisans were not transported; it was hoped they might be drilled into settled industry and respect for law. In all this Cromwell was not his own master, nor specially responsible. The acts were those of the Parliament. Cromwell gave Ireland peace. He united her to Great Britain, thus raising her from the condition of a despised and oppressed dependency to equality with the other kingdoms, and at the same time bringing her murderous factions under Imperial control. He sent her a kind and wise ruler in the person of his son Henry. He sent her a vigorous law-reformer in the person of Chief Justice Cook, saying that he would use her as a blank paper whereon to write reforms from which professional prejudice debarred him in England. He gave her free trade with England, a boon absolutely essential to her industry, to her prosperity, to her civilization. Religious liberty and equality he could not give, though his own inclinations were always evidently on the side of toleration. The mass was not only idolatry in Protestant eyes, it was a symbol of political disaffection, and meant nothing less than a nation in allegiance to a hostile power planted on the flank of England. But Cromwell "meddled with no man's conscience," which was something in the days of the Inquisition, and recusancy laws were not extended to Ireland. Clarendon bears witness to the material results. He says that "all this [transfer of the lands] was done and settled, within little more than two years, to that degree of perfection that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use, orderly and regular plantations of trees, and fences and enclosures raised throughout the kingdom, purchases made by one from the other at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances and settlements executed, as in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of titles."

Cromwell had solved the Irish question. Not in the way in which under happier stars it would have been solved at the outset, but in the way which after so many centuries of misrule and disaster was possible. His solution would probably have been final had he lived longer. Here again his work was undone, and the results were the blight which fell on Irish prosperity, the renewal of the war of races and religions in 1688, the Penal Code, the famines, the agrarian war, the rebellion of '98, and the Irish question which has distracted the councils of the United Kingdom ever since.

The place which Cromwell, as the chief of England, or rather of the Com-

monwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in his foreign policy sought for his country was the leadership of Protestant Christendom in its antagonism to the Catholic power. This policy has been said to have been belated, the treaty of Westphalia having put an end to wars of religion. Of that Cromwell was not likely to be a bad judge. Protestants were being persecuted in Savoy and to some extent in France. The Inquisition and the Jesuit were still at work. Louis XIV and James II were still to come. There was still room for a successor of Gustavus Adolphus. Clearly, also, there was a part for any great Christian power to play in putting down the Barbary Pirates. It has been truly remarked that in Cromwell's aims the interest of his country went always hand in hand with that of his religion. The two in his time, as in the time of Elizabeth, were still, though it might be less manifestly, connected. His war policy was of his day, and is no model for ours. "Nobody," said Bacon, "can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body nor politic; and certainly to a kingdom or estate a just and honourable war is the true exercise." It was, moreover, literally true that there was no peace beyond the Line. All who presumed to use the freedom of those waters were, in virtue of a Papal grant, treated by Spain as pirates. There was, in fact, a permanent state of war apart from any special declaration. Cromwell was following the track of the adventurers of the Elizabethan time, whose courses now would be those of buccaneers. Spanish ingots were no doubt very welcome to his needy exchequer. But the nobler motive, that which launched the fiat of intervention in favor of the persecuted Savoyards and Huguenots, was always there. Jingoism cannot point to Cromwell as its forerunner. Cromwell was no more like the Jingo than Milton's sonnet on the Massacre in Piedmont is like the effusions of the Jingo bard.

The wisdom of Cromwell's choice of the French alliance has been impeached on the ground that the real danger, as in the sequel appeared, was that of French, not of Spanish, domination. But the decay of Spain was not then visible, nor was the danger of French ascendancy apparent. There would, in fact, have been no danger of French ascendancy had English policy continued to be animated by the spirit of Cromwell. It was by the treasonable subserviency of the Stuarts to Louis XIV that the French monarchy was raised to its formidable height of power.

To the impression that this man made on Europe, and the commanding influence exercised by him, beset as he was at home by difficulties and dangers of every kind, Clarendon's reluctant admiration and Mazarin's enforced complaisance bear witness. Nor is it doubtful that the heart of his people was with him. "It is strange how everybody do now-a-days reflect on Oliver and commend him what brave things he did and made all the neighbour princes fear him." So says the Royalist Pepys in the Stuart days of shame. Those words also seem to indicate that the hatred of Oliver's memory, while it is assumed to have been universal, was really rather the sentiment of the higher class, which controlled the organs of opinion and the pulpit, than that of the lower classes, which are usually dumb. At all events, there can hardly have been among the people a very bitter recollection of government by the sword.

Never was the state better served in peace or war than it was served under Cromwell by Thurloe, Blake, Lockhart, Monk, and the members of the Council of State. The Protector fearlessly employed men like Broghill and Monk who could be useful to the public without thinking too much about their attachment to himself. The whole machinery of his government seems to have been good. A spy system is an unpleasant necessity, but a necessity in this case it was, and it was curiously efficient. An intriguer who had been on the Continent, being brought before Cromwell on his re-

turn, swore positively that he had never seen the Pretender. "You speak the truth," said Cromwell, "for your meeting with him was in the dark."

Cromwell's adamantine courage was shown on many a field of battle. Still more was it shown in grappling with mutiny, and with mutiny of such soldiers as his. Most of all, perhaps, was it shown in his perfect self-possession and devotion to his public work in face of the constant danger of assassination, a peril which has shaken souls unshaken in battle and storm. There can be no doubt that he was upborne by his religion.

Of Cromwell's colonial policy Bancroft says: "English history must judge of Cromwell by his influence on the institutions of England; the American colonies remember the years of his power as the period when British sovereignty was for them free from rapacity, intolerance, and oppression. He may be called the benefactor of the English in America; for he left them to enjoy unshackled the liberal benevolence of Providence, the freedom of industry, of commerce, of religion, and of government." Had this policy been afterwards pursued there would have been no rupture, no war of the American Revolution, no war of 1812.

Roger Williams, and a few spirits of the Dawn, as well as a few thoroughgoing freethinkers and iconoclasts like Martin, had embraced the idea of complete separation of the church from the state and perfect freedom of religious opinion. But England was not yet ripe for disestablishment. The nation as a whole still craved for a national religion, and would have thought that in ceasing to have one it was renouncing its allegiance to God. The Presbyterians, now in fact the predominant sect, were as persecuting as any Prelatist or Papist. They had framed an Act of Parliament punishing anti-Trinitarian heresy with death. Toleration was intensely odious in their eyes. By the Instrument of Government the Christian religion contained in the Scriptures was to be "held forth and recommended as the public profession of those nations." But to the public profession held forth none were to be compelled by penalties or otherwise, but endeavors were to be used to win them by sound doctrine and the example of a good conversation. Such as professed faith in God by Jesus Christ, though differing in judgment from the doctrine, worship, or discipline publicly held forth, were not to be restrained from but protected in the profession and exercise of their religion, so that they did not abuse this liberty to the civil injury of others and to the actual disturbance of the public peace on their parts; provided that this liberty were not extended to Popery or Prelacy, nor to such as under the profession of Christ held forth and practiced licentiousness. Tithes were to be maintained till a better and less contentious provision could be made. A national establishment with toleration outside it was the general principle afterwards adopted in the Toleration Act of William III. Cromwell's establishment comprehended all Trinitarian Protestants of whatever denomination. Within that circumscription the title to the ministry recognized by his Triers was not dogmatic, but personal. Nor does it appear that Anglicans in opinion were excluded so long as they forbore to use the Anglican liturgy. Baxter, who was a Royalist and anti-Cromwellian, allows that the Protector's Commissioners "put in able and serious preachers who lived a godly life of what tolerable opinions soever they were, so that many thousands of souls blessed God." Thus the people gained, as far as at the time was possible, that for which Cromwell himself had taken up arms, and which in his eyes was the great object of the civil war. Among tolerable opinions were not reckoned Roman Catholicism or Anglicanism, liturgical and sacramental. Both these were not only religious, but political; Anglicanism hostile to the Commonwealth; Roman Catholicism hostile to all Protestant Governments. But Anglicanism, as we may gather from Evelyn's *Diary*, en-

joyed generally a large measure of connivance. Nor does it appear that the treatment of Roman Catholics was so harsh as it had been under former governments. Archbishop Ussher was highly honored by Cromwell, who gave him a public funeral, and there are some symptoms of a kindly feeling on the part of the Protector himself toward the old Church of the nation.

Cromwellian comprehension seems, at all events, to have effectually ousted Prelacy from any seat which it may have had in the heart of the people. "I and Lieutenant Lambert," says Pepys, "to Westminster Abbey, where we saw Dr. Frewen translated to the Archbishopric of York. Here I saw the Bishops of Winchester, Bangor, Rochester, Bath and Wells, and Salisbury, all in their habits in King Henry VII's chapel. But Lord! at their going out, how people did most of them look upon them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect."

The most arbitrary act done by the Protector was the temporary institution of Major-Generals. This was clear disregard of law, and could be justified only by the state of the country seething with insurrection, both of Royalists and Levellers, which threatened a renewal of civil war. The moral censorship which was combined with the military and fiscal functions of the Major-Generals is probably said with truth to be traceable to Cromwell's own mind and to mark the path into which he wished to lead the nation. We see here the Puritan ideal. Bear-baiting, bull-fighting, and cock-fighting were put down, not because they gave pleasure to the spectator, but because they were wrong. Horse-racing was generally forbidden on account of the dangerous crowds which it drew, but permitted when the attendance was safe. Cromwell himself was very fond of horses. There was everywhere a raid upon unlicensed and disorderly taverns, as well as upon disorderly life and vagabondage in general. Puritanism abolished the church holidays, Christmas, and May games, unwisely and to its own undoing. It rigorously enforced the Sabbath. It closed theatres, unwisely, though perhaps as the stage then was, or as it reappeared at the Restoration, without much detriment to moral taste. On the whole, probably the extent of the Puritan war on cakes and ale and the annoyance it caused any decent liver have been overstated. Pepys, who was a voluptuary as well as a Royalist, shows no marked sense of escape from a yoke. What probably hurt the feelings of the masses more was the sight of arbitrary power in the hands of men of their own class. But Cromwell's social policy no doubt was doomed to prove the difficulty of raising general morality to a higher plane.

Government by the sword is the greatest of evils. Government by the sword the Protector's was in the sense that the army was provisionally used to uphold the settlement. But in ordinary life law still perfectly prevailed, and was administered by the ordinary judiciary. Nor did the government in any ordinary case set itself above the law. In cases of conspiracy and insurrection a High Court of Justice was formed, but it was most respectably composed and followed the rules of evidence; nor has the justice of its sentences been in any case impeached. This was better than packing juries, which would have been the alternative, unless the enemies of the settlement were to be allowed to overthrow it, murder the head of the nation, and renew the civil war. The discipline of the soldiery was perfect. No serious case of outrage is recorded. It was with the highest compliments that the army was disbanded at the Restoration; and its veterans were noted for their good conduct in the callings to which they returned. Let this be contrasted, say, with the repressive action of the Directory after the French Revolution.

It is admitted by the severest critics of the Protectorate that there was no more interference than was necessary with the

freedom of the press. Literary men, the most opposed to Cromwell's principles, such as Hobbes, Cleveland, and D'Avenant, soon found themselves secure, and carried on their work freely under his rule.

In dealing with old political comrades who had been estranged from him and plotted against him, the Protector showed himself always mindful of general sympathy and former connection.

Settled and essentially conservative though Parliamentary government, with moral, social, and legal reform, and the largest attainable measure of religious freedom, made up the Protector's home policy, while his foreign policy was one of national greatness combined with Protestant leadership in Europe.

Though the robes of Monarchy are too gorgeous, Democracy need not go naked; nor, ruled as we are by our senses, is it desirable that it should. The second and grander installation of the Protector was a model of republican ceremonial, thoroughly significant and impressive without being overdone; the true medium between the gaudy coronation of George IV and Jefferson, as the legend represents him, hitching his horse to the fence. The court of the Protectorate seems to have been stately without being lavish, its entertainments consisting largely of music, of which Cromwell was very fond. It was also admirable in contrast with many royal courts before and after it in presenting a picture of domestic purity and love.

The offer of the crown was made by the party, no doubt very large both in Parliament and the country, which desired a settled government, and saw the best hope of it in a return to old names and ways, together with the lawyers whose forms were all monarchical. The immunity, secured by the old statute, for adherence to a king *de facto* against the legal vengeance of a Restoration, had also great effect. Nor, as has already been said, was there in Cromwell's political principles anything repugnant to constitutional monarchy with a free church. But the veto of the companions in arms to whom he owed his position was decisive. The substitution of nomination for election in the succession to the Protectorate practically made the Protectorate hereditary. Had Cromwell's heir been capable of holding his own, there would have been a sort of counterpart of the Stadtholderate of Holland.

To the question Why did Cromwell fail? the answer is that he did not fail. He failed at least only as Gustavus Adolphus had failed on the field of Lützen. Worn out with care, broken by the death of his favorite daughter, he died before his hour. There can be no doubt that the Protectorate was taking root. It was supported by multitudes who, careless of form and title, wanted security for stable government and freedom from a recurrence of civil war. Cromwell's glory and his ascendancy in Europe fired the national heart. Even the nobility were beginning to be reconciled. The purchasers of crown, church, and confiscated lands formed a powerful interest bound to the government from which their titles were derived. In the army and navy, both of them victorious, there was no sign of disaffection. The Protector was preparing hopefully to meet Parliament again. The chief difficulty was finance, which can hardly overthrow a strong government. Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro evidently deemed the Protectorate firmly founded, and would have nothing to do with Charles II. Richard, poor creature as he was, succeeded amid general acclamation, and the Royalist rising under Booth was easily put down. Could Richard have mustered courage to act on Monk's advice and cashier the mutinous officers, perhaps had Monk himself been in Richard's place, the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the Protectorate, might have lived. But the turbulent ambition of the chiefs of the army brought on a military anarchy, and it was from the military anarchy, not from the Commonwealth or Protectorate,

that the Restoration was a recoil. Of course forces before suppressed — Royalism proper, dislike of military government, dislike of Puritan austerity, jealousy of plebeian rule — found vent and helped to bring on the reaction. The death of Cromwell before his hour and without a worthy successor was simply one of the critical accidents which baffle our attempt to create a science of history.

The Restoration fell in its turn. And in a certain sense it may be said that Oliver, after all, mounted the throne as constitutional king in the person of William III. But the constitutional monarchy of William III was the Commonwealth less the unions with Scotland and Ireland, less free trade between the kingdoms, with the Irish question still unsettled and destined so for two centuries to remain, with an unreformed Parliament, with Prelacy, an Irish Church establishment, and a reduced measure of toleration.

THE CURSE ON DUNOON

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

The sea and the sand
Go hand in hand.
"I am Memory," quoth the sea,
"A sleepless mind,
I urge, reiterate."
"I am Vengeance," quoth the sand,
"Lidless and blind,
I scourge, obliterate."

The pines kept watch beside Dunoon;
They slanted toward the sea.
Betwixt their plumage leaned the moon,
Pointed at him
A finger slim
When stumbling through the twilight dim
Came shapes and revelry,
Faint footsteps from the sea,
Soft thunder of the sliding sands
And footsteps from the sea.

She blew across the yellow dune;
She came a mystery,
A vagrant and a nameless tune.
Quick of the year
Hummed at his ear,
Sap of young leaves, a prophet clear.
The pines cried, "She is yours;
Ecstasy that endures!"
The insistent sea sang in his blood;
The stars were lamps and lures.

She was the witch light of Dunoon,
Scooped from the sparkling sea,
With hands like golden cups of June.
"O rainbow Mary,
Wild sea-fairy!"
But spirits do not love to tarry.
She gave him kisses three,
Foam of the dying sea.
The dunes sobbed all night long for her;
The pines talked to the sea.

. . . . . .

"I am the master of Dunoon,
Dunoon beside the sea.
Death comes to take me — none too soon!
(Vision of Mary,
Tarry, tarry!)
Cursed be my lands
If any hands
Smite down that wood beside the sands
Where Mary came to me."
The sands heard and the sea.
Soft thunder of the sliding sands
And footsteps from the sea.

The sea and the sand
Go hand in hand.
"I am Memory," quoth the sea,
"A sleepless mind,
I urge, reiterate."
"I am Vengeance," quoth the sand,
"Lidless and blind,
I scourge, obliterate."

He died and still the pine trees stood
Communing with the sea
Till stranger folk struck down the wood;
Then the slow sands
Reached forth their hands,
Crawled up along the wasted lands;
Also in memory
Muttered the gray-lipped sea.
Soft thunder of the sliding sands
And long wash of the sea.

The blind dunes quenched the springing land;
The strong remembering sea
Followed the lithe heels of the sand.
The limpets spawn
Where, years agone,
Her bright feet rippled up the lawn:

Meagre crustaceans crook
Through every oozy nook,
And where she danced between the doors
Pale polyps peer and look.

The sea and the sand
Go hand in hand.
"I am Memory," quoth the sea,
"A sleepless mind,
I urge, reiterate."
"I am Vengeance," quoth the sand,
"Lidless and blind,
I scourge, obliterate."

THE SOCIAL CLASSES IN ITALY

BY ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS

ANCIENT Roman society — like the ancient Vedic and Brahminical — was founded on four great castes which still survive: the sacerdotal, warrior, merchant, and working class, — constituted by the clergy, aristocracy, middle class, and democracy. Historical events have, however, greatly modified that primitive Roman Constitution. Nothing, perhaps, was uniform on Italian soil before the foundation of Rome; nothing could be so any longer after the fall of the Roman Empire, which, without actually destroying any especial thing, had bent everything to its own law and fashion. It thus becomes necessary when speaking of the Italian aristocracy to make some wide distinctions, for its origins have been various, and the respective value of the different aristocracies deserves consideration.

If, happening to meet, assembled in the same drawing-room, a Sicilian duke, a Neapolitan baron, a Roman prince, a Venetian or Genoese patrician, a Piedmontese count or marquis, a Lombard noble, some superficial observer should imagine himself to be in the midst of a single world, of that world called in France *le grand monde*, and in England and America high life (because the mundane element of the five o'clock tea is everywhere to be found, and everywhere seems to represent the same narrow, monotonous round of existence), that observer would risk quite mistaking the real life of Italian aristocratic families. The historical origins of these families were in different epochs, provinces, regions, and cities; hence even in the midst of Italian aristocratic society have arisen many noble castes far removed one from another, and differing considerably in their habits, customs, interests, tendencies, capacities, and character.

To begin, *exempli gratia*, with Rome, one might make a wide distinction between the great families which in the Middle Age gave and created popes, and those families which the nepotist popes after the Renaissance enriched and ennobled.

Amongst all these, the Colonna, Orsini, Caetani, — who still exist, — hold the first rank; the first two still enjoy the privilege of assisting — like guardian angels — about the Papal throne in all the great ceremonies of the Vatican.

A progress of ideas is, however, to be

noted in these Papal families. For instance, the Prince Prospero Colonna, once a brilliant cavalry officer in the Italian army, has been for some years at the head of the municipality of Rome, in his quality of liberal and ideal lord mayor of the Eternal City. The old Duke Michelangelo Caetani di Sermoneta, the eminent student of Dante, as president of a Roman deputation, presented to Victor Emanuel in 1870 the *plebiscito* of Rome for her union to the kingdom of Italy. The daughter of this same duke, Countess Ersilia Lovatelli, the distinguished member of the Lincei and Crusca Academies, opens her elegant suite of drawing-rooms to all that Rome contains of most intellectual and intelligent. Her son Onorato was Minister of Foreign Affairs for King Humbert; her nephew Livio has distinguished himself in Italian diplomacy.

Long contact with the Papal court and the influence of Catholic Spain in the affairs of the Holy See had hitherto transformed these old Roman princes into pompous and often absurd Spanish grandees of haughty aspect, whose grandeur was mere vain display, and whose power was measured by their splendor and the number of their lighted and empty halls, thrown open on days of great receptions, and also by the number of gentlemen of lower rank, but connected with them, — monsignori, country merchants, agents, clerks, officers, and valets, — attached to their princely house and little court. But the force of things must gradually and inevitably drag all the ancient Papal families into the vortex of the liberal movement of modern Italy.

The aristocracy of Naples and Sicily can generally boast an illustrious and ancient origin, dating from the Normans, the houses of Anjou and Aragon, and the great Spanish monarchy; it possesses great titles, great feudal lands, and displays great pomp on great occasions. Just as the Neapolitans and Sicilians love gaudy color and lavish it in the decoration of their churches and processions, so the southern aristocracy is attached to all that is ornamental, and regrets to be no longer able to appear at court decked out in the antique velvet state robes embroidered in gold and silver, wearing at the side a sword of Toledo, and on the breast the Order of the Golden Fleece or the Cross of Malta. The Bourbons had maintained the greatest respect for all this out-of-date heraldic splendor, and in their opinion the House of Savoy, notwithstanding its ten centuries of glory, presented the aspect of a degenerate race as it became democratic and marched with the age, its look fixed upwards on its star, — the star of Italy.

In vain have the Torrearsa, the Trabia, Scalea, Rudinì, San Giuliano, Castromediano, Casanova, Filangieri, Dragonetti, and other illustrious families of the ancient southern aristocracy given the example, cordially taking active part in the resurrection of Italy, — the greater number of feudal noble families still lag centuries behind. Ignorant and superstitious, they live during most of the year on their estates in their old castles, like the small tyrants of the Middle Age, affecting a fine disdain for everything which is new or modern. They keep their women in a state of ignorance, and consider them inferior beings, whose will must be subjected to that of man. They lodge and nourish their servants and peasants very badly, and live themselves — save on certain high feasts and festivals — like barbarians. They still consider their dependents in the light of slaves; and they saunter idly about their vast lands like Don Rodrigo, whom Manzoni portrayed in the *Promessi Sposi*, making vain show of his petty power and grandeur in the insolent pursuit of pretty peasant girls.

The existence of the custom of the *jus primae noctis* in the Middle Age was contested some years ago by a German scholar, who, doubtless, was in error. The most evident proof that such infamous usage existed is that in certain parts of southern Italy and Sicily it is still in

vigor! We may, indeed, wonder that Italian law does not intervene to punish and repress such strange customs, which survive, notwithstanding the abolition of feudal systems. But as long as the inhabitants of the *latifundia*, too docile to their lord's dominion, do not rise and protest, such abuses will naturally continue. It is also owing to the duration of feudalism that vast tracts in southern Italy are still deprived of schools because the lord neither cares to have them built, nor wishes that his peasants should be instructed. The want of education and the hostility of the nobles to popular instruction are no doubt among the principal reasons why, notwithstanding the wonderful progress of modern Italy, there still exists in certain provinces of the South and in Sicily an average of eighty in a hundred of utterly illiterate persons. In the southern cities and small country towns, in obedience to the law which enforces obligatory instruction, many elementary schools have been founded. But in the country many dispersed peasants are still destitute of all means of education. This is why the mass of the poor people, half idiotic in appearance, who arrive every year in America from Basilicata and Calabria, not only are illiterate, but can speak only their native patois, never having learned the national tongue!

An aristocracy which possesses no history has no future before it. The sole hereditary transmission of a title does not suffice to form a real tradition of nobility. Thus we may note that in Tuscany many very ancient and noble families for a long time never boasted a title, nor did certain ducal families in Venice and Genoa; while others — and these too numerous — received titles of nobility just at the time when by their deeds they had ceased to be important or illustrious. So the decline of the real noblesse forced such families to adorn themselves with false glitter, as their golden splendor was on the wane. Dante, who justly felt that he had personally added by his own glory something to the nobility of his great ancestor, Cacciaguida, declared that nobleness of blood diminished when its possessor did not, from day to day, do something toward upholding the lustre of his forefathers. But would Dante have been more to us had his ancestor Cacciaguida been a count or a marquis? Thus titles of nobility are effectively of small importance, and serve but little toward the constitution of true noblesse. The Doria and the Spinola, the Bentivoglio and the Malvezzi, the Dandolo, Morosini, Visconti, Borromeo, were once very great lords and true princes, long before they were created counts and marquises. The Beccaria, once seigneurs of Pavia, in the eighteenth century received the title of marquis. But the author of the famous book against capital punishment, is he not far more illustrious as Cesare Beccaria than as *Marquis* Beccaria? It is well known that the Manzoni, petty feudal lords and tyrants of Valsassina, might have rightly retained their title of count; but Alexander Manzoni, grandson of Beccaria, did he not create for himself an immortal parchment of nobility by writing the *Promessi Sposi*?

In the old Piedmontese families, possessors of vast feudal fiefs, it often happened that the eldest son came into all the various titles pertaining to the land. Sometimes, however, the noble *paterfamilias* would distribute his land and titles equally among his sons. So, for instance, Albert, eldest of the La Marmora family, had the title of Prince di Masserano, whilst his junior brother, the general Alfonso, took that of marquis. In the Cavour family, which possessed two titles, that of marquis was borne by the elder brother Gustavo; that of count by the celebrated Camillo.

As a general rule, the eldest son and heir lived on his feudal domain, occasionally exerting himself to serve his king in diplomacy, where titles were still held in great consideration. Younger brothers (for noble families were once patriarchal, and often boasted a numerous progeny) en-

tered the army or the Church, and if one of them showed any especial talent he studied law and became a judge or a member of the civil service.

The old-fashioned Piedmontese gentleman could permit himself the magnificence of a large family, for he found no trouble in settling his children in life. And young noblemen, fresh from college, if they were distinguished in manner, might easily find a place as page or chamberlain at court. But it frequently happened that in some too numerous families one of the members was neglected, and instead of being educated in town was kept secluded on the country estate like a *gentilhomme campagnard*. Taught to read and write by the parish priest or the chaplain, this poor he-Cinderella had to content himself with such humble learning, though occasionally he took his revenge by studying actively in his own behalf. Thus abandoned to his own wits and lot, this unfortunate would sometimes by his own efforts attain a degree of culture which rendered him remarkable. From his obscure corner, he observed the world in which he lived; listening and meditating on what he saw, he sometimes grew up to be a wit or a philosopher, and nearly always knew how to make himself useful or amusing. His advice was sometimes sought, and though it did not carry great weight, it was often that of an experienced man of the world. And if he did not dine every day at the table of his illustrious elder brother, he was often invited in haste to fill up a gap, if the guests happened to be thirteen in number, if a dancer was missing in the quadrille, or because his witty chat served to enliven the tedious hours. This curious member of society was denominated in Piedmont *el cavajer* (like the *chevalier* in France of the eighteenth century); and though in appearance an elegant parasite, in his quality of honorary bailiff in the country seat or town palace, he would watch over like a guardian angel the fortune and property of his absent brother and nephews, already on the road to ruin.

This antiquated person, typical of the useful junior of the fairy tale, at first an idiot and afterwards the hero of marvelous exploits, is now only a relic of the past. For the mode of living of Piedmontese nobles is greatly changed; very few still own land or live on it; though, maybe, in some remote corner such rare specimen of the country lord might be discovered.

The French Revolution, and the subsequent French occupation of Piedmont, ruined the greater number of noble families that remained faithful to the House of Savoy. When peace was restored they returned to their native Piedmont with their king, whom they encouraged to liberal reform. The ministers of the first Piedmontese revolt of 1821, such as Ferdinando del Pozzo, Santorre Santarosa, Collegno, Moffa di Lisio, Giovanbattista de Gubernatis, were nobles. The Italian *Risorgimento* of 1848 had been prepared in Piedmont by her nobility; and the names of Cesare Balbo, Cesare Alfieri, Cesare and Alessandro Saluzzo, Alfonso La Marmora, Federigo Sclopis, Pietro Santarosa, and Camillo Cavour will remain forever glorious. It is here to be noted that the Piedmontese nobles alone gained no profit from the Revolution which they had themselves promoted; applicable to them is the famous Virgilian sentence: *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes*. For they had worked to construct the beehive, but others had sucked the honeycomb! Thus having suddenly lost all their ancient heraldic privileges, almost every career has been closed to them. As the revenue of their land, burdened with taxes, no longer suffices to maintain them decently, their property has passed into the hands of newcomers, of *la gente nuova*.

But the Piedmontese nobility fell, like Caesar, nobly, and is probably still destined to play a part in history; and though submitting to chains forged by others, it will doubtless not renounce its future mission of civilization and the honor yet reserved to it of rallying round

it all the energies of the Italian aristocracy, to continue — as a sole force and directing power — the great work of unity initiated by Cavour.

If, as already observed, taken as a mass, Italian aristocracy (including the Piedmontese), shorn of its ancient prestige, now no longer counts for much, it would still be easy to select from that mass a certain number of gentlemen of high birth eager to help toward an aristocratic resurrection, in the best sense of the word. In all the chief towns of Italy exist clubs, societies, and casinos, where the Italian noblemen assemble, though, unhappily, only to play cards, kill time, and exchange social gossip. For the scions of nobility no longer organize anything, save some meeting for sport. Their daily existence, conventional and formal, is a round of frivolous routine. Nearly all of them live on their capital, aloof from the active life of to-day, and seem to disdain and ignore what happens about them.

Many nobles, however, suddenly awakened to a keen sense of this sad situation, no longer even frequent the clubs to which they gave their names. It is thus to be hoped that soon they may quite arouse from their lethargy, and set their best energies to the salutary task of progress and reform. Italian nobility, like every other nobility in the world, is full of coxcombs, vain of what no longer belongs to them, of the splendid trappings of their ancestors; but, on the other hand, there is no lack of intelligent men of birth, who, proud of the virtues of their great forefathers, are ready to imitate them. Isolated, however, they can do but little; for life round them has changed, and the former scene of action on which their ancestors fought having disappeared, it would be necessary to create a new one in harmony with the present age.

The divine privilege of a possible and perpetual Italian renaissance ceases to be a miracle if we consider the vitality and vivacity of the peoples dispersed over the Peninsula, whose spirit and mode of thought varies not only from the north to the centre and south of the continent, but even from one district to another, from town to town, from village to village.

The wealth of local historical proverbs, which expressed the satirical criticisms of neighbors exchanging compliments one with the other, may well serve to qualify and stamp the spirit of individualism which distinguishes the Italian people, and its various modes of speaking, dressing, living, loving and hating, suffering, and even dying. In fact, this proverbial lore shows us the population of Italy under various lights, but always original, revealing its instinctively ardent nature. So little Italian villages gradually became large, flourishing cities; and though it is the fashion to name only a hundred illustrious historical towns, it would be easy to number twice as many whose rivalry was propitious to civilization, and which still preserve an original stamp owing to the vigor of the race that founded them. Since this vigor is not yet exhausted, it is probable that the future of Italy still conceals many other mysteries and surprises. And if one considers all the marvels that Italy produced in the days of her greatest servitude, ignorance, and misery, it is natural to look forward to the happy day, when the whole mass of the population, educated and emancipated and well employed in useful labor, shall be entirely *compos sui*, master of itself and of its own genius.

Italy is now a monarchical state, and for the present moment no other better form of government can be desired for her. This monarchy, which unites and defends her, is constitutional with democratical tendencies, and ought thus not only to guard the rights of the nation, but also to protect those of the free towns. In the Middle Age the free towns passed, turn by turn, from under the protection of the Emperor to that of the Pope, according as they declared themselves Guelf or Ghibelline. Guelfs and Ghibellines now no longer exist, and the communes are no

longer in warfare against one another, though their mutual jealousy still continues. Royal protection is thus rendered easier than was once that of the Emperor or Pope. However, it is now more necessary to impress on the public mind that the *Commune* is the most historical and natural form of Italian popular life; and this conviction, grounded in the conscience of the people, should also penetrate the spirit of national government, too apt to centralize! As a general rule, the southern provinces wrest from the central government every kind of service and benefit; whilst the northern provinces, on the other hand, are often left to their own resources.

The initiating spirit, varying from one province to another, is very strong in the north and in the greater part of Central Italy, but scarcely exists in the south, where, as already observed, government is supposed to provide everything, — street lighting, schools, hospitals, — and to construct roads and seaports. And why not? Did not the Roman Empire, in its time, provide the citizens with *panem et circenses?*

Industrious cities such as Milan, which exact hardly anything from the central government, and seem even to disdain its help, and found their own high commercial school (*Università Commerciale Bocconi*), are still in Italy an exception. But this exceptional independence of the Milanese municipality is derived more or less from its historical tradition, and might serve as an example to other Italian towns which seem to have forgotten their glorious past. Milan, on the contrary, still remembers with pride how she once held front against the German hordes of Frederick Barbarossa. Captured, burnt down and razed to the ground, a few years later, this heroic city sprung from her ashes on the same spot, and placing herself at the head of the formidable Lombard League, accompanied by her glorious Carroccio, emblem of communal liberty, marched, armed with vengeance, on Barbarossa at Legnano, and provoking him to battle, finally overthrew him completely. Once again, this same city, at the distance of nearly seven centuries (March, 1848), rose up alone to oppose her tyrannical keeper, and by her hastily constructed and marvelous barricades, during five days of heroic strife, shook off the yoke of Austrian rule. Thus Milan, even in the present age, has shown by her example in Italy the force and power of our communal institutions.

No country is richer in cities than Italy, but not one of her cities, since the fall of the Roman Empire, has ever been able in its population to exceed half a million souls. See now what happens at the present day in Milan: the population of the town, having been considerably augmented owing to the artisans' suburbs (called *corpi santi*), it comes to pass that these suburbs have already affirmed their own individuality, and have emancipated themselves from the town itself, becoming, in their turn, independent communes.

This spirit of independence and individuality is yet so strong in Italy that not only around great cities spring up separate municipalities, but, almost daily, petitions are addressed to Parliament by small portions of towns and villages which desire to be freed from the authority of the *chef-lieu*, to constitute themselves independent commonwealths, headed by a mayor and council, to watch over the private interests of that section which loudly demands its autonomy. No other country in the world can boast a communal legislation vaster than that of Italy. The statutes of the Italian municipalities form a *corpus juris* original and unique. Municipalities in the Middle Age had simply ruled, moderated, and corrected the already received customs of each individual commonwealth. This law had a solid basis and was adapted to the population for which it had been promulgated; being clear and evident to all, it could be faithfully accepted and obeyed.

A certain number of rustic usages still remained, however, outside the pale of

legislation, and they still persist in many country places in Italy by that law of tradition which often possesses greater force than written law. For long custom creates laws which appear the more inviolable because so well known to all. The *Paterfamilias*, or *Capoccio*, of a village family and the elders of the village often exert more authority over the peasants than the king does himself.

The above thoughts and reflections might, perhaps, serve to trace a true and sure way by which the Italian aristocracy should regain a beneficial influence in modern society. If Italian noblemen would only call to mind the saying of Caesar, who preferred to be the first citizen in a village rather than the second in Rome, they would not so easily abandon their estates to live an obscure existence in cities, where, lost in the crowd, they can exert no influence whatever. In his village, on his estate, the lord may easily play the beneficent part of moderator, mediator, and inspirer. A feudal tyranny has ceased to exist almost everywhere; the provincial noble of a democratic turn of mind no longer excites suspicion amongst the populace. Better bred and educated, gentler and more genially modest in his manner than those around him, he can, by his position or office, which brings him in contact with the local authorities and representatives of national life, guide and govern the village folk, if he does not disdain them; and this sort of government, familiar, personal, and foreseeing, founded on the true experience and knowledge of men and things, is best of all. As to the nobles who can no longer reside in the country, but live in towns, they can still make themselves useful, and emerge above the common people by mixing more freely with them.

It is well known that the strong castles of the nobility, for twenty miles round Florence on the territory of the Republic, were once razed to the ground, and all noblemen whose names were not inscribed in the books of the arts corporations were excluded from the municipal administration. But it is also well to remember that the presence of all such democratic nobles in those various corporations, and the part by them taken — urged thereto by the people — in the affairs of the government, contributed greatly toward making the Republic prosperous and glorious. Thus the nobles brought their ideas of beauty and refinement, and the artistic working-class put those ideas into ideal shape and form.

This population of artists still exists in Italy, and needs only to be guided and directed. As democracy is the only form of life adapted to a free people, it is necessary, to prevent the blind mass from stumbling in the dark, that intelligent torch-bearers should watch over it from above with sympathetic foresight; and who better than the nobles, worthy of that appellation, can be or become such enlighteners? But let both the nobles and the people be on guard against becoming simply burghers, thus merging their individual characteristics into that hybrid class, described by Dante in one immortal verse: —

"La gente nova e i subiti guadagni." [1]

Far from being a pessimistic judge of my own country, I perceive everywhere, on the contrary, its precious latent energies; and I have the greatest confidence in its possible resurrection and infinite resources. But, on the other hand, I condemn all these levelers, centralizers, scoffers at ideality, who fear all that is superior to the common run, all that emerges from mediocrity, and does not follow the vulgar beaten track. And as far as the word *bourgeois* signifies narrowness, want of ideality, conventionality, and vulgarity, I despise the class; for this fat *bourgeoisie* threatens to devour not only the public exchequer, but the very soul of true Italy. Thus it is with real alarm that I observe a great, un-

[1] The parvenus and sudden gains.

sightly, misshapen mass, a hideous monster with countless limbs, advancing slowly like some infernal machine, to crush and devour human lives. For what is merely enormous easily assumes to my eyes the appearance of a monster.

This troubling tendency to fashion men all alike, to range them on the same level, to make them all march to the same tune, and bend them to one uniform equality, is contrary to life, to nature, and to the national traditions. For to crush the individual in Italy signifies to crush the whole Italian people. And to such a flat, pale, insipid tenor of life — which gradually would annihilate the spirit of the nation — is almost to be preferred a half-savage existence, or one perpetually feverish and volcanic. That which is deprived of physiognomy is not Italian. And this is the reason why I cannot admit our *bourgeoisie* — such as dominates to-day — to be a faithful representation of the Italian nation. The history of Italy was carved out of events by her aristocracy and her people. The middle class has no history; it was formed far later on in the small towns, and sprang up between the feudal castle and the village; thus, to attain some grandeur, it must return to one or other of these its native elements.

Men are all equal before God. But it is sometimes necessary for man to feel the presence of God to be able to elevate his soul toward Him. If a man live a purely material life, keeping selfishly aloof from all that is high and spiritual; if he refuse the ideal bread of angels, he may doubtless enrich himself and fatten; but to grow too stout is often the beginning of decay.

Thus I would not like to see the utilitarian *bourgeois* gradually deteriorating and vulgarizing our glorious country, turning it into a land of prose, whereas God created it to be an Earthly Paradise for the Italian born in the midst of its natural beauties to live in loving and singing, and creating immortal works of art. The vulgarity of the middle class may some day be fatal to these very same *bourgeois*, who now systematically decry all generous enthusiasm, and every effort made to raise to an ideal standard the new generations springing up around us.

To sum up what I said above on the subject of aristocracy, I want to declare that I give this word the only acceptation possible, that of *Aristos*, which signifies the optimates, the best of all. Each one of us, of whatever class he may be, can better himself by sheer force of will; and this will is not an exclusive privilege, for every person is capable of such an effort. It is, however, necessary that each and all should be animated by the desire to emerge individually from mediocrity, and to see his country rise high above the common standard.

It was by the force of light of the Logos, of the divine wisdom, that worlds were formed and began to move in their orbits. What conceals itself from the light, wrapping itself in obscurity, prepares its own decay and ruin. And it is to be feared that the Papacy, voluntary captive in the Vatican, stranger to the new Italian life, is working secretly in the shade at its own dissolution.

I was speaking of this one day, about thirty years ago, with the then most illustrious man in Rome, the old Duke of Sermoneta; and this is the upshot of what that mentally far-seeing, though physically blind and aged duke said to me: —

"Yes, Rome is eternal, and will never perish. But she crushes, in the long run, all that falls under her power and all that she herself has created. Kings, consuls, and emperors exercised over her their sway; popes, in their turn, appeared and shone in her history; she will finish by engulfing the Papacy before the end of the twentieth century. See what now is taking place in Rome: the Eternal City offers hospitality at present to the three most important personages of our time, — Pius IX, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi.

The world, from afar, interests itself in what these three great men say and do; the reporters of the foreign press follow their footsteps. Rome alone does not seem to care. In fact, if you ask a Roman what the Pope, the King, or the hero of Caprera is doing, he will answer with apathy that he knows nothing about them. Rome takes but slight interest in what does not directly concern her. Pius the Ninth shut up in the Vatican, Victor Emanuel residing at the Quirinal, Garibaldi as deputy sitting in Parliament, live quite apart from the people.

"When formerly Pio Nono appeared outside the Vatican to bless the population, the Romans could see him occasionally, kneel to his benediction, and they might be able to refer not to an abstraction but to a person, the news, important or not, of the Pope; just as once on a time they paid homage to their emperors, when bread was distributed to the populace, or invitations to the public games.

"But now since the Pope has shut himself up, he is no longer seen, and naturally is forgotten. I cannot say," added the duke, "whether Pio Nono will have a successor; perhaps, but this also will only be a fleeting shadow.

"Of course so ancient an institution as the Papacy cannot die and disappear in a clap of thunder; it must perish of gradual decline, like the Roman Empire. When Romulus Augustulus, the last Roman Emperor, expired in his Villa of Tiberius, his decease passed unnoticed; it is not even quite known how he died, and no one cared to investigate the cause of his death. This obscure fact was forgotten, because the Empire had so long been languishing of mortal decline that its tedious agony had wearied several generations. Thus, at the last moment, no attention was paid to the flickering of that flame which no longer served to illumine the old world, groping blindly about in the first darkness of the Middle Age.

"I foresee the day when in Rome the palace of the last Pope will excite the same popular curiosity as the mysterious abode of the Great Master of the Order of Malta, — once so powerful and glorious, — now simply a phantom! If the popes continue to live secluded, notwithstanding all the actual splendor of their voluntary prison in the Vatican, in the space of three or four generations, they will no longer, even in Rome, occupy or interest public attention. The Italians like to see and worship their idols at a near range, for we believe only in that which our senses perceive. The great Lama of Thibet, ever invisible, may still be believed in and adored from afar as a mystery; but when near — being concealed — he is often replaced, and may be an old man or a child, or may even not exist at all; and no one cares to inquire what he is or what has become of him!"

As we may see, a great truth is hidden in all this splendid ducal paradox. The decadence of the Papacy began from the moment in which it surrounded itself by a mundane court of cardinals. St. Bernard, St. Peter Damianus, St. Francis, Dante, Petrarch, St. Catherine of Siena, and Savonarola had, long before the Reformation, sounded an alarm to awaken the Church which thus sacrificed Christ's religion to temporal dominion. St. Francis, more especially, in bringing back religion to its evangelical sources, saved Christianity in Italy.

The religion of St. Francis, born in Italy, fortified in the East, is the purest and most ingenuous expression of true Catholicism. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there was current a proverb which quaintly said, "Everywhere are to be found Florentines, sparrows, and Franciscan friars." Ancient Florentine merchants and bankers have ceased to wander about the world, but the chattering sparrows still continue to chirp and multiply, and the missionaries of St. Francis still open their charitable embrace to sad and suffering souls in all corners of the world, everywhere showing the same spirit of gentleness, mercy, and fraternity, united to a real love of Italy.

I have met these good friars more or less everywhere during my long travels in the Holy Land, at the foot of the Himalayas, beyond the range of the Cordillera. All of them spoke the simple language of St. Francis, and the mention of dear, far-off Italy always filled their eyes with tears of regret, or brightened them with passionate desire. The Franciscan Order keeps aloof from politics, its sole mission being to serve Christ and, in his name, to love man and relieve all human misery.

The Franciscan friar is so familiar a feature of Italian soil, and so dear to my countrymen, that an Italian landscape without the silhouette of a brown-clad, sandaled Brother of St. Francis in it seems almost incomplete. And here I might add, that should the Papacy some day come to an end, Catholicism would still live on in Italy as long as it was represented by the Order of St. Francis.

Unhappily the same thing cannot be said in favor of the Spanish Order of the Jesuits, for, in spite of the name — Society of Jesus — conferred on it by its ardent founder Loyola, this order has always been far more political than religious. The sublime motto, *Christus imperat*, has only served the Jesuits as a banner, a means, to realize their Utopian dream of universal dominion.

Owing to their enormous riches, the Jesuits' material force is immense, and it is just this wealth which, notwithstanding the fall of temporal power, still sustains the Vatican's mundane court and semblance of state, but which, at the same time, creates a gilded cage for the Pope and keeps him prisoner in the hands of the Jesuits.

It would be a great mistake if, abroad, the work of the Jesuits — secretly conspiring under the shadow of the Vatican — were to be judged from what they really are and really accomplish in Asia or in America. I had occasion once, at Bombay, to have a long talk with a Jesuit bishop. His ideas about dogma were so advanced that I was quite surprised to find myself, on certain points, more orthodox than he. I have visited the Catholic Universities of Beirut in Syria, of Georgetown in the United States, and I found there enlightened professors who edified and charmed me. But the Jesuit residing in Rome is far less liberal, and his narrowness gives greater weight to religious half-terms than to the essence itself of religion, and becomes almost ferocious when a religious pretext is involved in a political cause.

Taken one by one, Jesuits in Rome and elsewhere seem inoffensive. Generally well-bred, well-educated men, they are often also virtuous, and live simple, pious lives. Among them, saints may sometimes be found. But they all obey one single rule and one discipline. In the Company of Jesus the individual counts for nothing; the Order is everything, and its political principles are far deeper grounded than its religious ones. Domination being its great aim and object, the chief thing it cares for is to dispose of large fortunes and numerous subjects, so as to exercise authority and be obeyed, to be rich and powerful.

Springing up about the same time as the Reformation, and seeing that ruin menaced the old edifice of the Church, the Society of Jesus turned all its efforts toward upholding the Papacy, — affirming its political prestige and the pomp of the Papal court, which the Spanish monarchy was well adapted to maintain.

To the Jesuits, the principal obstacle against Cardinal Sarto's election — which was decided by some of the most enlightened members of the Sacred College, and amongst these by Cardinal Gibbons — was the great simplicity and humility of the Patriarch of Venice. It was feared that, as a humble peasant's son, he would, by his simple way of living, diminish in part the magnificence of the Head of the Church. Thus the Jesuits assumed the task of watching over the pontifical education, and immediately placed near the Pope, as Secretary of State and Master of Ceremonies, a newly created Spanish cardinal. The modest country parish

priest, raised to the throne of St. Peter, might very well in private life keep his rustic habits and tastes, as long as these were hidden from the public gaze under the regal robes of pontifical grandeur!

All this display of worldly luxury seems in flat contradiction to the legend of evangelical simplicity still diffused more easily afar off than near. But without the aid of this exterior decoration, how could pilgrims visiting Italy, and Rome, be persuaded that the Papacy still exists?

What benefit does the population of Italy receive from the presence of the Head of the Church, if the Pope is compelled — even before his election — to renounce the joy of being the pastor of his flock, and to play before the world the part of a poor victim kept prisoner in the Vatican by a usurping power? In an eloquent article recently published by Mr. W. R. Thayer, a great friend of Italy, in the *World's Work* — in which he notes the great progress which free Italy has made in these last thirty years — may be read a noble apology of the conduct of the Italian Government toward the Holy See.

This apology of an impartial and enlightened American relieves me of the trouble of insisting on the prudence and patience of which the first three kings of Italy and their ministers have given proof, in their attitude toward the implacable enemy to whom they not only conceded a legendary, and perhaps merited, prison, but the privilege of an inviolable fortress.

But if Italy as a political state can well do without the approbation, favor, and benediction of the Vatican, having clearly shown that she possesses sufficient vital strength to stand alone (in spite of this disturbing element within her), there is, beyond all others, a religious and moral question which ought to preoccupy and afflict us.

Though it was in Rome, in Italy, that Christianity was born for the Western world, yet Italy is perhaps the country, nowadays, that takes the least interest in religious questions; and the fault lies essentially with the Papacy and the clergy. For, notwithstanding the personal virtues of the last popes and many cardinals, the Vatican, which ought to be the first sublime inspirer and educator, exercises no direct or salutary influence on the Italian people. The Vatican no longer cares to govern human consciences, to reawake ardor of faith or religious enthusiasm. In consequence, the bishops and priests, obedient to instructions received from the Holy See, very rarely touch on spiritual matters, and are therefore inadequate to guide the souls of their flocks. And yet the lower clergy, no less than the more enlightened bishops, would be so eager for such spiritual manna!

The prestige of the Pope would still be very great, would he only confine his authority to holy things and to the gospel, and make his age march with God and in God's name.

We saw recently the interest with which the Italian clergy of sincere faith took up the question of Christian Socialism, when the priests thought that Pope Leo XIII, backed by some of his cardinals, encouraged them in their new track. But this movement, under cover of a religious campaign, only hid once again a political game; and when a part of the clergy, already engaged in this work of propagation, perceived this, they gradually cooled and fell off, losing interest in what might turn out to be more dangerous than useful. Just in the same way there would be, scattered over Italy, a great number of earnest-minded priests, able to render good service to the people, and ready to take a cordial part in public national life. If the Vatican would allow these priests, not only to vote, but to invoke the Holy Spirit's inspiration on all good works, it would soon be seen that the lower clergy, always in contact with the masses, might still, by means of the parish priests, become a valuable spiritual guiding force.

Alas, the Vatican by its doctrine of *Non expedit* separates the pastors from their folds, fearing, perhaps, that the con-

tact of the clergy with the democratic party might, in future elections, decoy the more enlightened members of the clergy from the Holy See and its anti-patriotic designs! Strange to say, the most virtuous and saintly bishops are not the most honored by the Papal court, which often condemns them to isolation.

Happily in our day, as in that of St. Francis, the religious spirit is not altogether confined to the narrow circle which radiates about the Holy See. The liberal and useful work of the priest Rosmini, the friend of Manzoni, though blamed by the Jesuits, and scarcely approved by the Vatican, was a holy work, and still perseveres in its luminous mission. Still another mission of useful goodness disdained by the Jesuits, but secretly encouraged and blessed by liberal-minded Pius X, is that which at present inflames the patriotic zeal of two illustrious prelates, — Monsignori Bonomelli and Scalabrini, Bishops of Cremona and Piacenza, who have set themselves the noble task of educating and bettering — by their intelligent choice of ardent missionaries — the unhappy lot of the great wandering mass of Italian emigrants, seeking work in foreign lands. These worthy bishops have thus taken to heart the evangelical sense of the great prayer of Christianity, *give us this day our daily bread*, and, giving it a practical application, have distributed to those expatriated sons of Italy the bread of life, — the divine manna, which never satiates, but ever multiplies when divided, and serves to illuminate the sombre existence of the poor, exiled workman, opening to his wearied, homesick sight a consolatory vision of a future of heavenly rest and peace.

THE EDUCATION OF A SAINT

BY EVANGELINE WILBOUR BLASHFIELD

Quoth Antony: "I saw the snares of the Enemy spread over the whole earth. And I sighed and said: 'Who can pass through these?' and a voice came to me saying: 'Humility.'" — THE WORDS OF THE ELDERS.

I

SERAPION, who had just risen, stiff and chilled, from his knees, stood at the door of his cell looking down on the fields and the river below him. The north wind was hurrying through the valley, buffeting the palm trees, and driving a dim cloud of sand before it, furrowing the surface of the Nile into foam-edged wavelets, and veiling the mud villages in swirls of blue smoke. As the sun dipped behind the Libyan hills there followed a strange and swift transference of color from earth to sky. The face of the cliffs, that had kindled into red gold under the fires of sunset, faded suddenly to a dull, greenish gray; the violet clefts of the crags grew ashen; the tree trunks, glowing like columns of bronze, turned to lead, and the vernal flame of the young wheat paled, while the great dome above them flushed and deepened into rose.

Serapion felt an aching sense of inward bruise as he watched the daily miracle. His prayers had been longer than usual, for news of a great scandal had come from a neighboring laura only that day, and the Abba had bidden the monks to remember the sinner in their orisons. "Lead us not into temptation" had taken on an even more solemn significance in Serapion's mind since he had heard the tale of a brother's fall.

It was, indeed, a sad story that had come down the river, told with much superfluous detail and comment by the

master of the pottery-raft while he exchanged his clay water-coolers for fresh vegetables from the monks' garden. An infant had been left at the entrance of a young hermit's cell, and its mother, a handsome, brazen girl from a neighboring village, had declared that she had laid her child at its father's door. Marinus, the accused, had opposed no denial to her charge, and had shown a parent's affection for the baby. The sin and scandal were the greater because Nilus, the culprit's father, a most holy man, had brought the boy to the monastery when he was but nine years old, and dedicated him to the religious life. The saintly Nilus had died a year ago, and now his unworthy son had been cast out of the community he had dishonored, and had probably perished miserably in the desert with the unhappy, little result of his evil-doing.

Serapion, a big-hearted young colossus, who possessed more knowledge of four-footed and feathered creatures than of matters of discipline, thought (though contritely) rather of the wretchedness of the offender than of the vileness of his offense, as he watched a mighty arch of cold, blue shade creep slowly up the eastern horizon, where it hung like a rainbow sharply defined against the rose-strewn vault. It broadened and gradually covered the whole face of the heavens, until only a wide, faint stain remained in the west, and the stars began to look out.

"Lead us not into temptation," repeated Serapion, his eyes dazzled with ethereal splendors. To him, constantly fasting, always appropriating more than his share of the manual labor of the little brotherhood, temptation had presented itself far more frequently under the form of toothsome doorah-cakes, or piles of juicy sugar-cane, than under that of the engaging demon who had so sorely tormented St. Antony, and divers of his own brethren. True, there were mischievous girls in the village below, whose sidelong looks, half-shy, half-roguish, had provoked curious sensations about his midriff, and aroused an avid desire for more of such glances. But the consciousness that they were probably laughing at him and his coarse eremite's robe generally proved an efficient antidote to the sweet venom, and a long day's work, carrying baskets of Nile loam up the almost perpendicular side of the cliff to the convent garden, completed the cure.

It had occasionally occurred to Serapion, though not given to meditation on such questions, that the brothers most tried by fiendish enticements were those who rendered the least temporal service to the monastery, but he drew no conclusions from his observations. The image of the starving sinner brought with it no arraignment of the wisdom of his spiritual superiors, only a welling up of pity for a fellow man's sufferings.

Meanwhile he loitered quite unconsciously, seeking and finding surcease of sorrowful thought in the peace of evening, until in the magic light of the afterglow the sky restored to earth the warmth and tint of which it had despoiled her. While the air about him was transmuted to molten gold, and the landscape below was yet suffused with a dusky radiance, which penetrated the deepest shadows, the densest masses of foliage, and saturated them with rich bituminous color, he reluctantly fastened the door of his cell, and wrapped himself in his sheepskin, submissive to the rule that sent the monk early to the couch which he must leave before sunrise.

But the forlorn figure of the guilty Marinus, the last of his waking thoughts, was still uppermost in his mind when a slight noise aroused him from his first sleep. Something was softly shaking the door, or rather gate, of coarsely woven palm-fibres which barred the entrance to his hermitage, once an ancient tomb. He was on his feet in an instant, reaching mechanically for the recluse's only carnal weapon, a stout staff. There were thieves and to spare in the desert; not only desperate men driven from their homes by grinding taxes, but four-footed robbers to whom the scent of the scant hoard of

dry bread in its ill-closed wooden coffer was as tempting as it had often proved to the anchorite himself on fast days. It was only last night that a marauding fox had deftly decapitated three of Brother Paulus's fattest geese, when with regrettable curiosity they had thrust their inquisitive heads out of the basket-work crate in which they slept. But it was a taller shadow than even that of a wolf which was dimly projected into the tomb, intercepting the starlight: that of a slight man wrapped in a cloak. One long stride brought Serapion to him, and one quick movement caught the thin, cold hand that was pushing at the gate.

"Who are you?" Serapion panted a little. This was surely no evil spirit, and yet how icy chill it was!

"One who is dying of hunger," was the faintly whispered answer. "Help in the name of our Master!" and the suppliant fell into an inert heap on the sand.

Hospitality was the law of the desert even without the invocation of the Divine Name. In busy silence Serapion half led, half carried his guest to his own sleeping-mat, covered him with the sheepskin yet warm from his own body, lighted the tiny clay lamp, made a fire in the cooking-place, and set in it a bowl of lentil soup.

The starving man watched him mutely like a frightened animal, until Serapion began to crush a flat cake of hard bread between two stones; then he made a despairing effort, and half raising himself from the mat, —

"I need nothing, give it to this," he muttered huskily, and plucked from the folds of his brown mantle a small bundle from which a weak murmuring proceeded like that of a newly dropped lamb.

Serapion started to his feet. "You are Marinus!" he shouted to the pale boy, who had sunk down again still holding the ragged bundle.

"I was," answered Marinus without opening his eyes. "Now you will cast me out. I should have told you at once, but for the child. It is growing cold; the chill sand freezes my marrow, and the wind bites me to the bone. Oh, let me stay a moment in this sheltered place. For three days we have wandered, begging for bread, and receiving only stones and curses. The village dogs have hunted us, and I have that in my side — No, never touch me!" he shrieked shrilly as Serapion gently tried to loosen the blood-stained tunic.

"Surely you will let me bandage your wound?" Serapion urged softly; a strange tenderness had possessed him at the sight of this poor hounded creature; he felt a novel stirring of unknown impulses within him, an imperious need to succor and comfort.

"No, no," protested Marinus, still feebly, but stridently insistent; "it would open again. Promise me you will not try to touch it."

"As you will," replied Serapion, unconsciously lowering his voice. "Now, how shall I feed this? Like a lambkin?"

"You dip your fingers in the soup and put them in his mouth. Take him, I can't hold him up," gasped Marinus, who seemed exhausted by his outburst. He watched Serapion jealously while he gently raised the child, and turned back the tattered wrappings from its face. It was warm in its nest of rags, and its tiny fingers closed about the young man's thumb with the strength that is so often the dower of the undesired infant. That fumbling, soft clutch took hold of Serapion's heart strings; with a smile of foolish delight he fed his new charge sparingly and delicately with thickened broth. Marinus wondered at his dexterity. "I have often helped the herds," he explained, while the baby protested with some faint show of vigor, which delighted them both, at the abbreviation of its meal.

"He must have but very little at a time," Serapion said apologetically, then, apparently as an afterthought, added, "Was he baptized?"

"Of course; they would not let its soul perish as well as its dear little body," was the answer accompanied by a sigh.

"And now you must eat something, too," said Serapion, as he finished swaddling the still vocal bundle, and laid it again beside Marinus. "Here is plenty of broth still warm. Try to swallow a little," and he carefully raised the boy's tired head on his arm. Marinus made a brave effort to eat the soup, but after one or two mouthfuls he turned away with a groan.

"I cannot; I am but a poor, broken thing. Those sharp stones have pelted the life out of me. My body is one wound," he moaned, falling back on the sheltering arm.

"Rest awhile first, then," suggested Serapion patiently, smoothing the tumbled curls that had escaped the tonsure, and looking down on the pallid, delicate face with a yearning pity, which, to his horror, he found was as irresistible as it was culpable. For this was the worst of sinners, guilty of the vowed celibate's unpardonable crime; an accursed thing that had been driven out to die like an unclean beast; and yet how seemingly innocent was the look in Marinus's eyes, and how young, how childlike even, was the thin, white face! Thrust out this helpless creature! Serapion could no more have done so than he could have passed by a lost lamb or a wounded pigeon. No, he could do no otherwise! The boy must stay, though he, Serapion, should be anathema and banished in his turn. He had been too busy ever since Marinus's entrance to reflect on his own misdeed in receiving one whom his superiors had judged and condemned. Serapion's was a simple, soldier-like code; to him the word of the Abba was law, but to-night disobedience seemed equally holy.

As if his thought had been divined, Marinus opened his big, lustrous eyes and whispered, "You must not be good to me; you will suffer for it. I am a great sinner."

With a slight, reassuring pressure of his arm Serapion answered simply: "I know all that; don't talk of it. I am a strong, tough fellow, and I can bear discipline. Beside, our Abba is indulgent; he is a disciple of Father Macarius."

"It will not be for long," continued Marinus in gasping whispers. "I am dying. I have coughed much lately, and those stones have killed me. Every time I breathe the blood surges up. When it is over promise me that you will wrap me in my cloak, and bury me in the clean, dry sand. You are a holy man, and it is a pious office."

"I hope to nurse and feed you instead," returned Serapion. "Now try another spoonful of soup. Here it is close to your lips. You have only to swallow it, like the baby."

"I cannot, I am stifling already; there is blood in my throat; it rises and falls with every breath. Promise."

"I do," said Serapion solemnly. He had seen the red stain on the lad's lips.

"Ah-h-h!" sighed Marinus, turning his cheek cosily on Serapion's shoulder. "Now am I at peace;" and the thick, double fringes closed over his eyes. Serapion's heart smote him; it was barbarous to disturb the suffering lad; not to do so was far worse. If indeed, as seemed only too probable, death was near, Marinus must be spiritually furnished for the dark journey. Confession, penitence, the sacrament, should cleanse and comfort the polluted, erring spirit; Serapion was not only a pitying nurse, he was a monk as well, and the soul's needs were pressing. He had hardly opened his lips before Marinus again anticipated his speech.

"Will you hear my confession? You are the only man who has been kind to me since my dear father joined the saints. Yes? Listen, then, with your ear close to my mouth for I am losing strength. The lamp is burning dimly; fill it so that I can take heart, looking in your good eyes."

The lamp replenished, and the delicate head once more tenderly supported, Marinus whispered hoarsely: "I was always wicked, even when my father first brought me to the Abba Elias's laura. I had no vocation; I was not called to the devout life; my mother and my two bro-

thers had been killed in a church riot, clubbed to death by the Donatists, and as I was quite alone my father could not leave me in the world he had renounced after they were gone. I was a naughty child, but every one was good to me at first; the old monks spoiled me, and my father was very patient with me, — strict but in one thing only: that I should always keep a little apart from the other novices, and be in truth an anchorite. This was no sacrifice, for they were rougher and stronger than I; but I was quick at learning, and my voice in our chapel was sweet to hear, they said. I was happy enough, and not too lonely, until my father died. Then there came to fill his place a monk from Scetis, who found our rule too slack, and was always at our Abba's ear, clamoring for longer fasts and harsher discipline. Me, he judged more sinful than all the rest, for I wreathed our altar with garlands, and wove borders into the mats we plaited to be sold in Memphis. All things pleasant to look on were fiend's lures for souls, Ammon said, when he tore up the rose-hedge in my little garden, and I submitted quietly, knowing well that I was given to the lust of the eye. But one day I rebelled. I had been down to the river with a heavy crate-load of vegetables to sell to the boatmen, and had reached my cell, panting and overdone. At its door I found Ammon and something else which made me fly at him like a mad thing. For in my cell were two doves whose mother had been stoned by a careless harvest-slinger while they were still but helpless balls of down, and I had fed and cherished them so that they were always at my heels and knew no fear of any man. These poor, pretty creatures had flown to Ammon in all confidence, and he had killed them, because, as he explained afterwards (while he was stanching the blood from his nose), they were birds of love, sacred to heathen Aphrodite, and unseemly companions for Christian monks. When I saw them lying limp with twisted necks, I struck him on the face with all my strength, and cursed him in the name of the Father who feeds the fowls of the air and marks the sparrow's fall."

"Oh, Marinus, why did you not leave Ammon's punishment to that just Father?" queried Serapion in mild reproof.

"I have repented of it," said Marinus wearily. His voice had been growing fainter and hoarser, his breathing more difficult, and Serapion saw with impotent compassion that the fold of the mantle he often pressed to his lips was red.

"Rest now," he urged; "you can tell me more to-morrow. Let us pray together."

"No, no," protested the penitent; "for me there is no to-morrow. Be patient with me. Wait." He seemed to doze a few minutes, and then began to speak again in tones which were scarcely audible. "After that my life was — hell. The most fatiguing, the most disgusting tasks were mine, and — when through weakness I failed in them — the scourge. It was just. I had been angry with my brother, and had called him worse than fool. Some of the elder brethren pitied me, and would have tried to lighten my penance, or to say a kind and encouraging word when I passed them, but Ammon was always preaching reform, so that they who had been as fathers to me, and had known my own dear father, were cowed into silence. My only happy hours were spent in the ferryman's hut; to it every week I brought my load of baskets to be sent down the river. He was a busy man, and often bade me wait for him; his daughter" — Serapion moved uneasily, but Marinus opened his deep eyes and held him with the coercion of his steady gaze — "was kind to me. She was neat with her needle and cunning at the loom, and she showed me many patternings, which I wove into my mats. Also she was round and rosy like a ripe peach, sweet to see and to smell, through much bathing in the river and anointing with balsam, which, Heaven pardon me, I have always found delectable; and she had curiously wrought jewels of silver, anklets and

necklaces, which tempted me sorely. Brother, have you never felt the spell of these twists and circlets of glittering metal? No? Ah! you are blessed indeed, but it was with me as if the serpent which deceived our first mother were coiled within those shining rings. She treated me like a child, mocking my downcast eyes, telling me that if I were not a monklet I would be a pretty fellow; that I ought to weave a flowered border for my ragged tunic; and much more that was unfitting for her to say and unseemly for me to hear, but the gayety and blithesomeness of her uplifted my sad spirits. One day in a frolic she slipped the armlets over her smooth wrists, and poured them into my lap! 'There, if you'll promise not to melt them with your eyes, little one, you can play with them until father returns,' she laughed, while I, who seemed to see the mocking eyes of fiends looking up at me from the twinkling heap, let it fall with a crash, and fled.

"The next week I prayed that some one might go in my stead, but as I had only to proffer a request to have it denied, I found myself again at her door. My knock was unheard, covered by the sound of loud voices. Hers was shrill, and there was a sob in it. She was beseeching some one to take her away with him, begging him in the name of all he held sacred and dear not to leave her; and a man's deeper tones were denying her, and urging her to be patient and reasonable. I laid my burden on the ground and turned to go, unwilling to interrupt their conference, and the desperate insistence in her changed voice had made me sick and faint, when suddenly the door flew open, and a tall, handsome soldier rushed out with her clinging to his arm. He thrust me roughly out of the way, and before they had reached the gate of the little yard he had flung her off, and then, running down the steep river bank, he leaped into the boat which was waiting for him, and was rowed out to the transport filled with recruits, which had stopped in midstream.

"She stood leaning against the wall like one stunned, until she heard the plash of the oars. Then she raised her head and screamed out curses on him. I clapped my hands to my ears to shut out the horrible words. When she stopped, breathless and shaking, I ventured, remembering my duty, to reprove her.

"'Hush, my sister, lest God strike you dumb. What can this man have done to you that you wish him such evils?'

"She raised her bent head, and her eyes burned into mine: 'He has destroyed my whole life. May God' —

"I laid my hand on her lips. 'What can I do for you?' I asked hurriedly more to stop her blasphemies than with any hope of aiding her, and yet moved to compassion by the sight of her blanched, drawn face.

"'You can follow him and kill him; you can tear out his false heart, and throw it in his lying face,' she panted with glowing eyes, and then added scornfully, 'but that is a man's work.'

"'And I am a man of God,' I made reproachful answer.

"She turned fiercely on me. 'Then go back to your God, and leave me to despair. Man indeed! with that cheek and chin of cream! Wait until a beard blues your lip before you give yourself that name. Go, I say, *boy* of God, and trouble yourself no more about grown folks' affairs.'

"I should have left her then, but I longed to comfort her. It wrung my heart to see the laughing tease, my old playmate, transformed into this sombre Fury.

"'You wanted to go with him? Why? Do you love him? Tell me! I will intercede with your father if you will. My prayers at least' —

"A wave of angry scarlet rushed over her face.

"'You overheard? Then you know; why do you ask? To shame me?'

"I shook my head. 'I heard but that.'

"She laughed harshly.

"'And it was not enough? And you

call yourself a man. Look at me and learn!' I obeyed her. I had always tried to avert my eyes from her, as our rule commands, but in some way I had felt rather than seen her warm dusky color and slender roundness.

"Now what shipwreck of grace and bloom met my eyes! A dreadful light broke in on me, and in the first instant of horrified surprise I drew back. Her eyes seared me: 'Leave me, holy man, too good and pure even to breathe the same air with me!' she shrieked, picking up a stone; 'Leave me, or I will break your shaven crown for you!'

"I was not afraid of a stone, above all in a girl's hand, but her shame turned me coward, and I hurried away as fast as my shaking knees would carry me from her, — from her hard look, and her bitter tongue. I had never come close to mortal sin before, and my own soul seemed stained by the impact. As I stumbled up the slope I met her father, who tried to stop me, but I avoided him, and never ceased running until I reached the cool peace of my own cell.

"Here I passed many miserable days. The knowledge of suffering and evil, my own poltroonery in fleeing weakly from the lost girl instead of showing her the way to repentance, lay heavy on my heart. What a wretched soldier of Christ I was! what a poor craven! brave enough to raise my hand against a brother monk, but terrified at the mere revelation of sin. The unhappy, abandoned girl haunted my waking thoughts, and filled my nights with troubled dreams. I longed to speak some word of comfort and of hope to her, or to beg one of our elder brothers to lift this strayed sheep out of the pit, but I dared not. Her secret was her own, and I feared to bring more misfortune on her by divulging it; and yet I felt that God would surely hold me accountable in some degree for her misdeed. If I had been an exemplar of godliness, if I had spent the few moments I used to pass with her in reproving her for her vanity instead of fostering it, she might not have become the light thing that she was. I had been given a glorious opportunity to redeem my past, to win a soul to heaven, and I had missed it. I had brought her flower seeds, and learned stitchery, when I should have given her good counsel and brotherly rebuke. Neither prayer nor discipline could exorcise these thoughts. Since I had fallen into disgrace I was much alone, and my heart was famishing for a comfortable word, a kindly look, when one morning I found this at the door of my cell."

Marinus gently touched the roll of rags beside him, glancing down at it with a new softness in his eyes, and then looked into the sorrowful, perplexed face of Serapion.

"Do not doubt me, my brother," he said gravely, trying to steady his weak, uneven voice. "It is not at a moment like this that one lies." With an effort which cost him much he drew a rough iron cross from the breast of his tunic, and after pressing it to his lips, added solemnly, "As my Redeemer lives, and as I hope soon to see his face, I am telling you the whole truth."

Serapion bowed his head. There was conviction in those accents, veracity in those clear eyes.

"I believe you, my brother," he said slowly, after a long silence, broken only by the ragged, painful breathing of the wounded boy. "I believe you, but have you no proofs, — no justification?"

"None," returned Marinus. "What need is there of them? You believe me, and my Saviour and Master *knows*. Did He justify himself when He bore this for us?" And he devoutly kissed the cross again and slipped it under his tunic. "I took this castaway, so newly come into a sorrowful world, and gave it in secret what poor care I could, and, Serapion, the heaviness of spirit, the dryness in prayer, all vanished before the touch of those little fingers. I had something to care for, something to be fond of, something that needed me. The third day of this happiness there marched to my cell,

in solemn procession, Abba Elias and Brother Ammon, her father, and all our elders. I saw them coming, and forecasting trouble, hid my small stock of provisions in my tunic, and took the child in my arms.

"I have neither voice nor time to tell you all that passed. By her parent's testimony, by her own confession, I was proved to be the father of the waif I held to my breast. My care of it, my secrecy in regard to it, were additional proofs of my guilt, far more than were needed, Ammon said, to convict of wantonness a keeper of doves and a lover of roses. So they drove us out, and the village boys stoned me, and set their curs on me, and I dragged myself into the desert to die, and found you."

Marinus shut his eyes and sighed softly. He was quite spent; a strange sound, something between a cough and a sob, had frequently interrupted his speech, and his face had grown perceptibly pinched and sunken during the last hour. Serapion eyed him with commingled apprehension and reverence. He could not bear to disturb him, and yet —

"Marinus, dear brother," he said, raising the boy's thin hand to his lips, "why did you not deny their charge? Why did you not tell what you knew?"

Marinus opened his eyes, and fixed them in bewilderment on Serapion. "Don't you understand?" he queried slowly; and then almost irritably, "Don't you see, Serapion, that our merciful Lord sent me this one chance to redeem my mistakes and my cowardice? In all my seventeen years I had done nothing for any one, and this was my opportunity to bear witness to my love of Him. Besides," he added, with a sudden, sweet touch of archness, "I wanted to keep the baby, you know; it was something to play with."

"But to be innocent, and to be tortured, martyred — I fear — as you have been," protested Serapion. "It is too much!"

"Too much?" murmured Marinus almost inaudibly. "Think of what my dear Lord suffered for me, for me, who am unworthy to say 'after Him, even in my heart, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'"

After that he spoke no more. Serapion, bending over him, hearing a faint, hoarse rattle in his throat, and watching a gray pallor invade his face, was again reminded of the ghostly comfort which he now feared it was almost too late to administer. Twice he went as far as the door of his cell to seek help, and twice he returned to Marinus's side, fearing to leave him alone in his weakness. Then, condemning his own indecision, he again left the boy, to be arrested a few steps from the threshold by the sound of a stifled sob; he turned once more, and found Marinus lifeless, wrapt in the crimson pall of his own lifeblood. Kindly death, like a gentle nurse, had carried him swiftly out of an unkind world.

The suddenness of it unnerved Serapion. He had never seen the young die, and this quick cropping of life's blossom, the instant submission which those who have not acquired the habit of living tender to the dread summons, was at once novel and terrible to him. It was a long time before he could apprehend the awful wonder of it. Finally, the yammering of the hungry baby aroused him to a sense of the reality of things. The child must be fed, and Marinus must be buried as he had promised, and then? Sufficient unto the day — Day, indeed, was almost at hand, and with it new complications: if detected in harboring the dead youth and the child, Serapion might be prevented from keeping his word. Marinus, in the eyes of the community, was still a reprobate. Confession was sacred; Serapion could not repeat the sad story; he had no right to reveal Marinus's secret.

"To feed the hungry, to bury the dead," — these two corporal works of mercy at present filled the arc of Serapion's existence. The first was an easy task, and the second not difficult for one who had made his home in a tomb. The first tenant of Serapion's cell had been an

ancient Egyptian of rank, and in the empty sarcophagus, which still remained in the rifled grave, Serapion laid the dead boy, covering him with palm branches (for had he not earned the martyr's emblem?), and filling in the pit again with the fine, clean sand which formed the flooring of his cell. He was oppressed by an unwonted sense of loneliness and loss when his task was finished, but the luxury of reverie was denied him by the unremitting demands of his new charge on his attention. During the night Serapion's pity for the parent bird in its ceaseless labors for its brood rapidly extended to other bipeds sharing the same responsibilities.

Every morning after nones the Superior visited each monk's cell according to the rule of Father Macarius, the wisest lawgiver of the monastic world. What should be done with the baby during this visit? How explain its presence without divulging Marinus's secret, or in his own turn becoming the object of unjust suspicion? Serapion was beginning to discover that one concealment, no matter how innocent, inevitably implies another, and another, and that the covered way necessarily becomes the dark way. He mastered an impulse to take the child to Abba Marcus and tell him the pitiful story, for the figure of Marinus rose before him with his finger on his lips. Ah! what was he, Serapion, that he should dare to violate the martyr's holy silence, to reveal the divine humility which Marinus had laid as an oblation at the feet of the meek Saviour? No, it was impossible. He would hide the child in Brother John's cell, empty since his death, higher up on the mountain side, and well out of earshot. There it could remain during the day, and at night he would carry it back to his own bed. Prompt execution followed this plan, and Serapion had even time to reflect while he waited for the summons to morning prayer that the path of deceit was a fatally smooth one. For five days he trod it without stumbling. His many duties, for he was the porter and provider of the brotherhood, afforded him opportunities to visit his ward during the day; and early in the winter evening, long before there was any danger from wolf or hyena fierce or strong enough to burst through the door of the lonely cell, the child was safely transferred to his own under a fold of his cloak.

Serapion soon discovered that in assuming a parent's cares he had also taken on himself a father's perplexities. What was to become of this helpless creature cowering close to his side like a shivering bird in those long, chilly nights? A few hours of cold or hunger would pinch the life out of it like any other nestling. What if something should happen to him, Serapion? This reflection straitened his breast; life and thought were growing complicated; this new tie, weak as it was, had tangled the simple warp of his existence. Doubts and questionings glided from secret chambers in his brain and confronted him menacingly. Was it right for Marinus to have kept silence? By it he had won martyrdom, but by it also he had made innocent men his executioners. His fellow monks had unwittingly played the part of persecutors. Had he not built up his own justification on their involuntary injustice? He had gladly offered himself up for love of his Redeemer, but had he not, in thus forcing his brothers to act as oppressors, failed in love to them? And they were Christians, too, these guiltless offenders, not heretics or heathen, whom it was more venial to lead into sin, since they were doomed to an eternity of torture in any case, and, therefore, were fitting instruments for the pious uses of martyrs and confessors.

If believers could thus err quite innocently, why should not they, these heretics and idol-worshipers, — poor tools who knew not what they did, — be accounted blameless — Here Serapion fell on his knees, and sought sanctuary in prayer, aghast at the conclusion toward which he found himself helplessly driven. He realized that such queries were the bitter fruits of wrong-doing, of stepping outside

the narrow, smooth path of obedience into the tangled thickets of self-will; perhaps they were even suggestions of the Fiend cloaked in the garb of mercy. Though Serapion was the child of an age which counted doubt as criminal, he could not quite stifle the consciousness that the questioning faculty was as real, as much a part of himself, as the capacity to believe. Prayer, however, numbed thought, even if it brought no response to doubt; it bestowed peace, if it yielded no solution; and the cœnobite sought it as instinctively as he had felt for his stick when suddenly awakened.

But it could not quite satisfy the unregenerate craving of the boy's nature for intimate companionship, — for a closer, warmer relation than that of spiritual son and brother. The ties of the flesh, which were so rudely, often so barbarously severed by the anchorite, assumed a new aspect after that night of ministering care. Serapion knew that many of his elders had entered the religious life disregarding an aged mother's tears or an infirm father's pleading. More than once monks had been pointed out to him as exemplars of sanctity because they had abandoned devoted wives, and despoiled their helpless children, to flee from the world and bestow alms, but he was himself too close to the great heart of nature, too much the natural man, to revere such spiritual egotists without inward protest. "A broken and a contrite heart" was the purest of offerings, but surely not the broken hearts of others. A dimly apprehended idea of the solidarity of humanity oppressed him; untrained to think, quick to feel, he was only painfully conscious of an inner isolation, a sense of loneliness which the coming and going of Marinus had brought to him.

II

On the fifth morning of his guardianship he noticed, as he left his cell for morning prayers, an unusual commotion on the Nile bank. A new boat was moored at the village landing, and a crowd of gesticulating, blue-gowned figures were gathered about it. He had no time to watch the villagers, for he was already late, and service had begun when he entered the chapel, which had been built inside the largest of the tombs.

Serapion, abashed at his tardiness, remained near the door, keeping his eyes humbly lowered, and it was not until prayers were nearly over that he became aware of the presence of two newcomers, stranger-monks, who knelt near him. This in itself was no unwonted sight; the huge dehr, or fortified monastery, and the tiny laura, or assemblage of isolated cells, were alike hospitably open to all ecclesiastics who journeyed up and down the river-way of Egypt. But Serapion's unquiet conscience had made a coward of him, and he scanned the newcomers apprehensively as they joined in the psalm which followed the invocation. The shorter and elder of the two possessed the type of the recluse of sacred legend: his mild, lamblike face was partly covered with a snowy fleece of hair and a beard which may have veiled an irresolute mouth and a weak chin. The brow, though deeply furrowed, was broad and noble; the eyes, deep-set beneath it, were far younger than the bowed shoulders and the white hair; in fine, a venerable figure that would seem most at home at the mouth of a cave, praying before a rude cross, or meditating, skull in hand, in the golden glow of evening, or taming some fierce desert beast into gentle service.

If the elder man suggested the poetry of hermit life, his companion personified its tragedy. Emaciated, shaggy, black with filth, naked save for a sordid tunic and a broad girdle, armlets and leg-pieces of iron, he was so repulsive to every sense that at first one might not have perceived the extraordinary force and character of every hard line in the leathern face; the strange conformation of the cranium, which, narrowing at the brow, rose to a

great height above the eyes, and the muscular strength of the lean frame. A formidable human machine, constructed to believe and to act, not to think or to reason; a tempered, trenchant weapon was this brother, or perhaps saint, for his weighty, penitential armor and his phenomenal uncleanliness marked him as one who had aspirations, at least, to exceptional holiness.

Of such, of many such, was the kingdom in Egypt. They formed a redoubtable militia at the beck of unscrupulous and turbulent bishops. They terrorized church councils. They violated and despoiled pagan shrines. They plundered and banished the Jews. They stoned the civil authorities who tried to protect non-Christian citizens from their violence. They silenced philosophy by tearing Hypatia to pieces before the Christ she denied. They suppressed learning by destroying the Alexandrian library. They annihilated art by the destruction of pagan statues and temples. But their services to the new faith were not only of a destructive character. No figures appealed more strongly to the popular imagination. No body of men had done more to fashion the creed which they enforced, and no influence had been more potent than theirs to press doctrines dear to Egyptians on a reluctant Eastern church.

Serapion, as he looked shyly at the grim ascetic beside him, felt his involuntary movement of disgust yield to admiration and reverence. The self-torturing cœnobite incarnated the ideal that was swaying the souls of men, — an ideal of utter abnegation, of complete self-sacrifice.

But who were the strangers, and what was their errand? Serapion's mind wandered from one vague apprehension to another, until the short service ended and Abba Marcus left his seat to welcome the newcomers. Serapion could not even learn their names, for he was immediately impressed by the Economist to fill Brother Hilarion's place, who was sick of a fever, and to assist in bread-making, which was an important duty in the lonely lauras, as bread formed the staple of the monk's scanty dietary, and was truly his staff of life.

Serapion longed to question his fellow workers as they walked along the steep face of the cliff, but all labor was performed in silence, and his curiosity remained unsatisfied. A narrow shelf of rock, powdered with wind-blown sand, afforded a path which ran in front of the row of tombs; a few feet below, a wider ledge formed a natural terrace which, covered with fertile Nile mud and constantly irrigated, showed a flourishing crop of wheat, lupins and millet, and constituted, with a few sheep and buffalo, the chief resource of the community. To its very edge, an eternal menace, ever encroaching, undulating in glistening furrows as if in mockery of man's labors, swept the cataract of tawny sand. Below the ledge it slid in sheer descent to the confines of the cultivated land in the valley beneath, recoiling sharply before the onset of the serried spears of the young corn. Bread wrested from this devouring sea — for the Egyptian attacked and vanquished the desert as the Dutchman resisted and subdued the ocean — was precious indeed, and the making of it a ceremony.

At the door of the bakehouse — a long, low hut made of mud bricks mixed with chopped straw, the ends of which stuck out in all directions, forming a surface which was as harsh to the eye as it was rough to the touch — Serapion and his companions laid aside their tunics, and proceeded to a meticulous handwashing, for cleanliness, generally contemned as pagan and unregenerate in the care of the body, was enjoined in the preparation of food. Inside the hut two rows of smooth, spotless boards flanked by bulging sacks of flour were laid on the earthen floor, and a clay water jar supported by a wooden tripod, and surrounded by bowls and flasks, filled one corner.

Each monk helped himself to a portion of the flour, and then, squatting on

his heels, began to knead it. From time to time water was required; the bread-makers tapped on the board, and the one nearest the amphora brought it without speaking. Half an hour had passed in silent toil; the bronzed arms and shoulders of the workers were glistening, and the water-coolers were passed more frequently, when the stillness, which had been unbroken save by the buzzing of an occasional persevering fly and the thump of the dough on the boards, was torn by the brazen clangor of a gong. The bread-makers raised their heads. Once, twice, thrice, the jarring sound reached them; then every man sprang to the door of the hut, huddled on his tunic, and ran back over the narrow path to Abba Marcus's cell, for this was a signal that called each monk from his task; a signal of urgent need. Many of the younger brothers, Serapion among them, had never heard it before, and the older ones shuddered as they remembered the last time it had beaten on their ears.

The Abba's cell, the most spacious of the ancient tombs, was far too small to contain the flock that promptly answered their shepherd's call. The pious hands that had covered the pagan cartouches and deeply incised hieroglyphics with a smooth coating of loam had also built a low wall, broken by a narrow door, across the entrance between the rock-hewn pillars. In the doorway sat the Abba on a couch of wickerwork; on his right was the strange old man, while at his left stood, bowed a little under the weight of his irons, the ascetic Serapion had reverently admired in the chapel.

The monks, as fast as they arrived, formed in line with soldierly precision before the Abba and his companions, and Serapion, to his chagrin, found himself in the front rank, opposite the gaunt stranger. A few moments after the last comer, who had been fishing in the Nile, and who arrived wrapped like a river-god in dripping nets, had taken his place, Father Marcus struck the ground sharply with his stick, and an old brother left the ranks, and called the roll. When all the names had been answered to, save those of Hilarion and Basil, — the latter was at the sick man's bedside, — the Abba rose, and, turning his brilliant, jewel-bright eyes from one face to another, addressed his flock: —

"Beloved sons, I have called you together to-day, not because danger threatens this, our most cherished community, nor because heresy has again invaded the sheepfold of the faith, but for the performance of a duty, which, if I know you well, you will hold as only less sacred, — that of helping your brothers. Saint Antonius, our revered Father, said well of the eremite life, 'He who sits still in the desert is safe from three enemies: from hearing, from speech, from sight; and has to fight against only one, — his own heart;' but I tell you that you must not be content with the conquest of your hearts for yourselves. To us, living apart from worldly cares, there comes all too seldom an opportunity to serve man. Such occasions are from God, and should be seized and held fast like angelic messengers until they have bestowed a blessing upon us. These our brethren are afflicted, and call upon us in their trouble, and shall we deny them our help? It is a small grace they ask of you, only to answer truthfully, and without shame or fear, the questions of our brother, Abba Elias." As he finished his allocution, Father Marcus turned with a graceful gesture of invitation to the old man on his right, and then resumed his seat.

Abba Elias was deeply moved; he rose slowly, and the hands that were clasped on his staff shook, while his voice, drowned in the cataract of his beard, was at first hardly audible. Indeed, if it had not been for the goading glances of his grim companion, toward whom he looked nervously during his short speech, it seemed hardly possible that his own strength would have sustained him.

"Dear brethren in Christ," he quavered, "you see before you two sorely tried sin— " (here the eye of the iron-bound

brother, coercive as a bridle, checked him, and he hastily substituted) "envoys and suppliants from a community still more heavily afflicted. For many days we, and all our children, have been grievously tormented in the spirit and the flesh with madness and fever. Our simples, our potions, our penances, and vigils have been unavailing. In vain has our saintly Brother Ammon here laid his sufferings and macerations at the foot of the Cross; in vain have I offered my worn-out body for the well-being of those under my care. The sickness rages unabated. Three nights ago, having watched late before the altar, struggling with a carnal drowsiness to which, through ripeness of years and weakness of the flesh, I am too prone, I received a message. I, unworthy as I am, heard these words whispered softly in my ear: 'Until you have taken the cross from the breast of Marinus, and brought it to your brethren to kiss, the wrath of the Lord shall not pass away from you.' Thrice were these strange words repeated, and then I fell in a swoon before the altar, where I lay until the time of morning prayer. Now this Marinus, as you have been told, was a foul offender, who had been driven forth from among us, and therefore I feared that this message might be the inspiration of some lying spirit, or the vain utterance of my own troubled heart, for I had loved the boy, and indulged him until our good Ammon opened my eyes to his iniquity. So I said naught all day, but tended the sick as well as I could, for I, too, was smitten; but the chilled blood of age could not riot through my veins in the fever that parched the younger men. That night the voice thundered in my ears, not once, but many times, bearing always the same mandate. With dawn I rose, bade farewell to my children, and went out to find the lost one, Brother Ammon lending me his strength and his company. This is the fourth day of our journeying, and we have no tidings of Marinus. To you I appeal for help in my quest. Do any of you know aught of him? A pale, pretty lad, and slender, with a child in his arms?"

The old man looked pleadingly at the rows of wondering faces before him as he put the question to which head-shakings and negatives alone replied. Serapion's heart had leaped into his throat, stifling breath and voice when he first heard the name "Abba Elias;" and the hammering of the blood in his ears drowned the words which followed. For the first time in his short life he breathed hard in the grip of the tempter. Memories of the simple joys he must instantly renounce crowded on him like loving children around a banished father. To be reviled of all men! To leave the poor baby to starve and be torn to pieces by wolves! To be thrust out of the beloved laura, and to perish alone accursed! And he was not blameless like Marinus; he had not the consciousness of martyrdom to exalt him. Did the infinite Truth, which was also the infinite Mercy, require it of him? Never before had his humble life and its dear familiar setting seemed so sweet to him. The garden, the chapel, the sheepfold; the kindly offices of his brother monks; the frugal feasts on holydays, — must he resign all these? They stood for home, and kindred, and intimate family joys to the early orphaned Serapion. And those monks who were burning and raving in that other laura of Father Elias's? They, too, loved their spot of green earth, which they must soon leave forever if he kept silence. Was there no easier way to save them? No, to heal the sick, Elias must himself take the cross from the breast of Marinus. And his own soul's health, was that nothing? Serapion writhed in the clutch of an overmastering fear; then, terrified at his own base terrors, he bounded forward and threw himself on his face, with arms outstretched in the form of a cross before Abba Marcus.

There was a rustle, and a low hum of surprise. A long silence followed; finally Serapion, groveling, with his face in the pebbles, heard Father Marcus's level voice saying quietly, "Speak, my child."

Serapion raised himself, and, still kneeling, lightly clasped the Abba's knees, murmuring, "Father, I have sinned and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Bending his white head, Father Marcus answered: —

"And am I father to the sinless? If you have sinned, the greater is your need of me. Confess your sin, that we may the sooner rejoice over your repentance."

Serapion's cheek, white under the dust-smudge, flamed before the gaze of many eyes; it was not fear alone that impeded speech, but modesty, the *infans pudor* which the anchorite life had fostered and prolonged; he had never spoken before his superiors except in reply. All initiative was spared him, however, for Elias, leaving his place, laid an unsteady hand on his shoulder, and questioned eagerly: —

"You have seen him? You can tell us where he is? Be kind, and let me know quickly!"

Serapion, his eyes fixed on Marcus's face, answered: —

"I saw him the same day that the story of his transgression reached us. He came to me, starving, bleeding, too, from a wound in his side. I gave him my bed; I nursed him until he died; I buried him, and I have hidden and cared for the child which he left in my care."

A low murmur of amazement ran through the assembly. This from frank, simple-minded Serapion, the Christopher of the community, whose absolute truthfulness was taken for granted as unquestioningly as were his strength and goodwill; the brothers seemed far more surprised than shocked, all save one.

Ammon, who had, until the brief confession was finished, maintained an air of abstraction from all earthly concerns, now turned to Abba Elias with a vehemence which seemed seeking to atone for his previous impassibility.

"Behold, brother, the evil results of rejecting my counsels. Had you profited by my suggestion, and followed our rule in Scetis, this scandal would never have come to light and made you an offense in the nostrils of your neighbors, and this child of the Fiend would never have been allowed to wander up and down devouring the souls of weaklings. Had Marinus been properly walled up in his cell, and duly disciplined instead of being allowed to depart, his guilt would have died with himself, and not have been handed on to others like the light in a heathen torch-race. Sinners should be sequestered; otherwise they breed sinners, and so I told you.

"Unhappy young man," he added, turning to Serapion, "did your vow of obedience lie so lightly on you that you shook it off at the sight of mere carnal suffering? Do you entertain every chamberer who knocks at your door? Where is your hatred of vice, where is your love of holiness? Is this your fashion of keeping unspotted from the world? On whose culpable indulgence do you count that you confess your iniquities with such a brow of brass? In Nitria your back would have been scored with discipline ere this!" and Ammon shook his staff over Serapion's head.

Poor Father Elias hung his head like a chidden hound at this attack, but in mild Father Marcus it awoke a primal instinct which he fondly flattered himself had long ago been eradicated, — the proprietary sense. He had renounced all ownership in material things, but Serapion was his spiritual son; his errors and sins were his father's exclusive affair, and the old Adam within that father rose to repel interference with his ghostly rights. His resentment, however, was dominated by the Oriental's courtesy, and the ecclesiastic's self-control. Without rising from his seat he gently waived Ammon back, and said smoothly enough: —

"Our first duty is to relieve your sick brethren, Father Elias, and the question of my penitent's disobedience and his penance will come up after your quest is ended. Pray continue, Serapion, and you, Brother Ammon, will perhaps advise me in private later when this pressing business is finished and we have found

Marinus's cross." This was an unexpected check to Ammon. Fortified by the consciousness of superior sanctity, he had, preceded by the fame of his fasts and self-tortures, come self-appointed to tighten the bonds of discipline in Upper Egypt. No one had hitherto questioned the propriety of his action in a country "where whoever wore a black dress was invested with tyrannical power." A man who had lived in a dry well for many years on five figs a day was thereby qualified to settle the most difficult points of church government. The very clanking of his irons was an irrefutable argument in support of any statement he might choose to make; and who, in an age of faith, could question the words and acts of one who had not washed himself within the memory of living man? Such a holy being could not usurp authority; he might assume it for a time, as many a priest or abbot found to his sorrow, for his macerations constituted his divine right to dominion; but Marcus's calm assumption of his hierarchical superiority in his own laura left Ammon quite defenseless. Accustomed to impose his will on the meek Elias he was unarmed for resistance, and growling something about such boys being treated differently in Scetis, he reluctantly lowered his staff and returned to his place.

In Serapion, too, his apostrophe had evoked latent emotions. Elias's appeal had touched his heart; all his mother in him had responded tremulously to it; but Ammon's aggression aroused the man's combativeness. Under the gentle rule of Marcus he had long remained a dutiful boy; the ascetic's rough words had matured him suddenly, as a young tree bursts into leaf under the onslaught of a summer storm. With a novel sense of elation which enfranchised him from doubts and tremors, he answered Elias's pleading look: —

"I will lead you to my cell where Marinus lies; under the tunic I promised not to touch is the cross you seek. He kissed it before he died, and prayed Him who hung on it for us to forgive those who had done evil to him, and offered his torments to his Lord and Saviour;" and Serapion, his exaltation increasing as the memory of Marinus grew to clearer and firmer form in his mind, added slowly and loudly, that all might hear: —

"I do most humbly confess and repent my sin of disobedience, and I will meekly receive whatever punishment you may mete out to me. But were it all to do over again I could not act otherwise, and I thank God that He led Marinus to my door."

Serapion, after one steady look at the elders, at Ammon, and at the curious crowd of monks, bent his head to receive the blow, or the words more heavy to bear than blows, that his bold avowal had provoked. He had no dread of them, he was singularly uplifted by his championship of the innocent dead, and something of Marinus's own spirit seemed to have entered into him. The torch had passed from hand to hand as Ammon had predicted. But the thirst for self-abasement was for the nonce unslaked. The two old men before whom he knelt exchanged a look: Father Elias whispered timidly, with a sidelong glance at his guardian angel, who seemed momentarily to have withdrawn himself from the spectacle of such depravity, "'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' — is it not so, my Brother Marcus?" while Marcus added: "Your duty comes first, my son; your confession and penance later. While we talk our brothers are suffering. Lead the way to your cell."

Serapion had but a dim memory afterwards of a hurried walk over the rock-ledge; of digging deep into the loose sand of the newly made grave; of gently lifting out of the sarcophagus that light (so piteously light) burden, and of reverently uncovering the face of his dead friend, which still wore the pathetic, conquered look of those who die in flowering-time. Marinus was quite unchanged; the clean, cool sand had lain lightly on him, and death, in pity of his youth, had spared

something of its grace. Serapion felt anew the sense of loss as he straightened the tangled curls, and smoothed the folds of the tunic; then, still seeing the crowd of eager monks at the door, and the little group before him mistily as through tears or driving rain, he stood aside, saying, —

"Father Elias, will you take the cross now?"

The old Abba, after a short, silent prayer, sunk on his knees and pulled tremulously at the chain on the dead boy's neck, but it seemed caught in the rope girdle around the waist, and after vainly trying to draw it up, he clumsily untied the knotted drapery on Marinus's shoulder and turned down the front of the tunic. There lay the cross quite safe, but as if it possessed a Gorgon spell to turn living flesh to stone, the four men glared at it in pallid amazement, looked at one another, blanched, and stared again.

Then Serapion, with a cry of ineffable tenderness and grief and pity, swiftly replaced the tunic, while Ammon, groaning and beating his breast, threw himself down on the sand, and Elias, tumbling into a dejected heap, began to moan and rock himself to and fro. For Marinus was no youth, but a dead maiden; the grave had yielded the girl's secret.

It was Marcus who first found speech. "Now blessed be He who hath inspired such incomparable humility and refreshed these old eyes by the sight thereof; and blessed are we to have this holy and perfect example in our midst, and thrice blessed are you, Serapion, to have entertained this angel. Be comforted, my brother," he continued, raising Elias to his unsteady feet, "she who forgave you on earth will intercede for you in heaven."

"No, no," sobbed the old man, who possessed the *donum lachrymarum* in abundance. "I have been an unfaithful steward; his — her father left her in my care when he died, and I drove her — tormented her — worked her to death. I should have guessed — I should have known!"

"And robbed her of a crown, and us of a saint," retorted Ammon, whom Marcus's words had revived like a draught of palm wine. "We have been but instruments in the divine hand to fashion this soul for his service. Let us rejoice, then, and do not forget the cross. Your being commanded to take it from the martyr's body is surely a sign that you are forgiven. Strange that you were elected for this honor, but the ways of the Lord are inscrutable."

So the old man was comforted, and at last timidly removed the cross, now freed from the arresting folds of drapery, from the dead girl's breast. Serapion, who had not moved or spoken since he had reverently replaced the tunic, stood like one in a trance, looking down on the empty sheath of the creature for whom he had sinned. Like the blinding light that on the road to Damascus flashed upon the persecutor, bringing inward illumination, and darkening the outer world, the knowledge of his own heart burst upon Serapion in one crowded moment. He loved! And this love, sanctified by death, for one who could never feel it or need it, was no sinful passion, but an act of adoration. A bewildering sense of discovery, of exultation, mingled with the anguish of frustration and loss, held him rigid and motionless, while a curious crowd, augmented by the villagers, to whom by some mysterious means the news had been instantly conveyed, defiled past the body. When devout women came to carry it away, and to wash and robe it for a triumphal progress down the river, he did not speak, although his eyes betrayed a dumb, intolerable pain. Only those hours of his life that he had spent with Marinus seemed real to him; all the rest was but a vain appearance; all other beings, merely *simulacra*, dust and shadows.

Wise Father Marcus, noting Serapion's dazed look, sent for the child, and, putting it in his arms, bade him care for it, saying, "It shall be your penance for disobedience," and Serapion was led back to duty by those soft, clinging hands.

To duty, but not to peace. The old tranquil delight in work and life was gone. The passionate tenderness, the chivalrous devotion, long dormant in an ardent and reverent nature, stretched out imploring hands fated to remain forever empty, and shook barred gates, closed for all time. "He who sits quiet in the desert has only one enemy to fight, his own heart." Only one! What more redoubtable or subtle foe could he contend against? His waking and sleeping dreams, his daily meditations, his nightly vigils, were haunted. One image filled his periphery, quickening mysterious forces in the depths of his nature; it could not be exorcised; all spiritual weapons were shivered against it. His spirit prostrated itself before the martyr, but his heart cried out for the woman. Marina! Marina! Not the saint in glory, not the wounded guest, but the girl whom he had never known, caressing her doves, tending her roses, obsessed his vision; and to shut his eyes against this radiant presence was to feel the elastic resistance of her ringlets against his fingers, the light burden of her slenderness in his arms. Again, like a celestial envoy, rose the remembrance of her holiness, stilling the tumult in his veins, bringing deliverance from vain desire, and he mourned like one who had profaned an altar. Sometimes he could conceive her as a divine essence beckoning him to the height she had gained, and her dear earthly shell became only a tabernacle hallowed by the mystery within: and then he would be shaken by a passion of fierce longing, dogged by a sense of utter desolation, and the unending struggle began again.

It was in communion with a memory at once so inspiring and so enthralling that Serapion found martyrdom, and won sanctity.

WORLD-ORGANIZATION SECURES WORLD-PEACE

BY R. L. BRIDGMAN

Over fifty years have passed since the first world's peace congresses met. Seven in all were held, and in them the impulse of the peace movement attained its full force as a motive for the welfare of the world. The first of these congresses was that in London in 1843. Then came the great gatherings in Brussels in September, 1848; in Paris in August, 1849; in Frankfort in August, 1850; in London in July, 1851; in Manchester in January, 1853, and in Edinburgh in October, 1853. These demonstrations had the freshness and the enthusiasm of the Washingtonian temperance movement. All the moral, humanitarian, industrial, social, and financial reasons which are now massed so conclusively against war were urged then, with the only difference from the present attack that modern statistics were lacking, and that the illustrations from recent warfare were not available. But the vision of the pioneers of those days, of Elihu Burritt, of Victor Hugo, of Henry Richard, of Frédéric Bastiat, of Richard Cobden, of Émile de Girardin, of John Bright, and of many others, was as far-seeing as that of their successors, and their thunders against the evils and the follies of war were as loud.

But dark days followed. The Crimean War engrossed the attention of Europe. Then our own civil war banished from our minds the hopes of the first effort, and the early congresses lost their initial force. Only in recent years is their prodigious momentum once more felt.

Peace societies, however, continued

their work within national limits. But not until 1878, at the World's Exposition in Paris, was another international gathering held to promote the concord of the nations. Seeds were then sown of larger work, and in 1889 began the present series of universal peace congresses of which the session in Boston in October will be the thirteenth.

Practical means have been the purpose of these agitators. They have aimed to combine sentiment with accomplishment, and the successive congresses have labored steadily for the prevention of war, and for the substitution of reason for force in the settlement of differences between the nations. Arbitration has been the great theme which has rung from the platforms of these congresses year after year, whether the session has been in some European capital or in Chicago. Kindred topics have been debated with all the vigor and earnestness that enthusiastic apostles of the reform could command, and an immense pioneer work has been done in educating the nations for peace. International relations are, doubtless, far more friendly to-day than they would have been had it not been for the self-sacrifice, for many discouraging years, of these world benefactors.

Insistence upon the brotherhood of man has been constant. On that foundation have been discussions of disarmament of the nations, of the diffusion of peace principles in all public schools, of the negotiation of arbitration treaties, of industrial arbitration, of prevention of military drill in public schools, of an international peace bureau, of the codification of international law, and of many other propositions tending toward the consummation of the great purpose.

Such have been the conditions antecedent to the meeting of the Universal Peace Congress in Boston in October. The progress for peace has been wonderful in recent years, in the opinion of those who have followed it in detail. The arbitration conference at Lake Mohonk this year was attended by a larger number of enthusiastic men and women than any preceding session. Anxiety for the establishment of universal peace was never greater than now, when the war in the Far East illustrates the evils against which the Congress is working, and when menaces upon our own liberty and political institutions, as a consequence of our last war, are filling the minds of many of our patriotic citizens with apprehension.

Under these conditions, it is timely to turn to another movement, which has already a strong standing in Massachusetts and in Pennsylvania, and see what promise it has for assistance toward the peace of the world.

World-peace is the object of the coming Universal Peace Congress. World-organization, beginning with a world-legislature, or a "stated international congress," is the object of an effort before the Congress of the United States, proposed to it by a resolution of the Legislature of Massachusetts, as well as by private citizens. The proposition here advanced is that world-organization includes world-peace, and vastly more. Therefore, to employ a military term in speaking of the effort for peace, the peace of the world may be secured most quickly and permanently by a flank movement, not attacking the difficulties directly in front, but approaching them by way of the organization of the world. When the greater shall have been secured, the less will be found one of the rewards of the effort, and such broad and deep foundations will have been laid for the future that the superstructure cannot be overthrown.

By putting mankind into its true position as an organic whole, permanent conditions of peace will be established. It may occur that some outburst of human passion will flare up, making a commotion for a time. But that will not change the general truth, nor overthrow the fact that the best possible conditions for permanent peace have been established. The crust of the earth is a fairly stable place upon which to live, in spite

of earthquakes and volcanoes. Earth's forces break out at times; men's passions might overcome restraint occasionally, but the fitting of the nations into the unity of mankind would be the best possible preventive of such outbreaks, the most likely to compel them to be of short duration, and the most powerful energy to force the insubordinate elements into their due subordination.

World-organization must grow out of the essential unity of mankind. It cannot be a federation, or any agreement which has in itself the seeds of nullification or secession or any implication that the conditions were created by men and may be destroyed by men at will. The fundamental reality in the existence of mankind was not created by men and cannot be destroyed by men. Recognition of this fundamental truth, the unity of mankind, is the preliminary of world-organization. Effort for world-peace, therefore, should act along the line of omnipotent truths, and not endeavor to advance along a line of options created by men.

World - organization will be found much easier than it now seems to most people if they will only practice what they know, or believe, to be true. One of the inconsistencies which every observing man must notice is not only (as the world generally complains) that Christians do not act as if they believed what they say they believe, but that it is just as true of people generally; they seem to distrust the universality and undeviating force of eternal principles. With many people it is as if the multiplication table ran after this fashion: "5 times 5 are 25; 6 times 5 are about 30; 7 times 5 are between 34 and 36; 8 times 5 are in doubt, but most mathematicians hold that the answer approximates 40; 9 times 5 are uncertain, authorities differ, the public is in doubt, and it is a question which may well be left to a referendum." Building on the eternal foundation of the unity of mankind (and those who dispute it are a negligible quantity for this discussion), the steps which are in order for the organization of the world into one political body are coming to be seen more and more distinctly in the near future.

We take the world as it is to-day, more or less occupied by nations more or less near together, every producer trying to enlarge his market and to bring the world closer to himself, — except where statesmen are using the tremendous powers of government to put obstructions in the way of trade, and to make each country an isolated economic factor. Though nations have many relations to one another, and more to-day than ever before, yet they want many more than they have now. People in incalculable numbers in every quarter of the earth wish to do business with other people in every other part of the earth, and all sorts of persons, in all sorts of places, have a desire which would be uncontrollable, if they had the money to satisfy it, to see all the other sorts of persons and places upon the earth. World-unity is a fact to-day. But unity of the world under a government of men is not a fact. Narrowness of view, conservative ideas of progress, timidity regarding the future, selfish jealousy lest others get more than we if we throw down all barriers which shut us out from our place in the organic total of mankind, — these factors stand in the way of the accomplishment of formal political unity, and, in every nation, hold back those who are already fit and otherwise ready for political union.

At our present rate of progress, considering the enterprise, push, and optimism of men, this unstable condition cannot exist much longer. World-forces are rapidly bringing mankind to its birthright as a united whole, working together in harmony, and then the wonder will be how men could have been so foolish as to have opposed or ridiculed such a consummation.

Organization, for a political person, means that it must have organs whereby it can know its environment, what its body is, what its surroundings are, what

its nature demands, what its circumstances permit, and so on, as far as the functions of a knowing organ are concerned. It must have the means of expressing its will after it has learned what its conditions demand. It must have an organ for carrying the will into action. It must have an organ to determine how far the expressed will applies to particular cases. In other words, it must have a legislative department, an executive department, and a judicial department.

Nations have these organs now. To that partial extent mankind is organized already. But mankind, as a whole, has not yet any such organs established and recognized by the nations. The nations deny that there is any sovereignty over them. It is true that developments have already occurred, remarkable in number and wonderfully significant in idea, proving the unity of mankind, and that the nations are coming to recognize it. But hitherto not only has each nation rightly denied that any other is more sovereign than itself, but each has refused to admit the sovereignty of the whole over itself. That is, mankind, as a whole, is not yet organized. Fragmentary organization, equipment with organs by sections, known as nations, is the highest point of development thus far.

Now, in the relations of nations to one another, as proved by their treaties and code of international law, certain truths are recognized which involve the very nature of mankind as a created whole. That is, there is a world-constitution, unwritten, not called by that name, but existing as truly as the animal creation existed before it was named by man, and as independent of his recognition and his naming as the animal creation was independent of human recognition. Though that world-constitution has remained obscure and unrecognized, yet world-progress toward its formal expression has been wonderfully rapid in recent years.

In the first place, that constitution is bringing about the formal existence of an organ for the use and for the expression of the intelligence and the will of the world. Nations, repeatedly, in separate congresses, upon special subjects, have expressed their intelligence and their will, and have entrusted to the nations severally the duty of carrying out that will, as is most perfectly illustrated in the case of the Universal Postal Union. That is, the nations are creating a world legislative department.

In the next place, the establishment of The Hague Court of Arbitration is doubtless the beginning of the establishment of a judicial department which will include other duties than the settlement of causes dangerous to the peace of nations. Lastly, the formal establishment of some world-executive will not long lag behind the creation of the legislative and the judicial departments. The world is moving rapidly toward political organization as one body, and the situation must soon reveal itself to present doubters.

United States history throws a powerful light upon the wider truth of the relations of the nations to one another. After the Revolution came the Federation. Subject colonies, having thrown off the government of England, were independent states, or sovereign powers, in their relations to one another and to the world. So they said. But the Nature of Things, asserting itself through a disorganized currency, industrial distress, political antagonisms, and the decrepitude of the central government, said to these self-styled sovereigns: "You are fools. You must recognize me. You are one. You must recognize your unity in me. Throw away your theories. Admit the truth which existed before you, which shaped your being, and which holds you in its inexorable grasp." The wisdom of the framers was shown in their recognition of the folly of the federation, and in their willingness to become subordinate to the Nature of Things.

Yet the sovereignty of each state was recognized, such were the exigencies of the times, to the extent that it could come under the Constitution or not, at its will.

Years passed before the slowest and dullest and most selfish of them recognized the fundamental fact that they were in the grip of circumstances, and in relations over which they had no sovereignty, and then they formally adopted the Constitution.

What the Nature of Things will yet do with the United States remains to be seen. As far as our Constitution is in accord with the supreme, unwritten constitution, it is in an impregnable stronghold, and no might of man can destroy it. But wherever it is not in accord, or is so interpreted as not to be in working accord, then the Nature of Things will have no more regard for the written Constitution than a tornado has for the straws in its path. Fundamental rights of man and the true obligations and responsibilities of nations lie in the world-constitution back of all written agreements or treaties or human understandings whatever, and they will triumph at last, provided men are unselfish enough and brave enough to die for their rights, — and martyrs have never yet been lacking when the cause was clear. So we can turn to the history of the United States and get a bright illumination upon present conditions and duties.

States of the United States do not have wars with one another. It is true that the great civil strife occurred, but the Nature of Things proved that the bond over the warring parts was stronger than the repellent forces whose presence together was due to the introduction of a falsehood contradicting the truth of human freedom, which was one of the fundamental and eternal principles upon which the nation was established. But civil war between different individual states is impossible, though there are diversities of interests and of local sentiment between some of the states greater than the diversity between the northern tier of states and the interests and sentiment of the people of Canada. States of the United States have no tariff wall between them. Though the nation covers such immense territory that the good of one section is gained under our tariff by direct and admitted loss to another, — as in the case of the duty on hides and leather, — yet the states which suffer for the benefit of the others continue in their friendly relations, and there is no possibility of war. The original colonies have submitted to the Nature of Things. They have abandoned forever their claim of absolute sovereignty, and they enjoy permanent peace and friendship with one another.

They are in organic relations with one another. Politically they are one. One flag is over them. One legislative body, composed of representatives of all sections, makes laws for the whole, and promotes the development of the weakest parts. One judiciary department has jurisdiction over cases which arise between the different states, or between the states and the general government, or between citizens of different states. Settlement of all differences is assured according to forms of justice which are the same in all parts of the country. One executive, in the choice of whom all the parts have a voice, enforces the will of the representatives and carries out the decisions of the courts. The political machinery is built for the just settlement of causes of differences, and for the harmonious growth of all parts of the living whole. Law is respected. An army is needed, internally, for police purposes only for the savage and lawless communities.

Yet these amicable and prosperous relations for the individual states have not been secured by any direct agreements between them individually since the adoption of the Constitution. Maine has no treaty relations with California, nor even with Vermont. Formal relations have been rendered needless forever because the Nature of Things has been recognized. That determines the relations of the states to one another. When they have once come into the relations which are in accord with the higher powers, then further arrangements have been superfluous. The greater has included the less, and a vault full of treaties and agreements and

codicils and explanations and ratifications could accomplish no more than is secured forever in the whole, and in detail, by the simple act of recognizing the fundamental unity of the states in the superior nation.

Thus the United States is an illustration to the entire world of the peace and prosperity which follow the accomplishment in political life of the unity of mankind, as far as our Union embodies and expresses that unity. When Connecticut expanded into the great West it was not necessary that she should conquer larger areas. The exact contrary actually occurred, and the survival of the name of the Connecticut Reserve will proclaim to the world, as long as those hear who have ears to hear, that political supremacy is needless for the spread of a colonizing people. New York capitalists did not declare war upon Montana when they wished to invest their capital in the deposits which dazzled the imagination of the covetous by the fabulous richness of their ores. Yet the local laws of Montana were materially different from those of New York. Ohio has not made war upon Louisiana because the latter has control of the mouth of the Mississippi and prevents access to the ocean. Massachusetts has not carried fire and sword into South Carolina in order to invest her capital there in cotton manufacture, nor did New Hampshire desolate the plains of Kansas with the carnage of innocent women and children, and becloud the horizon with the smoke of burning homes in order to make sure of her investments in Western farm mortgages. Pennsylvania has not established concentration camps of the helpless non-combatants of her sister states in order to open a market for her iron and coal, nor has Minnesota transported the people of Rhode Island to some remote confinement in order to open up the little state to her superabundant wheat. Expansion has been the practice in our country from the beginning, free and constant expansion, without the accompaniment of political conquest, even where the people and the laws to which the expansionists went were totally different from those which they left behind them. The Southwestern states, with their Mexican antecedents and population, illustrate the power of supreme political conditions to preserve the peace, and to open all possible sources of profitable investment without resort to force, to say nothing of resort to outrage, oppression, and slaughter.

No one has ever been heard to say in these times that this system of political relations is less beneficial than would be a system whereby each state might be an independent sovereignty, each having a high tariff wall against its neighbor, each staggering under a standing army to repel invasions from its stronger neighbors, and to plunder its weaker ones, where each workman toiled with a soldier strapped to his back in order to maintain an unstable equilibrium, and where the passions and jealousies of each state were in constant exercise against each and every one of its neighbors. Yet such would be the condition of the states of our country to-day if they had not recognized the Nature of Things and surrendered a seeming sovereignty, which they never had in fact, in order to rise to a higher plane of existence as subordinate parts of one organic whole, one self-governing nation.

This is no mere human order which is supreme in our country to-day. It is no result of cunning wits planning out a political machine and fitting the parts together like a marvelous mechanism so framed that it never breaks down and never develops excessive friction. Our present system is strong because it recognizes the foundation truths which lie in the relations of free and independent human beings to one another. Our statesmen have recognized and applied the eternal truths in the Nature of Things. The inevitable consequences have followed that recognition. Similar consequences will follow similar recognition in the relations of the nations to one another.

But there are other forces which work

for the unity of our country. Sons of New England become loyal sons of the Western states in which they have their present homes, yet they are none the less loyal to the homes of their fathers. Old Home Week is conclusive proof of the strength of the bond which holds the dwellers on the prairies to the hills and valleys of the ancestral states. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution are equally loyal, whether they live on the Atlantic, Pacific, Gulf, or Lake coast. It has been proclaimed as one of the blessings of the war with Spain (not admitting or denying here the assumption that war has blessings) that it brought together once more Southerner and Northerner under the Stars and Stripes. Fraternal orders have their members in every part of the country. Great expositions demonstrate that there is a brotherhood among all our people, whether they come from the East or West. Freedom of intercourse, frequency of personal contact, intimate association in trade and pleasure, familiarity with one another's peculiarities, appreciation of the humanity which is deeper and stronger than peculiarities and circumstances, all these influences weld our people into one great family, between whose members conflict is becoming more and more impossible, not only because our political system prevents it, but because our political system promotes something higher than political relations, and because the brotherly affection between our people will find some way other than war by which to settle any differences which may arise out of their common weaknesses and passions.

Now apply the illustration of the United States to the nations of the world. Suppose that the first object of world-statesmen is to secure perpetual peace. We have shown the world how. Our states have formally surrendered their claim to absolute sovereignty. They have voluntarily taken their place as subordinate parts in a larger whole, and the crushing might of the stronger states coercing the weaker ones by fire and sword, by slaughter and rapine, was not a necessary preliminary of the new relation. The states reserved for local self-government the details in which local administration can secure more accurate justice and larger liberty for each person than the broad and less discriminating power of the central government.

Let each nation now, in the pursuit of world-peace, recognize in like manner the Nature of Things. It was supreme over our original states. It is equally supreme over all the nations combined, and it will continue to load them down with the enormous burden of their ignorance and their blunder until they open their eyes and admit the prime fact in their existence.

Our states established a political organization to fit their needs. That is, they set up, with all the wisdom they could gather from their experience, enlarged by their rare genius for political constructiveness, a legislative department for their central government, an executive department, and a judicial department. Every necessary organ was provided. Organs are indispensable to bodies which expect to do anything, and it would be as foolish to suppose that the world, as a political body, can act without world-organs as to suppose that we could have a central government for the United States without organs whose field for exercise covered the entire country. The world has not yet got its head. It has no organ of intelligence. It is far from having any means whereby it can formulate or express its will, and further still from a means of enforcing it. A world-legislature, then, and a world-executive and a world-judiciary must come in due time, before mankind will be fitly organized for any simple act as a world-organism. If we face the situation squarely we see that it does not require either impossibilities or absurdities. It offers promise of reward beyond our imagination to comprehend, yet within the ability of the nations to secure without loss to any, and with immense credit and benefit to all. More than this, the signs of

the times point to the certain realization of the predictions of political world-unity.

Already the world has made material progress toward the consummation of this great ideal, though the skeptics are many in spite of a profusion of facts. World-peace may be much nearer than the hopeless and the doubters suppose. Humanity is even now becoming organized into one whole. The proposition for a world-legislative body, with regular sessions for such business as may come before it (though the point of reference to the home governments for ratification of its acts is conceded), has already been heard by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs of our national Congress, and the representatives of the American Peace Society who presented the case were accorded such a favorable reception that they believe that their movement will find approval. The idea of world-unity is stronger to-day than it ever was before. Expectation of the realization of the inspiring ideal is spreading among those who watch the signs of the times. Familiarity with the facts only strengthens this confidence. The example of the United States is in itself such a proof that it will do much to convince the political leaders of our country, and to persuade the statesmen of Europe, Asia, South America, and other lands that the truth is applicable to all mankind, and that in the realization of this ideal will come permanent peace and prosperity, with practical enjoyment of the brotherhood of man.

Absolute sovereignty having been waived by the agreement of the nations to enter into a regular international congress, there would follow participation in regulations tending to establish similar conditions around the world among all nations represented in the Congress. In the United States over thirty states and territories have joined the effort for larger unity in state procedure by the appointment of Commissioners on the Uniformity of Legislation. Effort in a similar direction would be one of the earliest necessities felt by a world-legislature. Indeed, there is in sight already, in this and other fields, abundance of material for world-legislation for several sessions.

One of the conditions which promotes peace between the states of the United States is that, wherever any citizen may be, he is free to enjoy whatever form of religion he prefers. He may be a Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan, as he pleases, only he must preserve the peace and live a decent life. World-peace will be unspeakably promoted if there prevails such a system of world-law that when a man goes into any part of the world, he will be free to worship God after any form he prefers. Other liberties, now not known in all countries, may be expected in the growing toleration and homogeneity of the world.

But world-law which secures personal rights and liberty having been established, there will arise a far greater freedom of movement among the peoples of the world. Mutual concessions will be made for the sake of securing to each the advantages given to the citizens of the most favored nation. Thus trade and profit would become increasingly possible. National belief that it was necessary to expand by conquest in order to find security for religion, for trade, or for property rights, would dissipate in the presence of universal toleration and universal opportunity. Japan could expand into Korea without feeling that she must dominate it politically. Russia would find her ice-free seaport without becoming a menace to Japan. England could trade in India without holding hundreds of millions of people her political subjects. The United States could sell cotton cloth and machinery in China without incidentally holding against their will a nation of 7,600,000 Filipinos. The Boers could govern themselves, meeting the outlander issue under local conditions, without being forced into the British Empire. So much, and much more like it, would be accomplished under a system of world-law.

But the world-court would carry the

probability of peace to a certainty. As our national courts have jurisdiction over issues involving parties other than the residents of one state, so the world-court would be a tribunal before which national differences could be tried and settled by the highest judicial ability the human race could produce. Nations would be in their organic relation to one another as parts of the common whole. Occasion for differences would be reduced to such minor matters that not only would the honor of each contestant be satisfied by the court procedure, but the material interests of each would be promoted far more than by any possible resort to force. For it must be remembered, in connection with the truth that only minor matters, compared with present issues, would come before that court, that, in the relations of the nations, there could arise no question of the destruction of one nation by another. World-law would remove, by its free opportunities for race expansion into territories of other races on the part of all who desired to trade or travel or live elsewhere, all pretext for resort to force. More than that, as has actually occurred under the Concert of Powers in Europe, there would be such jealousy to maintain the *status quo* territorially that the public opinion of the entire world would be against any one Power which should undertake to destroy the existence of any other, however small. And the Concert itself illustrates the growing and tremendous strength of world-opinion, especially when backed by the moral law.

Other questions than existence or integrity of territory would be settled by the world-court, and the public opinion of the world would be powerful to influence the losing side to accept the verdict without resort to force. In any event, acceptance would not involve dishonor in the eyes of others, because it would be a verdict by the world-court, and acceptance would certainly entail less loss of prestige or property, to say nothing of life, than a resort to arms.

The details of the development of the world-executive are not essential to the taking of the first steps for world-organization for the sake of world-peace. Present arrangements, such as exist in the case of the special world-congresses which have acted upon particular subjects, suffice for present needs. The main elements needed first are the legislative and the judicial departments, and these are already so near realization that recognition of the situation by the nations will promote the disposition of the people everywhere to hasten what is so surely approaching.

With world-organization secure there would disappear some of the present problems which destroy the financial health of Europe and put a burden upon the United States. With the danger removed that national existence might be destroyed, with the preservation of territorial integrity assured, with substantial justice (even with the risk of occasional errors) promised by a world-court, the problem of disarmament would be solved. This, of itself, would be of incalculable worth. The revival of industry, the decline of militarism, the decay of national jealousies, the promotion of international intercourse, the exchange of national products on better terms, and other widespread consequences, would follow the recognition by the nations of the Nature of Things.

The Universal Peace Congress can help much to hasten the solution of the problem of how to end war. Every forward step which it can take to promote knowledge of this American movement in the home nations of the members respectively will be so much direct help toward the unity of the world as one political body. To this consummation there is no doubt — so believe those who are active in this movement — that the world will ultimately come. They are not prophesying whether that consummation is near or remote. That it is coming and that it will be of incalculable benefit when it does come are sufficient premises upon which to build the most diligent work

possible for its speedy coming. While there must be a ripening of events for this end, and while time must elapse for the operation of forces beyond our control, yet it is no less true that much depends upon direct human agency. The law of opportunity improved holds as fully in this field as in others, as in the establishment of The Hague arbitration court, for instance. The curse of opportunity neglected hangs over those who counsel neglect as truly as over any others who fail to rise to the full height of their opportunity and responsibility. Subjects are waiting in abundance for the action of the regular congress of nations, or the world-legislature. Obstacles are no more insurmountable than they were for The Hague court. Indeed, the success of that effort guarantees and prophesies success in this. The cause itself is momentous enough, magnificent enough, and inspiring enough to call out patient, untiring, and self-sacrificing effort.

Fitting it is that Boston should be the place of the gathering of the Congress which promises to be the largest and most influential in the history of the peace movement, for Boston has been in the fore-front of the agitation for world-peace from the beginning. It was at a meeting of the American Peace Society, at its Boston home, on July 26, 1841, that the proposition was first made, by Joseph Sturge, an Englishman, which resulted in the entire series of international peace congresses. Charles Sumner's famous oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations," — a convincing plea for peace which still has living force, — was the public Fourth of July oration in Boston in 1845. In Park Street Church, in 1849, Sumner delivered his powerful indictment against war, — "The War System of Nations." Almost all the anti-slavery leaders were pronounced peace men, especially Channing, Garrison, and Sumner, and the Massachusetts Peace Society was organized in Channing's study on December 26, 1815. Boston, for many years, has been the home of the American Peace Society. Among the first twenty-two members of the Massachusetts Society were the governor of the state and the president of Harvard College. Boston has always been so conspicuous in the peace crusade that her friends look to her now to see a new and great advance made in consequence of the meeting within her gates.

MY CLOTHES

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

In the dear, naughty Memoirs of Madame de Brillaye, not inaptly named by the author the *Journal of a Wicked Old Woman*, you remember that scene in the pleasaunce at Château Vernot, where the turf was like fairy velvet and the trees were tortured into all manner of shapes unarboreal, — she liked to have her trees dressed, she said, — "There is something indecent in great naked branches sprawling the good God knows where." The little old lady is sitting with her great, old-ivory cane across her knees; she rolls it back and forth with her little old-ivory hands, while she scolds Aimée, — as always. Aimée has just come through that brisk little encounter of hers with de Brontignac, and seems to have allowed her raiment to look a little battle-worn. "Go dress yourself, baby," cries Madame Great-Aunt. "Will you let your very laces whimper? Into your rose velvet brocade, and your chin will be jerked up as if by a string. Gowns have healed more hearts than they've ever broken: the second, men's; the first, women's. Now you think you have a soul; when you are my age, you will know that women are not souls, but dresses. I look back; my history is the history of my gowns; undressed, I do not exist; my clothes are myself." (A few lines above I used the word "remember," but merely for the sake of an effective start-off. Madame and her Memoirs do not exist outside of this paragraph. I am not the first to perpetrate a spurious quotation; I am merely the first to confess it. To proceed.) It is not the first time that the little old de Brillaye has set me thinking. Is she true in this passage, or merely epigrammatic? If my history is the history of my clothes, let me so study it out, formulate, as it were, the meditations of the pupa upon its successive integumenta. Yet the figure is infelicitous. In fact, the chrysalis image is not over pretty as regards this side of eternity: pupa suggests the pulpy tenantry of the chestnut; this worminess may be liturgical, but it is unpleasant, is opposed to that sociability with one's self which makes life entertaining; there is nothing chat-worthy in a worm. Be it granted me to regard these accidental rags of lawn or wool or silk I find adherent, these hardly less transitory hands and feet, this hardly more durable incasing occipital, not as a worm incarcerate, but with the detachment and uplift of the incipient butterfly.

Why not *my* philosophy of *my* clothes, — the pronoun italicized, meaning not Teufelsdröckh's, but my own, both the clothes and the philosophy? Let me here and now make some effort toward system and definition, toward order out of chaos, in that long chapter in a woman's story, my lady's wardrobe. How far have these successive wrappings around and prankings out of diverse colors and tissues that are to my fellow passengers labels of my lone pilgrim soul, stating of what age, sex, nation, education, and caste I may be, — how far have these clothes of mine served for triumph or undoing in my spiritual history, the life-history of this "celestial amphibian," myself?

The clothes of babyhood first. It is a strong-minded adult who does not grow sentimental in regarding the garments of his infancy, — those caps and bibs and socks reminding us of the wabbling heads, the aching gums, the simian feet, of the days when we, for all our present arrogance of maturity, were the sport of colic and nutritive experiment.

How explain the repugnance of the newly-born to clothing, the birth-wail that pleads for the sincerity of the nude, protests against the cloakings of con-

vention? Strange paradox that the first emotion of the baby soul should be bitterness against all those contrivances of decency, those hemstitched linens and embroidered flannels, through which the mother heart eased its brooding love. The little pink, squirming creature, fresh out of eternity, cannot be too quickly incased in the wrappings of finite human care. That is why we are so long in seeing ourselves as we really are; all the clothes and the conventions were ready for us; before we had a glimpse at ourselves we were popped into them; it is a merciful long while before we are old enough to undress sufficiently to discover, away inside, the little shy soul-thing, the naked ego, with its eerie eyes.

Thus it is that when I first find myself in those early, misty recesses I see myself all dressed, dressed for company inspection; I am a little girl wearing a crispness of brown curl and a crispness of white muslin; I wear white stockings and Burt's shoes. — I recognize, also, quite in the same way, as enveloping facts, without which I may not present myself unclothed to my fellows, that I have a peppery, passionate temper, and an imagination, — that is what seeing people in void air and talking to them is called. Thus clad and ticketed, I go pattering along the pilgrimage.

How little clothes mattered then! All spun about with fairy films and the witchery of talking trees and singing winds, I did not remember my clothes. But at times clothes broke in abruptly on my unconsciousness. I well remember a certain mitten. It was a brown mitten on my left hand. My mother and I were walking down a flight of stone steps. I slipped; my mother caught my hand, retained, not it, but the mitten, and I bumped unimpeded to the bottom. My baby resentment against that mitten endured long. It was a surprise, a disappointment, this treachery of the accepted; so my clothes were not to be trusted; it was well to keep half an eye on them. The mitten episode marks a step in my spiritual adjustment; my clothes might at any moment go back on me. It is a lesson I have not yet found it safe to unlearn.

In those days there was a pleasant interest attached to the Burt's shoes, — not when new and shiny, but later, when they had become well worn. Some unexpected morning I would espy a peering bit of white stocking looking out from the blackness of the leather toe. The hole being not yet so large or so alarming as the cobbler's charges, a piece of black silk was adjusted over the stocking, the foot deftly slipped into the shoe, a dash of blacking applied to the whole, and behold, only mother and I knew the difference.

Penury as such was not yet known to me. The consciousness of shabbiness had not yet frayed the elbows of my soul. The device was merely interesting, beguiling the tedium of the sanctuary, and affording meditation on the ingenuity of mothers.

Here succeeded several years of tranquillity in my relations to my garments, until, at the age of six, I found myself — infelix! — removed to a town possessing a bleak climate and many woolen manufactories. It was the custom of the house mothers to buy flannel by the piece direct from the factory, red flannel, hot, thick, felled like a Laplander, and the invention of Lucifer. Out of this flannel was cut a garment, a continuous, all-embracing garment, of neuter gender, in which every child in that town might have been observed flaming Mephistophelian-like after the morning bath. A pattern was given to our mother. The hair shirt — I laugh when I read! By definition the hair shirt must have possessed geographical limits of attack, but my flannels left no pore untickled, untortured; they heated the flesh until scarlet fever paled into a mere pleasantry; and they soured the milk of amiability within me forever. The rotation of the seasons reduced itself to terms of red flannel. In the autumn, when the happy

fowls and foliage alike moulted, shed the superfluous, when bracing October set the body in a glow, I alone of living things must be done up in flannel! And more, — did you ever try to draw on your stocking smoothly over a red flannel tumor at the ankle, and then attempt to button over the whole the shoe that fitted snugly enough over nothing at all? Did you ever tear off shoe and stocking, and, dancing red-legged and barefooted, cry out in frenzy that you would eschew breakfast and school, aliment and enlightenment, but never, never, never again would you wear footgear? Thus autumn. And spring, that season of vernal bourgeoning, was the time when I, too, like any other seedkin, slipped free of all stuffy incasings, and could sprout and spring in air and sun, clad in blessed, blessed muslin. I shall never forget the corroding bitterness induced by flannels. At times they absolutely reduced me to fisticuffs with my religion, so that filial piety, the ordaining of the seasons, and the very catechism itself, hung in the balance of the conflict. I believe I can hardly over-estimate the spiritual detriment done me by my flannels.

One incident of this, my first decade, I recall with mingled respect and envy: —

"It is not now as it hath been of yore."

"Choose," commanded my mother, "will you have a new dress this winter or *St. Nicholas* for next year?" I was stung at the implication that for such as me there could have been a doubt of the choice. *St. Nicholas*, of course! A magazine doth not wax old as doth a garment, and besides, is not reading more than raiment? Alas for the high intellectuality of eight years old! If the choice lay now between the dress and the book, would I hug the volume and walk among my fellows gladly shabby? I would not.

About at this same period we were visited by a family of strange little girls. There were three of them; they stayed three days, they changed their dresses three times a day, and they never wore the same dress twice. We regarded them as we might have regarded the fauna of Mars, — they were an utterly new thing. It was wonder at first, then pity, then wonder again, for we found that they liked it! Being little human animals even as we, they would rather be tricked out in fresh frocks than play tag! What were we going to wear that evening, they asked. Why, how in the world should we know? Something clean, of course. Our visitors' bits of frocks were embroidered, beribboned, bevelveted in a manner simply incomprehensible. What in the world happened when they got dirty? That visit filled me with prophetic misgivings; some day I should have to wear stuff goods. In a vision I saw the great gulf that separates the grown-up who cannot be put through the wash-tub from the child who can. Horror of the unwashable! "Shades of the prison-house," — Oh, no!

Just here the retrospect reaches the place where the road turned; I do not say, forked, for it was not a question of alternatives; I was a woman-child, and I had to keep on in the only way. Hitherto my clothes had been as much or as little myself as the down of the chick, or the fur of the rabbit. Providence and my parents had provided my apparel without the faintest solicitude on my part, leaving me free to attend to my body and soul. This could not long endure. It is the era of Mother Hubbards that bridges together the old time and the new. The Mother Hubbard was so noteworthy, so startling, in fact, after the trimness to which we were accustomed, this

"Robe ungirt from clasp to hem."

It swayed with a truly Hellenic undulation like the pictures in the mythology. I first admired, then coveted, then teased my mother into making me one. It was finished just after dinner, and though it was yet early for dressing, I put it on, and turned out upon the street, which, to my disappointment, was empty of children. There I strutted, and swelled, and waited

for the others to come and see, and was exalted, not recognizing the first shackles of my slavery. Now, first, I become acquainted with Fashion; now, first, I regard other people's clothes as the most important factor in the production of my own. Too truly it is the close of the first chapter, the end of innocence, the end of joy, the end of sexlessness. I am irrevocably a woman: imitation and emulation are henceforth the distinguishing motives of my costume. Now, first, I look in the glass to see my frock, and then I look a little higher to see that face and that mop of curls I wear, and I wonder what colors best suit them. I look at the eyes, too, and at the secrets they tell me, and I wonder what external clothes and conduct are most becoming to those eyes and to that inner meshed personality they reveal. What is becoming! The word is epitome of all that the grown-up is and the child is not.

The period of my teens was the period when my wardrobe was continually in abeyance upon the higher claims of my education. It was not possible simultaneously to beautify my brain and my body. I acquiesced in the circumstance, for the most part, with occasional fits of passionate revolt, and more or less constant misanthropy. I blush to recall that at one time the light which was in me turned to darkness for a year or more, and all on account of my clothes. I found myself at a great city school, I a shy little country waif, most curiously clad. I looked at the clothes of my compeers, and I locked my lips and my heart against all converse with my fellows, and I walked to the top of my classes in a desolation of spirit that was tragic. I would have exchanged my monthly reports with those of my most addle-pated classmate if I could have had her clothes. Never since have I approached the intellectual achievement of fourteen; but the shabbiness of my motives was greater than that of my costume. The effect was not wholly evil, but I here confess that I never should have learned Latin rules if I had been prettily dressed. I wanted to show those stylish misses that there was no backwoods brain under my backwoods hat — that was all! I attributed to others a snobbishness wholly my own, and for that once clothes came perilously near costing me all human joy in human friendship. If my wardrobe had never bettered, I might now be a female Diogenes, — and incidentally have furnished meteoric display for a dozen universities. My clothes improved; I am not friendless, but dull and illiterate, and all through the shaping destiny of dress.

This paragraph in my history yields me this much of philosophy as regards the influence of clothes on the social relations. My dress, so long as it be not conspicuous for disorder, disruption, or display, has much less effect on others than on myself. But as for myself, since I am a woman, and it is ordained of fate that I be forever subdued to what I wear, I shall never, except when I believe myself suitably dressed, be able to look my fellow creature in the eye with the level gaze of conscious equality which alone gains friendship. No woman was ever so proud as not to cringe in an ugly hat. No woman is ever so happy as not to be made unhappy by her clothes. Let the dress reformers prattle to the breezes, — there is no exaltation like that of knowing one's costume stylish, becoming, and, if possible, expensive. Only by recognizing our limitations may we women successfully cope with them; one's own respect is surest guarantee of other people's; for women self-respect is soonest secured by clothes: therefore, O women, dress!

I have digressed from the contemplation of my girlhood, but I have not exhausted that time, for I have not touched upon second-hand clothes or long dresses. As a girl I was perpetually made over. I came to regard fresh material as something almost sacrilegious. Of all gift-horses, clothes are the most difficult not to criticise, and especially old clothes. My prosperous cousins did not possess my complexion, my tastes, or my figure, and yet I inevitably succeeded to their

clothes, so that I came to watch their expenditures with morbid interest, and if they asked for my advice, the strings of my sincerity were severely strained by "a lively sense of favors yet to come." In such circumstances it is well to have in the family one who is mother, dressmaker, and genius, all in one, for only such a combination of inspiration and devotion could have kept my head up in those days when I was always second-hand.

To be honest, am I anything else now? What else is it to be fashionable? With brain or scissors every woman is snipping and clipping and cutting over other people's clothes to fit her figure; real clothes or clothes existent only in the fashion papers or her dressmaker's brain, but what is the difference? Every woman wears what somebody else has worn. What woman would wear a dress she had not first seen on another woman? Old clothes, making over, copying, copying, copying, — dear me, how second-hand we women are!

The years from sixteen to twenty are those years in a woman's life when dress becomes an ecstasy — as never afterwards. We always look in the glass when we put on our hats, but at sixteen we look at the face, not the hat. It is not such a bad face to look at, at sixteen, with its eyes and lips of wonder. For some few years Heaven lets dress be a sheer delight, not the mere sordid comfort and decency of childhood, or the studied concealment of imperfections of maturity, but a revelation of the new self of which we are neither unconscious nor ashamed. It is but the working of natural laws; in the spring do not the very trees prank themselves out in a vain glory of blossoms, do they not prink and preen in the mirroring water, arranging their leafy tresses, and bedecking themselves for the masculine regard of sunbeams and breezes? So girls, and many a one quite as unconsciously. The sap stirs and the leaf sprouts, and the stirring of the sap is a thrilling of new joy, and the leaf is a new and beautiful thing. What is it, what am I becoming? Look in the glass and see. That is womanhood burning in my eyes, on my cheeks, — Oh, yes, sir, you may look, too, if you wish. When my skirts have grown all the way down, and my braids all the way up, then there will be coronation robes ready, and a kingdom, and a king. Now I am only a schoolgirl, but it is all coming, coming, coming! Do you wonder that she counts each inch on her skirt in an agony of impatience, that she arranges her hair high on her head at night before her mirror? Schoolgirl nonsense, and something else. Then one day it is the hour at last, — it is the first long dress, cut to show the regal throat, trained like a queen's. The hair is piled up diadem-wise. The princess is ready. The color comes and goes, the slipper taps the floor — "I am all dressed for you. I am waiting. Come, Prince, hurry, hurry!"

But, O little Princess, it is not at all like what you think, really; so soon your long skirts will have ceased to tickle your toes with delight, and your coroneted tresses will seem to have grown that way. The Prince will have come, and you will have got used to him, or he will not have come, and you will have forgotten that you ever expected him; the clothes of womanhood will no longer be a rapture, but an obligation and a habit. You will find yourself wearing a personality restricted by that thing you have somehow acquired, called a style of your own, and restricted also by the style of all the other women in the world, so that you will find yourself wearing those dresses only, and saying those words only, that both yourself and others expect of you; it will not seem a very wonderful thing to be a woman, after all. But remember, Miss or Madam Princess, that you must still go on dressing, dressing, dressing to the end.

What mockery to prate of the equality of the sexes when one sex possesses the freedom of uniform, and the other is the slave of ever-varying costume! Think of the great portion of a lifetime we women are condemned to spend merely on keep-

ing our sleeves in style! Talk of our playing with scholarship or politics when we are all our days panting disheveled after scampering Dame Fashion, who, all our broken-winded lives, is just a little ahead! Yet dress-reform is the first article in our creed of antipathies, and I, for one, am last of ladies to declare myself a heretic. I am not ungrateful for the gift of sex and species. Suppose I were a fowl of the air, — what condemnation of hodden gray, and soul unexpressed either by vocal throat or personality of plumage! Among things furred or feathered it is the male who dresses and the lady who wears uniform; that it is otherwise with human beings is due, I suppose, to some freakish bit of chivalry on the part of the autocrat Evolution, the ring-master who puts the entire menagerie through their tricks. No, I would not be a fowl; let me not repine; let me at this business of dressing, pluckily.

Women are nobler than men; it is because we are purified in the fires of more severe temptation. Man does not encounter the demoralizing influence of the dressmaker, that creature with mouth of pins and suave words. To what degrading subterfuge are we not reduced to get our own way with the dressmaker, seeing with what delight and dexterity she lifts her spurning foot against our desires! Do we presume to know what we want to wear? — alternately she sporteth and scorneth — and yet we lift not against her her proper scissors. She practices dark arts; she runs an hypnotic finger along the seam, and the wrinkle is no more seen — until the dress comes home. Lies are about her head. Her promises are vanity, and her bills elastic as a fluted flounce. Counter-mendacity alone can move her; the gown must be sent home, for we attend a wedding in twenty minutes; even now the caterer "hath paced into the hall;" or we leave for California in an hour, and even now our sleeper paws the track. By the ways of unrighteousness alone may we be clothed, and yet so signal is female virtue that after centuries of dressmakers we are still unscathed in our integrity, and are still the church-goers of the species.

There is something stirring to contemplate in woman's devotion to dress, — to see how we lay down health and comfort, and clamber up and frizzle for a lifetime on the altar of the æsthetic. That is what our dressing is to us, — an art and an aspiration. If our sex doffed its radiance, and did on "blacks," what loss to popular culture! What of the universal hunger for color and form if so many curiosities of craft, so many animated works of art no longer whisked about the streets of the world?

For another reason, also, we are preoccupied of our costume, — our invincible frankness; for we would have our clothes the expression of our souls. With what fondness we cling to the frock that suits us! Such a bundle of subtleties is woman that words are too gross — a black coat and trousers an insincerity — for the hundred shades of shifting color and form that we are inside. Though it take half our life, let us be true to our clothes, our clothes to us; let the dress be the lady, and the lady a symphony of soul and silk.

Verily, "my soul on its lone way" has traveled far from the days of babyhood, kicking against all wrappings, to the days of womanhood, when personality exists not, separate from frocks and hats and gloves and shoes, and both the inner layer of individuality and the outer layer of costume have become cosy and comfortable, so that by no means do I wish to lay them aside.

What next? Some day I shall be given into the hands of those who

> "fashion the birth-robes for them
> Who are just born, being dead."

Shall I be again enfolded in garments all ready for me, of skyey tissues and opalescent tints? Shall I squirm and struggle again, and again be slowly subdued to the clothing and conventions of another world?

Or when I pop up the lid of this uphol-

stered bone-box, my body, shall my soul be then and there set free, — escaped, volatile, elemental, as wind or moonshine, having cast from it — one by one as a garment — age, sex, race, creed, and culture? But what if in this off-shedding I strip from me my personality, myself? This involuted wrapping in which I am duly done up and ticketed and passed about among my acquaintance, what if to rend this were to leave me in the shivering nakedness of the impersonal?

SHAKESPEARE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE following notes on Shakespeare were written by Mr. Emerson for the celebration in Boston by the Saturday Club of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the poet's birth.

In Mr. Cabot's *Memoirs of Emerson*, vol. ii, page 621, apropos of Mr. Emerson's avoidance of impromptu speech on public occasions is this statement: —

"I remember his getting up at a dinner of the Saturday Club on the Shakespeare anniversary in 1864, to which some guests had been invited, looking about him tranquilly for a minute or two, and then sitting down; serene and unabashed, but unable to say a word upon a subject so familiar to his thoughts from boyhood."

Yet on the manuscript of this address Mr. Emerson noted that it was read at the Club's celebration on that occasion, and at the Revere House. ("Parker's" was the usual gathering place of the Club.) The handwriting of this note shows that Mr. Emerson wrote it in his later years, so it is very possible that Mr. Cabot was right. Mr. Emerson perhaps forgot to bring his notes with him to the dinner, and so did not venture to speak. And the dinner may have been at "Parker's." — EDWARD W. EMERSON.

'T is not our fault if we have not made this evening's circle still richer than it is. We seriously endeavored, besides our brothers and our seniors, on whom the ordinary lead of literary and social action falls, — and falls because of their ability, — to draw out of their retirements a few rarer lovers of the muse — "seld-seen flamens" — whom this day seemed to elect and challenge. And it is to us a painful disappointment that Bryant and Whittier as guests, and our own Hawthorne, — with the best will to come, — should have found it impossible at last; and again, that a well-known and honored compatriot, who first in Boston wrote elegant verse, and on Shakespeare, and whose American devotion through forty or fifty years to the affairs of a bank, has not been able to bury the fires of his genius, — Mr. Charles Sprague, — pleads the infirmities of age as an absolute bar to his presence with us. We regret also the absence of our members Sumner and Motley.

We can hardly think of an occasion where so little need be said. We are all content to let Shakespeare speak for himself. His fame is settled on the foundations of the moral and intellectual world. Wherever there are men, and in the degree in which they are civil, have power of mind, sensibility to beauty, music, the secrets of passion, and the liquid expression of thought, he has risen to his place as the first poet of the world.

Genius is the consoler of our mortal condition, and Shakespeare taught us that the little world of the heart is vaster, deeper, and richer than the spaces of astronomy. What shocks of surprise and sympathetic power this battery, which he

is, imparts to every fine mind that is born! We say to the young child in the cradle, "Happy, and defended against Fate! for here is Nature, and here is Shakespeare waiting for you!" 'T is our metre of culture; — he is a cultivated man, who can tell us something new of Shakespeare; all criticism is only a making of rules out of his beauties. He is as superior to his countrymen as to all other countrymen. He fulfilled the famous prophecy of Socrates, that the poet most excellent in tragedy would be most excellent in comedy; and more than fulfilled it, by making tragedy also a victorious melody, which healed its own wounds. In short, Shakespeare is the one resource of our life on which no gloom gathers; the fountain of joy which honors him who tastes it; day without night; pleasure without repentance: the genius which, in unpoetic ages, keeps poetry in honor, and, in sterile periods, keeps up the credit of the human mind.

His genius has reacted on himself. Men were so astonished and occupied by his poems, that they have not been able to see his face and condition, or say who were his father and his brethren or what life he led: and, at the short distance of three hundred years, he is mythical, like Orpheus and Homer, and we have already seen the most fantastic theories plausibly urged, as that Raleigh and Bacon were the authors of the plays. Yet we pause expectant before the genius of Shakespeare, as if his biography were not yet written: until the problem of the whole English race is solved.

I see among the lovers of this catholic genius, here present, a few whose deeper knowledge invites me to hazard an article of my literary creed, that Shakespeare, by his transcendent reach of thought, so invites the extremes that, whilst he has kept the theatre now for three centuries, and, like a street bible, furnishes sayings to the market, courts of law, the senate, and common discourse, — he is yet to all wise men the companion of the closet. The student finds the solitariest place not solitary enough to read him, and so searching is his penetration, and such the charm of his speech, that he still agitates the heart in age as in youth, and will, until it ceases to beat. Young men of a contemplative turn carry his sonnets in the pocket. With that book, the shade of any tree, a room in any inn, becomes a chapel or oratory, in which to sit out their happiest hours. Later they find riper and manlier lessons in the plays.

And secondly, he is the most robust and potent thinker that ever was. I find that it was not history, courts and affairs that gave him lessons, but he that gave grandeur and prestige to them. There never was a writer who, seeming to draw every hint from outward history, the life of cities and courts, owed them so little. You shall never find in this world the barons or kings he depicted. 'T is fine for Englishmen to say they only know history by Shakespeare. The palaces they compass earth and sea to enter, the magnificence and personages of royal and imperial abodes, are shabby imitations and caricatures of his, — clumsy pupils of his instruction. There are no Warwicks, no Talbots, no Bolingbrokes, no Cardinals, no Henry Fifth, in real Europe, like his. The loyalty and royalty he drew was all his own. The real Elizabeths, Jameses, and Louises were painted sticks before this magician.

The unaffected joy of the comedy! — he lives in a gale — contrasted with the grandeur of the tragedy: where he stoops to no contrivance, no pulpiting, but flies an eagle at the heart of the problem, so here his speech is a Delphi, the great Nemesis that he is and utters. What a great heart of equity is he! How good and sound and inviolable his innocency, that is never to seek, and never wrong, but speaks the pure sense of humanity on each occasion. He dwarfs all writers without a solitary exception. No egotism. The egotism of men is immense. It concealed Shakespeare for a century. His mind has a superiority such that the universities should read lectures on him

and conquer the unconquerable if they can.

There are periods fruitful of great men; others, barren, or, as the world is always equal to itself, periods when the heat is latent, — others when it is given out. They are like the great wine years, the vintage of 1847 is it? or 1835? — which are not only noted in the *carte* of the *table d'hôte*, but which, it is said, are always followed by new vivacity in the politics of Europe. His birth marked a great wine year, when wonderful grapes ripened in the Vintage of God. When Shakespeare and Galileo were born within a few months of each other, and Cervantes was his exact contemporary, and, in short space, before and after, Montaigne, Bacon, Spenser, Raleigh, and Jonson. Yet Shakespeare, not by any inferiority of theirs, but simply by his colossal proportions, dwarfs the geniuses of Elizabeth as easily as the wits of Anne, or the poor slipshod troubadours of King René.

In our ordinary experience of men, there are some men so born to live well, that, in whatever company they fall, — high or low, — they fit well, and lead it! But, being advanced to a higher class, they are just as much in their element as before, and easily command, and, being again preferred to selecter companions, find no obstacle to ruling these, as they did their earlier mates, — I suppose because they have more humanity than talent, whilst they have quite as much of the last as any of the company. It would strike you as comic, if I should give my own customary examples of this elasticity, though striking enough to me. I could name in this very company, or not going far out of it, very good types — but in order to be parliamentary, Franklin, Burns, and Walter Scott are examples of the rule; and King of men, by this grace of God also, is Shakespeare.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth in 1620. The plays of Shakespeare were not published until three years later. Had they been published earlier, our forefathers, or the most poetical among them, might have stayed at home to read them.

THE BOUNDARY INVISIBLE

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Beautiful world from which I part,
Holding the summer in my heart!
Thou hast been my friend
To the shining end.
In the wide arms of space,
Star, sun, or any place,
What can I gain or miss,
As sweet as this?

Breath of wet moss, brown buds, and wasting snow,
Oh, thrill me once again before I go!
Too subtle April stirring in the veins;
The maple-light that fires October rains;
Half temptress, guardian half, a solemn moon,
Watched by two, silent, on a night in June;

— Fairer than ye, what things may be or are,
In those strange lands where I must travel far?

Beautiful world to which I go,
Bowing my head before the snow!
While the storm grows old,
Take me, lover cold!
True is thy faith, and kind,
As one I left behind.
Now, dumb and dear as his,
Thy sacred kiss.

Beautiful world for which I start,
Hiding the tremor in my heart!
When my last sun shall dim and dip,
Behind the long hill's sombre slope,
— Strong be the pæan on my lip,
And, singing to the darkness, tell,
That she, who never passing well
Did grasp the hearty hand of hope,
Gave back to God her failing breath
With trust of Him, and joy of death.

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

THE preparatory school is the embodied answer of practical education to the college entrance requirements. The colleges set up an arbitrary and external test for admission. They tell the teacher that his candidate must achieve within a specified number of minutes a minimum percentage in certain definitely defined areas of knowledge. "Very well," says Expediency, "it is not for me to question the terms upon which you open your gates, — still less to defy them. I shall comply," and the preparatory school results.

The mere fact that annual conferences between colleges and secondary schools are held for the consideration of matters of mutual interest does not radically alter the relation in which they stand to one another. The terms of admission to college are prescribed from above, and are more or less meekly accepted below. Similarly, the most effective ways of meeting them have been worked out by the preparatory machinery without serious question on the part of the higher authorities. Neither institution has properly conceived its relation to the other; neither institution has yet learned to subordinate itself to a large and inclusive conception of education. For while the colleges have been freely, even recklessly, experimenting with educational novelties in their own field, they have simultaneously tightened the screws on the secondary schools.

An occasional protest the latter have indeed made; but without, I believe, ever going to the fundamental merits of the question. On the whole, they accept uncritically the task of equipping their stu-

dents along prescribed lines and for prescribed tests. The concessions extorted in recent years have not essentially altered the nature of this process. It remains without Greek what it was with Greek. The educational chasm is still bridged, not structurally united. New subjects, new opportunities, conform to the methods and conditions that largely devitalized the old.

Thus, whatever the changes or reforms, they have, as administered, tended to emphasize the particular function of the preparatory school rather than general educational continuity. Considerable elective range in the secondary school has, indeed, been instituted; simultaneously, increased stringency of examination has been enforced: with what result? The machine, already strained, is still further taxed. Not that our precollegiate educational performance is excessive; it is, in my judgment, even yet inadequate. But a mistaken theory of the relations of the college to previous educational effort compels the concentration of the augmented burden within the relatively brief and already overcrowded period just preceding the final tests; whereas, a sound total conception would maintain a rich and varied inspiration throughout the whole process.

Properly, the blame rests upon both college and preparatory school: pure educational motive and enthusiasm have not recently been very strong in either. The college professor is primarily a specialist, interested in learning rather than in boys; he has suffered himself to follow a tradition with the details of which he has, at best, cautiously tinkered, without once venturing to doubt the principle at bottom. Reforms have, therefore, not touched fundamental theory. The abolition of Greek, for instance, is sensible and humane; but the real educational advantage of the substitution of French, German, or History is the next moment largely sacrificed, when the supposed demands of "discipline" require the new subject to be made as obnoxious as was the old. Surely, that is pouring new wine into old bottles with a vengeance! On the other hand, the docility of the secondary schoolman has invited very explicit direction. He has conceded to the college a higher dignity; in some cases, perhaps, the college glamour may still blind the eyes of the young graduate, who looks upon his few years' exile in preparatory work as an almost inevitable penance, preliminary to a graduate course and a collegiate position!

The preparatory school has thus been developed by the logic of a needless situation. The accepted college entrance scheme is an arbitrary combination of tradition and caprice. The preparatory school has sprung up mechanically to enforce it. Now, education, properly considered, is an organic development, rightly measurable only in terms of power, expansion, purpose. But on such terms, the preparatory school is forbidden to exploit the individual. Despite its elective range, it is confined to literal performance in substantially similar fields of activity, subject to substantially identical standards and tests. No ingenuity in the arrangement of its curriculum, no lavishness in its proffer of elective opportunities, can obscure the inorganic and isolated position which it is thus forced to occupy. I question, therefore, whether, in a true sense, the preparatory school is an educational institution at all. It is unrelated to what has gone or should go before; it cannot treat its own material vitally; it is in no organic relation to what comes after. Despite its trappings and social distinction, it must probably be classed, educationally, with the cramming machines that dexterously and almost infallibly prepare their grist for the Civil Service, West Point, or Annapolis. These admirable engines hardly aspire to the title of educational institution; their training is too narrowly conceived. Is the case essentially different with the preparatory school? Do the elements of an ancient language, a miserly sprinkling of modern classics, and the rigid outlines of a single science confer the liberal spirit

upon a process that, without reference to individual history, development, or capacity, devotes itself for uniform periods to literal fulfillment of an all but universal prescription?

I speak of education as an organic conception. I mean thus to emphasize its inner, developmental aspect. The preparatory school offends this conception, in the first place, by ignoring the early years. At this day it is superfluous to point out the educational value of childhood. But the preparatory school does not depend for its effectiveness upon turning this period to account. The successful achievement of its ultimate object is not conditioned on educational continuity. Upon such sand as it finds, it begins at once to build its conventional edifice. The best known preparatory schools in the land seek pupils who, at thirteen to fifteen years of age, are asked to demonstrate a most limited acquaintance with their native tongue, a meagre knowledge of arithmetic and geography, and perhaps the ability to rattle through the Latin declensions. Your son's fourteen years need show no more (and may show less!) than this pitiful inventory demands, and he will be welcomed into the typical preparatory school, and started expeditiously on the designated grind warranted to carry him safely into the college for which he is labeled. Educationally, these requirements are absolutely without significance. There is nothing in them calculated to reveal the lad's mental and moral assets, — his development, his outlook; on the one real educational concern — the child's "buried life" — they shed no light. They come down to us sanctioned only by the convenient tradition that made the three R's the common educational staple of all mankind. Genuine inner activity they neither attend, require, nor promote. In complacently accepting half-grown boys on these terms, the preparatory school does something worse than detach itself from sound elementary training, — it becomes a source of actual demoralization. It makes no demand upon the elementary school; neither does it furnish the elementary school any inspiration. It does not presuppose sound elementary training; it does not pretend to continue it. Hence, why trouble one's self about it! Habits may form or not; aptitudes live or die; neglect and conventionality combine in blighting the rich promise and variety of child life. Fifteen years are thus suffered to elapse without an effort to discover or to employ power, after which four years of grinding routine complete the effacement of individuality!

I urge, also, that the preparatory school does not handle its material vitally. I understand by vital handling such discipline and inspiration as discover bent, develop taste and enthusiasm, endow with purpose. The child's social bearing, his intellectual attitude, his spiritual responsiveness show, under vital handling, increased flexibility, spontaneity, purpose. At such results not only does the preparatory routine fail to aim: it is but too often at war with them!

Education is essentially and really a matter of the spirit; the preparatory routine is essentially and really a matter of the letter. There lies the hopeless incongruity! The test of life designates as educated the man resourceful, purposeful, intelligent, appreciative; the test of the schools stamps as educated the boy, who, while his own resources, purposes, intelligence, and taste sleep, can make at least sixty per cent in each of a variety of subjects selected without reference to his endowment or environment, and pursued by methods that look, not to inner nutrition, but to outer display. Consciously or unconsciously, the preparatory school devotes its energy to the production of the latter type. It advertises preparation according to Harvard, Yale, or Princeton standards; the next step accepts the results of the entrance examinations as conclusive, whether of success or failure. For the main business of education, an incident, a more or less insignificant incident, is thus insidiously substituted.

Scrutinize more closely the preparatory

process. It ends with the passing of the entrance examinations: where does any other motive actually enter? The catalogue, in stock phrase, may suggest larger purposes, but the fact stands out boldly in relief that a preliminary certificate from Yale or Harvard admits the bearer to the senior class "and no questions asked!" I have pointed out the lack of continuity between elementary and secondary education; why, the preparatory school does not even insist upon continuity in its own limited field! It can break in anywhere; at no time does it decide procedure upon genuine educational grounds. It accepts the candidate as he presents himself, provided only he approximate a specified performance. His uncle, some other boy, a football score, — these are the determining factors that capture in advance the lad's preference. And to the preparatory school that preference is final. Nothing else matters. He is to go to Harvard! The die is cast! To that let him be reduced! Into that let him be stretched! One grand initial, too often capricious choice between science and classics, and then, a truce to your individuality! Of what avail are bent, power, limitation? There are your four years for preparation; there, the letter of the law. At your peril, should your candidate fail! In some such spirit the process goes merrily on: grind! grind! grind! What the pupil cannot or will not achieve will be taken care of by classroom drill, — an efficacious device, by which, in the absence of the student's effort or interest, the instructor can do the boy's work as well as his own!

Assuming, for the moment, that the preparatory school curriculum is as important to the boy as it pretends to be, it still remains true that its various subjects are not presented to him in ways calculated to develop latent power. The spectre of a long series of examinations, culminating in the college entrance *tour de force*, determines the school's whole spirit and procedure. Assimilation is thus the key to the situation. Accordingly, the process honors the "learner," the monster of assimilative and retentive capacity, — heedless of the ease with which assimilation degenerates into the merest word-mongering! Now, there are doubtless some things that must be "learned," things that it is important to know, and that can be known only in the schoolmaster's way. But, fortunately for mankind, they are fewer than was once supposed. Most things belong to another category, and must be regarded as of variable value; so that, confining ourselves still to the subjects represented in the school curriculum, I maintain that their successful mastery, according to the tests employed, indicates nothing but a stupendous process of more or less genuine assimilation under pressure; that, only indirectly, has educational ordering and stimulation gone on; while in most cases, the activity of the pupil has been limited to verbal manipulations of very slight real value.

Among the immediate and most vicious consequences of assimilation so practiced is the total obliteration of natural distinctions. To the assimilating prodigy a subject is a subject: he aspires to the same sort of mastery in all; as far as his rope stretches, he browses every field identically. The fallacy is obvious enough; in mathematics, for instance, clear appreciation and statement of principle, absolute exactitude in operations, are indispensable: they are of the very essence of the subject. The foundation of all the exact sciences is, in so far, uniform, and must needs be literally and absolutely insisted on. But a method that is quite sound in the domain of mathematics is wholly unfit in other regions, — history, literature, or science. In none of these is there a body of necessary, fundamental truth, even remotely resembling, in its universality or fixity, the foundations of mathematical knowledge. A method that is eminently proper in the one case will probably be utterly inapplicable in all the others.

Take the case of English literature.

The requirements demand such minute knowledge of certain arbitrarily selected texts as only the "mathematical" drill can be relied on to furnish at the appointed crisis. It cannot be seriously maintained that the texts chosen have either special or general significance. But the form and spirit of the expected examination have largely determined the form of instruction, forcing upon a fluid subject, like literature, a method entirely alien to it.

Vital teaching of English literature, as I conceive it, would take as its start, as its raw material, the provincial and immature tastes and preferences of the beginner. It would endeavor to convert this provinciality into cultivated and active taste. Such a process would not begin with *Lycidas;* nor, perhaps, would it end with the common diet of novels and newspapers! The effort needs time, patience, wide reading, guidance, sympathy, enthusiasm, and is satisfied if it succeeds in building up in each student a taste, more or less refined and effective, according to individual limitations. As it recognizes in literature nothing at all analogous to the propositions of Euclid, it refuses to stand over the child with the examination club, insisting on the expression of orthodox critical views: to that extent, at least, it avoids an insincere imitation that humbugs every one but its victims. To the microscopical study of a few "gems" it attaches no importance. Such an inappropriate drill — imported under pressure from the mathematical field — is not only powerless to awaken or develop interest; it is almost sure to breed distaste. The mere knowledge acquired is trivial; the supposed training in accuracy is better abandoned to the really exact subject.

The fate that has overtaken English literature in the preparatory school may be cited to substantiate the contention that I have already made to the effect that college preparation is not teaching — that the more expert it becomes, the farther it drifts away from sound teaching. The college entrance English requirement is formulated in very explicit terms; and the preparatory schools have so nicely adjusted their courses to these stipulations that in certain well-known schools the classes are divided according to the colleges which the candidates propose to enter. In making these arrangements, the school asks not, "What have you read? What do you read? What can reading do for you?" but, "Do you want to go to Yale or Harvard?" and the answer decides whether the student shall get two or three hours of English weekly! This is pedagogical dovetailing, rather than training! The boy passes, of course. For the moment, he knows his *Lycidas*, *Macbeth*, or Burke's *Speech*. But has the level of his taste risen? Has his horizon widened? What does he seek when left to his own resources?

History occupies much the same position. Such historical knowledge as boys and girls can be compelled to retain for a time in portable form is of slight permanent value as compared with the benefit to be ultimately derived from the creation and stimulation of interest in the subject. Educational method must choose between these two mutually repellent ends: mathematical rigor and accountability within a narrow field, along with the knack of superficially comparing and philosophizing, — a trick quite capable of being mechanically learned, — and a vaguer, admittedly uncritical, but really effective interest in the subject in its large lines, cultivated, not so much for the purpose of meeting the exigencies of an impending examination, as to awaken imagination and interest. Absolute truth, I dare say, is imparted neither way; but that is because of the nature of the boy and the complications of the subject. The point to be noted is that in electing the former, the preparatory school fails to attach the boy to the subject in the only manner in which his lasting interest can possibly be enlisted; its efforts, whatever their immediate impressiveness, are in the end barren. The hard-conned facts drop

from memory; the cleverly simulated insight that traveled so nimbly in the comparison of utterly irrelevant phenomena quickly and forever loses its spring. The most frequent and enduring outcome of the historical drill is a marked repugnance to the whole subject. Men and women, who know and love history, are, for the most part, those who had no drill in history at school. Their case might perhaps be still better, had they been wisely taught; it would certainly be much worse, had they been caught in the historical grinding-mill.

The same absence of vital handling, the same fondness for the tabloid form, is characteristic of preparatory science. In this citified age, the proper object of scientific teaching in childhood and youth is the active cultivation of the perceptive faculties. Through observation and experiment the pupil's curiosity is to be pleasurably awakened, his senses stimulated, his judgment sharpened. At this period nothing is to be gained through mechanically verifying or displaying formulæ that neither warm the imagination nor penetrate the understanding. To the child, to the boy, nature must appeal with living power. The thing called nature, that is tardily presented to him in the laboratory, between the covers of his textbook, is a skeleton! Education must seek inner activity rather than formal objective completeness. There comes a time, indeed, when the minutest and most highly technical details — whether in literature, history, or science — appeal to the mature intellect with poetic power; but these minutiæ have no such inspiring value in youth; nor is their importance as mere knowledge great. At that stage they are the leaves that hide the forest.

Observe, again, the isolation of the preparatory school. In the matter of sense-training it makes no demand upon the elementary school; nor does it perceive that a strictly defined course in chemistry or physics, in which "forty experiments" must be performed, is not only powerless to stimulate general sense-activity, but bestows no lasting or genuine insight into scientific method. There is, as I have urged, a proper time for rigorous and systematic experimentation; but it must follow the establishment of the perceptive faculty. Birds, trees, flowers, all the objective phenomena of land, water, and sky, must first smite with eager joy the child's opened eyes and ears. Preparatory school science is simply indifferent as to this; it makes no pretense of either furnishing, requiring, or reposing on it; it offers unconditionally a close, mathematical drill in a pitifully narrow section arbitrarily blocked off. And it gets for its pains neither scientific interest, scientific insight, scientific method, nor even permanent scientific knowledge of its chosen area. For its products have, as every teacher of science knows to his cost, neither eyes to see nor ears to hear. But they know Avogadro's law on examination day, — the last one of them!

It has remained for these same latter-day pedagogues to discover for language a function nobler than the expression of thought: speech is not the fluid and elastic vehicle of communication among men, but a highly organized and intricate grammatical maze, the threading of which forms a wholesome intellectual exercise for boys! The substitution of French and German for Greek has made an astonishingly slight difference in result for this very reason; for they are all approached from their grammar side and largely for their grammar's sake. The beginning of the study is postponed to so late a day that it is impossible to aim at the cultivation of *Sprachgefühl;* while the college entrance examinations require the student's knowledge to be of the same definite, mathematical quality demanded in other parts of the curriculum. It was hoped that the introduction of sight tests might suggest a more normal end and method to teachers of language. But these tests have usually been so fragmentary, so full of grammatical and syntactical pitfalls, and administered under conditions so different from those that ob-

tain in dealing with a living tongue under practical circumstances, that their actual effect in rationalizing method has been inconsiderable.

The schools will probably object to my treating the ancient and modern languages in one category, on the ground that they are pursued for different ends. But they fare no better, if tried on separate indictments. The modern theory of Latin and Greek as engines of intellectual discipline seems to me the refuge of men who are perhaps not quite easy in their classics, and who know full well the feeble and uncertain hold of their pupils. However, I demolish a man of straw; for, though the fact is blinked in every preparatory school and college in the land, honest work in the study of Latin and Greek is nowadays almost unknown. The use of cribs, — and in absolutely unintelligent fashion, — with no object but the fraudulent one of escaping the very discipline for which the subject is avowedly taught, has destroyed even the thin foundation on which the study rests. The lofty phrases in which the æsthetic and intellectual value of these languages is extolled become the merest rhetoric when confronted with the plain truth that as objects of genuine study they hardly exist for the student at all. Not only does he not master them; he does not honestly attack them. How, then, can it be supposed that four years of parsing, syntaxing, and cribbing will finally eventuate in an exquisite sensitiveness to Virgil's subtlety in the choice of words or the use of moods, and in tender solicitude for the properly shaded English equivalent thereof?

As for German and French, the preparatory school has so far signally failed to achieve their mastery. The start has been too long put off; the end is not sufficiently real. One hears them ominously championed as equaling the classics in "mental discipline!" The unraveling of linguistic knots on examination day thus becomes their justification, too. Now, the ability to interpret a disconnected and a more or less involved selection from Heine or Racine is, educationally, of no greater importance than the ability to perform the same "stunt" with a selection from Homer or Plato. The quality of the training has not been transformed by the mere substitution of a modern for an ancient victim. The student keeps both at arm's length, preserving the detached attitude of the linguistic anatomist.

If I may venture once more to use the term, — the vital teaching of a language requires that it be taught with a view to its active and pleasurable use as a medium of ideas under conditions governing its use and appreciation as a native tongue. It insists that a language incapable or unworthy of being so taught and appreciated has no proper place in the instruction of children. Whatever be the best method for reaching this end, the grammar mooring must be cut as quickly as possible; it must not be coiled more and more intricately around the subject until the very life has been utterly choked out.

At the risk of being tedious, I have now pointed out, subject by subject, the distinctly "academic" character of preparatory school subjects and methods. The boy on whom its system of mental therapeutics will produce the calculated effect does not exist outside a schoolmaster's fancy. The real boy, obscure and complicated, may detach a part of himself for "preparatory" purposes; but the centre of his being is elsewhere, — untouched, untamed. To that centre, the most expert phrase-drilling is powerless to penetrate; and phrase-drilling the preparatory process remains, despite the presence of a German text, a test tube, and a battery!

We thus approach my final ground of objection to the preparatory school, in that it leads nowhither. It does not equip the student to attack intelligently, purposefully, the very first problem that will confront him. The elective system, now all but universally adopted by the American college, throws upon the student the

whole responsibility for the last stages of his education: what has the preparatory school done to prepare him to pick his way wisely through the bewildering tropical garden of collegiate solicitation?

The preparatory school is built on lines laid down at a time when the American college was committed to the disciplinary theory of culture; to the theory that a more or less passive student subjected to a systematic and protracted routine of scholastic discipline will emerge more or less cultivated, — the degree depending somewhat upon the completeness with which the student has submitted himself to the process. But the college has changed front. All pretense of culture through discipline has been dropped in order to pursue to its logical outcome the hope of culture through use. The monopoly once enjoyed by Latin and Greek is irretrievably broken up; indeed, the very doctrine of a culture monopoly is discredited; not even the natural sciences are permitted to hold the dangerous eminence toward which they aspired during the bitter contest in which the classics were finally dislodged. I do not mean that the colleges postpone culture to utility. They identify them. They hold that the scholar's largeness of view must somehow be a by-product in every mental workshop; that there is no royal road to culture. "Give us purpose," says the elective system, — "thence come order, intelligence; and the spirit of the pursuit must mean culture." But to this radical change of spirit, the preparatory schools have not yet accommodated themselves, — they are neither encouraged nor permitted to accommodate themselves. In the name of conservatism they work on in the isolation in which they begin. They know the boy only as an abstraction, — a non-existent type, made up of superficial traits, supposedly responding to superficial appliances: the individual, who is everything in college, in life they do not recognize. For four years they patiently seek to confine, in conventional channels, the fretting, restless, unsatisfied soul that is sniffing the air tingling with life. And then suddenly every barrier is knocked away, and the eager youth bursts unexpectedly into the freedom toward which his training has never once looked. "Give us purpose," demands the elective system. Does the preparatory school give it? What has it done to sound the individual? To discover his line? To enlist his powers in the active way that the elective system at its very start requires? Let the helplessness of the average Freshman answer that!

I do not forget that the school curriculum is not the whole school. Indeed, in the breakdown of scholarly tastes and enthusiasms, it has come to be the fashion to discover in athletic and social developments the real benefit of higher education. I grant quite willingly that the sentiment of loyalty is genuinely expansive, and, in so far, educative. But does it make no difference what one is loyal to? Fraternization without aspiration, companionship without ideas, lead nowhere — or worse. For association originating within, through community of idea and purpose, the preparatory school substitutes a common external goal, — the college. In consequence every phase of college life, fraternal and athletic, is anticipated and imitated: socially, the preparatory school becomes a miniature college; often enough, the combinations that dominate class politics in college are reported to have been perfected in and carried over from the "fitting school." In this one aspect, at least, preparatory school and college are continuous. They have found as yet no common spiritual tie, no common intellectual activity: as to these, they are still at cross-purposes. But on the lower level they meet; and into it they throw all their unemployed energy. The main sources of demoralization in both are therefore identical; and the completeness with which the student has been captured by them contrasts significantly with the failure of mental and spiritual

occupations to maintain even a respectable competition!

It must, I think, now be clear that the preparatory school owes its existence to our lack of a coherent educational system. Until education is dominated by such a conception, which will weld the disconnected stages into an organic unity, it must remain a thing of shreds and patches. That day may be far distant, but, meanwhile, it is something to realize that amelioration is within easy reach: especially in the matter of college entrance, the adoption of rational methods will free the secondary teacher from the constraint which now compels him to treat all subjects alike: it will leave him room to develop each subject on its own lines, with some regard to the pupil before him. Doubtless a larger view of secondary education will follow hard upon the adoption of methods which even in a limited way permit the boy to reveal himself; and ultimately perhaps the preparatory school will seek to connect itself with the elementary school in something like the way in which I am supposing the college to be connected with the secondary school. Such a state of things, infinitely better than the relations now existing, would mark the limit of educational development on the lines we now follow. The theory of instruction by subjects — the separatist view I may call it — that maps out certain realms of knowledge as inherently important, and exacts a fair acquaintance with them as the price upon which alone it bestows its conventional distinctions, can go no farther.

I make bold to say, however, that to no such conception does the future of education belong. The school of the future, unless I err greatly, will discard utterly our mechanical stages. The idea of culture through use, which the American college is now feebly and ineffectually endeavoring to apply, and which can never be effectually until universally applied, will be made the foundation and not the capstone of the educational structure. The child's school life will be coextensive with his whole life, — seeking to enlist his total physical, moral, mental powers, to cooperate intimately with his domestic and spiritual interests; the school will not be content to appeal to a mere fragment of his capacity, — to drill and discipline that, apart from the rest of him. Subjectively, education will be genuinely individualistic; studying individual bent, capacity, endowment, aiming to evoke the largest and freest individual response; objectively, it will regard the actual content of our civilization, — industrial, artistic, spiritual, as the means and end in education. To fit the child in the largest and fullest way to attack and enter upon his necessary relations will become the school's duty. The school is thus no longer remote from life: it is life; it is no longer a clog upon the child's eager spirit, but the congenial field in which all his activities can be naturally and productively utilized. All that is now hateful and noxious in school life — its unreal discipline, its meaningless honors, its repellent tasks, its demoralizing recreations — will be, not transformed nor softened, but eliminated, by an institution that aims to employ energy, and believes that every necessary attitude can be procured, when appropriate employment is provided. For the discipline of the present-day school is the inevitable product of its artificiality: it has no organic fitness or value.

To the school I have thus inadequately sketched, two objections will be at once raised: one, that such a programme does not look toward culture, has been already disposed of by President Eliot in his recent definition of the cultivated man. I have pointed out how the elective system at college involves the rejection of the old notion of culture; and shorn of the collegiate finish, the classics are a pathetically futile make-believe. Now, the traditional idea of culture has been lost in the college, because it has been lost in life. I urge, therefore, that we let the same logic work its way through

the entire system: a truly genuine culture is possible through the skillful interpretation of this idea. If the teachers in the new school see and rise to their opportunity, breadth of view and sympathy have nothing to fear.

The second objection will deplore the loss of the rigid and exacting discipline of hard and unattractive subjects. I have already pointed out the fact that this discipline is almost wholly imaginary; it loses sight of the really important consideration, that is, whether the occupation in question tends to excite a desirable activity in a way that is likely to continue and promote itself. The painful unraveling of Gordian knots is not education; neither is the dexterous administration of sugar-coated mental pellets. The growing child does not love an appropriate task because it is easy, nor shrink from it because it is hard. In an educational scheme, concerned with real, not conventional, ends, valuing genuine and not merely formal achievement, there is no likelihood that what Professor James calls the "pugnacious instinct" of the pupil will be too rarely invoked. Indeed, the more interesting the teacher, the more freely and severely may he appeal to the pupil's effort. The remoteness and unreality of ordinary school material tend to throw the whole weight upon the teacher; effort may be invited; in a prolonged or general way it is rarely gotten. But when "academic" tasks are replaced by real tasks, "academic" standards and methods by real ones, then the effort which the child will put forth is limited only by the fundamental limitations of his endowment. He may or may not call such work "hard." But if hard work means not merely overcoming natural repugnance, nor yet merely fanning a borrowed glow into a doubtful flame, but rather the summoning of one's total energy, as nearly as may be, and its concentration upon a rational end, — then there can be no question that the more real the issue, the larger, the more persistent, the more forcible the student's response.

The new school will from the first keep in close touch with experience, but it will at no point be meanly utilitarian. It will use the activities of daily life, but with ideal interpretation. What we call science, industry, manual work, will thus enter abundantly; but no less will art, music, literature. The sole test of a proposed occupation will be its reality, its actuality: what is merely traditional, pedantic, isolated, will be rejected. It is impossible to anticipate what a difference such a school will make in the child's happiness and efficiency. But the experiment when made must be made *de novo*. It cannot begin in freedom, only to deflect gradually until it leads to a college portal. It must be free at the end, as at the beginning, from the coercive necessity of dovetailing with the existing system.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN [1]

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

V

1873–1893

After my return from Europe in 1873, ten years passed before I again saw Ruskin. They were years of grave change and sad experience for him. He continued to engage in dangerous excess of dispersed and exhausting work, and to yield to a still more dangerous excess of emotion. The intensity of his sensitiveness to immediate impressions, the passionate ardor of his feelings, the habit of uncontrolled expression reacting to increase the temper from which it sprang, continued to aggravate the bitterness of his resentment against the evil of the world and to deprive him of peace of mind. His unsettled religious convictions left him devoid of spiritual comfort and support. His writings, now largely devoted to social questions, were of a nature to expose him to harsh and often unjust criticism by which he was wounded and embittered. He felt deeply the separation which was growing wider and wider between himself and other men. His firmest convictions were opposed to the prevailing ideas of his time. He stood alone and like a prophet to whom his people would not hearken. Personal sorrows added to his troubles. His brain and his heart were alike overwrought.

Yet there were intervals when the natural elasticity and cheerfulness of his disposition asserted themselves, when the delights of nature or of art could still minister to his happiness, and when all the sweetness and generosity of his nature displayed themselves in their incomparable abundance. His friends could not but be anxious for him, and they strove in vain to persuade him to moderate his exhausting career. For a long time the vigor of his constitution enabled it to endure the excessive strain to which it was subjected, but finally, in 1878, it gave way, and he was brought near death by a violent inflammation of the brain. The immediate attack passed, leaving apparently little effect, but he never recovered the sense of permanent security from similar breakdowns. The monthly issue of *Fors Clavigera*, which had continued unbroken for seven years, and in which he had poured out his thought on every subject, displaying himself and his affairs with astonishing frankness and sincerity, was suspended. It had been a dangerous mode of relief of his overburdened spirit.

The readers who are acquainted with the intimate revelations of himself which Ruskin published in *Fors Clavigera* and elsewhere will find in the following selections from the many letters I received from him during this period little that is new except in form and relation, while those who are unfamiliar with his works may learn something from them of his generous nature, his genius, and his occupations, as well as of the darkness gradually closing in upon him.

Oxford (Corpus Christi College)
2 *December*, '73.

I often hear your sermons over again. I attend to them very much indeed. I think my steady resistance to them the most heroic of all the efforts I make in the service of my poor "Lower than the angels." Sometimes, when I'm tired in the evening, they nearly break me down, and I'm so proud next morning of not having been beaten.

But I'm very sure you will be better pleased with the *Fors* for next year, if I live.

I go to Assisi early in the spring to

[1] Copyright, 1904, by Charles Eliot Norton.

work there, with what help I can gather, on a monograph of it.

I am surprised to find how well my health holds, under a steady press of work; but my sight begins to fail, and I shall begin with spectacles this next year.

Pisa, 9th *April*, 1874.

. . . I have always thought you just as wrong in following out your America life, as you think me in following *Fors* to its issue — perhaps we each of us judge best for the other. Suppose we both give up our confounded countries? — let them go their own way in peace — and we will travel together, and abide where we will, and live B. C. or in the 13th century. I will draw, you shall write — and we shall neither of us be too merry for the other, and both much the stronger for the other. I really think this a very lovely plan — and sometimes we'll go and have a symposium at Venice with R. B.![1]

Assisi, 11th *April*, '74.

I'm so very glad you like my drawings. That one of the fall of Schaffhausen[2] was the only one I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it, one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room.

How Destiny does mock one, giving all the best things when one is too young to use them! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now!

Assisi, 20 *June*, 1874.

. . . I wrote these two pages, and then went to my own work, rewriting or completing my lectures on Botticelli after my work on him in Rome. But it is gray and thunderous, and I can't write, somehow; — have been awake since four, and am tired. I walk to the window — there's a lovely little scene down in the valley beneath — steep down — five hundred feet. I see the bed of the brook, Tescio, all but dry; a peasant has brought seven or eight sheep to feed on the shrubs among the stones of it; and his wife or daughter is walking up to their cottage in a white jacket with brown petticoat, carrying an amphora on her head, full (I can see almost into the mouth of the amphora, I look so steeply down with my glass upon her). "Such a picturesque figure, and so classical, and of course you'll sketch her," say my London acquaintances, enchanted at the idea — Charles Norton backing them, too. No, my good acquaintances and one friend, I shall go and explain to her why the bed of the stream is dry, why the sheep have to nibble among the stones of it, and why she has to go down to fill her amphora instead of having a fountain at her door.

Lucca, 12th *August*, 1874.

Giotto is not dethroned, at least, not diminished in his own real place — which is of human passion. In mystic and majestic thought Cimabue leads wholly, and the Byzantines generally. Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi are loving realists of little things. The finest thing of Giotto's in Assisi is not the Poverty or Chastity, but a little group of people in the street, looking at a boy who has just been restored to life, after falling out of a three pair of stairs window. The Christ, St. Francis, and Charity, are all three total failures in the great Poverty Fresco; and in the Chastity, she herself, and Fortitude are quite valueless, while Obedience in the opposite one is monstrous. But the sweetness of a monk reading on the grass while St. Francis receives the stigmata, and the sudden passion of a woman clasping her hands and thanking God for the boy brought to life, are more pure and exquisite than anything of the subsequent schools.

St. Martin's, 12th *October*, 1874.

You see in *Fors* how all my thoughts

[1] Rawdon Brown.

[2] This drawing, now hanging in my dining-room, was made probably as early as 1843. It is a superb study, of which Ruskin had lost sight, and which turned up for sale in New York where I obtained it.

are bent on certain spiritual problems, only to be approached in, I don't say monastic, but at all events secluded life. These, I believe, you think only morbid remnants of old days. It may be so. I should not be sad, if I did not feel thus. But they are still, you see, *questions* to me, and now getting imperative.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
25th *March*, 1875.

. . . But nothing would beat me except the plague of darkness and blighting winds — perpetual — awful — crushing me with the sense of Nature and Heaven failing as well as man.

I have also been singularly weak and ill all this spring, and am obliged to take warning of many things — and give up . . . some of the most pet possessions of hope. . . . My additional years begin to tell now in the fatal sense of there being no time to try anything again. . . .

Not long after the letter from which the preceding extract is taken was written, the death of Miss LaTouche, the fair and high-souled woman to whom Ruskin's heart had for many years been devoted, closed for him a period of alternate hopefulness and disappointment which had kept him in a constant state of restless and exhausting emotion. It was a sad story from beginning to end. She died worn out by the stress of the conflict between her heart and her conscience, and he was left hurt with wounds that were little short of mortal.

BRANTWOOD, 19 *July*, '75.

I have not been writing, because that death, as you so well understand, has made so much of my past life at once dead weight to me that I feel as I did when I first got out of bed after my illness at Matlock,[1] as if my limbs were of lead — mentally and bodily. This is so with me just now, and I only fight through by going on with mechanical work all I can — but the effect on my general health has been very paralyzing, and it was no use writing about it; also, my work has now at once and in all things taken the form of bequest, and I am reviewing old notes, drawings, etc., etc., and being my own executor as much as I can, . . . and writing, if I can, some things that I want to say before ending — not that I definitely expect to end yet; and to the public I keep my head above water as if I had no cramp, hitherto, at least, I think so. My literary work seems to me up to its usual mark. . . .

COWLEY, 14th *November*, '75.

. . . You cannot have in America the forms of mental rest with soothed memory of other, far distant sorrow, not our own, which is so beautiful in these old countries. How different for a man like you, a walk by our riversides under Bolton or Furness, or in cloister of Vallombrosa or Chartreuse, from any blank cessation from absolute toil in that new land. Do come to us again. . . . Let us have a quiet time in Italy together, as soon as days are long, next year. What will a picture less matter to me? or a cipher less in my banker's book? Let us take a pleasant little suite of rooms in Florence or Venice — and we'll economize together, and think together — and learn together — and perhaps — even hope a little together before we die. . . .

13th *January*, '76.

. . . It is true that I am burning the candle at many ends, but surely in the many dark places I live in, that is the proper way to use one's life. . . . I enclose proof of the 5th and roughly bound 4th Morning.[2] It is woeful to have to leave that pleasant work — driven out by fiendish modern republicanism too horrible to be borne with. Here in England, Atheism and Spiritualism mopping and mowing on each side of me. . . . Which is pleasantest of these things I know, but

[1] In the summer of 1871 he had been dangerously ill at Matlock.

[2] *Mornings in Florence.* In six parts.

cannot intellectually say which is likeliest — and meantime, take to geology.

1 *February*, '76.

. . . I am being brought every day, now, into new work and new thoughts, and, whether I will or no, into close contact with evidence of an altered phase of natural, if not supernatural, phenomena, the more helpful to me, because I can compare now, with clear knowledge, the phase of mind in which ——, and ——, and other noble Deists or infidels are, and in which I have been for ten years, with that which I am now analyzing in the earlier Florentines, and recognizing in some living Catholics.

Corpus Christi College,
1st *March*, '76.

. . . I don't see why I should be separated from you in our prison, because I hope to get out, now, and you don't. Certainly, it would be better for any prisoner to have his friend in that — however absurd — condition though he might not find him so literally companionable.

. . . I have no new faith, but am able to get some good out of my old one — not as being true — but as containing the quantity of truth that is wholesome for me. One must eat one's faith like one's meat, for what good's in it. . . .

Regaining some fragments of his old religious faith, modified by new conceptions of the faith of the mediæval Church, and by dallyings with Spiritualism, Ruskin attained for a time a more cheerful mood and more serenity of spirit than he had possessed during recent previous years. A pleasant picture of him at Brantwood was sent to me toward the end of the summer in a letter by the late Professor Gurney of Harvard University, a man whose untimely death can never cease to be a sorrow to those who had the happiness of being numbered among his friends. He wrote: "The day after we arrived at Coniston we received an invitation to a 'high tea' or 'meat tea' from Mrs. Severn, and the next day she called to arrange for our being rowed over. Pleasant as she was, I went over with some misgivings, which proved to be wholly groundless, as we have not had a more delightful evening on this side of the water, and Ruskin was everything that is considerate and courteous and kind. He first showed us his literary and art treasures while there was yet light; had tea laid in the drawing-room that we might enjoy the lake; talked delightfully, with a slight twinkle of humourous enjoyment of his own extravagance, when he trampled upon all the existing arrangements of society and augured its speedy downfall; read us bits of Cowley and Sir Philip Sidney, and, best of all, the preface, so far as yet written, to the edition he is to bring out of Sidney's version of the Psalms, full of humour and nice feeling, and instead of coming away at nine as we had proposed, we tore ourselves away at half-past ten or later; and instead of walking home as we had arranged to do, the faithful Downs, who wished his duty conveyed to you all, insisted on rowing us back as well as over. It was pleasant to hear him talk of his master and of his own pride in appearing in person in the *Fors*. The row back in the dusky light was an appropriate close to an evening so delightful in all ways."

Ruskin spent the autumn of 1876 and the early winter at Venice, and thence he wrote to me as follows: —

Venice, 16th *January*, 1877.

. . . I have been four months at work on these three drawings [from Carpaccio's picture of St. Ursula asleep], with other sketches going on, not slight ones, and a new history and guide in Venice. The detail of each day varies not much; nor in the detail of it *ought* you to take much pleasure — for I have none — except of a solemn kind. Time was, every hour in Venice was joy to me. Now, I work as I should on a portrait of my mother, dead. I am pleased with myself when I succeed, interested in the questions of the *meaning*

of such and such a bend of lip, such and such a winding vein, pulseless. You will be interested in the history of her life, which I can thus write. So am I; and "happy" — in that way in my work. But it is a different happiness from having my mother to read Walter Scott to me.

There is also now quite an enormous separation between you and me in a very serious part of our minds. Every day brings me more proof of the presence and power of real Gods, with good men; and the religion of Venice is virtually now my own, mine at least (or rather at greatest) including hers, but fully accepting it, as that of John Bunyan, and of my mother, which I was first taught. . . .

At last the catastrophe, long anxiously foreboded, arrived. In February, 1878, Ruskin's overwrought brain gave way. He was desperately ill. His dear and wise friend, the eminent surgeon and medical adviser, Sir John (then Mr.) Simon, hastened from London to Brantwood, and for a fortnight, while Ruskin hovered between life and death, did everything for him that devotion and skill could devise. He wrote to me on the 4th of March: . . . "I trust that the worst has now passed. . . . You know, without my telling it, all that has brought this dreadful disaster on him, — the utterly spendthrift way in which (with imagination less and less controlled by judgment) he has for these last years been at work with a dozen different irons in the fire — each enough to engage one average man's mind. And his emotions all the while as hard worked as his intellect — they always blowing the bellows for its furnace. As I see what he has done, I wonder he has not broken down long ago." . . .

Before the end of March convalescence had begun. It went on rapidly, and by June Ruskin seemed to all intents restored to entire health. He wrote to me without even a reference to his illness. He soon fell into his common modes of life. On the 4th of August Mr. Simon wrote again to me: . . . "It is now more than three months since I saw him, and I studiously avoid direct correspondence with him; but I think I know his state fairly well, and can tell you as much about him as if we had recently been together. In bodily health he appears to be as well as needs be, and in mind he shows no such fault as would strike casual observers. He appears to be fairly cautious against dangers of re-upset: perhaps not so abstinent as I should wish him to be from use of pen and ink, but, for him, self-restraining; and he professes to be on his guard against over-colloquism." . . .

As a result of his illness Ruskin resigned his professorship at Oxford, but he would not give up other work.

BRANTWOOD, 26 *November*, 1878.

. . . I keep fairly well, on condition of doing only about two hours' real work each day. But that, with the thoughts that come in idleness, or as I chop wood, will go a good way yet, if I live a few years more.

I hope the III Fésole[1] will be with you nearly as soon as the II, and two more Proserpinas,[2] not bad ones, are just done, too. . . .

The illness of 1878, although it seemed to pass without leaving serious effects, marks virtually the close of work accomplished by Ruskin with his full powers. His mind continued as active as ever. The diversity of his interests did not diminish, and each in turn was pursued with exhausting enthusiasm. He gave himself no rest, and, rejecting the counsel of Prudence (for him the most difficult of the virtues), he pursued a course which could not but end in renewed disaster. In 1881, after several previous threatenings, a fresh attack of trouble in the brain broke him down for a time, and this was followed the next year by a similar, but still more

[1] *The Laws of Fésole*, to teach the principles of Florentine draughtsmanship.

[2] A treatise on botany.

serious and alarming attack. In each instance the illness passed, having apparently done little harm. From each of them Ruskin recovered without consciousness of injury, and without loss of confidence in his own powers, so that in 1883 he accepted reëlection to his Oxford professorship, and began to lecture again not only at the University, but in London and elsewhere.

I made a short visit to England in the summer of 1883, and again in that of 1884, and in both years spent some days at Brantwood. Ruskin, as I have already said, had changed greatly in the ten years since our last meeting. I had left him in 1873 a man in vigorous middle life, young for his years, erect in figure, alert in action, full of vitality, with smooth face and untired eyes; I found him an old man, with look even older than his years, with bent form, with the beard of a patriarch, with habitual expression of weariness, with the general air and gait of age. But there were all the old affection and tenderness; the worn look readily gave way to the old animation, the delightful smile quickly kindled into full warmth, and at moments the unconquerable youthfulness of temperament reasserted itself with entire control of manner and expression. He had become more positive, more absolute in manner, more irritable, but the essential sweetness prevailed, and there were hours when the old gayety of mood took possession of him with its irresistible charm. Given his circumstances, no ordering of life could have been more happy for him than that at Brantwood. He was the object of the most loving and watchful sympathy and care. His cousin, Mrs. Severn, was at the head of his household, and the best of daughters could not have been more dear and devoted to him. Her children kept the atmosphere of the home fresh and bright; the home itself was delightful, beautiful within with innumerable treasures of art, and surrounded without by all the beauties of one of the fairest scenes of the English lake country. A pleasanter home, or one more lovely in its surroundings and more appropriate for him, could not have been desired.

BRANTWOOD, 20th *January*, '81.

DEAREST CHARLES, — Very thankful I was for your letter of New Year, received this morning. Many a thought I've had of you, but at Christmas time I was not myself — the over-excitement of an autumn spent in France leaving me much pulled down. I am better now (though my hand shakes with cold to-day), and can report fairly of what is done and doing. I found Chartres, both cathedral and town, far more spared than I had thought possible, and more of historical interest than I had ever dreamed in Amiens; and the book sent with this [1] is the first of what I believe will bring out more of the at present useless feelings in me than any work lately undertaken.

. . . I have still eye and hand enough to draw, or even etch what I want, if I can only get time; and I have just laid my hand on a young assistant who can get more of the spirit of sculpture than I can myself. The people over there get interested themselves when I stay a while with them, and I hope to be allowed to cast things for the Sheffield Museum and leave, if I live yet a few years more, more than enough to show what Gothic was.

. . . This dull letter will I hope bring a brighter one after it — but I answer by return of post, though to-day with cold wits — not heart.

Ever your loving,

J. R.

BRANTWOOD, 24th *March*, 1881.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — I've just read your dear letter to me on my birthday — after having another bite or two of Nebuchadnezzar's bitter grass. I went wild again for three weeks or so, and have only just come to myself — if this be myself, and not the one that lives in dream.

The two fits of whatever you like to call them are both part of the same course of

[1] *The Bible of Amiens*, a study of the Cathedral.

trial and teaching, and I've been more gently whipped this time and have learned more; but I must be very cautious in using my brains yet awhile.

I can't make out why you like that *Bible of Amiens*. I thought you had given up all that sort of thing. I shall have some strange passages of dream to tell you of as soon as I am strong again. The result of them, however, is mainly my throwing myself now into the mere fulfilment of Carlyle's work.

Say words of him — say you. Are not his own words written in white-hot fire on every city-wall of Europe?

Read *Past and Present* again, *now*.

This was the main part of the cause of my dream. The other was what we talked of once at Prato (beside Filippo Lippi).

. . . I'll write soon again — God willing. . . .

SALLENCHE, 11th *September*, 1882.

MY DARLING CHARLES, — I think a good deal of you here, and of other people that are not here, without deserving to be scolded for being anywhere else.

I was trying to-day to draw the view I showed you that morning with the piny ridge between us and the Mont Blanc. But I could n't draw the ridge, and there was no Mont Blanc, any more than there was any you. For indeed the Mont Blanc *we* knew is no more. All the snows are wasted, the lower rocks bare; the luxuriance of light — the plenitude of power — the Eternity of Being — are all gone from it; even the purity, for the wasted and thawing snow is gray in comparison to the fresh frosted wreaths of new-fallen cloud which we saw in that morning light — how many mornings ago! The sadness of it and wonder are quite unparalleled — as its glory was. But no one is sad for it but only I — and you, I suppose, would be. Lowell would be perfectly happy, doubtless, because Mont Blanc is now *sans-culotte* literally, and a naturalized, Republican, French Mount besides — without any Louis Napoleon to make the dying snows blush for their master.

And as the Glaciers, so the sun that we knew is gone. The days of this year have passed in one drift of soot-cloud, mixed with blighting air. I was a week at Avallon in August, without being able to draw one spiral of its porch-mouldings — and could not stand for five minutes under the walls of Vézelay, so bleak the wind. The flowers are not all dead yet, however, the euphrasy and thyme are even luxuriant, and the autumn crocus as beautiful as of old. I can't get up, now, alas, to my favorite field of gentian under the aiguille de Varens, but I find the fringed autumn gentian still within reach and the purple clustered one was rich on the pastures of the Dôle.

The Rhone still runs, too, though I think they will soon brick it over at Geneva, and have an "esplanade" instead. They will then have a true Cloaca Maxima, worthy of Modern Progress — in the Fimetic Arts.

I go back to Geneva on Wednesday, and then to Pisa and Lucca — a line to Lucca would find me in any early day of October, and should be read beside Ilaria, and perhaps with her gift of Cheerfulness.

Don't think this is a brain-sick statement — I certify you of the facts as scientifically true.

Ever your loving

J. R.

LUCCA, Coffee time (7 A. M.)
3 *October*, 1882.

. . . Well, about these Pisa measurings. You might as well try to measure the sea-waves, and find out their principle. The beginning of the business would be to get at any historical clue to the facts of yielding foundation. The Parthenon is quite a different case from any mediæval building whatsoever. In all great mediæval buildings you have foundation unequal to the weight; you have more or less bad materials, and you have a lot of stolen ones You might as well go

and ask a Timbuctoo nigger why he wears a colonel's breeches wrong side upwards, as a Pisan architect why he built his walls with the bottom at the top and the sides squinting. He likes to show his thefts to begin with — if the ground gives way under him, he stands on the other leg. I've long believed myself that finding the duomo would n't stand upright anyhow, they deliberately made a ship of it, with the leaning tower for a sail; and my good helper, Mr. Collingwood, who has been doing the loveliest section of the Savoy Alps (who are exactly like Pisan architects in their "principles," or unprinciples, too), said that he could n't look at the north side without being seasick.

But all this entanglement is of no importance as to the main question of "Liberty" of line, which even I have always taught to be the life of the workman, and which exists everywhere in good work to an extent till now unconceived, even by me, till I had seen the horror of the restoration which put it "to rights." Nearly all our early English Gothic is free hand in the curves, and there is no possibility of drawing even the apparent circles with compasses. Here — and I think in nearly all work with Greek roots in it — there is a spiral passion which drifts everything like the temple of the winds. This is the first of all subtle charms in the real work — the first of all that is αἰβοῖ'd out of it by the restorer. . . . And it is n't of the slightest use to point any of these things out to the present race of mankind. It is finally tramwayed, shamwayed, and eternally damnwayed, and I wish the heavens and the fates joy over it; but they can't expect any help from me, whatever they mean to make of it.

All the same, it seems to me a great shame that I'm old, and can't see it come to grief; nor even the snows come back to the Alps again, if they do. Again, all the same, I'll run back to Pisa just now after I've been at Florence, and get at some measures for you, if I find them takeable on the Baptistery. I *did* the Florentine Baptistery in 1872, and found there was n't a single space in all the octagon and all the panelling, that matched another. It is exactly like measuring a quartz crystal, except that even the angles are n't fixed; but I did n't measure any of them, practically they are true enough in the main octagon. I think the most important thing for your purposes would be to get the entasis of the great Campaniles and war-towers. The Guinigi here, and the Verona Campanile, and St. Mark's, are all extremely beautiful. I'll see what I can make of the Guinigi today, and send you some bits of masonry worth notice for the wanton intricacy of piecing. . . .

HERNE HILL, 1st *January*, 1883.

What a venomous old infidel you are! I think I never read a nastier comment on a lovely theory than that "other walls are like Fésole that are not on like rocks" — I don't believe there are any other walls like Fésole. You could n't build them but of *macigno*, and I don't know any *macigno* anywhere else. Yes. I got drawings — fairly careful, of wall and rock — both. Those Pisan details are quite delightful, but I think Boni's report will be exhaustive; he has got his measures to a centimeter, and has such a knowledge of cements and joints that nothing escapes him. I send you a present of one of his little drawings of ornament — which will show you the infinite fineness of the creature.

I'm very well, and doing crystallography and geology. I think my good assistant Collingwood will get the glacier theory well swept out of the way at last. . . .

BRANTWOOD, 28th *July*, 1883.

What a shame that I've never said a word since you left; but somehow I can't believe in the existence nor mediatorship of Messrs. Baring.

To-day I have your note from blessed Domo d' Ossola — and I would I were there. But I've got entangled in ground

veronica and *anagallis tenella* — and am sick to finish some work in weeds half done years ago, and the ideas of it festering in my head ever since. And worse, I've letters from the Keeper of the National Gallery, and the Librarian of the British Museum, — and the Brit. M. is being broken up, and the National Gallery wants its plates and drawings; and the B. M. writes to me to defend it — and I've written back that I'm going to advise sending the MSS. to the Bodleian, and putting the sculpture in the National Gallery cellars! but I must go up to London to get well into the row; and I don't see my way out of it, and believe it will be very utterly impossible for me to get abroad this year, even as far as Chartres — but it is possible you might like to look at Wells and Glastonbury with me, rather than come to autumnal Brantwood. I'll write more tomorrow of what I'm doing. This note will, I believe, only stay in London during the Sunday; but I answer yours at once. . . . All our loves, and all manner of every other pleasant feeling mixed in mine.

Your ever faithful and obedient

J. R.

BRANTWOOD, 25 *February*, '84.

. . . I can't write, because I've always so much to say. How can I tell you anything of the sea of troubles that overwhelm old age — the trouble of troubles being that one can't take trouble enough.

At this moment I'm arranging a case at the British Museum, to show the whole history of silica, and I'm lending them a perfect octahedral crystal of diamond weighing 129 carats, which I mean to call St. George's diamond, and to head my history of precious stones. And I'm giving them dreadful elementary exercises at Oxford which they mew and howl over, and are forced to do, nevertheless; and I'm writing the life of Sta. Zita of Lucca, and an essay in form of lecture, on clouds, which has pulled me into a lot of work on diffraction and fluorescence; and I've given Ernest Chesneau a commission to write a life of Turner from a French point of view — under my chastisement "if too French;" and I've just got the preface written for Collingwood's *Alps of Savoy*, supplement to *Deucalion*, and I'm teaching Kate Greenaway the principles of Carpaccio, and Kate's drawing beautiful young ladies for me in clusters — to get off Carpaccio if she can.

And I've given Boehm a commission for 12 flat medallions, Florentine manner, life size, of six British men and six British women, of typical character in beauty, all to be looking straight forward in pure profile, and to have their hair treated with the Greek furrow.

And I'm beginning to reform the Drama — by help of Miss Anderson — and I had the *Tempest* played to me last week by four little beauties — George Richmond's grandchildren — of whom the youngest (11) played Ferdinand and Caliban, both, and was a quite perfect lover; and the eldest played the boatswain and Miranda. And I've given three sets of bells (octaves) to Coniston school, and am making the children learn chimes.

And I'm doing a *Fors* now and then in a byeway; Allen will have a nice parcel to send soon. And I'm here at Herne Hill — and I'm just going down to breakfast, and I can't write any more. I'm pretty well, I believe, but watching for breakdown. . . . I'm ever

Your poor old

J. R.

P. S. I am so glad you can remember with happiness. I live wholly to-day, and sadly enough, except in work (or wicked flirting). But, though I say it, nice girls do make quite as much fuss about me as I do about them, and they plague my life out to sign their birthday books.

BRANTWOOD, 2nd *January*, '85.

. . . I am not so well as you hoped, having overstrained myself under strong impulse at Oxford, and fallen back now

into a ditch of despond, deepened by loss of appetite and cold feet, and dark weather . . . and people all about more or less depending on me — no S. or M. for me to depend on, no Charles, no Carlyle — even my Turners for the time speechless to me, my crystals lustreless. After some more misery and desolation of this nature I hope, however, to revive slowly, and will really not trust myself in that feeling of power any more. But it seems to me as if old age were threatening to be a weary time for me. I'll never mew about it like Carlyle, nor make Joanie miserable if I know it — but it looks to me very like as if I should take to my bed and make everybody wait on me. This is only to send you love — better news I hope soon.

BRANTWOOD, 1 *October*, '85.

DEAREST CHARLES, — I am certainly better — and at present steadily gaining, bearing the burden of idle hours in the thankfulness that I am myself no longer a burden to poor Joanie. But she insists on the idleness, and will not let me write — but only dictate, and truly it will be better for you to have in her hand the rest of the note.

In the looking over the neglects of my past life, I found a lovely letter of yours of 1882, about the Cathedral of Pisa, giving evidence of the façade being meant to incline forward. Neglected in that year, the result of Signor Boni's examination, which I suppose he has written out — of course it is lost; but I'm going to ask him this question about the façade. The letter goes on very sadly about the "Victory of Materialism," and the distant hope of a revival in a thousand years of all that you and I have cared for — only the Alps to be let go in the meantime!

I believe the despondency caused by their own natural, as it seems, sympathy, with the scorn of their beauty, by the perishing of their snows, has borne a great part in the steady depression which has laid me open to these great illnesses. If only the Mont Blanc that you and I saw from St. Martin's that morning was still there, I would set out on a slow pedestrian tour, and expect you to meet me there! As it is, I can't find *anything* to amuse me, or to bring to any good in my old geological work; but I don't believe in any "Victory of Materialism." The last two years have shown me more Spirituality in the world than all my former life. Enough for to-day.

Ever your lovingest,

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, Easter Wednesday, '86.

DEAREST CHARLES, — I am entirely forbidden to write letters, and I've written seven difficult ones this morning — and this eighth has been on my mind this month. I thought you might be wondering what I meant to make of *Præterita*, if I live to finish it; and that you ought to know. There are to be 36 numbers — for sixty years. You and Joan may give account of me afterwards. I've got it all planned out now; and it will be pretty and readable enough I think, all through. . . .

I am retouching and mounting drawings also, and liking my own better; and when you come to see Brantwood again, whether I'm in it or not, you will find it in a little better order. . . .

BRANTWOOD, 18th *August*, '86.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — You ought not to be so anxious during these monsoons and cyclones of my poor old plagued brains. They clear off, and leave me, to say the least, as wise as I was before. Certainly this last fit has been much nastier for me than any yet, and has left me more frightened, but not so much hurt, as the last one. . . . Send me a line now and then still, please, — whether I'm mad or not I'm

Your loving

J. R.

BRANTWOOD, 23rd *March*, 1887.

I'm writing from 15 to 25 letters a day just now, besides getting on with *Præterita*,

Proserpina, *Ulric* editing, and *Christ's Folk* editing; and as you can't be much more busy, and have n't been crazy, I think *you* ought to keep up our acquaintance with an occasional word or two. . . .

The chapter of *Præterita* I'm upon ("Hotel du Mont Blanc") is lagging sadly because I can't describe the aiguille de Varens as I want to. I do hope I shan't go off my head this summer again, and lose the wild roses, — for *Præterita* will be very pretty if I can only get it written as it's in my head while right way on.

It is snowing and freezing bitterly, and I consider it all the fault of America and failure of duty in Gulf Stream, and so on. . . . Seriously, I believe I am safer than for some years in general health, but have lost sadly in activity and appetite.

Ever your loving

J. R.

It was soon after my last stay with him that Ruskin began to write his *Præterita*, the record "of scenes and thoughts," as its title says, "perhaps worthy of memory in my [his] past life." It was issued in monthly numbers, beginning in April, 1885, but its regular publication was at times interrupted by illness, and the last number, the twenty-eighth, appeared in July, 1889. By far its largest autobiographical part is occupied with the account of Ruskin's childhood and youth, ending practically with the year 1856, when he was thirty-seven years old. It was the year of the beginning of our friendship. Although there are many passages which indicate the disturbance of his mind, yet, barring these, the spirit and style of the book are thoroughly delightful, and truly represent the finer characteristics of his nature. He has written nothing better, it seems to me, than some pages of this book, whether of description or reflection. The retrospect is seen through the mellowing atmosphere of age, the harshness of many an outline is softened by distance, and the old man looks back upon his own life with a feeling which permits him to delineate it with perfect candor, with exquisite tenderness, and a playful liveliness quickened by his humorous sense of its dramatic extravagances and individual eccentricities.

After his illness in 1889, Ruskin was never able to take up again the broken thread of his story. The last ten years of his life were spent in retirement, and save for recurrent attacks of brain trouble, his days were peaceful and not unhappy. He still enjoyed the beauties of Nature and of Art, still liked to read or hear read his favorite books, still loved to listen to simple music. He was cared for with entire tenderness and devotion. His sun sank slowly, and amid clouds, but they did not wholly darken its light.

The last words of his own writing which I received from him were written on the 21st of November, 1896, a few months more than forty years from the date of the beginning of our friendship. They were at the foot of a letter of Mrs. Severn, and were written in pencil with a trembling hand, — "From your loving, J. R."

Præterita ends with the following words, strangely symbolic of much of the life of which they close the record: "Fonte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton, under the same arches where Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. *How* they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. How they shone! through the sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart, with its still golden words, 'Cor magis tibi Sena pandit,' and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning, and more intense than the stars."

(*The end.*)

THE INDEPENDENCE OF SABURO

BY ALICE MABEL BACON

It was the month of June, and a great festival of the Sanno Temple was in full swing. The streets were alive with excitement and brilliant with lanterns. The whole length of Kojimachi-dori was lined with gay booths and crowded with sightseers. Here and there the beat of drums, the clashing of cymbals, and the antics and grimaces of mummers held the crowd for a moment before some fantastic festival car. Off in the side streets were to be heard the rhythmic shouts of boys who rushed about with square red lanterns, bearing a miniature festival car high on their shoulders.

To Saburo Nozaki, alone at home, in charge of his father's shop, the cheerful sounds carried nothing but misery. He sat at his little table figuring out the day's accounts by the light of a small hanging lamp. The shop front was wide open to the narrow dark little side street, and now and then a wandering jinrikisha-man's lantern flashed by, but for the most part the street was empty, for it was away from the centre of the festival, and every one who could leave his work had gone to the great celebration. Only Saburo seemed left of all the populous neighborhood, and as he fingered his *soroban*[1] and wrote out his accounts, the cheerful hum of the festival just around the corner simply increased his sense of desertion.

Saburo was thoroughly tired of the shop. He had been born in it, or rather in the room just behind it. His babyhood had been passed watching its business over his mother's shoulder, and when he had been removed from his perch on her back to make room for a baby sister, he had at once begun to make himself useful. At first he could only run back and forth between the fireproof storehouse and the salesroom, carrying rolls of silk and cotton. Later, he had pulled a small handcart about the streets, acting at once as horse and delivery clerk. And now, since he had learned to count with the *soroban*, he sat all day on his heels, bowing and smiling and propitiating customers, measuring and counting and writing out bills, until it seemed to him that he could bear it no longer. His older brothers, Taro and Jiro, good, honest, unambitious youths, adapted themselves readily to the routine of the shop, but Saburo chafed under it and longed for a change. He was eighteen now, and still his only view of the world was what he could see of the street from under the heavy black curtains that draped the front of the salesroom.

How irksome it was to a proud spirit that felt itself set apart for better things! And now to-night, when the greatest festival in a cycle of sixty years was going on close by, and on the great last night of all the three, his father had taken the rest of the family to see the sights, and had left poor Saburo alone at home to guard the shop and wait upon improbable customers. It was too much! Saburo counted and wrote and counted again, but the bursts of gayety from Kojimachi confused his reckoning, and he gave up at last and settled down to listen and wish.

Suddenly the wish became the father of a thought — a great thought — an audacious thought. It had sometimes come before into Saburo's head, though he had never seen the way clear to its accomplishment, but to-night was the very night for it.

The boy reached out from where he sat to a drawer in the wall, and drew from thence a heavy, iron-bound box, the till of the establishment. This he opened with a key from his girdle, counted out fifty *yen* with methodical exactness, set

[1] *Soroban*, the abacus used in the East by all merchants in reckoning.

down his name in the account book opposite to that amount, then closed and locked the box and returned it to its drawer. The money he tucked away in his belt. Then he rose, carried the key into the back room and hung it on the wall, slid all the wooden shutters but one into place across the front of the shop, stepped out into the street, closed the last shutter, and walked off into the darkness away from the lights and noise of the festival. He did not care where he went. All he wanted was to get away from the close confinement, the unvarying monotony of the shop.

For an hour or so he wandered about dark and narrow streets, not daring to show himself in the wider, brightly lighted thoroughfares, lest he should be recognized by some chance acquaintance and his great plan be frustrated at its beginning.

It was ten o'clock, and even the business streets were putting up their shutters for the night, when the youth drifted aimlessly into a broad avenue, almost deserted at that hour, which he recognized as the one that led to the northern railway station. Then a new thought struck him, and he pushed forward with the energy of a definite purpose. When he reached the station a bell was ringing, and the northbound train was puffing on the track. He purchased a third-class ticket, selecting his destination — Nishi Nasuno — at random from the time-table hanging on the wall, rushed through the gate, and curled himself up in the corner of an empty carriage.

By noon of the following day Saburo found himself, after a long morning's walk, close to the beautiful mountain region that surrounds the gorge of Shiobara. His morning had not been one of unalloyed pleasure in his independence. The girls at the teahouse, where he had stopped and called for breakfast, had met his air of assumed importance with derisive giggles and mocking obeisances, and had given him, not the cool, retired upper room that he had demanded, but a place close to the street, noisy and sunny, where he had eaten his meal in full sight of the public and of all the employees of the hotel kitchen. Then the morning's walk had been hot and tiresome, — a straight shadeless road pointing directly toward the mountains.

Saburo found himself tired and hungry enough when he sat down to rest and eat his lunch in front of a teahouse that stood just where the road entered a beautiful mountain gorge.

"Elder Sister, where does this road go?" he asked of the bright-eyed, red-cheeked girl who waited on him.

"To Shiobara," she said, adding, "It is seven miles to the first village."

As Saburo looked at the steep, rocky road ahead he felt sure that he needed some stimulus to carry him over those seven miles to the village, and he ordered from the "elder sister" a gourd full of *saké*,[1] which he hung at his belt. Then he pressed on, and the mountains closed about him.

He seemed to be entering their very bowels, and the roaring of the torrent below him, the awful grandeur of the peaks above, impressed his unsophisticated soul with a strange uneasiness. He remembered all the weird tales that he had heard from his childhood, of the mountain gods and goblins, of the spirits of the dead that mow and gibber by the roadside, of the foxes and badgers that work strange enchantments on unwary travelers, and as each horrid detail came before his mind, his knees grew more and more shaky. At last, he felt sure that he could never reach the village for which he was bound before the night fell.

He sat down by the roadside and wondered what he should do, and how he should pass the night; and as he sat there he saw a young girl coming out of the woods carrying a bucket of water. She was dressed after the country fashion, with her kimono tucked up to her knees, showing her red petticoat below. She wore white silk leggins and straw sandals,

[1] *Saké*, the Japanese rice-wine.

and she walked lightly and gracefully with her load, in the dog-trot of the mountain peasant.

Saburo rose as she passed, and she stopped and set down her bucket.

"Honorable maiden," he said, "can you tell me of any house near here where I can get a meal and a bed?"

She bowed and smiled as she answered, "I have a very humble roadside booth just beyond the turn of the road where your honor can obtain refreshment, though of poor quality."

Saburo started up, his tired, unsteady legs reeling under him, and followed the girl a few paces to a spot where the smallest of roadside eating-shops had been placed, almost overhanging the torrent. How cool and inviting it looked! Screens of bamboo across the front shut it off from undue publicity. A small stream of water from a bamboo pipe plashed pleasantly into a stone tank close by, and over the *hibachi*[1] the kettle was bubbling. Cups and plates and various comestibles showed that the small establishment could furnish a meal, and it was with a sigh of relief that Saburo slipped his tired feet out of his clogs, bathed them in the cool sparkling water from the tank, and seated himself on the matted platform that made the guest-room.

"While I am preparing the poor meal, would your honor condescend to drink a cup of *ama-zake?*"[2] said the silvery voice of the girl.

"Thank you, I shall be glad to take it," said Saburo, holding his head up with an attempt at dignity, as he felt that now he had found some one who addressed him with the deference due to his independent position.

The girl, who to Saburo's eyes grew more beautiful every minute, brought a steaming bowl of the thick white liquor and set it down in front of him. He drank it, sucking it down with gulps and smacks of satisfaction.

[1] *Hibachi*, a brazier or fire-pot.

[2] *Ama-zake*, a thick, sweet, slightly fermented rice-soup.

"That is food and drink both," he said, as the maiden brought him another brimming bowl.

Cheered by the gracious glow which the comforting drink diffused through his entire being, Saburo sat and watched his beautiful friend while she attended to her lowly tasks. At last he spoke, and his voice was husky with emotion.

"It is strange," he said, "and sad, that so beautiful a maiden as you should waste her life up here in these wild mountains. Why do you stay in such a place? If you went to Tokyo you would soon make a good marriage."

The girl looked at him before she answered, and Saburo felt as if his soul were on fire.

"Sometimes I have thought I would like to go out and see the world," she said, "but I am the only child of my old mother, and she would not consent to my going," and she wept, holding her sleeves before her face.

"And now my mother is dead, and I have no brother, nor any friends." She wept quietly behind her sleeves for a space, her body shaking with the violence of her emotion; then she uncovered her face. Saburo felt her eyes looking deep into his heart. "If you do not object to my humble birth," she continued, "and since you sympathize with my grief, please take me with you to Tokyo and teach me how to sweep and wash floors." Then she hid her face once more behind her sleeves.

Saburo's head was fairly turned by such a show of confidence, and he reached forward and patted the poor girl's shoulder as she sat with covered face on the edge of his matted platform.

"Do not feel so sad," he said; "I will find you a place where you will be much better off than here."

The maiden looked with one eye from behind her sleeves. Saburo gently pulled down her hands until her whole face was visible. "How can I ever reward you for your kindness?" she said.

By the time he had eaten supper it was

quite dark, and Saburo began to wonder where he could spend the night, for the little teahouse was simply an open booth.

"Where do you live?" he asked of his entertainer.

"Quite near here," she answered, "and if you can endure my rude and squalid home, I can give you a bed there for to-night."

She extinguished the coals in the *hi-bachi* by dropping them into a pot of water, using for the purpose a pair of fire-sticks, one of bamboo and one of bone. Saburo's superstitious soul shuddered a little when he saw her do it, for he knew that in Tokyo such sticks were only used in collecting the ashes of the dead. But he remembered that she was a country girl, and could not be expected to know all the Tokyo customs. Then she closed the shutters about the little guest-room, and taking a white lantern [1] in her hand, she led the way into the woods. To Saburo there was something uncanny about the white lantern. It was like a funeral procession, he thought, but he said nothing.

There was a muttering of thunder among the hills, and zigzag lightning flashed from a black cloud overhead. The way seemed longer than Saburo had expected, but at last his guide stopped, just as a flash of lightning revealed a miserable dilapidated cottage. The paper of the sliding screens was flapping like ghostly garments in the wind, the plaster of the walls had fallen in places showing the bamboo skeleton of the house, the roof was breaking down under its load of stones, and the floor gave and creaked dismally as they stepped upon the dirty mats.

On one side of the room was a broken screen, inverted; [2] two of the floor mats had been taken up, and a clean new tub, bucket, and dipper stood on the rotten boards in the place thus left bare.[3] Saburo shuddered. What did all this mean?

[1] White lanterns are used only at funerals.

[2] Sign of the presence of a corpse.

[3] Preparations for washing a corpse.

His legs, which had been painfully weak for several hours, nearly gave way beneath him.

"My mother lies there dead," said the girl in explanation. "I have not been able to bury her yet, but I will bury her to-morrow before we start. Wait here a little while, for I must go and find a priest to attend the funeral," and the maiden disappeared in the darkness, leaving Saburo alone with the dead.

He tried to call, but his voice was choked; he tried to move, but his legs refused to carry him. He could only sit and wait for the return of his hostess, the horror of the place freezing his blood the while.

It was deadly silent in the woods. He would have been grateful even for a thunder-clap to break the silence, but the storm had passed. Suddenly the clouds parted, and the moonlight streamed through a hole in the roof right into the room.

Saburo found himself filled with a strange desire to look behind the screen, to see whether the girl had told him the truth. Slowly, on hands and knees he crept across the floor. Softly he moved the screen away. It was too true! There, on the floor, covered with a white quilt, sat a rigid figure, its knees drawn up to its chin.

Saburo crept closer and removed the covering from the face. Horror of horrors! It was the face of his beautiful hostess. But, even as he looked at it, the hair became snowy white, the eyes grew hollow, the parchment-like skin stretched tense across the nose, and the face changed to that of a demon.

Poor Saburo, not daring to turn his back on the awful object, retreated backward. The dead, raising her head, hitched forward across the floor. Saburo backed again. Once more the thing moved toward him, and once more he backed. It came close, — closer, — then suddenly, opening its mouth wide, it sneezed, and Saburo, forgetting his fatigue, turned and ran madly away from that terrible place.

Next morning a peasant, leading his

shock-headed pony loaded with grass along the mountain road saw far beneath him, close to the brawling torrent, what looked like the body of a man. Scrambling laboriously down, he found poor Saburo, not dead, but badly bruised. With much labor and suffering he was at last dragged up to the road.

How familiar the whole place looked to him when he opened his eyes! There was the turn in the road near which he had sat down, there the footpath along which the girl had come with the bucket of water. A great terror came over him.

"Do not take me to the rest-house beyond the turn," he begged of his kind-hearted rescuer.

"What rest-house? There is no rest-house near here," said the bewildered peasant.

Then Saburo told him his story, but the man only shook his head. "There is no rest-house here, nor ever has been," he said, "but there are foxes that live in the temple of Inari Sama[1] up in the woods there," and he pointed toward the footpath. "They have bewitched you, and you should thank the gods that you have escaped alive."

Two days later Saburo, bruised and tired, stepped out of his clogs and prostrated himself on his face in his father's shop. "I have returned," he said, as he bowed to his parents. Then he went back to his measuring stick, his *soroban*, and his account books.

HUMAN NATURE AND ADVERTISING

BY MACGREGOR JENKINS

To the casual observer the wintry gale which roared down the valley of the Connecticut River and unroofed the barn of a lonely spinster farmer seemed to do nothing more than to deprive her solitary cow of adequate shelter; but, as a matter of fact, the result of this catastrophe was much more far-reaching. This barn bore emblazoned on its roof and sides the name of a patent medicine. Between its tiny windows enormous characters spelled the name of a household remedy, and from the roof stared up a legend as to its price and curative qualities.

Some weeks later the proprietor of a magazine noticed that the subscription of a woman living in this sequestered valley had expired. Upon sending the usual formal notice to her, an illuminating reply was received. She explained in detail that the subscription to his magazine, as well as others, was the remuneration she received from the proprietor of a certain patent medicine for the use of her barn for advertising purposes. She described the catastrophe which all but demolished her barn and destroyed the integrity of the advertisement. Being unable to repair the damage, the heartless patent medicine proprietor declined to pay for further advertising service. She explained that the character of the damage done to her building was such as to remove only part of the advertisement, taking from it only occasional letters, and left an advertisement which, in her opinion, was all the more striking because of its incompleteness. The man of business failed to share her point of view, however, and the matter was dropped there.

This incident is suggestive, not because the barn was damaged, or because the magazine lost one constant reader, but because it presented to the mind of the lady in question a new and interesting

[1] Inari Sama, the god or goddess of rice, whose messenger the fox is supposed to be. Sometimes known as the Fox-God.

theory in regard to advertising. And in this particular she was quite in line with the thought of the day. Many observers of American life who have not had the question brought to their attention by the loss of a favorite magazine are discussing this phenomenon. So important an element has advertising become that it enters more or less directly into every modern business, it enlists in its army of promoters men of large means and ample learning, it calls to science to explain the laws it uncovers, and even in some instances it invades the individual's right of privacy, and has made itself the object of legislative action.

It is always the fate of a new idea — or an unusual phenomenon — to be considered, on the one hand, by certain minds as fraught with stupendous significance, and, on the other, by many as being of no importance at all. Few observers avoid one extreme or the other. So it has been with child-study and a dozen other modern notions. And so it has been with advertising. The so-called "expert" loves to consider this modern development in business methods with abnormal seriousness, and he discusses its scientific aspects with profound solemnity, while the average layman looks upon it all as quite unimportant.

It would seem, however, that there is a safe middle ground. To hold that all this activity is haphazard and the result subject to no law is as absurd as to try to reduce the whole question to a scientific principle. Both the expert and the layman seem to ignore a very large element, related more or less to either explanation, but wholly contained by neither — the element of human nature. The underlying principles of human character and experience are so great, so vague, that they do not lend themselves readily to scientific classification.

It is the object of this paper to occupy, if possible, this middle ground, and to hunt out the obvious explanation which is sometimes overlooked because it lies so near at hand. If we find ourselves coming to some of the same conclusions as Professor Scott in his earlier paper, we shall only have to confess that, after all, the man of science and the man of business are working veins very close together, and if we seem to disagree with him it may be only the difference in point of view.

But let us for the time forget that Professor Scott, the scientist, has probed the question, and let us also be unmindful, if possible, of Mr. Hartt's sprightly criticism of advertising men and methods, and let us see if by following the beaten path of human experience we do not reach an explanation singularly like that of both of these writers.

The elements of human nature which enter most potently into the problem seem to be the love of novelty, the love of something extraordinary and startling, and the love of the humorous which lies deeply concealed in the human make-up of the most commonplace and prosaic of mankind. That we all enjoy new things is too evident to need demonstration; equally obvious is man's love for the unusual and startling; less conspicuous, perhaps, in many cases is the love of the humorous as related to advertising. But who can frequent his club, or dine with a goodly company, who does not listen eagerly to a humorous story, and how many of these stories relate to the eccentricities of advertisers? The rural blacksmith who announces by means of a laboriously lettered sign in front of his shop, "Lawnmowers repaired in the rear" is perhaps a better advertiser than the metropolitan expert.

A sleek Celestial, who has not an idea beyond his washtub and his ironing-board, presents to admiring passers-by on a busy city street an advertisement which catches more eyes and sets more tongues wagging than many flaring billboards, for with quaint directness he adds beneath his price-list that "buttons are sewed on to our customers free." Add to these three elements the fact that the average man follows his fellow in matters of taste or judgment, and is easily

influenced by a reiterated statement, and you get the groundwork upon which nearly every successful advertising structure has been reared.

In any discussion of advertising we find at once that we are confronted by two very distinct phases of the question. There are two distinct masses of facts governed by very different conditions. In this great business there seem to be two diverging lines of activity and two types of men engaged in them. We have the advertiser who is conducting a legitimate business in supplying a necessary article of common use to a large number of buyers by thoughtful and carefully considered methods of business, and we have the man who is using the devices of the advertiser to sell an article of little or no value to a large number of people who really do not want it, but who can be induced to make the purchase by new, startling, or humorous advertising methods.

The first type of man is, of course, the real advertiser, — the man who merits consideration because he has created the great industry we are discussing, and upon whom its permanence depends. The second is, however, not to be ignored, — he is much before the public, and because his methods are picturesque and unusual he attracts public attention out of proportion to his real importance.

If the advertising pages of our magazines and papers were given over alone to the carefully phrased statements of conservative manufacturers they would be dull indeed.

Insurance statistics, descriptions of automobiles, or the chemical analysis of soaps, are all important and interesting to a limited group of persons, but they do not entertain and amuse the average reader. He looks for and enjoys the more bizarre and unusual announcements. He speculates as to just what sort of a bicycle an eight-dollar-and-seventy-cent bicycle may be; he wonders what humors a course of correspondence instruction in "Polite Conversation" would develop, and he is glad that there is one man who by taking thought has discovered a method of adding a cubit, more or less, to his stature, — and now (thrifty soul) is selling the benefits of his discovery to others.

If it were not for these and similar advertisements there would be fewer readers of advertising pages, and the legitimate advertiser may owe much to the light-hearted boastfulness of some announcement less dignified than his own.

Mr. Robinson in his "Abuses of Public Advertising" laments the apathy with which the average man views the incursions of unsightly advertisements, and implies that a lack of proper civic spirit is the cause. To some extent this is true. The seeming indifference is due to a curious American indolence and toleration of a fraud or an injustice. Nowhere is this seen more plainly than in the average man's attitude toward the ingenious humbug and adroit swindler. To be good-naturedly imposed upon is a positive pleasure provided the cost of it is not too great. This explains the vast number of trifling frauds carried on year after year in the advertising columns of magazines and newspapers.

The adroit rascal who announced in the columns of countless agricultural papers that for the modest sum of ten cents he would supply an unfailing Potato-Bug Eradicator, knew if he promised to do away with this pest he would reach the ears of a large and responsive audience. Upon receipt of an order he sent the purchaser two neatly whittled pieces of pine wood with courteously printed directions to "place the potato-bug between the two sticks of wood and press them together." This man knew that the sheer audacity of the proceeding tickled the funny-bone of even a pie-eating New England farmer. Not only did the man duped enjoy a secret chuckle after his first amazement had waned, but he promptly became an agent for the advertiser, and induced many of his friends to purchase the same marvelous Eradicator. Had it not been that unfeeling and abnormally serious post-office officials interfered with the genial

impostor he would doubtless be reaping a harvest of dimes to this day.

We all remember the loud-voiced barker at the County Fair who invited you, as a lad, to pay your modest nickel and view one of the most extraordinary wonders of nature, — the human-headed calf. Having produced the necessary nickel from your boyish trousers, you were ushered into a tent with one or two chosen comrades, to see reposing on a cloth-covered box the stuffed and decapitated body of a tiny calf. Ingeniously arranged above was a circular looking-glass, in which, to your vast surprise, you saw your own shamefaced countenance. There was a spasm of virtuous indignation against the showman, and then a hurried exit to find, if possible, one of the boon companions of your early days to send him in to see the same wonder.

The farmer and the boy fairly represent the average citizen in his attitude toward the sleek swindler. But there is a point beyond which he must not go, and the successful advertiser of this class has learned his lesson.

For years the American citizen has been apparently oblivious to the increasing encroachments of billboards upon our parks and city squares. Of late the whole country has begun to consider this danger, and legislation promises ultimately to bring it under control. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when places of natural beauty and grandeur will not be disfigured by glaring advertisements, but the American citizen, who has been accustomed for years to submit to this particular barbarism, is in the same class with the farmer and the boy, — inert to the point of indifference, but energetic and determined if once aroused. The same man who travels up the Hudson by boat at night, and smiles to see the steamer's searchlight turned by the deft hand of the operator upon advertisements on the shore, will some day demand in no uncertain voice the abolishment of these hideous eyesores. At present it all seems to him a rather amusing evidence of enterprise, but he is a bit uneasy about it all, and will soon be thoroughly aroused to the requirements of the situation.

While we enjoy the antics of these advertisers we must not overlook the fact that relatively they are unimportant. The great mass of the business is done along legitimate lines, and is of positive benefit to the public. Manufacturers vie with one another to put upon the market articles of merit and usefulness at a low cost in order to secure a share of the enormous sum spent each year by the American people for the necessities of life. For instance, no local market could have afforded sufficient demand for shoes to have warranted their manufacture in large quantities. But by advertising, an enormous market has been secured, correspondingly large sales ensue, and it becomes possible to provide at a low price a shoe of exceptional quality. Here is a case where the public has directly profited by the value of advertising. What one man can do another can ; so competition arises and serves to keep the price down, even if the manufacturers fail to see how essential it is to their interests to do so.

Hence the large and successful advertiser is, for the most part, offering something of real merit, but which is consumed in the using, — such as shoes, clothing, soaps, baking powders, or similar household articles. Many of these have been advertised for years, and the proprietors of them are ready to expend large sums of money, and to invoke the aid of an intricate system of patent law to control the so-called "good will" of the trademark. So evident has the value of a trademark become that an advertising agent of importance has recently sent out an appeal to manufacturers to adopt one, as distinctive of their product. Of what does this good will consist? Again we seem compelled to refer to the book of human nature. It is not because these trademarks are in themselves attractive or beautiful, or that they represent with unusual fidelity the article advertised; it is rather because the buying public has long been

accustomed to this particular figure or design, and through long years of association with it at home and abroad has grown to have a real affection for it. None but the most unsentimental and unfeeling of us can deny a homely interest in the gentleman with side whiskers, who, through many years, has been caught in the act of brushing his teeth with Sozodont. The trim little woman who stands in her cap and apron holding the cup of Walter Baker's Cocoa is as intimate a friend and associate as many living persons, and an encounter with her in some foreign land brings a touch of home at once.

The problem of such an advertiser is to continue this process of education, and to bring up generation after generation of buyers with the same tenacious associations. To do this he is willing to expend large sums of money, and he accomplishes his end quite independently, it would seem, of scientific and psychological considerations.

An instance where this has been accomplished in a surprisingly short time has been the making of Sunny Jim almost a member of countless families, certainly of families where there are children to revel in his quaint grotesqueness. This is the kind of advertising that will go on in one form or another as long as man eats, clothes himself, and has shelter over his head. It will only vary in method with conditions. But does this process of education — this constant repetition of a trademark and the reiteration of the virtues of an article — cause a demand for it? Undoubtedly it does. There is on record one remarkable instance where the manufacturers of a household article had advertised for years. They had used the same trademark, and had rung the changes on the merit of their product until they felt that the whole world must be weary of their name. The demand for their article was constantly up to the limit of manufacture. They looked with grudging eyes upon the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent each year in advertising, and determined to stop it. Almost at once their sales fell off, and too late they realized their error. Meanwhile a rival concern increased its advertising, and to-day the persistent advertiser remains alone in the field, having absorbed the business of its short-sighted competitor.

There is an old saying that a fool is born every minute. It is equally applicable to purchasers. For through the length and breadth of this great country thousands of men and women are daily, almost hourly, making their initial purchases of various wares.

The comic papers have long made sport of the bride and her early experiments in marketing. But the establishment of each new home is a matter of importance to many advertisers; for once let their brand of soap or soup or silver polish be established in a household, the chances are it will remain the family standard for years to come. So the far-sighted advertiser begins to say "Pearline" to her in early infancy. Pearline follows her to school, thrusts itself upon her as she travels, and all unconsciously engraves itself upon her memory. The eventful day arrives, — list in hand she sallies forth for her first day's shopping. Amid the confusion of new experiences she gloats over her ability to choose and purchase half-a-dozen common articles with the composure and accustomedness of a veteran. She orders Pears' Soap, White Label Soup, Pearline, Walter Baker's Cocoa, and Knox's Gelatine, because she knows and remembers the names, and does not realize that she has chosen in every instance an article made familiar to her, perhaps, by advertising only.

Multiply this instance a thousand times and add countless others of similar character, and you have already an army of purchasers. The bachelor supplying his meagre sideboard, the fond sister making purchases for a brother, are both members of this school, which the advertiser has been conducting with great expense and patience for many years.

The power of reiterated statement cannot be overestimated. Two gentlemen of

means were traveling together when one was heard to say to the other, "See that sign. I bought some of that soap the other day and it is very good. It took that advertiser over a year to sell me one package." The chances are his friend soon followed his example, for such is human nature. For this reason the reiterated statement — the constantly displayed trademark — is used by this type of advertiser. It best sells the article in constant demand, the use of which is unaffected by fashion.

Another large class of articles successfully advertised are those which have only temporary vogue, and are vigorously advertised to reap the harvest of an hour. In this group fall many of the so-called dishonest advertisements and amusing frauds practiced on a good-natured public. The articles of this class most successfully promoted for a time are patent medicines, a few of them possessing positive curative qualities, many of them possessing none, most of them being quite harmless. In the exploitation of these articles surprising ingenuity is displayed in playing upon the weakness and vanity of human kind. A charming story was once written of a lonely woman who read patent medicine advertisements, and admired the portraits accompanying them, until she had one overmastering desire, and that was to have *her* portrait appear broadcast over the country in the same alluring fashion. This was finally brought about, and the day of her triumph arrived. She found her portrait in the local weeklies, and her cup of happiness overflowed. In the story, the publication of this portrait assisted a long-lost and affluent nephew to find and rescue her from loneliness and penury. But this pleasing dénouement does not rob the picture of the little old woman of its fidelity to life.

In a thriving inland city there were two business enterprises, — one, devoted to the manufacture, on a small scale, of a patent medicine; the other, to the manufacture of onyx mantel clocks. In the fortunes of business the patent medicine proprietor prospered in a small way, and the manufacturer of the onyx clocks made an assignment. His one asset was an accumulation of clocks, neither beautiful as works of art nor accurate as timepieces. A vision must have come in the night to the patent medicine man, for on one memorable morning he confronted the clock manufacturer with an offer for his entire stock. The bargain was closed. Gifted with an unerring knowledge of human nature, the patent medicine man then took a small consignment of clocks, painted the name of his remedy in a circle on the face, and visited all the neighboring drugstores. To each druggist he made this proposition: that he might offer to any customer, having the symptoms of any one of a score of troubles, one of the clocks provided only he purchased a box of the remedy, pronounced himself cured, and supplied the proprietor with a testimonial to that effect together with a portrait.

The dark deed was done, the trap was set. The next time Farmer Jones and his good wife came to town, in the natural course of events, they visited the drugstore, saw and admired the clock, longed for a duplicate on their parlor mantel, and went away with a box of the remedy and suffering with the necessary symptoms. After a day or two they returned, announcing that a cure had been effected, wrote the necessary testimonial, supplied the portrait, and dispatched it to their benefactor. True to his word, the onyx mantel clock was sent, and it straightway appeared on Farmer Jones's parlor mantel.

Having accomplished this in a few isolated instances, it was only a question of time before the entire stock of clocks was disposed of, untold quantities of the remedy sold, and the crafty proprietor had accumulated a goodly sum. In this transaction he had simply satisfied two very common human cravings, — to beautify the home, and to see one's portrait in public print. Incidentally, so far as known, his remedy did no harm.

In all these transactions there is a large element of human nature; the cyni-

cal would call it human vanity and weakness, but, after all, the terms are in a measure synonymous. It is surprising that this element is frequently overlooked by advertisers, and almost invariably ignored by theorists on such matters.

One industry, the advertising of which until recently has been quite free from commercial trickery, has been that of publishing, but this does not mean that for many years the successful publisher has not been directing his appeal to the human side of his buying public. This was done long before the professional advertisement writer or "ad" expert, as he calls himself, came into existence. The publisher has recognized that the love of home and children and the religious emotion have been large factors in promoting the sale of many books. Some years ago a publisher who became famous for large sales and daring enterprises long before the hundred-thousand-copy edition was thought of, published shoals of books which he sold by subscription through the rural communities, and every one of them dealt with the life of the family, or treated of some religious subject. Upon the first intimation of the tidal wave of scientific thought which was about to sweep over the country he was ready. He had a theory that he could successfully substitute natural science for religion. To this end he prepared and put upon the market an amazing book called *The Wonders of Nature*. It contained, dimly printed on its wood-pulp pages, accounts of various and startling natural phenomena, with crude illustrations. The cover, a brilliant red, displayed a variety of beasts and other natural wonders. Emblazoned in a rainbow effect appeared the title, *The Wonders of Nature*. The book was put into the hands of his agents, but for some reason the time was not ripe, and the sale was disappointing. Perplexed by his failure, but determined to make the best of it, he pondered over the situation, and realized that he was ahead of his time. He determined to return to his earlier manner, and stamped out the title from the cover, substituting for *The Wonders of Nature*, *The Architecture of God*. The introductory matter, written by a professor of natural science in the local academy, was replaced by a religious preface from the pen of a local clergyman, and the book once more put upon the market. The result was instantaneous. The slow-selling *Wonders of Nature*, under the new title met with a ready demand, and the entire edition, together with subsequent printings, was soon exhausted.

In many of our mental processes, the man is but little removed from the child, and the unlettered mind of the savage shows many characteristics of childlike simplicity. A striking instance of this came to the observation of the publishers of the *Atlantic* not long ago, when they received a remarkable communication from an Indian agent in the remote Southwest. The letter inclosed one of the familiar coin-cards with its inviting opening for a coin and a neat and brilliant red seal. Beneath the seal was a half dollar, and with the coin-card came the request to send three copies of the magazine to an Indian brave residing on the reservation. The agent took pains to explain that the Indian could neither read nor write, that his entire income was an annual stipend of six dollars received from a paternal government; but the allurement of the coin-card, the delight of dispatching something into space by means of the mail-carrier, and the pleasure of receiving subsequently something, no matter how valueless to him, from some far-removed source, was too much to be withstood, and despite the entreaties of the agent, one twelfth of his annual income was expended to satisfy this whim. It is to be hoped that this Indian brave in his lonely tepee on the prairie got sufficient satisfaction out of the arrival of the three copies of the magazine to pay for the stern self-denial which the luxury must have cost him. While we are ready to smile at the childlike simplicity of this Indian, we might first consider how

many of our own purchases are brought about by similar enticing methods, and are relatively as profitless as this one.

This simplicity of human nature is at once one of its great charms and one of its most striking characteristics. Some shrewd advertiser has said, "No man or woman ever outgrows a picture." And this is literally true. Given two windows of adjoining shops, one filled with books and the other with pictures, the latter will always have before it a group of interested observers, while the former will catch only the occasional glances of an habitual book-buyer. For this reason the advertiser has quickly recognized the value of illustration, and it is interesting to note, once more, that long experience has taught him that the picture of a child or a pretty girl will outweigh in attractiveness all other subjects. None but the most hard-hearted bachelor has been able to resist the charm of the attractive Eastman Kodak girl, and even women have indulged in lively discussions as to her clothes and general appearance. So important is this element that the painters who prepare billboards are by no means daubers, as the public think they are. It is stated on good authority that several of the men engaged in painting billboard advertisements in our large cities have studied many years abroad, and one at least has been an instructor in a large art school. One man, after five years of study in Paris, returned to this country to do work on billboard advertising.

Hand in hand with the human love for pictures goes a childlike love of nonsense. The billposter who exhibited a recent advertisement of a breakfast food picturing a tramp looking longingly at a signboard containing a description of the article, dared to venture to play upon this emotion. Instead of arranging the four parts of this poster as they were designed, he transposed them so that the head and body of the tramp were in one corner, the legs in the lower corner opposite, and the signboard was divided into two parts in opposite corners. The relation of the four parts of this advertisement is evident, but the utter confusion of their arrangement was a stroke of genius, because it appealed to just that love of nonsense which is inherent in us all.

No series of nursery rhymes have had a greater popularity than the Spotless Town verses of Mr. Redfield M. Roach. Mr. Roach was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he won prizes for work in original Greek versification. He drifted to this country, and through necessity took up the writing of nonsense rhymes. Their excellence was recognized, and exclusive rights to his work purchased. The series of rhymes of Spotless Town the expert might call bad advertising. The poet may call them bad poetry, the artist may call the illustrations bad drawing, but the sheer, downright, good-natured humor in them all, the genial simplicity of the rhymes, have put them into the mouths of countless admirers, and vastly increased the sales of an excellent article.

Frequently this love of nonsense has been coupled with some startling innovation followed by good results. The shoemaker who recognized that every little girl likes to probe into the interior of her doll, and every boy likes to investigate the interior of his watch, logically supposed that many people who wore shoes would like to get a glimpse of their construction. He consequently placed a circular saw in his window, and before the eyes of astonished passers-by sawed in two countless shoes, thus exhibiting his superior material and workmanship. Having amused and interested the elders in this way, he conceived the notion of picturing in his advertisement a jaunty little chap, with a circular saw for a head, chasing frightened shoes over the pages of the magazines and about the columns of the newspapers. The little saw is almost as familiar to-day as the time-honored gentleman with the toothbrush. The only instance of this sort of advertising that has ever come under the writer's observation which, for some reason or other, did not seem to suc-

ceed, was the remarkable family which presented the many excellencies of some flour. "Cookie," the cook, and "Waffles," the cat, should have remained with the immortals, but for some reason unknown to the writer they are being gradually withdrawn from public notice.

Next to the love for a picture the child and the man love a catchy phrase, and the man who invents one which creeps into the vernacular of the daily life has a guarantee that he will not be forgotten. It is the same principle apparently which governs the value of what are called "gag" lines in comedy. The phrase need not be startling nor strikingly original, but it must have, either on account of its aptness, or, on the other hand, its utter lack of relation to the context, a certain startling quality. An instance of this has been recently cited upon the revival of the very charming play, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. In the first act the angelic child is made to say, "I'll be jiggered," an expression which, falling from his cherubic lips, has the value of grotesque contrast. But the first time that it was said it caused no special comment. In the second act, when repeated, it excited a ripple of laughter, and from then on through the play, as often as repeated, brought on a crescendo of laughter and applause.

The writer of topical songs recognizes this, and gets his effects by sheer force of repetition. Upon a much larger scale we find that advertisers do this, and the result has been the addition to daily speech of many serviceable phrases, each one when spoken bearing testimony to the imitative trait in us all, and being in effect a verbal advertisement. Years ago we were taught to say, "You press the button and we will do the rest," and many of us now rejoice in expressions which entice us by their sheer irrelevance, such as "say Zu Zu to the groceryman," "U need a," and others.

No serious attempt has been made to cover the almost limitless field of advertising activities, and quite intentionally no mention has been made of that great volume of business promoting the sale of expensive articles, such as pianos, automobiles, etc. These enterprises, important in themselves, constitute so small a part of the great volume of advertising that we have no special interest with them at this time. Many great undertakings are carried on through the medium of advertising, and are of the highest character and the first importance, but as the honest man is always less interesting than the charlatan, so they are less picturesque than the occasional daring advertiser who lives but an hour.

After all has been said, and the final theory has been advanced in regard to why advertising pays, why and how it is carried on, and who helps support it, the most interesting part of the problem remains, not the advertiser, but the buying public. This great body of purchasers, driven hither and thither by the lash of the shrewd advertiser, patiently obeying his imperious summons, buying first this and then that at his dictation, is a spectacle worthy a moment's watching. How patiently we allow ourselves to be led into the mazes of the breakfast food question when one staple article may have served our ancestors for generations! How innocently we appeal to the advertiser to be taught by correspondence everything from mechanical engineering to polite conversation! How gleefully we submit our bodies to the treatment of some unseen physical director who prescribes exercises as ridiculous as they are wearying! How gayly we follow the throng to the book counter, and buy the volume that some advertiser tells us to buy, and how unconscious we are that in this exhibition we ourselves are the most interesting part!

While advertising has built up great businesses, has renewed the activities of decaying communities, and worked many social and commercial benefits, it still, first and foremost, demonstrates anew that we are the same dear, old, American public well known and beloved by the late lamented P. T. Barnum.

WILLIAM HAZLITT[1]

BY BRADFORD TORREY

HAPPY is the man who enjoys *himself*. His are the true riches. Saving physical pain and mortal illness, few evils can touch him. He may lose friends and make enemies; all the powers of the world may seem to have combined against him; he may work hard and fare worse; poverty may sit at his table and share his bed; but he is not to be greatly pitied. His good things are within. He enjoys him*self*. He has found the secret that the rest of men are all, more or less consciously, looking for,—how to be happy though miserable. It seems an easy method; nothing could be less complicated: simply to enjoy one's own mind. The thing is to do it.

Whether any one ever really accomplished the miracle for more than brief intervals at once, a skeptic may doubt; but some have believed themselves to have accomplished it; and in questions of this intimately personal nature, the difference between faith and fact is small and unimportant. It is of the essence of belief not to be disturbed overmuch by theoretical objections. If I am happy, what is it to me that my busybody of a neighbor across the way has settled it with himself that I am not happy, and in the nature of the case cannot be? Let my meddlesome neighbor mind his own affairs. The pudding is mine, not his; and, with or without his leave, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

These not very uncommonplace reflections are suggested by the remembrance of what are reported to have been the last words of the man whose name stands at the head of this paper. He was dying before his time, in what the world, if it had happened to concern itself about so inconsiderable an event, would have called rather squalid circumstances. His life had mostly been cloudy. The greater part of his fifty-two years had been spent in quarreling impartially with friends and foes, and, strange to say (matters terrestrial being habitually so out of joint), the logical result had followed. His domestic experiences, too, had been little to his comfort and less to his credit. So far as women were concerned, he had played the fool to his heart's content and his enemies' amusement. Of his two wives (both living) neither was now at his bedside. His purse was empty, or near it. It was almost a question how he should be buried. Withal, as a man more than ordinarily ambitious, he had never done the things he had cared most to do; and now it was all over. And being always an eloquent man, and having breath for one sentence more, he said, "Well, I have had a happy life."

Nor need it be assumed that he was either lying or posing. With abundance of misfortune and no lack of disappointment, with outward things working pretty unanimously against him, he had enjoyed himself. In a word, he remained to the last what he had been from the first, a sentimentalist; and a sentimentalist, like a Christian, has joys that the world knows not of.

For a sentimentalist is one who, more than the majority of his fellows, cultivates and relishes his emotions. They are the chief of his living, the choicest of his crop, his "best of dearest and his only care;" as why should they not be, since they give him the most of what he most desires? Perhaps we should all be sentimentalists if we could. As it is, the number of such

[1] *The Collected Works of William Hazlitt*, in twelve volumes. Edited by A. R. WALLER and ARNOLD GLOVER. With an introduction by W. E. HENLEY. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

is relatively small, though even at that they may be said to be of various kinds, as their emotions are excited by various classes of objects.

If a man's nature is religious, his sentimentalism, supposing him to have been born with that gift, naturally takes on a religious turn; he treasures the luxury of contrition and the raptures of conscious forgiveness. Like one of the earliest and most celebrated of his kind, he can feed day and night upon tears, — having plentiful occasion, perhaps, for such a watery diet, — and be the more ecstatic in proportion as he sounds more and more deeply the unfathomable depths of his unworthiness. This, in part at least, is what is meant by the current phrase, "enjoying religion." Devotional literature bears unbroken witness to its reality and fervors, from the Psalms of David down to the *Lives of the Saints* and the diaries of latter-day Methodism. There is nothing sweeter to the finer sorts of human nature than devotional self-effacement, whether it be sought as Nirvâna in the silence of a Buddhist's cell, or as a gift of special grace in a tumultuous chorus of "Oh to be nothing, nothing," at a crowded conventicle. Small wonder that the

> willing soul would stay
> In such a frame as this,
> And sit and sing itself away
> To everlasting bliss.

Small wonder, surely; for, say what you will (and the remark is not half so much a truism as it sounds), one of the surest ways to be happy is to have happy feelings.

This cultivation of the religious sensibilities is probably the commonest, as at its best it is certainly the noblest form of what, meaning no offense, — though the word has been in bad company, and will never recover from it, — we have called sentimentalism. But there are other forms, suited to other grades of human capacity, for all men are not saints.

There is, for example, especially in these modern times, a purely poetic susceptibility to the charms of the natural world; so that the favored subject of it, not every day, to be sure, but as often as the mood is upon him, shall experience joys ineffable,

> Trances of thought and mountings of the mind,

at the sight of an ordinary landscape or the meanest of common flowers.

Of a much lower sort is the sentimentalism of such a man as Sterne; a something not poetical, only half real, a kind of rhetorical trick, never so neatly done, but still a trick, and whatever of genuine feeling there is in it so alloyed with baser metal that even while you enjoy to the very marrow the amazing perfection of the writing (for it would be hard to name another book in which there are so many perfect sentences to the page as in the *Sentimental Journey*), — even while you feel all this, you feel also what a relief it would be to speak a piece of your mind to the smirking, winking, face-making clergyman, who has such pretty feelings, and makes such incomparably pretty copy out of them, but who will by no means allow you to forget that he, as well as another, is a man of flesh and blood (especially flesh), knowing a thing or two of the world in spite of his cloth, and able, if he only would (though of course he won't), to play the rake as handsomely as the next man. A strange candidate for holy orders, he surely was, even in a country where a parish is frankly recognized as a "living"! It is a comfort to know, on the high authority of Mr. Bagehot, that the only respect in which he resembled a clergyman of our own time was, that he lost his voice and traveled abroad to find it.

And once more, not to refine upon the point unduly, there are such men as Rousseau and Hazlitt; not great poets, like Wordsworth, nor mere professional dealers in the pathetic, like Sterne, but men of literary genius very exceptionally endowed with the dangerous gift of sensibility; which gift, wisely or unwisely, they have nourished and made the most of, first for their own exquisite pleasure

in it, and afterward, it may well be, for the sake of its very considerable value as a literary "asset."

Rousseau and Hazlitt, we say; for though the two are in some respects greatly unlike, they are plainly of the same school. For better or worse, the English boy came early under the Frenchman's influence, and, to his credit be it spoken, he was never slow to acknowledge the debt thus incurred. His passion for the *New Éloïse* was in time outgrown, but the *Confessions* he "never tired of." He loved to run over in memory the dearer parts of them: Rousseau's "first meeting with Madame Warens, the pomp of sound with which he has celebrated her name, beginning 'Louise-Éléonore de Warens était une demoiselle de La Tour de Pil, noble et ancienne famille de Vevai, ville du pays de Vaud' (sounds which we still tremble to repeat); his description of her person, her angelic smile, her mouth of the size of his own; his walking out one day while the bells were chiming to vespers, and anticipating in a sort of waking dream the life he afterward led with her, in which months and years, and life itself passed away in undisturbed felicity; the sudden disappointment of his hopes; his transport thirty years after at seeing the same flower which they had brought home together from one of their rambles near Chambéry; his thoughts in that long interval of time; his suppers with Grimm and Diderot after he came to Paris; . . . his literary projects, his fame, his misfortunes, his unhappy temper; his last solitary retirement on the lake and island of Bienne, with his dog and his boat; his reveries and delicious musings there — all these crowd into our minds with recollections which we do not choose to express. There are no passages in the *New Éloïse* of equal force and beauty with the best descriptions in the *Confessions*, if we except the excursion on the water, Julie's last letter to St. Preux, and his letter to her, recalling the days of their first love. We spent two whole years in reading these two works, and (gentle reader, it was when we were young) in shedding tears over them,

> 'as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gums.'

They were the happiest years of our life. We may well say of them, sweet is the dew of their memory, and pleasant the balm of their recollection!"

The whole passage is characteristic and illuminating. Hazlitt is speaking of another, but as writers will and must, whether they mean it or not, he is disclosing himself. The boyish reader's tears, the grown man's trembling at the sound of the eloquent French words, and the confession of the concluding sentence (which he repeated word for word years afterward in the essay, *On Reading Old Books*) — here we have the real Hazlitt, or rather one of the real Hazlitts.

He was strong in memory. His very darkest times — and they were dark enough — he could brighten with sunny recollections: of a painting, it might be, seen twenty years before, and loved ever since; of a favorite actor in a favorite part; of a book read in his youth ("the greatest pleasure in life is that of reading, while we are young"); of the birds that flitted about his path in happier mornings; of the taste of frost-bitten barberries eaten thirty years before, when he was five years old, on the side of King-Oak Hill, in Weymouth,[1] Massachusetts, and never tasted since; of the tea-gardens at Walworth, to which his father used to take him. Oh yes, he can see those gardens still, though he no longer visits them. He has only to "unlock the casket of

[1] In this Old Colony town, though none of his English biographers appear to know it, the boy Hazlitt lived in the Old North Parsonage, in which had lived some time before a girl named Abigail Smith, afterward better known as Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the United States, and mother of the sixth. For which fact, more interesting to him than to his readers, it is to be feared, the present writer is indebted to the researches of his old Weymouth schoolmate, now President of the Weymouth Historical Society, Mr. John J. Loud.

memory," and a new sense comes over him, as in a dream; his eyes dazzle, his sensations are all "glossy, spruce, voluptuous, and fine." What luscious adjectives! And how shamelessly, like an innocent, sweet-toothed child, he rolls them under his tongue! Their goodness is inexpressible. But listen to him for another sentence or two, and see what a favor of Providence it is for a writer of essays to be a lover of his own feelings: "I see the beds of larkspur with purple eyes; tall hollyhocks, red or yellow; the broad sunflowers, caked in gold, with bees buzzing round them; wildernesses of pinks, and hot, glowing peonies; poppies run to seed; the sugared lily, and faint mignonette, all ranged in order, and as thick as they can grow; the box-tree borders; the gravel walks, the painted alcove, the confectionery, the clotted cream: — I think I see them now with sparkling looks; or have they vanished while I have been writing this description of them? No matter; they will return again when I least think of them. All that I have observed since of flowers and plants and grass-plots seem to me borrowed from 'that first garden of my innocence' — to be slips and scions stolen from that bed of memory."

How eloquent he grows! "Slips and scions stolen from that bed of memory!" The very words, simple as they are, and homely as is their theme, throb with emotion, and move as if to music. "Most eloquent of English essayists," his latest biographer pronounces him; and, whether we agree with the judgment or not (sweeping assertions cost little, and contribute to readability), at least we recognize the quality that the biographer has in mind.

A sentimentalist, of all men, knows how to live his good days over again. Pleasure, to his thrifty way of thinking, is not a thing to be enjoyed once, and so done with. He will eat his cake and have it too. Nor shall it be the mere shadow of a feast. Nay, if there is to be any difference to speak of, the second serving shall be better and more substantial than the first. To him nothing else is quite so real as the past. He rejoices in it as in an unchangeable, indefeasible possession. "The past at least is secure." If the present hour is dark and lonely and friendless, he has only to run back and walk again in sunny, flower-bespangled fields, hand in hand with his own boyhood.

Such was Hazlitt's practice as a sentimental economist, and it would take an extra-bold Philistine, we think, to maintain that it was altogether a bad one. The words that he wrote of Rousseau are applicable to himself: "He seems to gather up the past moments of his being like drops of honey-dew to distil a precious liquor from them." To vary a phrase of Mr. Pater's, he is a master in the art of impassioned recollection.

It makes little difference where he is, or what circumstance sets him going. He may be among the Alps. "Clarens is on my left," he says, "the Dent de Jamant is behind me, the rocks of Meillerie opposite: under my feet is a green bank, enamelled with white and purple flowers, in which a dewdrop here and there glitters with pearly light. Intent upon the scene and upon the thoughts that stir within me, I conjure up the cheerful passages of my life, and a crowd of happy images appear before me." Or he is in London, and hears the tinkle of the "Letter-Bell" as it passes. "It strikes upon the ear, it vibrates to the brain, it wakes me from the dream of time, it flings me back upon my first entrance into life, the period of my first coming up to town, when all around was strange, uncertain, adverse, — a hubbub of confused noises, a chaos of shifting objects, — and when this sound alone, startling me with the recollection of a letter I had to send to the friends I had lately left, brought me as it were to myself, made me feel that I had links still connecting me with the universe, and gave me hope and patience to persevere. At that loud-tinkling, interrupted sound, the long line of blue hills near the place where I was brought up waves in the hori-

zon, a golden sunset hovers over them, the dwarf oaks rustle their red leaves in the evening breeze, and the road from Wem to Shrewsbury, by which I first set out on my journey through life, stares me in the face as plain, but, from time and change, as visionary and mysterious, as the pictures in the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

"When a man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect," says Keats, "any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty Palaces.'" Yes, and some men will go a good way on the same royal road, with no more spiritual incitement than the passing of the postman.

How fondly Hazlitt recalls the day of days when he met Coleridge, and walked with him six miles homeward; when "the very milestones had ears, and Hamer Hill stooped with all its pines, to listen to a poet as he passed." At the sixth milepost man and boy separated. "On my way back," says Hazlitt, "I had a sound in my ears — it was the voice of Fancy; I had a light before me — it was the face of Poetry." A second meeting had been agreed upon, and meanwhile the boy's soul was possessed by "an uneasy, pleasurable sensation," thinking of what was in store for him. "During those months the chill breath of winter gave me a welcoming; the vernal air was balm and inspiration to me. The golden sunsets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to new hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the spring.*"

Verily, the words of the dying man begin to sound less paradoxical. He *had* been happy. If his buffetings and disappointments had been more than fall to the lot of average humanity, so had been his joys and his triumphs. He had more *capacity* for joy. Therein, in great part, lay his genius. To borrow a good word from Jeremy Taylor, all his perceptions were "quick and full of relish." Even his sorrows, once they were far enough behind him, became only a purer and more ethereal kind of bliss. So he tells us, in one of his later essays, how he loved best of all to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, with no object before him, neither knowing nor caring how the time passed, his thoughts floating like motes before his half-shut eyes, or some image of the past rushing by him — "Diana and her fawn, and all the glories of the antique world." "Then," he adds, "I start away to prevent the iron from entering my soul, and let fall some tears into that stream of time which separates me farther and farther from all I once loved." Whether the tears were physical or metaphorical, whether they wet the cheek or only the printed page, the man who shed them is not, on their account, to be regarded as an object of commiseration. Sadness that can be thus described, in words so like the fabled nightingale's song, "most musical, most melancholy," is more to be desired than much that goes by the name of pleasure, and the deeper and more poignant the emotion, the more precious are its returns.

Nobody ever understood this better than Hazlitt. His sentimentalism, as we call it, was no ignorant, superficial gift of young-ladyish sensibility. It had intellectual foundations. He felt because he knew. He had been intimate with himself; he had cherished his own consciousness. He remarks somewhere that the three perfect egotists of the race were Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Benvenuto Cellini. He would defy the world, he said, to name a fourth. But he might easily enough have named the fourth himself had not modesty — or something else — prevented. If he had lived longer, he would perhaps have written the fourth man's autobiography; his formal autobiography, that is to say. In fact, though not in name, he had already written it; some might be ready to maintain (but they would be wrong) that he had written little else. By "egotism" he meant not selfishness in the more ordinary, mercantile acceptation of the word, — a lack of benevolence, an extravagant desire to be bet-

ter off than others in the way of worldly "goods," — but the very quality we have been trying to show forth: absorption in one's own mind, a profound and perpetual consciousness of one's own being, the habit of interfusing self and outward things till distinctions of spirit and matter, finite and infinite, self and the universe, are for the moment almost done away with, and feeling is all in all.

This, or something like this, was Hazlitt's secret. This is the breath of life that throbs in the best of his pages. Whatever subject he handled, a prize-fight, a game of fives, a juggler's trick, a play of Shakespeare, a picture of Titian, the pleasure of painting, he did it not simply *con amore*, or, as his newer critics say, with gusto (the word is Hazlitt's own — he wrote an essay about it), but as if the thing were for the time being part and parcel of himself. And so, oftener than is commonly to be expected of essay-writers, his sentences are not so much vivid as alive.

More than most men, he was alive himself. In Keats's phrase, he felt existence. There was no telling its preciousness to him. The essay *On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth*, though at the end it breaks out despairingly into something like the old cry, *Vanitas vanitatum*, is filled to the brim with a passionate love of this present world. The idea of leaving it is abhorrent to him. To think what he has been, and what he has enjoyed, in those good days of his; days when he "looked for hours at a Rembrandt without being conscious of the flight of time;" days of the "full, pulpy feeling of youth, tasting existence and every object in it." What a bliss to be young! Then life is new, and, for all we know of it, endless. As for old age and death, they are no concern of ours. "Like a rustic at a fair, we are full of amazement and rapture, and have no thought of going home, or that it will soon be night." Sentences like this must have been what Keats had in mind when he spoke so lovingly of "distilled prose;" prose that bears repetition and brooding over, like exquisite verse. Some sentences, indeed, are better than whole books, and this of Hazlitt's is one of them; as fine, almost, — as purely "distilled," — as that famous kindred one of Sir William Temple: "When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

And since we are quoting (and few authors invite quotation more than Hazlitt, as few have themselves quoted more constantly), let us please ourselves with another sentence from the same essay, — a page-long roll-call of a sentimental man's beatitudes, turning at the close to a sudden blackness of darkness: —

"To see the golden sun, the azure sky, the outstretched ocean; to walk upon the green earth, and be lord of a thousand creatures; to look down yawning precipices or over distant sunny vales; to see the world spread out under one's feet on a map; to bring the stars near; to view the smallest insects through a microscope; to read history, and consider the revolutions of empire and the successions of generations; to hear of the glory of Tyre, of Sidon, of Babylon, and of Susa, and to say all these were before me and are now nothing; to say I exist in such a point of time and in such a point of space; to be a spectator and a part of its ever-moving scene; to witness the change of season, of spring and autumn, of winter and summer; to feel heat and cold, pleasure and pain, beauty and deformity, right and wrong; to be sensible to the accidents of nature; to consider the mighty world of eye and ear; to listen to the stock-dove's notes amid the forest deep; to journey over moor and mountain; to hear the midnight sainted choir; to visit lighted halls, or the cathedral's gloom, or sit in crowded theatres and see life itself mocked; to study the works of art and refine the sense of beauty to agony; to worship fame, and to dream of immortality; to look upon the Vatican, and to read

Shakespeare; to gather up the wisdom of the ancients, and to pry into the future; to listen to the trump of war, the shout of victory; to question history as to the movements of the human heart; to seek for truth; to plead the cause of humanity; to overlook the world as if time and nature poured their treasures at our feet — to be and to do all this, and then in a moment to be nothing!"

"To look upon the Vatican, and to read Shakespeare!" Once more we are reminded of Keats, a man very different from Hazlitt in many ways, but, like him, "a near neighbor to himself," and a worshiper of beauty. "Things real," says Keats, "such as existences of sun, moon and stars — and passages of Shakespeare."

Hazlitt's nature was peculiarly intense, with the very slightest admixture of those saner and commoner elements that keep our poor humanity, in its ordinary manifestations, comparatively reasonable and sweet. His years, from what we read of them, seem to have passed in one long state of feverishness. He cannot have been a pleasant man either for himself or for any one else to live with. Self-absorbed, irascible, and proud, with little or no gift of humor (sentimentalists as a class seem to be deficient in this quality, the case of Sterne to the contrary notwithstanding; and Sterne's humor is perhaps only an additional reason for suspecting that his fine sentiments were mostly literary), he had a splendid capacity for hating, and was possessed of a kind of ugly courage that made it easy for him to speak with extraordinary plainness of other men's defects. If the men happened to be his friends, so much the better. He professed, indeed, to like a friend all the more for having "faults that one could talk about." "Put a pen in his hand," says Mr. Birrell, "and he would say anything." Whatever he said or did, suffered or enjoyed, it was all with a kind of passion. As the common saying is, there was no halfway work with him. It could never be complained of him, as he complained of some other writer, that his sentences wanted impetus. He understood the value of surprise, and never balked at an extreme statement. Thus he would say, in the coolest manner imaginable, "It is utterly impossible to persuade an editor that he is nobody." As if it really were! As if it were not ten times nearer impossible to persuade a contributor that *he* is nobody!

On his way to the famous prize-fight, — famous because he was there, — spending the night at an inn crowded with the "Fancy," he overheard a "tall English yeoman" holding forth to those about him concerning "rent, and taxes, and the price of corn." One of his hearers ventured at a certain point to interpose an objection, whereupon the yeoman bore down upon him with the word, "Confound it, man, don't be insipid." "Thinks I to myself," says Hazlitt, "that's a good phrase." And so it was, and quite in his own line. "There is no surfeiting on gall," he remarks somewhere, with admirable truth. He wrote an essay upon Cant and Hypocrisy, another upon Disagreeable People, and another upon the Pleasure of Hating. And he knew whereof he spake. Sentimentalism — the Hazlitt brand of it, at any rate — is nothing like sweetened water. "If any one wishes to see me quite calm," he says, in his emphatic manner, "they may cheat me in a bargain, or tread upon my toes; but a truth repelled, a sophism repeated, totally disconcerts me, and I lose all patience. I am not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, a good-natured man." "Lamb," he once remarked, "yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature." So did not Hazlitt. Lamb delighted in people as such. Even their foibles — especially their foibles, it would be truer to say — were pleasant to him. In short, he was a humorist. Hazlitt's first interest, on the other hand, seems to have been in places and things, — including books and pictures, — and his own thoughts about them. Of human beings he liked personages, so called,

men who have done something, — actors, painters, authors, statesmen, and the like. As for the common run of his foolish fellow mortals, if their frailties were to be stroked, by all means let it be done the wrong way. The operation might be less acceptable to the patient, but it would probably do him more good, and would certainly be more amusing to the operator and the lookers-on.

No doubt the man experienced now and then a reaction from his prevailing condition of feverishness. He must have had moods, we may guess, when he saw the beauty and comfort of a quieter way of life. Indeed, he has left one inimitable portrait of a character the exact reverse of his own, a portrait drawn not bitterly nor grudgingly, but in something not altogether unlike the affectionately quizzical spirit of Lamb himself. He calls it the character of a bookworm.

"The person I mean," he says, "has an admiration for learning, if he is only dazzled by its light. He lives among old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the page, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not be rudely brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow; but as such, he is respectable. He browses on the husk and leaves of books, as the young fawn browses on the bark and leaves of trees. Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things. He believes implicitly in genius, truth, virtue, liberty, because he finds the names of these things in books. He thinks that love and friendship are the finest things imaginable, both in practice and theory. The legend of good women is to him no fiction.[1] When he steals from the twilight of his cell, the scene breaks upon him like an illuminated missal, and all the people he sees are but so many figures in a *camera obscura*. He reads the world, like a favorite volume, only to find beauties in it, or like an edition of some old work which he is preparing for the press, only to make emendations in it, and correct the errors that have inadvertently slipt in. He and his dog Tray are much the same honest, simple-hearted, faithful, affectionate creatures — if Tray could but read! His mind cannot take the impression of vice; but the gentleness of his nature turns gall to milk. He would not hurt a fly. He draws the picture of mankind from the guileless simplicity of his own heart; and when he dies, his spirit will take its smiling leave, without ever having had an ill thought of others, or the consciousness of one in itself!"

It would have been for Hazlitt's happiness, or at least for his comfort, if he had possessed a grain or two of his bookworm's "guileless simplicity." But things must be as they must. His name was not Nathanael. He was "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," and it was not in his nature to be patient and easy-going, especially where anything so vitally essential as a difference of opinion touching the character of Napoleon Bonaparte was concerned. He had the qualities of his defects. If he was sometimes too peppery, he was never insipid.

Men write best of matters in which they are most interested and most at home, and of Hazlitt we may say, speaking a little cynically, after his own manner, that with all his multiplicity of topics he wrote best about his own feelings and his neighbors' infirmities, though as for the latter sort of material, to be sure, he did not confine himself very strictly to that with which his fellow men furnished him. Proud as he was, indeed (and here we may note another characteristic of the sentimentalist), he had sometimes a really shocking lack of decent personal reserve. During his infatuation with Miss Sarah Walker, as all the world — or all the Hazlitt world — knows, he could not

[1] As it was to Solomon and, by this time, to William Hazlitt.

keep his tongue in his head. He would even buttonhole a stranger on a street corner, and unbosom his woes to him at full length in most unmanly fashion: how he loved the girl, and how the girl would not love him, and so on, and so on. And having perpetrated this almost incredible absurdity, he would tell of it afterward; and then, to make matters still worse, when he had recovered from his distemper (always a rapid process in his case), he wrote a book about it. This book is reprinted, all in fair type, in the latest and handsomest edition of his works; but thank Heaven, we are none of us bound to read it. Nor need we take the whole miserable business too seriously, as if (except on its literary side) it were anything so very far out of the common. It was ridiculous, of course; but so are the love affairs of elderly men generally. Their folly has passed into a proverb. As wise old Izaak Walton — who had two excellent wives of his own, both "of distinguished clerical connexion" — long ago expressed it, "love is a flattering mischief," "a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers." The good man's assonance would have driven Flaubert insane, but his doctrine is consolatory. A feather may surely be excused for slipping its cable before a whirlwind.

It was only a year or two after the conclusion of this distressing episode, that Hazlitt, being in Italy, wrote one of the most delightful of his essays, the one upon a sun-dial.[4]

"*Horas non numero nisi serenas* is the motto of a sun-dial near Venice" — so he begins. Then, after descanting upon the exceeding beauty and appropriateness of the Latin words, he falls foul of the French people for the "less *sombre* and less edifying" turn that they are accustomed to give to similar matters. He has seen a clock in Paris bearing a figure of Time seated in a boat, which Cupid is rowing along, with the motto, *L'Amour fait passer le Temps;* a motto that the French wits, it appears, have travestied into *Le Temps fait passer L'Amour.* This is ingenious, he concedes (how could he help it?), but it lacks sentiment. "I like people," he declares, "who have something that they love, and something that they hate." The French "never arrive at the classical — or the romantic." The criticism may or may not be just (it seems a hard saying), but what the average reader of the paragraph is likely to be thinking of, if he happens to be familiar with the story of Hazlitt's own adventures with Cupid, is not any weakness of the French people, but the amusing cleverness with which the Parisian wits have hit off the weakness of a certain literary Englishman. Truly *Le Temps fait passer L'Amour,* — sometimes with deplorable celerity, — on both sides of the Channel.

Naturally, however, nothing of this sort occurred to Hazlitt. His good memory was like the sun-dial, — it counted none but the bright hours. By this time he had almost forgotten both his unhappy passion and the unhappier book that he wrote about it.

And, indeed, it is time that *we* forgot them. For one who has found his profit in strolling up and down in Hazlitt's essays at odd hours for half a lifetime, it is little becoming to talk overmuch about the man's personal imperfections. It matters little to any of us now that his temper was bad; that his passions too often betrayed him into folly; that his faculties lacked a certain balance; that his *mal de rêverie,* whether born with him or caught from his French master, sometimes ran too feverish a course; that, in short, he had the not unusual weaknesses of super-sensitive men. What does matter is that at his best he wrote English prose as comparatively few have ever written it, and in doing so said a world of bright and memorable things that no one else could have said so well, even if it had ever occurred to any one else to say them at all. If he was difficult to live with, that is a question more than seventy years out of date; and no competent reader ever

brought a similar accusation against his essays. It has been said of them more than once, to be sure, that they are not so good as Lamb's; but then, you may say that of all essays; and really the comparison is futile, not to call it foolish. The men were nothing alike; though even so, we may gladly agree with Mr. Henley's comment, that, as "dissimilars," they "go gallantly and naturally together — *par nobile fratrum.*"

Perhaps Hazlitt sometimes wrote too much in haste, with hardly sufficient care for those minute excellences that go to the making of perfection, though he could talk edifyingly under that head, and appears to have been the author of the clever parody, more clever than true, — as cleverness is apt to be, —

> "Learn to write slow: all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places;"

and it may be, as one of the cleverest of his admirers assures us, that he was "really too witty." Concerning points so nice as these, it is hard for "honest and painful men" to feel certain. Haste has the compensatory virtue of generating heat, while as for the having too much wit, it is like having too much money, or more than one's share of personal beauty; serious misfortunes, both of them, beyond a doubt (every one says so), but misfortunes to be put up with, at a pinch, in a spirit of Christian resignation. All things considered, too much is perhaps better than too little, and, for better or worse, excess on both sides of the line is rather Hazlitt's "note." Of the virtues of courage and obstinacy he possessed enough for two. We applaud, even while we pity, to see how, all his life long, he stood up for what he believed to be the truth, in spite of the frowns, and worse than frowns, of all who in that day had it in their power to blast the career of men in his profession. He was defamed and abused, for political reasons, — all for that unlucky Bonapartean bee in his bonnet, — as few men of letters have ever been, and to the last he did not haul down his flag. Let so much be said in his honor. And whatever else is forgotten, let the words of Charles Lamb be remembered: "I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be in his natural and healthy state one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing." The most virtuous of those who blame him may count themselves happy ever to receive half so handsome a tribute from so authoritative a source. Human nature is a tangled skein; moral perfection is not to be encountered every day, even among critics. To do one's main stint well is probably as much as most of us can reasonably hope for; and so much, assuredly, Hazlitt did; for his main work, as we see it, was the writing of his few volumes of critical and miscellaneous essays. Into these he put the breath of long life. These are what count, seventy years after. Whoever begins with them, recurs to them. Not one of them but comes under Lamb's heading of "take-downable."

As a matter of course, however, being a man of active mind and having his living to make by his pen, he wrote many things besides these. He began, indeed, with a metaphysical treatise, — a child of his youth (he believed it a great discovery) for which he never ceased to cherish an excusable fondness. This, on the authority of those who have read it, or have talked with some who have done so, we take to be a rather difficult and innutritious choke-pear, something to be safely left alone by ordinary seekers after knowledge. Then, toward the end of his career he produced a four-volume life of Napoleon, which, on equally good authority, we should think to have been a kind of anticipation or foreshadowing of the modern "novel with a purpose." His latest editors go so far as to leave it out of their fine twelve-volume edition of his works. Somewhere between these two attempts at immortality he indulged himself in a book on grammar, intended especially to correct the errors of Lindley Murray, more particularly, we believe, his faulty definition of a noun as the name of an object.

Fortunately or otherwise, this work (every author of consequence has at least one such) never got beyond the original (manuscript) edition. The making of it seems a queer freak for a man of Hazlitt's turn of mind; but then, as Mr. Birrell observes, "grammar has its fascinations; and even such men as John Milton and John Wesley, no less than William Cobbett and William Hazlitt, succumbed to its charm." And he might have added a name more illustrious still — the name of Julius Cæsar.

All these longer works (including a *Reply to Malthus*) we consider ourselves, as readers, at full liberty to skip. Furthermore, we consider their merits or demerits to have no bearing whatever upon the question of their author's standing as an essayist. Like every man who practices an art, he is entitled to be judged, not by his experiments and failures, but by his successes. Wordsworth might have written a thousand Ecclesiastical Sonnets, instead of only one hundred and thirty odd, and every one of them might have been less imaginative than the one before it, without making him any the less a true and noble poet. For a poet, like the Pope, is infallible only when he is inspired; at other times he may nod as well as another man. Moreover, in the case of the poet, at least, the man himself may not know whether or not, at any given moment, the divine afflatus is upon him. It was Doctor Johnson, a poet himself, and the biographer of poets, who said that it was easy enough to make verses; he had made a hundred in a day; the difficulty was to know when you had made a good one. And the same difficulty, in a less degree, is encountered by the maker of prose essays. It is a wise father that knows his own child. Nor in such a matter have a man's contemporaries any great advantage over the man himself. The folly of their judgments is proverbial. It is necessary to wait. Apparently there is some strange virtue in the mere lapse of time. "Time will tell," the common people say; and the scholar has no better wisdom. Hazlitt must stand his trial with the rest. Sooner or later the years will render their verdict, though none of us may live long enough to hear it. The best that can be said now is, that so far the balloting seems to be strongly in his favor.

TO THE HEROIC SOUL

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Be strong O warring soul! For very sooth
  Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
  Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
And only that persists which is the truth:
Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
  And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:
  Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:
Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave:
  He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
    Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave;
  Then, from the portal where the ripple rings,
    He bursts into the boundless morning, — free!

PRIVILEGE OF COUNSEL

BY ROBERT ELDON

Probably an enlightened observer, certainly one learned in the law, would place upon Judge Vose the responsibility for the verdict in the case of Dunshee *vs.* Brown, but the old judge had had a vast experience in the introduction of evidence, and he was so shrewd with his juries that very rarely did the Supreme Court "have the temerity," as he put it, to reverse one of his decisions. Profound as was his reverence for law as an instrument of justice, it sometimes yielded to the humanity of his nature; legal doctrines were seldom perverted in his court from the principles of justice upon which they were originally founded, and there was a sincerity and force about his application of them which made the annual session of the Circuit Court in Sussex County an event of interest equal to March town meeting or the Valley Fair at Whittleboro.

On one occasion the unfortunate holder of a promissory note had battled vainly before him against an insurmountable defense, technical to the point of being discreditable; the judge, who put conscience above the law, abruptly ordered a recess, and hurried into his room to open the safety valve of his indignation by denouncing in good round Saxon profanity the legal doctrine which made possible such "deviltry," the seventeenth-century lawyers who invented it, and the judge who had handed it down to him. Whereupon he took a drink of water, returned to the courtroom, and gravely dismissed the plaintiff's case with sound learning and citation of authority, and with all observance of judicial decorum.

Caleb Dunshee of Fitzroy, the exultant defendant in this case, not long after bought one of the two general stores in

Wellford, the judge's home, and his arrival in the village was duly discussed while the evening mail was being sorted. General disapproval was coupled with a reservation of final opinion for the sake of fairness. Bill Brown, six foot three, of slack mouth and lazy speech, said he had worked for him "hayin', and he was almighty near at dinner-time." Roswell Hinds had heard that he was "closer 'n the bark on a tree. I dunno what kind of a tree 't was," said the exact Roswell, "and that might make some difference. The bark on a beech 's a lot closer 'n birch or oak bark, 'n' I've see button-woods where most o' the bark had fell to the ground, but I don't believe 't means 't he pays more taxes 'n he's assessed for, and I dunno"— But further pursuit of the idea was cut short by the opening of the postmaster's little slide window and the general movement forward.

In truth, Caleb Dunshee, though a thrifty citizen, was not likely to prove an ingratiating neighbor, or to promote the harmony of the small community. His virtues, as the result of his mercantile career, were of a public and ostentatious character, for in that way they seemed to promise the direct return without which they would have had no interest for him. It was significant that in a village of "Sis," "Bills," "Hens," and "Daves" he was always Mr. Dunshee to his face and Caleb Dunshee behind his narrow back; the familiarity of "Caleb" tempted not even the mail-time loungers; he was alien, cold in nature as he was unprepossessing in name. Perhaps it was his second, not his first, nature to be mechanical. In his youth there had been occasional kindly impulses; but seven years of "clerking" and pinching before marriage, together with a few harrowing days on the verge of failure at the beginning of his business career, had confirmed his natural tendency to regard life as a matter of debit and credit, best conducted upon the principle of quick returns, where success is assured to the man with the smallest number of entries on the wrong side of the profit and loss account. He was a deacon of the Orthodox Church; gave regularly to missions; but to a debtor he was as unyielding as a brick in the wall of a house.

From all this it ensued that the patriarchal soul of keen old Judge Vose was vexed when the feather-beds, cookstove, extra harnesses, and children of Mr. Dunshee rode into town in his double hay wagon. Amos Brown, brother of Bill, counseled a generous reception, and some pains were taken to bring the newcomers to the grange meetings and church suppers. Said Amos, "This town comes mighty nigh ' runnin' emptin's ' if it can't spare a mess o' chicken pie, a few crullers 'n' a cup o' coffee to them that's willin' to contribute a dime to clothe the shady bodies and improve the shady morals of the benighted inhabitants of Marycaybo." Amos's words, if not law, were generally regarded as a sort of gospel, and hesitating beginnings of hospitality were undertaken, but the newcomer was unfortunate in the promptness with which opportunities were offered for the display of his peculiarities. Hen Chapin borrowed a spade one Saturday afternoon to dig out a ground-hog, and his wrath at being charged five cents for the use of it did not go down with the sun. " He 's meaner 'n skim milk in ice cream," he said on Monday. "I cussed a little, and told him I'd give him a dime 'stead of five cents 'f he 'd put it in the contribution box next day, 'n' he wa'n't a mite ashamed, 'n' agreed to do it. I sat behind him at church, 'n' see him put in the dime I give him, 'n' then take out five cents in change."

Dunshee harvested all the grass he could surreptitiously cut on the highway. He dug a well on his land just by his line fence, and by sinking it a few feet lower than Bill Brown's made it necessary for that easy-going giant to put in a Fourth of July, dedicated to the circus, in grime and sweat below the surface of his orchard. He borrowed seed potatoes, and returned the favor with kidney beans

aged beyond hope of fecundation, and apples "gnawed by the ungrateful worm."

Amos Brown was provoked at these pettinesses on the part of his neighbor, and nettled at being provoked, but he had the tolerance which must be learned in a small community. As he put it, "He was not given to borrowin' trouble for the sake of payin' interest on it." Amos was not Job, however, and the limit of his patience was suddenly revealed one afternoon in late August. The katydids were rasping their evening love-song, and the long shadows of the western hills were just beginning to march up the eastern side of the valley. As camp followers in this daily procession the damp-haired village boys were straggling up from the river, slapping at the mosquitoes with their wet towels. Amos was walking his horse slowly to cool him off before feeding him, when he saw down the broad street the form of Dunshee driving a cow,—a wretched, haggard cow, with a burr-adorned tail and wild eye, a trained hind foot for pestering dogs, a leathery teat and a reluctant udder. Amos recognized her at once as the chattel of Jed Weymouth, self-supporting and hardened in backyard thefts, and known to the village as "Jed's dried beef."

Now the animal which Caleb Dunshee was driving furnished a small supply of chalklike milk to Jed in life, and promised a generous chew, if not sustenance, to the Weymouth family when she should pass from the category of milch kine to that of "beef critters;" so Amos suspected evil at sight of the pair, and drew up. "Bought the cow?" he began mildly and with finesse. "Ye'll find her good to a harrer or cultivator, but she 's a mite light for early spring ploughin'!" Dunshee smiled with sardonic satisfaction. "No, I shan't use her," he said briefly. "She don't belong to me." The boys who were toiling up the hill in small groups stopped to listen to the colloquy, wriggling their toes in the dust. "Thought ye might have wished to get her off the highway and relieve her sufferin's with a dose o' chloroform," said Amos genially. Dunshee's thin lips grew thinner, and he started the cow on. She, with the agility born of an austere diet and a perverseness partly congenital and partly acquired from contact with a bitter world, and suspicious of all attempts to direct her movements, leaped through the "cloud of witnesses around," oversetting one boy, and, with waving tail and a galloping action very high behind, curveted on to the sidewalk and down the street. After several unsuccessful rushes and attempts to flank her, somewhat hampered by the apparent zeal of the boys in throwing apples and stones at the critical moment of approach, and with much "hawing" and "geeing" quite inapplicable to her sex, Dunshee finally got the vantage position and started her forward again.

Amos had sat silent, but his curiosity increased, and he said, "Ye need n't bother to drive her to Jed's, Mr. Dunshee, for he's workin' over to John Felch's, and he'll pick her up on his way home." "No he won't," replied Dunshee, with a disagreeable smile; "she's going to the pound for the night for being a highway stray and a nuisance to the neighbors." There was a silence of voices, and the boys stopped dragging their feet in the dust and perched themselves on the wall. The crickets and katydids had the field uninterruptedly for a minute. Then the stormy wrath of Amos broke. "So that's the kind of a dried up, wormy 'None Such' ye are!" exploded Amos. "Ye ain't content with the profit on your maggoty figs 'n' your won't-wash-warranted dress goods, but ye've got to squeeze a dollar out o' the pound master so's Jed'll have to pay five dollars for poundage or lose his cow. I ain't swore since last prayer-meetin', but I snum if ye ain't the gol-dingedest old usurer that ever sold rancid butter or took an I. O. U. for a meal from a starving man. I've a mind to tie ye to the critter's hind

leg and see if she can't kick a little o' the milk o' human kindness into your pinched old carcass. If ye go another step with that cow I'll tie ye to the pound fence for a stray hog, and bring the neighbors to see if any one claims the property."

Now the lay reader, while recognizing this indignation as righteous, may be oblivious of the fact, apparent at once to counsel learned in the law, that it was "tortious" as well. To charge the general merchant of Wellford with the sale of maggot-infested provisions and breach of warranty might gratify the virtuous wrath of Amos and contain elements of fundamental truth, but was not likely, whatever its moral justification, to prosper the commercial interests of Caleb; nor can it truthfully be said that it was so designed. And then there was the monstrous epithet of Usurer, imputing the offense described in Chapter 214 of the Code of Penal Offenses of the Commonwealth of New Hampshire as follows: —

"A person who, directly or indirectly, receives any interest, discount, or consideration upon the loan or forbearance of money, goods, or things in action, or upon the loan, use, or sale of his personal credit in anywise, . . . greater than six per centum per annum is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Now Dunshee was by perilous escape familiar with the pains and penalties of this statute, and his flat eyes contracted evilly as possible revenges flashed on his mind. "Usurer!" he said with vicious coolness. "Do I understand you rightly, Mr. Brown, to call me a usurer? Boys, do you hear what he says? He called me a usurer, and I wish that you should remember that word." "Usurer, I said," retorted Brown, "gol-dinged, white-livered skunk of a usurer! You boys get off that wall 'n' go 'n' tell your mothers I said 'Usurer,' 'n' tell 'em not to forget it before the grange meetin' — little withered-up usurer! — 'n' I've got money enough to pay for the pleasure of sayin' it's often's I wish." The spirit of Dunshee was consumed with gall, and he abandoned the cow to her wayside cropping, where Jed, returning home shortly, found her. The boys went off whistling, and Amos, now cooling off with his horse, turned aside into his yard.

The story passed at once through the village, and the debate at the grange meeting on the topic "Is Ensilage or Orts better for Winter Fattening?" was practically abandoned for the more engrossing gossip. There could be no doubt that Dunshee would have the law on him. Hen Chapin "allowed the man that could get around Caleb Dunshee in the law would have to move faster'n a chipping squirrel through a hole in the wall. But I d'no 's Amos'd have to pay much damages," said he, "if 't ain't a state's prison offense to slang the meanest man on the footstool. I allays thought Amos'd come to a boil 'fore long." Roswell, the precise, was equally oracular. "I've see lawyers old and young," he announced, "'n' I tell ye there ain't much about law I don't know. Now I'd give the last piece o' pie I hope to eat, 'n' I like pie, — that is, I favor pie for breakfast, — 'f Mr. Dunshee'd sue Amos and Amos'd come out top o' the heap. Not that I want to see lawin' goin' on 'cept it's in the winter time when the' ain't much else to do, 'n' it's allfired costly all seasons, but I do despise that Dunshee, — that is's far's my duty as a member o' the Orthodox Church 'll let me." And so said all the Grangers in one way or another, and so said the members of the Unitarian Sewing Circle and the school trustees and the board of selectmen and the "line-fence-viewers," and the village was expectant.

Sure as sunrising, Dunshee, after visiting his lawyer at the county seat, began an action against Amos Brown in the Superior Court for Sussex County by filing a declaration in an action for slander, bristling with "wilfully," "malicious," "wrongful," "tortious," "aforesaids," and "ad damnums," wherein,

among other things, the offensive and damaging remarks of Amos were set forth, and other circumstances, all to the damage of the plaintiff in the sum of five thousand dollars.

Brown was not to be questioned on the subject. "I c'n pay for my fun 'f I have to," said he, "but I guess the jury 'll have to fix the price," and nothing more would he say. One night, however, he drove over the hills to Whittleboro and interviewed a retired lawyer there, and within the required time there was filed a plea to the declaration in "Dunshee *vs.* Brown" containing a denial of all and singular the matters alleged in the declaration except the utterance of the offensive words, which were again, as if by design, set out *in haec verba*, namely, to wit, etcetera; and there was an added allegation to the effect that the plaintiff was in such general evil repute and bad odor in the community that no damage could by any possibility have resulted to him, "as to all of which the defendant put himself upon the country." Some surprise was excited in the county, where the case had now become notorious, by the subscription of the paper, "Amos Brown, defendant, *pro se;*" but Judge Vose, who declined to answer legal questions as being likely to sit at the trial, admitted that the defendant did not need a lawyer if he was satisfied to try the case himself.

The trial came on in January at Whittleboro. People came in on trains up and down the Cheshire branch of the B. & M. R. R.; horses, with shaggy winter coats and breath frozen on their mouths, occupied every hitching-post and crowded the square in front of the courthouse; in the courtroom the stove, surrounded by little coffin-like boxes filled with sawdust, was red, and the windows were opaque with frost. Buffalo and wolfskin coated farmers speculated on the case, and the boys ate apples and loaded the impoverished air with the flavor of "chankins" and peanuts. Interest centred on the action of Dunshee *vs.* Brown, and the crowd continued to increase in density until that cause was called. Dunshee appeared by a careful and pertinacious attorney; Brown pleaded in his own behalf. The jury box was filled without objection, and the trial began.

The lawyer read the pleadings to the court, called attention to the fact that the utterance of the slander was admitted, claimed that the plaintiff had a *prima facie* case, and asked that five thousand dollars damages be awarded to his wronged client. Judge Vose called upon the defendant, who thereupon summoned his witnesses. The first was the oldest of the boys who had viewed the affair, and against objection as to the materiality of the evidence he related all the details of the occurrence, including the awkward attempts of Dunshee to corner the refractory cow and the care with which Amos had asked the boys to remember his words.

Hen Chapin testified that "most everybody in Wellford believed Dunshee'd cheat in a trade if he wa'n't afraid he'd be found out." "I sh'd think Hen believes so!" said Roswell Hinds, who was on the jury, to his neighbor during a five-minute recess. "Hen was out on the mountain last fall after ginseng, and got caught in a shower just afore sundown. It rained a spell after he hit the road, and he was wetter'n a mess o' snow. Comin' down Kittredge hill by the slate mine he met Dunshee in his buggy carryin' a demijohn o' whiskey over to Doc Graves's. Hen sorter forecast a drink, an' he stopped 'n' figured around the subject a little same's a cat'll push a mouse around before she hits it plumb to glory. Dunshee did n't warm up to the idee, so Hen says, 'Got anythin' to drink there, Mr. Dunshee?' 'Got some raw sperrits,' says the old man. 'Let's have a drink,' says Hen. 'Can't do it,' he says, 'but I c'n sell ye one.' That got Hen sorter het up around the gizzard, but he was on the trail o'

that drink, so he says, 'I'll buy it off ye,' 'n' he took a swig out o' the neck. She was pretty stiff liquor, 'n' filled Hen full o' the sperrit o' the Golden Rule, so he says to Dunshee to take one himself, 'n' he did. 'N' then I vum if the old man did n't charge him twenty cents for two drinks, 'n' Hen c'd 'a' et wrought nails he was so all-fired mad."

Jed Weymouth took the stand, but could give no testimony which Judge Vose considered material to the controversy. Some more efforts of the same kind were unsuccessfully made, and the defendant rested. The plaintiff's lawyer claimed that not even a *prima facie* defense had been made out, but wished to introduce some evidence on the point of damage. He showed no special damage as a result of the slander, but he had one or two wholesale merchants from neighboring towns who swore that Dunshee was a reputable citizen and sold only honest goods, and gave testimony which was generally perfunctory.

When the testimony was finished Amos rose to his feet. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I ain't the kind of a man to break the Ninth Commandment, 'n' I don't hanker to say mean things about a man even if they're true, but I ain't liked this man Dunshee since he moved into Wellford. Ye've heard what his neighbors think of him, 'n' I've got a chance to tell you and him, too, what I think of him, 'n' I'm goin' to use it. Now perhaps I had n't any call to give Caleb Dunshee a dressin' down in the street, 'n' I don' know's I got much excuse to offer for that, but what I do know is that nothin' 't I or even the minister could say about him would hurt his earthly prospects or make him out much meaner 'n he is, 'n' if I've got to pay for my mad I got the worth o' some o' my money out on it. Why, I've see him feed his cows on potater parin's and sculch, 'n' I don't believe, to do him justice, he feeds himself 'n' his family much better." At this point Dunshee's lawyer interposed with great indignation, and Judge Vose said with dignity that the counsel must confine himself to the evidence. "Can't I even say my mind about him, judge?" said Amos. "Ain't it the law" — and he read from a paper in his hand — "'that counsel can characterize the actions of the parties in the subject matter of the controversy; where reputation is involved can discuss the evidence upon it, and can comment on the appearance and demeanor of witnesses'?" Judge Vose explained the law briefly, and Amos proceeded: "Well, if I can't tell what I see him do, ye can all see here what he looks like, — the meanest little runt of a" — Judge Vose interfered with a reproof, and Amos inquired, "Can't I comment on the appearance of the witnesses, 'n' he was a witness? Did n't the court say so in Watkins *vs.* Gorham, 17 New Hampshire Reports? Can't I call the jury's attention to his mean head 'n' his usurious little eyes 'n' his splay ears 'n' " — Dunshee and his lawyer were in a frenzy, and Judge Vose had to restore order. "You may refer to his appearance and behavior on the stand so far as they indicate his credibility or throw doubt upon it," he said, "but the Court will not permit you to refer to personal characteristics which are purely physical." "All right, judge," said Amos cheerfully, "but I never knew a man tell the truth whose eyes jammed right up against his nose like Dunshee's. But I'll be careful, 'n' I ain't got much to say anyhow.

"But I'll be doggoned," — and here Amos turned to the plaintiff, who was shifting uneasily about as on a penitential stool, — "I'll be doggoned 'f 't ain't worth while to get ye up here where the whole county c'n look at ye and see how all-fired meechin' 'n' few in the hill the human race c'n become. Yes, judge, I know I'm addressin' the jury. You've been a-sneerin' at me 'cause I ain't got a lawyer to charge a dollar every time he writes his name, but the jurors know ye, most of 'em do, 'n' if Ros Hinds likes ye

any better 'n the rest o' your neighbors ye c'n be mighty glad he's on the jury. I don't believe Mrs. Hinds was much t'other side o' the truth when she said you'd peel an egg to save the shell, 'n' they ain't a man, woman, nor child in Wellford 'll sell eggs or butter to your store, or buy anything from ye 'thout takin' it to the light or goin' down to the bottom o' the barrel." Here Dunshee and his lawyer made another furious demonstration, but Amos waved them off, — "Privilege o' counsel addressin' the jury," he said, again reading from his paper. "'Sparks *vs.* Bollum, 22d of New Hampshire,' — 'n' I'm most through, judge, though 'f ye'd only let me tell a few mean things he's done right in 'n' aroun' the street it'd be sunup before I'd be through. I ain't goin' to tell how he tried to foreclose on Widder Sparhawk's place when she did n't pay the mortgage interest for two days 'cause the check her boy Sam sent her from Boston got lost in the mails, 'cause ye won't let me; nor I ain't goin' to tell how much Canady money 'n' light quarters gets into the Orthodox contribution box; nor I ain't goin' to do any more 'n ask the jury to look at ye 'n' to look at Jed Weymouth, 'n' think o' his sick wife 'n' his seven children 'n' his brindle cow. You've got no more soundness in your pinched-up carcass 'n a corky pippin — about as much soul and sweetness as a pignut — about as much generosity 'n' feelin' for others's a crossbred hog — 'n' the same identical kindness o' disposition as John Felch's old ram. If ye sh'd run for office in Sussex County for anything from sheriff to highway inspector ye would n't get votes enough to blow your shriveled nose on, 'n' I hope the jury'll say what they think of ye after they get out o' the jury box if ye do win your cussed case. For as for me I believe all men were created free and equal and entitled to freedom o' speech and the press."

Here Amos sat down. The courtroom was in a babel of applause and the jury on an awkward grin. When the tumult could be quieted the plaintiff's lawyer summed up in an address, in which he dwelt at length on attractive generalities: the inalienable right of the citizen to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; the evil done in the world by slanderous tongues, and the "ægis," "palladium," etc., which the jury afforded to the wronged citizen. Then he referred, and unwisely too, to his client's virtues: his respectability, his piety and his thrift; and tried pathos in allusions to the injured home and the hearth darkened by evil report. It was excellent Fourth Reader eloquence, and the hard-headed farmers spat on unconcerned.

In a precise charge Judge Vose then instructed the jury that the remarks of the defendant were slanderous in themselves. They were consciously made in the hearing of others, namely, the village boys, and the request of the defendant for their repetition aggravated the injury. The only question for the jury to consider was the amount of damages to be awarded, and they must consider the evidence and the remarks upon either side only so far as they related to that question. Whereupon the jury withdrew to their room, and the crowd broke into groups for discussion and prediction. The unanimous opinion was that Amos had made Dunshee squirm.

In half an hour a written request for instructions came from the jury room, and Judge Vose having been sent for, and having taken his seat, it was read to this effect: "What is the smallest amount of damages the jury can award so as to prevent the plaintiff from appealing and not to give him costs?" Judge Vose sent for the jury and rebuked them in language which was more severe than his tone, and there was a gratified twinkle in his mild eye as he started to put on his overcoat again, but the foreman of the jury, before they left their seats, announced that they had agreed upon a verdict.

"What is your verdict?" said the Clerk.

"We find for the plaintiff," said the foreman, "in the sum of $19.80." And so said they all, good men and true.

Unrestrained joy reigned in the court-room, and Amos was almost sorry for Dunshee as he drove home behind the brown colt, while the frost-nipped sun dropped over the white hills.

Ten days later there was an oyster supper at the tavern, to which Amos paid for admission and supper tickets for the nine members of the Weymouth family. No allusion to the lawsuit was publicly permitted, but Hen Chapin suggested to Amos that Dunshee and his wife be sent for. Amos negatived the proposal. "It might be kindly meant and more like it might not," he said, "and in either case better not do it. 'T ain't well to stroke a mad dog, 'cause he might mistake your meanin' 'n' bite ye, and 'tother way about 't ain't quite fair to throw rocks at him when he's got a tin can to his tail. He's got trouble enough."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

PLAYS

Among themes which have successfully asserted their fitness for serious dramatic uses are several of Scriptural origin. The French classical period did not disdain them, and they have left their mark elsewhere upon Continental drama. English dramatists, from the Elizabethans down, have found their literary inspiration in other quarters, so that the great themes to be drawn from Hebrew history have yet to be given permanent form in our tongue. Experiments toward that end have not been few among modern English-writing dramatists, but experiments they have obviously remained. Many of them, perhaps a majority of them during the past few years, have dealt directly or indirectly with the story of David. Two such studies have recently been issued by the same publishers.[1] Mr. Rice's work is, as heretofore, noteworthy for its elaboration rather than for its power. There is less of Shakespeare in it, and more of Mr. Stephen Phillips. In cultivated ingenuousness of tone, in diligent confusion of parts of speech and syntax, in a kind of limpid awkwardness of metrical effect, the writer may claim to have fairly out-Heroded the author of *Herod*. This habit of verse produces such curious passages as: —

> *Michal.* This knife
> Unfailingly into my breast had spared
> Me from him, had not flight.

And such effective ones as: —

> *David.* . . . Only the birds have wings,
> Yet on the vales behind me I have left
> Haste and a swirling wonderment of air,
> And in the torrent's troubled vein amaze,
> So swift I hurried hither at your urgence
> Out of the fields and folding the far sheep.

The play is, one would say, skillfully constructed; it is not drawn out, it is not obscure. But emotion takes the place of action in it; its quality is, like that of Mr. Phillips's plays, lyrical rather than dramatic. It is worth reading, it might be worth presenting with scenical and musical accessories. It could hardly be *acted*. Not that it fails to recognize, at least neg-

[1] *David: a Tragedy.* By Cale Young Rice. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

Two Plays of Israel: David of Bethlehem; Mary Magdalen. By Florence Wilkinson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

atively, the exigencies of modern stage-craft. It remembers the drop-curtain and the footlights; the scenes are not many, and full directions are given for the setting.

These matters are still more circumstantially and technically attended to in Miss Wilkinson's play, which is apparently intended, and fit, for acting. "A wooded path, L, with one practical exit back-stage. Two exits right. 1 E R leading up the mountain and continued on the scene to give the effect of distance. 2 E R past a palm-tree to Bethlehem;" — surely such exactness as this suggests that the play is, in the mind of the author at least, something to be done and not merely something to be read. The dialogue is, moreover, accompanied by bits of description of the stage business and characters. The play possesses, what is far more important, a vigor of action which from the outset forces the reader from any suspicion that he may be going to deal with a closet-dramatist. Here is a drama built, within and without, to act in a modern theatre; it is, incidentally, far better reading than if it were merely built to read.

Fortunately for the particular instance, Miss Wilkinson has eschewed blank verse. She has hit upon a form of prose singularly happy for the expression of her theme. Without having recourse to paraphrase, except in the instance of an occasional lyric, she has held pretty closely to the Old Testament idiom with especially happy suggestion of Hebrew parallelism and repetend. The play covers practically the same ground as Mr. Rice's, the period from David's anointing to the death of Saul. Miss Wilkinson's second play has less distinction. It is less rugged and forcible than Paul Heyse's *Mary of Magdala*, with which it naturally challenges comparison. It is distinctly inferior to the *David* in point of action; and the blank verse employed strikes one as being a chosen medium, rather than a felt mode, of expression.

In the fable of Tristan and Isolde Mr. Anspacher has found a theme sufficiently accredited for tragic uses.[1] He is "moving in fast company," and does not, to speak bluntly, give proof of fitness for entry in the class. Even technically he cannot hope to pass muster among historical interpreters of that motive. Many of his verses are fairly unmetrical; more of them possess the deeper rhythmical quality which belongs to poetry of permanent excellence. It may be said that the writer's intellectual conception of the points of dramatic interest possesses merit. One may imagine an excellent prose study of the Tristan legend from his hand. It is much that the episode of the potion, so often permitted to compromise the major action, should here be successfully subordinated. But as a play, even as a closet-play, the present effort has fatal limitations. It ambles when it should march, dawdles when it should thrust on to the next, if not to the final, issue. The speeches are often not only long and declamatory, but dull. It is well enough, at the moment of reunion after long separation, for Isolde to say: —

> Ah, Tristan, love,
> Thou art my sunlight; let me sheaf thee up
> And garner thee within my arms;

and for Tristan to reply, not altogether metrically: —

> My bosom
> Has been cold since thou hast left it bare.

But one hardly knows how to justify such commonplace as they are presently reduced to: —

> Ah, yes, we ought be happy, ought we not?
> But happiness is yet an unknown tongue,
> Too long forgotten to be reassumed
> With all the fluency of constant use.
> We 'll speak about the past as if 't were past.
> We should be happy, ought we not, my love?

As for the tone of the play as a whole, it is far too romantic and modern; the pride, the fatalism, the young emotion of the Middle Ages are absent from its atmosphere.

[1] *Tristan and Isolde.* By Louis K. Anspacher. New York: Brentano's. 1904.

The mediæval atmosphere has been successfully suggested in the prose fancy of Mrs. Peattie,[1] which is luckily less fantastical than its title and its preface or "apology" would lead most readers to expect. The "apology" is, indeed, somewhat finicking and precious in its phraseology: "I do not write of the lucid and formulated time — that remains for others. My tale is of the incoherent, joyful day, a morn of dew, in which the world, a-wandering by pleasant paths, discovered song. Yet have no fears that the theme will cloy you with its sweetness; for if you listen you shall hear a minor and fateful note — an under-harmony, presageful and of power." What follows is, to put it least flatteringly, a historical romance in three chapters, or "tableaux," as the author prefers to call them. It is fair to say that this brief sketch contains more substance than most romances of whatever length, and indeed seems to catch something of the very spirit of romance, without falling into the chaos of the merely sentimental. The action takes place in the land of Provence, where "the brooding day solicits lovers, finders of song, amorous and aspiring women, men whose pride it is to die for the sepulchre, and all other foolish persons."

II

NATURE BOOKS

Mr. Burroughs's recent essay on "The Literary Treatment of Nature" should have done something toward clearing the air which has thickened of late about the heads of the naturalist and the nature-lover. The familiar fact seems to have emerged from the controversial billows that it is right enough to make tinsel if one does not peddle it for gold. Whether it is better to be a literary man who finds his material in animal life, or a scientific observer whose records chance to have the literary quality, is evidently not the question at issue. Mr. Burroughs himself is a naturalist who has succeeded in giving attractive form to the records of his observations. He is an essay-naturalist as well as a scientific naturalist. He makes no objection to naturalists, or to others, who choose animals as material for fiction, and admit the fact.

Mr. Sharp is, by his own account, an enthusiastic observer of animal life rather than a scientific naturalist.[2] He expresses a cordial contempt for the two extremes of absurdity connected with so-called nature-study. He has more than one vigorous comment to make upon the rapturous school of nature-adorers: "When they are not listening to the purple-eyed tickle-bird, they are whispering 'Twinkle, twinkle' to the stars, or calling, as they pace the beach, 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean.' They love the out-of-doors. They exclaim over nature with the lips of all the poets. They adore her! All the time they go about looking for wonderful purple-eyed tickle-birds, and screamers, listening for wind voices, feeling for wave-pulses, and dreaming, forever dreaming, of how happy the morning stars must be that they sing together." Presently there is a brisk word also for the book-naturalist, who "knows what he knows, namely, that *Coccinella septempunctata* is *septempunctata* and not *novemnotata*. All he knows (and what else is there to know?) is *septempunctata* and *novemnotata*, — the names of things, the places, parts, laws, and theories of things."

Mr. Sharp's own work favorably illustrates his preference for the happy middle way. He has no tendency toward gush, no trivial inquisitiveness as to the applicability of Latin proper names. Elsewhere he states his creed with sufficient distinctness. "The true nature-lover," he says, "knows at least a little, and keeps learning all the time; he goes afield the seasons through; he sees accu-

[1] *Castle, Knight, and Troubadour.* By ELIA W. PEATTIE. Chicago: The Blue Sky Press. 1904.

[2] *Roof and Meadow.* By DALLAS LORE SHARP. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

rately, reports honestly, interprets humanly, and loves sincerely."

It says much for the confidence with which this writer inspires one that none of his anecdotes call for incredulity, though many of them are, apart from experiences in the land of animal romance, sufficiently extraordinary. His coon which insists upon washing everything before tasting it, if only in mud or straw; his fox which, pursued by hounds, pauses to sniff at Mr. Sharp's boots; his flicker which drums on iron ventilators and bores holes in rain-pipes, — these may be individuals, but we are not asked to accept them as persons. In short, Mr. Sharp's studies of animal life are literary not because they are romantically flattering to human intelligence, but because they are spontaneously sympathetic with animal intelligence.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts some time ago arrayed himself with the most popular writers of animal fiction. He has theories about the art. "If a writer," reads the prefatory note to his latest collection of such tales,[1] "has, by temperament, any sympathetic understanding of the wild kindreds; if he has any intimate knowledge of their habits, with any sensitiveness to the infinite variation of their personalities; and if he has chanced to live much among them during the impressionable periods of his life, and so become saturated in their atmosphere and their environment; — then he may hope to make his most elaborate piece of animal biography not less true to nature than his transcript of an isolated fact." The conditional part of the sentence appears to loom something large; but if we are to take Mr. Roberts's word for it and the evidence of his work, there are not too many clauses to be met by his own case. Many of his stories are romantic, a few of them are sentimental, more are grim. To the sombre intensity of the author's mood we may take exception on grounds not of sincerity but of taste and sense. Why not allow ourselves to be reconciled to this stern law of nature which makes it the business of most living things to eat or otherwise dispose of other living things? Is the case of the steer who is fattened and knocked on the head in a shambles for the preservation of the human animal less pathetic than that of the bull-moose hunted down and killed by a lynx (if such a consummation be possible)? The present writer speaks neither as a vegetarian, a sportsman, nor a naturalist. Aware that he might live without beef, he finds more comfort in living with it. He has never gazed into the mild eye of a dying doe, and regretted his marksmanship. He has never seen the mother tickle-bird teach her young how to tickle, whether by precept or example. But speaking as a plain citizen, he ventures to suggest that there is something a little ridiculous in this tearfulness of ours over the "tragedies" of wild life. We, too, it appears, must weep into the needless stream, and stretch our leathern coats to bursting in sympathy for woes which are in no least sense comparable with the woes of humanity.

[1] *Watchers of the Trails.* By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

III

CRITICAL STUDIES

It is one of the privileges of this department, as its title indicates, to hark back whenever the spirit moves to books which no longer figure prominently in the current market quotations. Mr. Chesterton's *Varied Types*,[2] which is now hardly a year old, should not be numbered, perhaps, among such books. The present commentator has, at all events, to confess that a first taste of it at the moment of its publication did not tempt him to read it through. It was only the other day that a leisurely perusal served to make plain both the original cause of offense and new causes of attraction. Mr. Chesterton has a strain of genius, but he labors under the disadvantage of an extraordinary cleverness. His facility has been even

[2] *Varied Types.* By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

greater than his fecundity. He is not verbose; his instinct is to express himself with much compactness. But it is too often the compactness of the extemporizing epigrammatist rather than of the deliberate artist. The essays too often lack structural unity, — a fact of no moment concerning such discursive felicities as made up *The Defendant*, but of inevitable moment in critical writing. Consequently many of the most agreeable essays in the present collection are among those which make least pretensions to sober and consecutive discussion. *The Defendant* contained nothing more amusing than the essay in this book on the German Emperor. One especially likes it because one has a notion that the writer intended to say something serious when he began, and was seduced by a mood into saying something far more unusual and better: something really funny. Why should we ridicule the Emperor's uniforms, he asks? — "Every one of us, or almost every one of us, does in reality fulfil almost as many offices as Pooh-Bah. Almost every one of us is a ratepayer, an immortal soul, an Englishman, a baptized person, a mammal, a minor poet, a juryman, a married man, a bicyclist, a Christian, a purchaser of newspapers, and a critic of Mr. Alfred Austin. We ought to have uniforms for all these things. How beautiful it would be if we appeared to-morrow in the uniform of a ratepayer, in brown and green, with buttons made in the shape of coins, and a blue income-tax paper tastefully arranged as a favour; or, again, if we appeared dressed as immortal souls, in a blue uniform with stars. It would be very exciting to dress up as Englishmen, or to go to a fancy dress ball as Christians."

This kind of adventure does not always work out happily, and it is fair to say that in treating many themes more important than the German Emperor, Mr. Chesterton seldom attempts so extravagant a sally. The fact which will not be ignored is that not more than two or three of the papers are as good as the author might have made them. Most of them, according to the prefatory note, appeared in the London *Daily News;* and they seem to retain somewhat too clear evidences, not of having been printed in a newspaper, but of having been written on occasion and under some sort of pressure. This brilliant critical searchlight illumines for an instant, most minutely and forgettably, various objects of extreme interest. Of the chapters on Carlyle and Scott more than this might be said.

Mr. Munger's essays[1] are as different from those beside which we here place them as they could well be. They are leisurely, well balanced, well contained. They will not catch the eye or the fancy, but they will make their way into quiet minds with quiet force. Persons who need to be shocked are persons to whom Mr. Chesterton is more likely to be of service than Mr. Munger. The considerable range of the essays here collected is justified by the flexibility of the writer's mind and hand. That on the Church is perhaps the gravest and likely to be the most durable of them all; but it is not more interesting than those reflections on music which profess to be built upon no foundation of technical knowledge. And in his "Notes on the Scarlet Letter," the writer makes a valuable contribution to the study of Hawthorne.

Not long ago Professor Oscar Kuhns produced a book on Italian poetry, which, while it afforded a satisfactory summary of important facts, quite lacked distinction of matter or manner. The present volume[2] is more confined in theme and more compact in treatment. It purposes to show what influence Dante had upon the great English poets. The writer takes occasion at the outset to express his skepticism as to the value of the *chasse aux parallèles;* but he is himself at times somewhat too ardent at the sport. He derives the song of Fortune in

[1] *Essays for the Day.* By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

[2] *Dante and the English Poets.* By Oscar Kuhns. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1904

Geraint and Enid from Dante's lines in the seventh canto of the *Inferno;* and to the Tennysonian line, "For man is man and master of his fate," appends the footnote: "This line evidently inspired the oft-quoted verse of W. E. Henley, 'I am the master of my fate.'" Apart from such matters of detail, Mr. Kuhns's judgments are conservative enough. He discredits the attempts to saddle Dante upon Shakespeare, and indeed in more than one connection speaks for sober sense against pedantry and prepossession. The most valuable chapter is that on Shelley; the comparison of the *Paradiso* and *Prometheus Unbound* is especially suggestive.

A group of studies, undertaken in a spirit of even more careful scholarship, is *The Views about Hamlet.*[1] In his initial study the author has set out not to write a new essay on the play, so much as "to classify and interpret the essays which have already been written;" a task of much nicety, admirably performed, to the great advantage of all students of the play. By his method of sorting and grouping, a few pretty distinct themes about Hamlet take shape out of the confusion which several centuries and several races of commentators have brought about. His final question is, "How far are the various explanations that have been offered, or partial explanations, compatible with one another, or even complementary; and how far are they antagonistic, or even completely irreconcilable? The failure of critics to keep this question clearly before them has perhaps caused as much confusion as any fact connected with the study of the drama. A commentator has often sought to overthrow the opinion of a predecessor by presenting considerations entirely compatible with those which had been emphasized by his fellow-interpreter." There is hardly a crux of criticism which does not offer material for profitable treatment on these lines by the specialist. Withal the present investigator retains his reverence for the great play which much commenting has made a puzzle of. It is not for us, he intimates, more than for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery. Besides several other studies of this useful kind, Mr. Tolman's book contains a miscellany of essays, longer or shorter, on themes of a good deal of diversity, some of them rather technical, but all worth reading.

A new book by the author of *Ephemera Critica* is something to be looked forward to, and the arrival of a late volume from that hand has been attended by no disappointment.[2] Mr. Collins has rare qualifications for appealing to this hasty and hungry generation. A scholar who does not need to be afraid of the appearance of knowing something exactly, a lover of the humanities who is in no danger of the charge of dilettantism, a sympathetic intelligence whose judgments may be counted upon for sincerity and force, — these are possessions to which our world, with all its faults, cannot be said to be indifferent. The opening essay on "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar" is extremely interesting. If there were any subject upon which Mr. Churton Collins could be induced to discourse at large, it would not be such a subject as this; but though he does not spare chapter and verse, one never for a moment fears that he is attending to a mere display of erudition. The modern critic's proof of the fact which Lowell surmised — that Shakespeare knew the Greek classics by way of Latin translations — is especially well worth following. Many valuable papers succeed, — a thorough one on the "Text and Prosody of Shakespeare," a skeptical one on "Shakespeare and Montaigne," a summary one on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Mania." But if a passage were to be looked for which should best represent the spirit of the

[1] *The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays.* By Albert H. Tolman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

[2] *Studies in Shakespeare.* By J. Churton Collins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

writer's criticism, it would be taken, perhaps, from the noble essay on "Sophocles and Shakespeare:" —

"We have long begun to feel more and more that the message which God sent by the Evangelists, save only in the record of the perfect life, has been miserably marred and blurred in the telling. But how sun-clear, how consistent with themselves and with each other, how corresponsive and mutually corroborative are the messages which have come to us through His other evangelists. The authors of the Psalms, the Hebrew Prophets, Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, and we may add, whether *longo intervallo* or not Posterity will decide, Tennyson and Browning. Have they not pierced through different time-veils to the same eternal truths, and preached, each in his own manner and with his own symbols, the same authentic gospel? The more men come to distinguish between what is local and what is universal, between what is accidental and what is essential, the more will they come to realize that as ethical truth is the immediate test of theological truth, so poetical truth is the final test of both. . . . In due course all that is perishable succumbs to the law of dissolution, and all that is imperishable passes into poetry."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MR. JAMES'S VARIANT

WHAT should you say Mr. Henry James had done in his latest novel? If you should say: "Mr. James has reduced the English language to a fine spray, in which, as we gaze at it, the delicate colors and patterns gradually appear to our delighted eyes, as he intended they should" — how right you would be! Yet you would miss the point, the particular secret experiment which it has pleased Mr. James's virtuosity to perform this time. Nothing in literature has been more familiar to us — has it? — than to meet an ancient story told afresh; Marlowe wrote no final *Faust*, Hans Sachs no final *Tristan;* only consider the dynasty of interpreters of *Orpheus!*

Mr. James has chosen, not *Orpheus* or *Faust*, but another tale of equal fame and plasticity. Like them evolved in pre-Darwinian days, this old fable deals like them in the supernatural, and winds up with a moral. In fitting it to the humor of our post-Darwinian age, Mr. James has, of course, been obliged to dispense with the supernatural and get rid of the moral; and in rising buoyantly to this emergency he has added a new version to those already given to us by Molière, Dumas, Byron, Mérimée, and others of less renown. He has (to begin with) shifted the original centre of gravity and changed it to a centre of levity. He does not disclose his plan to us; that were too grossly direct; and although his title grows straight from the old Spanish legend, it sprouts precisely from the reverse side of it. In shifting the centre of gravity — But let us state Mr. James's story in its simplest terms, let us get at the central pith.

By various shocked and virtuous persons, male and female, a young libertine is followed to his halls of luxury and besought to mend his ways. Chief among his exhorters is an old gentleman, a family friend. The youth, than whom none could be more polished, more abundantly tactful, persists in his path of pleasure. He is agreeable to all his exhorters, he invites the old gentleman to supper, and the old gentleman comes. . . .

It is here that Mr. James's shifting of the centre of gravity produces a version so novel, yet, in a post-Darwinian age, so inevitable. His predecessors have made the youth their hero: it is the case of the old gentleman that occupies Mr. James. He is the hero of the *Ambassadors*.

It has pleased Mr. James (with subcutaneous mirth) to echo here and there some of the voices of da Ponte's and Mozart's version; and from these reminiscences there exhales an irony comparable only to some of the libretti which Meilhac and Halévy wrote for Offenbach. You will remember in the *Ambassadors* the trio of virtuous exhorters, Sarah, Mamie, and Jim, the family connections and the neglected sweetheart, who come from Massachusetts to beg the Parisianized Chad to return to Puritanism and manufacturing: who are they but Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Don Ottavio? You will remember Don Giovanni's faithful servant Leporello: who is little Bilham but Leporello, forever lying for his master, arranging entertainments, shielding elopements? We can almost hear little Bilham between the lines singing: —

> "Madamina, il catalogo è questo,
> Delle belle che amò il padron mio."

And though Zerlina and Mazetto have no place in Mr. James's scheme, Madame de Vionnet stands accurately for one of those many

> "Contesse, baronesse, marchesane, principesse,"

catalogued by Leporello; she even pathetically foresees that Don Juan Chad will tire of her; it is the passage in the *Ambassadors* where Mr. James most nearly discloses his work to us.

Yes; thus specifically, indeed, does Mr. James symbolize the main characters of Mozart's piece; and the old gentleman, the chief exhorter, is the best of it all. The story, with Mr. James's treatment, becomes his adventure, not Don Juan's, and through him we reach the new interpretation of the legend. In the legend's original form he is known as the Commendatore, he is killed early by Don Juan, and reappears at the final supper to exhort the libertine once more; and being defied, he takes him to fiery punishment forever.

Now, ghosts and fiery punishments will not do in a modern novel about Americans in Paris: you must symbolize your ghost somehow — and Mr. James does it. Throughout the *Ambassadors*, Strether walks and talks as if he had never lived. The art of fiction has drawn no character more explicitly extinct, more consummately inanimate, more vividly dead, than poor old Strether. This hapless post-Darwinian ghost, who can't be supernatural and can't remove libertines to fiery punishment, — how is he to stop a rich, imperturbable young American, who prefers Paris and countesses to Massachusetts and manufacturing?

Why, he simply does n't! and there is where Mr. James from his centre of levity makes new the fable of Don Juan. Strether comes, sees, and is conquered. He finds Chad much improved in looks and manners, he meets the exquisite countess, he basks in the civilization of Paris, his bleak Massachusetts bones are comforted, he eats the supper, he drinks the wine, and he finds it all so much more charming than manufactures, that he not only adjures Don Juan Chad to keep on, but he can scarcely bear to go away himself!

I do not invite you to think that Mr. James has pointed a moral; but he has certainly adorned a tale.

A BOAST OF MALARIA

To come across a stranger who has ALSO had Fever-and-Ague is like meeting a veteran. The reason for it is the one here implied. Of all afflictions it is the one a man has volunteered to take upon himself as a pioneer of civilization. He has fought for the United States; he has trembled for his country; he has pulled her forward in cold sweat, — stowing away every meal with a capsule the size of a cartridge. And surely not least among those in the van-

guard of civilization are the ones who have taken their bullets in this wise.

The Fever-and-Ague town took its sufferings in the spirit of a camp in a campaign, the inhabitants keeping up one another's courage with mutual jibes on their misfortunes. My Indiana village was so heroic of its misery that one half of the populace would smile at the "other half" when it came their day to shake. The mechanic, passing his comrade prostrated in the corner of the locomotive pit, would salute him with a jibe. And the other, lying there with hammer and chisel beside him, and looking up into the concatenation of eccentrics, links and rods, and all the underside iron "innards" of the machine that gets out of order but never gets the AGUE, — he, I say, could not exactly see the joke. But he would see it the next day — when the tables were turned. Such are the horrors of war.

Those of us who were really malaria veterans were Every-Other-Day-Men. Such shivering and chattering of teeth under the weighty blankets as the chill strangely takes its exercise in in a body that is not at all disposed to do such heavy work! Then when the bedclothes — an excellent name for them — are off, what a sweltering in your own tropic nature till the remainder of energy has melted away! And on the next day, how good is beefsteak and gravy! You eat all you have missed — with an extra allowance for the day that is to come. When I was a boy I used to think it would be a fine privilege to have the shaking come with the fever. Our family was fortunate in chancing to be so synchronized that half of us were attacked one day and the other half went into action the next. I knew a freight engineer, a gentle old bachelor, who introduced me to Robinson Crusoe, whose delusions in a fever used to give him visions of hunting, so that he saw ducks on the ceiling. It was a rare instance of compensation. Although he had been a Maryland Rebel, and although he smoked his meerschaum and told soothing tales of a quiet evening in a way that showed him to be all Equanimity, he would regularly accuse himself, after times of wreck and trouble, of being "chicken-hearted," blaming it on the over-refining influences of Fever-and-Ague. At one end of the "division" was Chicago, — and from there he brought a wondrous tale of the stage whereon *Pinafore* was more beautiful than it was over our corner grocery. At the other extreme of the railroad universe was Defiance, the place of many wrecks, — of Death that was more than once visited home upon our village. It seemed that the vengeance of Heaven was attracted to it because of its boastful name. If there be anything in this philosophy, I am of the opinion that it was because of the meek and gentle guise in which "Hank" took his bravery forth under Heaven that Fate let him off with only the maiming of a thumb.

Meeting a Fever-and-Ague man you know at once how to take him, — in the spirit of a soldier. After a mere perfunctory inquiry as to where he saw service you smile and tell a funny story. Each malaria district has resolved its misery into a popular humor. In Michigan they contemplated running sawmills with Fever-and-Ague power; in Arkansaw the indolent native sees that it can be used to shake fruit off the orchard tree; in Indiana they do not prevaricate, but simply aver that the chickens have it and fall off the fence with their shaking. As for me, I cannot claim to have been more than a drummer boy when I followed my father to the front, but I shook regularly. I remember that in the days of the Hayes election the small boys had a campaign marching club of which I was the drummer. One night we marched by torchlight to the neighboring town, where there was to be speaking in the schoolhouse. I was seized with a chill as I led them on. I could take oath that my hands kept up a tattoo on the drum without the least effort on my part. I knew a boy who could shake more pennies out of his bank at such a time than he otherwise could, — another instance of compensation. This

I aver. But, as Xavier de Maistre says, "I know the gratuitous protestations will appear suspicious to the eyes of some; but I also know that suspicious people will not read this."

Notwithstanding the honors of the malady I could wish that the reader's childhood had nothing whatever to do with a tamarack swamp and its proverbial "bottomless lake." Many of these bottomless lakes have now been drained. In Michigan they offered a promising activity to the Dutchman and his windmill. The place of awful mystery became a celery farm. My bottomless lake, with its quaking bogs, its gold-striped water-snakes, its reptilian choirs, and gaudy unnamable things, has been emptied, — and, no doubt, turned to some useful purpose. They do not have malaria there now. We had it all. Looking back upon it, one whose body was dedicated to the work, who wrestled with the millions of microbes till he tired them out and then put in an uninterrupted day of advancing the outposts, cannot but feel patronizing and paternal to such a community, — a seer of ancient history. It is as if one had come up through things Eocene and Pliocene; as if he had taken hold of an age reptilian and carboniferous, and overhauled it into a post-office address.

I have spoken of the over-refining tendencies of Fever-and-Ague. It is in the supine hour or two of convalescence that one feels the spiritual attunement of mere soul-existence, the springtime pleasant laziness and poetic rumor of things. That which the critics call a poet's "sensorium" — "adumbration" — "spirituality" rather than spiritualism — I know what all these things mean. The "dæmonic" — it means the croaking swamp at eventide. That refinement which is sensitiveness; that laziness which is the working time of the poet, — Fever-and-Ague puts one through the experience, and then lets him go scot-free without insisting that it shall be constitutional. I can see in it literary *raisons d'être*, affecting localities into occasional verse, — verse of the simple and homely rather than the dæmonic or swamp variety. The dæmonic is too common and all-about, — one would not court it in verse. But the experiences are there full-rounded. And when the malaria is gone, when the mind can turn to it all in retrospect, there are moonlight memories of the tamarack that ought to make a well of dæmonic undefiled.

In these days of organization I expect to see some one start the Fever-and-Ague Association. The Hay-Fever Association, I understand, has been of great pleasure and social profit. But why this particular affliction should have moved its devotees to seek one another out I do not understand, except there be a sentimental suggestion in its tears. I do not doubt that a man who has to mingle with the world in this weepy way would often be tempted to turn his tears into a plausible channel, saying he was glad to meet you or sorry to hear of your misfortune, — as when we sometimes turn a sneeze into an exclamation. From this might come the banding together, at the time of their affliction, of those Brothers among whom a tear would never be inopportune. To be sure it has aristocratic advantages over Fever-and-Ague, implying the annual pilgrimage to the Thousand Isles. But the Fever-and-Ague Association could boast a more democratic and heroic basis. In time, seeing that it is passing into history and its survivors are bound to be fewer, it would become more exclusive. And I here mention myself, if it is necessary for some one to accept office, as probably being best fitted for Grand Keeper of the Pill and Capsule. I fought malaria until I had to be sent away on furlough; I there shook harder, for it seems that the microbes are themselves not enjoying full health in the malaria country, and come to greater life when taken on a journey; I had to come back wasted with the campaign; I have an honorable record. Notwithstanding, I am now an able-bodied survivor in vigorous activity, and, in fact, have even aspired to be an Atlantean. I bespeak the ballots of all such.

TACITUS

Toujours Tacite! Most ancient authors can be relegated to realms beyond the confines of general interest, but put Tacitus on the high shelf as often as you please, and he persistently refuses to stay put. It is but a year or two ago that Mr. J. C. Tarver, in a desperate effort to make an ideal Roman and an ideal ruler out of the Emperor Tiberius, condemned Tacitus to eternal oblivion as a mere malignant pamphleteer, whose sole gift of a diabolical rhetorical ingenuity was turned to the one task of falsifying Roman history. Then the *Revue des Deux Mondes* opened its columns to a very favorable consideration of his claims as a historian, from the pen of the veteran member of the Academy, M. Gaston Boissier.

Senator Hoar tells us in his *Autobiography* that the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, was on familiar terms with the text of Tacitus, and volunteers the opinion that the man who has read and mastered Tacitus has had "the best gymnastic training of the intellect, both in vigor and in style, which the resources of all literature can supply." A few weeks ago the editor of the *Evening Post* accompanied some severe censure of certain modern tendencies in history-writing by the assertion that Tacitus had made his period "forever alive, and forever a lesson to mankind." We learn from the letters of Mrs. Bancroft, recently published, that her husband gave to Tacitus the days which seasickness left to him when on his way to the Court of St. James, as American Minister, under the administration of President Polk.

A recent volume on the reign of Nero credits Tacitus with composing "the most damning epitaph ever penned by the hand of man," referring to the few lines in which he sums up the life of Nero's favorite, Tigellinus, known to non-classical readers chiefly, perhaps, from the pages of *Quo Vadis*. We have not read widely enough in the field of invective obituary to pronounce on the absolute justice of this characterization of the words of Tacitus, but for blasting, searing denunciation we have never met the equal of the passage in question. How swiftly and surely every sentence flies to its mark! In words of which there is not one to spare, to which there is not one to be added, he paints his low parentage, his odious boyhood, his use of his very vices to rise to positions which should be the rewards of virtue, the cruelty and avarice of his middle life, his corrupting friendship for Nero, followed by desertion and betrayal, his temporary protection under the brief reign of Galba through the influence of a powerful friend bound to him by services rendered for purely selfish purposes; and then the bitter end! the masses crowding to the Palatium, the public squares, the Circus Maximus and the theatres, vociferating their angry demands for his death, — Tigellinus himself at the baths of Sinuessa, where the news of his impending fate finds him in the midst of his drunken revels, and where, after maudlin farewells to his favorites and cowardly delays, "he cut his throat with a razor and stained an infamous life with a death dishonorable and all too long delayed!" In trying to outline the chapter, not translate it, I find by actual count that I have used one hundred and seventy words: Tacitus tells the whole tale with just one hundred and seventy-one.

What is the secret of so tremendously effective a style? There are philologists who would have us believe that it is a purely artificial creation, that Tacitus was first and foremost a "consummate stylist," devoting his midnight oil to the elaboration of ingenious ways of saying things, and ready even to sacrifice the thing to be said rather than the rhetorically brilliant way of saying it. If we mistake not, the truth lies nearer the opposite extreme. The style was emphatically the man. They tell us that poetry was born before prose, because the primitive man naturally expresses his emotions in

rhythmical form. Are not the really essential features of the style of Tacitus just as natural an outgrowth of his feeling and temperament? We can conceive of his deep moral indignation gradually breaking over the restraints of conventional modes of speech, as its intensity heightened with added years, until it reached its climax in the *Annals* of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero; but we cannot conceive of him as a mere "stylist," gradually developing the linguistic form of the annals as a conscious product of applied rhetoric.

Senator Hoar has done well to recommend the mastery of his works as a gymnastic training of the intellect. The English writer can never fall into servile imitation of his style, for its outward form is an absolute impossibility to the English tongue; but he may get from it a brevity, directness, and intensity that would save more typesetting than a dozen phonetic spelling reforms.

THE ACADEMIC FAKIR

The satire with which Thackeray in the *Book of Snobs* portrayed the university snob is probably no longer applicable to the Oxford and Cambridge of to-day, and, indeed, was never applicable to our American colleges. Not that our colleges have never exhibited traces of snobbishness, but the brand of snobbishness there developed, while confessedly a poor creature, was emphatically our own.

Thackeray's picture of the college don of his day, however, is no more sadly out of date than the stock caricature of the American college professor. The bland and dignified gentleman of somewhat visionary turn of mind, of strong ecclesiastical affiliations, and of inelastic pedagogical methods, who has so long passed for the representative incumbent of our academic chairs, is becoming — at least in our older colleges — about as rare as the ichthyosaurus. And, despite his many peculiarities, there was generally about the old figure the dignified simplicity of a cultured scholarly life, which was not without its own peculiar charm. There were intellectual giants in those days, too, and their energies, instead of being wholly absorbed in the work of organization and administration, were very often employed most effectively in imparting a thorough education to their individual pupils.

The prevalent type of the American college professor of to-day it is hard to describe in a word. For the most part they have gone on crusades to the holy land of learning, and have returned bristling with degrees "made in Germany." Their information, though often narrowly delimited in scope, is more exact and generally nearer first hand than the traditional learning of the Ancients. The practical wisdom which comes of ripened reflection and of the experienced appraisal of human nature as exemplified in the individual college student they very often lack, or acquire only as their predecessors acquired it, — by hard knocks. It is the more to be regretted that while the other type of professor, with all his limitations, was so often able to make his modest learning attractive, the fretful *Quellenforscher*, by reason of his bearish personality, should so frequently render his thorough scholarship repellent. Time will doubtless soften his asperities, for, notwithstanding the foibles of the younger professorial breed, they are in the main conscientious cultivators, each of his own scientific garden-plot, intent by honest work, both in teaching and investigation, upon conforming to the exacting standard which as a class they have set for themselves.

In marked contrast to this normal type of university teacher there has of late emerged in certain of our colleges a figure, fortunately rare as yet, who may fairly be dubbed the academic fakir. Not content with slowly pushing forward the limits of knowledge, or with the honest handing down from year to year of the deposit of accepted truth in his own department, the academic fakir in every marketplace assiduously hawks about his own tinsel wares. His usual method is

to employ his reputation for erudition as a bait for popular applause, and then to use such notoriety as he may acquire as a ladder by which to climb to academic preferment. His supposed scientific eminence serves him at the start as a passport to public consideration; and ever afterwards on the basis of his admittance to the public hearth he founds his claim to preëminence in the college cloister, — all of which, by the way, is a curious reversal of Crabbe's verdict, that —

> "Unlike the prophet's is the scholar's case:
> His honour all is in his dwelling-place."

To explain the appearance of the academic fakir several facts must be remembered. In the first place, it is certain that well-meaning but undiscriminating boards of college trustees, and enthusiastic but ill-advised benefactors of their *alma mater*, are often wont to base their judgments as to the desirability of a man for an academic post entirely upon the popular estimate in which the man is held. An appointment to a vacancy in the department of English, let us say, is to be made, and some one starts a boom for "Gigadibs, the literary man," whose recent writings have attracted such favorable popular attention. Or again, the scientific department grows to such an extent as to require a dean of its own. Who so likely to commend himself for the position as young Professor Push, the wide-awake popularizer of sciolism?

In the second place it must be remembered that the teaching profession offers very few pecuniary prizes, and pays but little in the "cheap coin of honor," and that both of these rewards are apt to be found conjoined in such administrative posts as the headships of professional schools, or of the special departments, into which our larger colleges are being subdivided. A careful cultivation of the suffrages of the general public is a strong bid for such a place, "since men call flare success" in the world of learning as well as elsewhere. Moreover, why should the educational promoter alone be denied the right to capitalize his scrappy scientific or literary assets, which possibly percolate through a dozen repetitious volumes, at a figure in excess of their cost value? Why on the basis of his fame as a magazinist, or on the strength of his newly exploited pedagogical vagary, may he not issue watered academic securities, when he must himself take his pay in the common stock of the newly formed educational trust? Like his brother of the financial world, he is only bent on giving the Philistines what they think they want.

Successfully to float such educational shares — it sounds ironical to call them securities — the academic promoter must of course show himself a "persuasive optimist." In his invoice of personal qualities he will of course have to count a certain *fausse bonhomie*. This indispensable gift will serve to lubricate the wheels of personal intercourse with disdainful colleagues, and will pass as current coin among powerful outsiders on whose favor the successful flotation of his stock depends. Surely, if our educational system is to be imbued with commercial ethics, we must expect that business methods will increasingly prevail in our universities. If, following the lead of a western college, we are to have the university drummer at the bottom, we must not be surprised to see the university promoter at the top. If the general run of our academic shops give us good wares at fair prices, we must make up our minds to see the parasites of trade peddling their tin collar-buttons and moth-eaten shoestrings along the thoroughfares of Academe.

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THE CLOSED SHOP

BY CHARLES J. BULLOCK

THE remarkable growth of labor organizations in recent years has brought into public discussion more prominently than ever before the question of the union *versus* the open shop. Refusals to submit to the indignity of working by the side of "scabs," violent upheavals caused by the desire to avoid contamination from "unfair" materials, and earnest demands that public employments shall be closed to all who cannot produce union cards, are some of the aspects which the problem assumes. As frequently as not the collective agreements which are thought to point the way to industrial peace call for the complete unionization of factories or workshops; while, through the agency of the union label, the consumer is invited to place the seal of his disapproval upon the employment of such unclean things as "rat" or "scab" labor.

Historians of the labor movement tell us that in poorly organized trades this dislike of working with outsiders has often seemed not to exist, and that usually an exclusive policy has not appeared until the unions have become large and powerful. This fact is not difficult to explain, because, other things being equal, it is obvious that the fighting strength of a labor union depends upon the comprehensiveness of its membership. While, therefore, it may be inexpedient for a weak union to press this claim, we must expect that every accession of strength will bring into the foreground the contention that only union men shall be employed. In England, according to Mr. Sidney Webb, a few of the strongest organizations have succeeded in making it impossible for independent workmen to secure a livelihood; but in the United States such paradisiacal conditions are probably exceptional, although the demand for a closed shop has become one of the cardinal points of trade-union policy.

Even outside of the ranks of organized labor there seems to exist to-day a considerable body of opinion favorable to the demand. Sometimes this is merely the result of a vague feeling that labor is the under dog, and is asking for nothing more than the trusts have already secured. Not infrequently it is voiced by the socialist, whose passion for Humanity usually stops this side of the despised "scab." In other cases it is due to a failure to realize the precise nature and logical consequences of the policy now under consideration. It is, doubtless, upon this last ground that we can explain the conclusion reached by the late-lamented Industrial Commission, that there is, "beyond question, much force in the argument of the union men in defense of their attempt to exclude others from employment."

In considering the merits of this proposal our argument will proceed upon the full and frank recognition of the right of laborers to organize for the purpose of raising wages or improving in other lawful ways the conditions under which they work. Trade-unions become subject to just criticism only when they endeavor to accomplish illegal or uneconomic purposes, or when they employ improper

means of attaining their ends. From this point of view, which at the present day is the only one worth discussing, the two questions to be determined concerning the closed shop are, whether it is in itself a proper object of trade-union policy, and whether it can be secured by proper means.

In defense of the demand for a closed shop it is usually argued that the individual laborer has the right to refuse to work with any person or class of persons who may be distasteful to him, and that what an individual may rightly do, a union, or combination of individuals, may properly undertake. When stated in such broad terms, the argument overlooks certain important qualifications which need to be considered carefully before a safe conclusion can be reached.

So far as the individual laborer is concerned, it is undoubtedly true that a simple refusal to work is a perfectly lawful act. But the mere termination of the employment contract is one thing, and the demand that a fellow workman be discharged is quite another. The former involves nothing but the control of one's own labor; the latter is an attempt to persuade an employer to have no dealings with a third person whose right to secure employment is thereby invaded. Such an interference with the rights of others is clearly unlawful, unless it can be shown that there is adequate justification for it. If, for instance, the obnoxious man be an incompetent engineer whose ignorance or inexperience endangers the lives of all who work in a mine or factory, a demand for his discharge would be morally and legally defensible. If, however, the demand is based upon the laborer's political or religious beliefs, no such justification can be shown to exist; and any one injured in such a manner would be entitled to recover damages from the person who had procured his discharge. Whether now a refusal to join a trade-union is to be deemed a satisfactory or an insufficient reason for interference with the contract rights of the non-union man will depend upon the view that one holds concerning the desirability of permitting a laborer to enjoy freedom in the disposal of his labor. At present the theory of our law is that this freedom is a highly desirable and important thing, so that it is hard to justify the act of persuading an employer to discharge a non-union man.

But when a demand for a closed shop comes from a combination of laborers, the objections are still greater. In such a case the civil liability for damages continues, while there is the further possibility that the act may constitute a criminal conspiracy. In the eyes of the law there are important differences between an individual and a combination. These are based upon the principle that an individual is responsible only for his overt acts, while in a combination the mere agreement to unite for a certain purpose constitutes an act for which the members may be held accountable. "The number and the compact," as an eminent judge has put it, "give weight and cause danger;" and it is reasonable and inevitable that, since the power of a combination far exceeds that of an individual, a stricter accountability should be enforced in the one case than in the other. If now it be unlawful to procure the discharge of a fellow workman who refuses to join a union, the consequences of such an act are all the graver when a number of men conspire to bring it to pass.

The decisions of our courts disclose the fact that some difference of opinion exists among our judges. In most of the earlier cases it was held that the attempt of a union to prevent the employment of outsiders, and particularly to secure the discharge of men already employed, constituted an unlawful interference with the rights of others. More recently, however, under the influence of the well-known English case of Allen *v.* Flood, there have been a few American decisions that admit the right of a combination of laborers to refuse to work with persons who may for any reason be objectionable. But the decision in Allen *v.* Flood did not relate to

a case in which the existence of a combination was established, and, at the most, decided what it was lawful for an individual to do in the course of a labor dispute. In 1901, in the now leading English case of Quinn *v.* Leatham, the House of Lords made short work of a combination of laborers which attempted to bring about the discharge of a non-union man by establishing a boycott against his employer. While for the United States the question may not be finally adjudicated, it is safe to say that the decided weight of authority is against the legality of the position of the trade-unions in this matter.

Since the ultimate legal rule has not yet been established, the more interest attaches to the economic aspects of the subject, for these, obviously, must exercise considerable influence upon the final course of the law. From the economic point of view the fewest difficulties are encountered in the case of a union that is compelled to fight for the mere right to exist. When employers undertake to close their shops to members of labor organizations, a common device is to discriminate constantly against union men. If new hands are taken on, outsiders are certain to be given the preference; when the force is reduced, members of the union are selected for dismissal. Under such circumstances the organization is likely to disintegrate unless it resists the employment of non-union men. If we grant, as we have done, that laborers have a right to organize, it is hard to criticise a union for meeting discrimination with discrimination. A refusal to work with non-union men in a shop or factory where discrimination is practiced against the members of the union has neither the purpose nor the necessary effect of establishing a monopoly or infringing the rights of others; the only practicable alternative would seem to be the surrender of what is conceded to be a clear legal right. It may be difficult for the courts to find a difference between such a case as this and the others that constantly arise, but that there is an economic and a moral distinction can hardly be doubted by one who believes that laborers have the right to organize. This has been recognized in the laws which some sixteen states have passed "prohibiting employers from discharging employees for belonging to or for joining labor unions, or from making it a condition of employment that they shall not be members of such unions." The constitutionality of such a statute has been denied in Missouri and upheld in Ohio, so that we here encounter another legal difficulty that it ill behooves a layman to attempt to settle. But if the right to organize exists and is deemed by the legislature to be important enough to require legal protection, it is hard to see why these laws differ materially from the statutes found in nearly all the states prohibiting employers from interfering with the political rights and privileges of their workmen. More important, however, than the constitutionality of these enactments is the fact that in practice they can be of comparatively little protection to the laborer. Most wage contracts are terminable at any time at the pleasure of either party, and it is not easy to establish by legal proof the precise reason for the discharge of a union workman. Unless, therefore, laborers are allowed to protect themselves under the circumstances now in view, it would seem that they suffer from grievous disabilities under our present law.

But the situation is radically altered when a union undertakes, in cases where no discrimination is practiced by employers, to insist upon the exclusion of all independent workmen from an entire craft or trade. The argument in favor of such a policy has recently been stated by Mr. John Mitchell in the following words: "The union workmen who refuse to work with non-unionists do not say in so many words that the employer shall not engage non-union workmen. The dictum of the trade-union is not equivalent to an act of Congress or of a state legislature prohibiting employers from engaging non-union men. What the unionists in such cases do is merely to stipulate as a condition

that they shall not be obliged to work with men who, as non-unionists, are obnoxious, just as they shall not be obliged to work in a dangerous or unsanitary factory, for unduly long hours, or at insufficient wages. Of course, when unions are strong and include all the best men in the industry, this condition amounts to a very real compulsion. The compulsion, however, is merely the result of the undoubted legal right of workmen to decide upon what terms they are willing to give their labor, and the employer is always theoretically and often practically in a position where he may make his choice between union and non-union labor." It will be observed that Mr. Mitchell candidly admits that the policy may result in "a very real compulsion" both upon employers and upon non-union men. Elsewhere he remarks: "With the rapid extension of trade-unions, the tendency is toward the growth of compulsory membership in them, and the time will doubtless come when this compulsion will be as general and will be considered as little of a grievance as the compulsory attendance of children at school."

Mr. Mitchell's honest admission that the demand for a closed shop may result in "a very real compulsion" carries us at once to the heart of the objections that can be urged against it. By this policy a combination of workmen undertakes to determine for all concerned in an entire trade the conditions under which employment must be offered and accepted. This mere statement of the case is sufficient to establish the difference between an individual's refusal to work and that of a combination. The trade-union undertakes to do a thing which no sane individual could expect to accomplish by his unaided effort, and the purpose of its demand is something that changes the whole character of the act.

The first objection that may be brought against such a policy is that a trade-union which attempts to exclude all outsiders from a craft or industry is seeking to establish a monopoly, and that a combination formed for such a purpose is both legally and economically indefensible. To this charge Mr. Mitchell and others have replied that the union is not a monopoly so long as it opens its doors to all persons who are desirous of entering its trade. Mr. Mitchell, indeed, frankly admits that if "a union is working not for the interest of all the men at the trade, but of the members who at that time are actually in the union, if it is unduly restrictive, prohibiting apprentices, charging exorbitant initiation fees, and excluding capable applicants for membership, then its refusal to work with non-unionists is monopolistic." Such a case is probably too clear to permit of serious dispute. The *Report of the Industrial Commission* makes the same qualification that Mr. Mitchell admits at this point.

It may be contended, however, that the policy of an exclusive and restrictive union in enforcing a closed shop does not differ from the regulations enforced by some of the trusts which refuse to sell their goods, or refuse to sell upon equitable terms, to merchants who buy from any possible competitor. In the factor's agreement these monopolistic tactics have been reduced to a fine art, without enlisting any apparent opposition from many of the people who declaim against the closed shop. That this comparison is well founded does not admit of a reasonable doubt. To refuse to sell sugar or tobacco to a dealer who will not agree to buy from no other source is precisely like the refusal of laborers to work for a person who will not buy all his labor from the trade-union. To refuse to sell upon equitable terms may be a refinement of the process, but it alters in no way the purpose or the effect of the policy. Professor Clark is right, beyond a peradventure, when he contends that such a contract should be taken as conclusive evidence of the existence of monopolistic power and monopolistic intent. Yet the recognition of this fact does not oblige us to approve of the closed shop: it is equally logical to condemn such tactics on

the part of either trade-union or trust, and it is to be hoped that the final view of our courts will recognize the similarity and the obnoxious character of both of these policies.

But what shall be said of the trade-union that is not exclusive in the matter of admitting all competent persons who may desire to enter its industry or craft? In order to avoid an argument about the proper definition of the word, it may be well to refrain from calling such a union as Mr. Mitchell leads a monopoly, and to describe the purpose and effect of the closed shop in other terms. The President of the United Mineworkers admits that the effect of this demand, when it is made by a strong union, is to exert "a very real compulsion" upon both employers and non-union men; and he is too candid to deny that this is one of the purposes that the organization has in view. Leaving the employer out of the reckoning, for the purpose of our argument, it is obvious that this compulsion affects the non-union man in a matter wherein his freedom of action is legally and, it is probable, economically a matter of as much concern to society as the freedom of the unionist to combine for proper purposes. Unless we are prepared to relegate all the laborers in a trade to a condition of status determined by a combination or association known as a trade-union, and to deny the advisability of permitting a worker to choose freely between an individual or a collective contract, we must insist that the compulsory unionization of industry is economically indefensible. Even if the union is not called a monopoly, it is evident that the demand for a union shop leads to the introduction of compulsion into a situation in which it is generally believed that freedom is beneficial.

The trade-unionist, however, will usually deny that freedom to make an individual contract with an employer is advantageous to the laborer. He will contend that the time has come when freedom of individual contract results in the systematic exploitation of the workers, so that the welfare of the laboring classes and of society demands that collective bargaining shall be universally established, by persuasion if possible, by compulsion when necessary. It is argued, furthermore, that since the maintenance of tolerable conditions of employment depends upon the efforts and sacrifices of the trade-unionists, it is only just that the outsiders should be compelled to contribute to the support of the organization. Sometimes, indeed, assuming the attributes of political sovereignty, the unions denounce as "traitors" the recalcitrants who refuse to be gathered into the fold. Thus it appears that the philosophy of the closed shop is based upon the belief that the welfare of the laboring classes is bound up with the device of collective bargaining, that the success of this expedient depends upon its universal application, and that no individual workman can be conceded rights that are inconsistent with the welfare of his class. This, and nothing less, is the meaning of the closed shop.

It must be evident that if the theories of the trade-unionist are correct in this matter, we shall have to revolutionize our present views of economic policy and individual rights. Without, however, considering whether such a change is desirable or possible, it may be demonstrated that, even if the unionist is so far right, it does not follow that it is lawful or expedient for private combinations of laborers to undertake the compulsory organization of industry. Such compulsion is probably illegal in the present state of our law, and should proceed, in any case, from the government, and not from private associations of any character whatever.

For, in the first place, it is practically certain that a domineering and monopolistic spirit will manifest itself ultimately in any private organization that acquires such far-reaching and important powers. This is the inevitable result of human infirmities from which laborers are no more exempt than capitalists. The mere love of power, for one thing, is likely to lead to arbitrary and unwarranted acts of self-

aggrandizement; while the still stronger motive of monopoly — hunger — is always present, even if for the moment it may seem to slumber. We have had with us, to be sure, in recent years a considerable number of apologists for monopoly; but their arguments have not yet convinced many people that it is for the public interest to vest uncontrolled monopolistic powers in private hands. Without attempting to compare the possible evils of a monopoly of labor with those resulting from combinations of capital, we may safely conclude that it would be highly dangerous to allow a permanent and all-inclusive organization of laborers to control such matters as admission to a trade, the introduction of improved machinery, and the rate of wages. As a matter of fact it is highly desirable that a trade-union should always be kept upon its good behavior by the knowledge that an unreasonable or selfish policy will drive both employers and the public to seek relief by appealing to the non-union man. Not a few sincere friends of labor organizations are now hoping that the unions may be delivered from the consequences sure to follow the general establishment of the closed shop.

In the next place, even if the fear of monopoly be ill founded, it is reasonably clear that a trade-union is a most undesirable agent to employ in enforcing the compulsory organization of labor. To say nothing of other matters, such as the loss occasioned by strikes, it is certain that when the union goes forth to battle for the closed shop it can hardly avoid arousing some of the worst passions of human nature, even though its leaders studiously avoid all appeals to hatred or violence. When a body of men is told that a "scab" has no right to employment, that he is an enemy of the laboring class, and must be compelled to change his ways, the union is playing with edged tools that cannot be handled with safety in the excitement of a strike. From this source arise most of the serious evils that do so much to discredit the labor movement in the minds of law-abiding men and to furnish ammunition to its enemies. If the desirability of compulsory membership is ever to be considered, the question should be decided in another forum, where the passions aroused by the strike will give place to the amenities of orderly political discussion. The plight in which several of our largest cities have recently found themselves should be sufficient proof of this contention.

This brings us to a final, and most important consideration. A little reflection should convince any one that the conditions under which a man shall dispose of his labor are of such exceeding importance to society that, if freedom is to be denied, the restrictions imposed should be determined by the government and not by any other agency. Such regulations should be just, uniform, and certain; they should not be subject to the possible caprice, selfishness, or special exigencies of a labor organization. Here, as elsewhere, we should apply the principle that, when it is necessary to restrict the freedom of labor or capital to enter any industry, the matter becomes the subject of public concern and public regulation. If membership in a labor organization is to be a condition precedent to the right of securing employment, it will be necessary for the government to control the constitution, policy, and management of such associations so far as may be requisite for the purpose in view. Only upon these terms would the compulsory unionization of industry be conceivable. Of course, before such legislation could be enacted, a change in the organic law of the states and the nation would need to be effected, for we now have numerous constitutional guarantees of the right of property in labor. These guarantees include the right to make lawful contracts, and the individual freedom so ordained can be restricted by the legislature only when the restraint can be justified as a proper exercise of the police power. Time and effort might be required for securing such constitutional amendments; but our instruments of government provide a lawful and reason-

able method of accomplishing this result.

The object of this article has been not so much to consider the merits or demerits of the closed shop as to explain its purpose and logical consequences. It should be tolerably evident that this demand of the trade-unions would lead to a revolution in our law and our economic policy; whether the prospect of a compulsory regimentation of labor is sufficiently attractive to make such a change desirable is a question into which we shall not now enter. The socialist, of course, would welcome this, or any other, limitation of the rights of the individual. He who wishes to form an opinion upon the subject would do well to study the history of the mediæval guilds, and to examine particularly the influence of these institutions upon individual opportunity and economic progress. This might not enable one to reach definitive conclusions concerning the proposal to organize modern labor upon the mediæval basis, but it would at least furnish a point of departure. It would be worth while, also, to inquire to what extent the guilds were able, even with the sanction of the law, to maintain their monopoly of industrial opportunity, and what methods were employed in dealing with interlopers. Finally, it would be necessary to consider whether modern conditions require mobility or fixity of economic relationships, and whether compulsory organization of labor would meet the demands of the present age. After these things had been determined it would be time enough to speculate about matters concerning which we cannot learn much from present or past experience. Meanwhile, no matter what the ultimate conclusion may have to be, something will be gained if we realize the far-reaching consequences of a decision to pronounce a sentence of economic outlawry upon the non-union man.

ISIDRO[1]

BY MARY AUSTIN

VI

THE BRIAR

THE rain was over and gone when Isidro woke in the grapevine hut of Peter Lebecque. It was clear day overhead, and the sun coming up resplendent. Peter Lebecque was busy about the cooking pots; said he,—

"Well, señor, are you for the road?"

"Most assuredly, señor; the sooner the better."

"It is so," said Lebecque; "the Padre Presidente is not a man to be kept waiting." They broke their fast in silence; the boy, Isidro judged, had been fed; the sheep jangled their bells for the start. El Zarzo came up with Escobar's horse and a kicking pinto saddled for himself. He gave no greeting, but his eyes were distinctly friendly. He was dressed more in the fashion of the time, and showed more slenderness. He wore no hat, but the kerchief on his head was black and new. Rid of the fantastic garnish of leaves, his brows showed under it a fine black line meeting across the thin high nose. Straight black locks clipped his face around and fell under the chin like a veil; so much of his skin as showed had a deep touch of the sun. He was to ride with Isidro and the sheep to find Mariana's men, who would be by this time in the place called Pasteria.

There was no ceremony of parting

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other than this: the trapper called the lad aside and thrust a packet in his bosom; there passed some words between them in a strange tongue, — French, guessed Isidro, — but no farewell.

Escobar, who, now that he was fed and astride of a horse, felt the world to go very well with him, sang as they passed out of the cañon of the vines.

Rain still shook from the laden trees; it lay heavily on the slanting grass, heaviest on the folded poppy buds. Little runnels lined the gravelly slopes; the streams were over-full. Woolly patches of cloud clung about the shouldering hills and flocked in the cañons. Where their horses trod among the wild oats there was a sound of showers. It was a morning of deep, unmastered joy. They went slowly by dim, sweet trails, for the lambs made small progress in the wetness.

The sun warmed and dried them soon enough; warmed the blood of the lad, who played a thousand impish tricks, — scurried on steep hillsides, went needlessly about in the scrub to increase the way, chased the hill creatures, and gave them call for call. He rode one of the wild horses native to those hills, on a saddle of Indian make, lacking the high pommel of the Spaniard, and rode like an Indian, indifferently on one side or the other, on neck or rump. With all he watched Escobar with alert intentness.

At mid-morning they struck into a belt of chaparral in the wash of a sometime flood, very gaudy at this season with wild gourd and cactus flower. Rabbits herded here, scarcely fearful of men or dogs. In the clear vault above them eagles swooped and hung. Suddenly one dropped with a great spread of pinions on the cactus scrub. It struck and halted, sweeping forward slowly for the rise, and from its pierced quarry came a cry anguished and human. Isidro, startled out of a muse, clapped spurs to his horse. As the eagle rose to his level, he struck it sharply with his silver-handled quirt. The great bird, amazed, loosed his hold upon the rabbit, which made off in the chaparral, squealing pitifully. The eagle showed fight for a moment, thought better of it, sailed off to new depredations.

El Zarzo rode up astounded. "What!" he said.

"My faith," said Isidro, "but I can never hear one of them scream for pain and be quiet." He was ashamed of his weakness and ashamed of his shame.

"Rabbits were made to be eaten," said the shepherd lad, "and eagles to eat them."

Isidro recovered himself.

"It is not fitting that a priest should see killing done," he said.

The boy edged up his pony and slacked rein; clearly this fine gentleman was not to be feared, and might repay study.

"Are you a priest, señor?"

"I am about to be."

"What is he, a priest?"

"A priest, *Virgen Santisima!* A priest is a very holy man, in the service of God and our Saviour and St. Francis, or other of God's saints. Hast never seen one?"

"One. He was fat, and had small hair, and wore a dress like a woman's. You look not like such a one. When my mother lay a-dying she was all for a priest. 'A priest, a priest,' she would cry, but when one was fetched she was already gone."

"She was, no doubt, a very good Christian."

"She was a Cahuiallas," said the boy.

"A Cahuiallas! Thou?"

"Of that tribe."

Isidro looked at the fine, small face under the fall of hair. "Nevertheless, you are no Indian," was his thought.

"But what does he do, a priest?"

"My faith, the boy is a stark heathen!" cried Isidro. "A priest is for marrying and christening and burying. He doeth on earth the works of our Father Christ."

"My mother had a Christ," said El Zarzo, "silver, on a black cross. In the sickness it is a great comfort."

Isidro had a fine feeling for situations; he tuned himself to the boy's key. Their

talk was all of the wood and its ways, trapper's and shepherd's talk, suited to their present shift. For food the boy had brought jerke of venison, barley cakes, and dried figs. They took their nooning under an oak with great content.

El Zarzo pushed the sheep shrewdly; their way lay by high windy slopes, by shallow cañons under a sky of leaves. They worked up water courses reeking sweet with buckeye bloom; they forded streams swollen with the rain. So evening brought them to the place called Pasteria, — a long valley running north and south between broken ridges full of lairs. Spare branched pines spiked the upper rim of it; oaks stood up here and there; along the shallow groove that sometimes held a stream, a fringe of birches. The sheep passed down the shore of the valley, and the purple glow of evening lapped them like a tide; burrowing owls began to call; night hawks set their dusky barred wings above the scrub. Far across the pastures a rosy flame blossomed out against the dark, and settled to a glow. It was the camp-fire of Mariana's men.

"They come this way," said the boy. "Rest here, and by the third hour after sunrise they will come up with us." They lit a fire of sticks, and had a meal. Pasteria flooded with soft dusk, and the rim of it melted into the sky. Noé and Reina Maria kept their accustomed round.

"Señor," said the boy as he lay in his bright serape by the dying fire, "do you like it, being a priest?"

"It is a great honor, and greatly to the soul's salvation to serve God and Holy Church."

"But do you like it?"

"Yes," said Escobar, forced to deal simply in the face of such simplicity. As well put on airs with Noé or Reina Maria.

"Do women become priests ever?"

"Sacramento! Women! It is a man's work, being a priest, though there are many holy women who serve God and the saints in convents. Santa Barbara was such a one, and Santa Clara."

"What do they do?"

"They say prayers and do penance; also they do the work of the convent, and visit the sick."

"Is that all? Do they never go out?"

"There may be other matters requiring their attention, but I do not recall them. For the most part they pray."

"Do they never marry?"

"Santisima! They are the brides of the Church."

"Nor have children?"

"Never!"

El Zarzo brooded over these things for a space, and Isidro settled himself for sleep.

"It is stupid, I think," said the boy, "to get married."

"Ah, no doubt you will come to think differently."

"You are not for marrying?"

"I am to be a priest." Isidro said his prayers and crossed himself; El Zarzo did the same; it appeared he was a Christian, though somewhat lacking in instruction. The deep velvet void closed over them, blurred with stars; the coyotes were beginning their choruses.

Shepherds are a simple folk, slow of wit, little wondering, accustomed to mysteries. They have an affinity for sheep. Those who had the care of Mariana's flock came up with Isidro and the lad about mid-morning. It is doubtful if Nicolas and Ramon understood their part in the affair, but they made no objection. Here were sheep of Mariana's lacking a shepherd, and shepherds of Mariana's hiring. They met and mingled as of duty bound. Further than that the matter furnished them material for days' thought and night talks by many a coyote-scaring fire. The adventure of Noé and Reina Maria passed into the Iliad of the hills. By the week's end Nicolas and Ramon, who had traversed the length and breadth of the affair, concluded that they should go and look for Mariana.

Isidro and El Zarzo, once they had done with them, struck across the valley for the outposts of the Santa Lucia. On leaving Las Plumas it had been the pur-

pose of Escobar to drop into the public road at the Mission San Antonio de Padua de Los Robles. From there he could reach San Carlos in a day's riding. This business of Noé and Reina Maria had set all his plans awry. He was now out of his own riding and all at sea. El Zarzo, who knew the land like an Indian, led him a sharp pace. They rode hard, made a hunter's camp that night, and slept the clock around on stacked dried grass.

From that the directions for the way were plain enough; keep to the trail as long as it ran west, where it broke and wavered in stony ground cut straight over the hill crest. It did not matter greatly how; take the easiest going and keep a certain bulk of blue hill always to the left. So you came to a valley with a river; the ford was by the road house; the rest was open highway. Isidro rose early, slipped a silver piece under the shepherd lad's serape, and gave him a friendly pat. The boy breathed lightly in sleep.

The way was long, and Escobar struck out with a light heart. Lilac and laurel bloom brushed his saddle-bow and at times engulfed him. The Santa Lucia rose up, blue and wooded slopes; seaward on those high and lonely altars bloomed the tall spike of yucca, called the Candles of our Lord. He pricked forward singing. The wood was very still. It came upon him once or twice that something moved behind him in the trail. Twigs snapped; a stone rolled clattering to some leafy deep. His horse grew restless, cocked an ear back upon the path. It might be deer or bear. Too noisy for one Isidro judged, too still for the other. His horse whinnied and halted. Wild horses, no doubt, or an Indian riding at random in the scrub. He had come to the end of his trail and was forced to pick his way. Once in the pauses of this business he heard the clank of bridle bit, but nothing came up with him. By this he became sure he was followed. Little hints of sound, a pricking between his shoulders, the unease of his horse, kept him on the alert. Covering the rise of the hill, he looked back to see the scrub moving where a horse, led by his rider, came after him. His own horse saw and whinnied; the led horse answered. Then began a conversation between those two; it seemed of friendly import, but conveyed no information to the rider. Isidro cleared an open space at a gallop, backed under a hanging rock, and waited.

It was by this time noon, hot and dim; a bank of white cloud hung low in the west above the sea; purple haze lay like a web along the scrub. No birds broke silence but the telltale jays. Isidro could hear the horse slowly breaking his way up the steep. Since the rider had dismounted Isidro could make nothing of him until he came full into the cleared space before him. It was El Zarzo. He must have expected to come up with Isidro hereabout, for he gave neither start nor sign when the other hailed him. Said he, —

"How goes the trail, señor?"

"My faith, lad, you gave me a turn. Where go you?"

"I, señor? I go to the Presidio of Monterey in your company." The lad was imperturbably impudent.

"Caramba! I cannot take you; it is ridiculous! What will the old man say?"

"That you are very discourteous, since I have guided you so far, and you refuse me the same."

"Eh, it can prick, this Briar," said Isidro. "Did he bid you follow me?"

El Zarzo looked calmly out across the lilac bloom. "It grows late," he said.

Isidro became grave.

"Think, lad, there is no friend there to do you a kindness. As for me, I know not how I shall fare where I go, nor how long remain."

"There have been few to do me kindness that I should look for it."

"Your father" —

"He is not my father."

"I refuse to take you."

"The trail is free, señor." The lad breathed deeply and his face was troubled, but he was not to be shaken.

"Peste!" cried Isidro. He wheeled his horse about, and made off at a keen pace; his mount was of good blood, and proved the mettle of his pasture, but the hill pony had the lighter load. He was never a full cry behind. On a stony slope, Isidro, doubling on his trail, came once face to face with him.

"Boy, boy!" he cried, "do you know what you do?"

"I go to Monterey, señor."

Isidro unbent suddenly with laughter.

"So;" he said, "we will go better in company." They struck into the valley presently, and jogged on comfortably side by side.

VII

THE ROAD TO CARMELO

The riders were now upon the main ridge of the coastwise hills; from this vantage they saw the land slope, by terraces unevenly wooded, to the floor of the valley where the Salinas ran. Here was a sag in the ridge that gave easy passage. North and south the range showed brokenly; west, the valley rolled up into blunt rounded hills; beyond them lay the sea. They watched the shift and play of light above it all day long. Between the trees on the slope the scrub was thick and close; all the gullies were choked with the waste of years. There were deer here, but no antelope; even at this distance they could make out a number of bears feeding on mast under the wide oaks. The riders steered by the road house that made a white speck by the river; an hour later they heard the singing of the ford.

They had shrewd shift crossing, for the river ran full and swift; the horses had to swim for it. The Escobar finery was hardly so fine by now. They slept early at the road house, where the lad passed for a servant, and lay at Isidro's feet; dawn end saw them riding forward in a weeping fog, saddle weary, but very good company. Isidro turned questioner in his turn; the lad told him freely of himself and his way of life. That was not much; he stuck to it that his mother was an Indian, a Cahuiallas; Peter Lebecque no kin of his, — "my mother's man," he said. Their life was all of the hills, hunting and trapping, following the shifting of wild creatures for their food and housing. They had never gone into the settlements; it seemed there was some obscure reason for this. Isidro made a shrewd guess that the woman might have been enticed away from one of the Missions, and was wary of a forced return. The lad had seen only Indians, vaqueros, and some such wayfarer as Escobar. It had been a rough life, but he showed no roughness; he had been servilely bred, but used no servility.

Of his errand at the Presidio of Monterey, if errand he had, he would say nothing. He showed Isidro a package of coin, curious concerning the value and use of it, avowing that he had it from Peter Lebecque; upon which the young man made sure the trapper had sent him, but he gave over trying to probe that affair.

"Keep your own secret, lad," he said good-humoredly. "But you are young to be seeking your fortune in this fashion. Where will you go in Monterey?"

"Ah, with you, señor," breathed the lad, with something quick and wistful in his eyes. Isidro laughed. Priest or no priest, he had a good deal of the zest of life in him; the sense of companionship quickened it. If the lad took kindly to him it was no more than the kindness he showed to the lad. By Our Lady, they would see something of the world, even out of a cassock. Their blood sang to a pretty tune; they rode forward merrily. By noon they saw below them the chimes in the east tower of Carmelo. They saw the sea, and that being new to them, stayed rein to snuff the wind of it like a strong wine of excitement. Riding into the mission grounds Isidro grew grave.

"Look now," he said, "here is the end of my going at my own will. I shall find the Padre Presidente here or at Monterey

and give myself into his hands. Whatever I am able to do for you that will I do, but you must be obedient in all things; so you will win the Padre's good will, and in any private concern I will bespeak you fairly. More I cannot promise. Here let us rest."

By a brook under an oak Isidro braided his hair and set his dress in order. They fell in with a band of neophytes going to dinner from a meadow where they had been marking calves. The Indians had stripped to the work, but they had each a shirt which they put on as they went. They wore little else, — a loin cloth and a strip of kerchief about the brows. Some of them had protected their legs with strips of hide wound about and about.

A great body of white cloud brooded over the land; the shadow of it dappled the hills. A wind came up from the sea and brought the breath of orchard bloom. The neophytes fell into lines two and two; another band came in from the fields and streamed alongside them. They raised a crooning chant, timing their feet as they went. The bell cried noon from the tower.

The Father President came out of the church, and Isidro knelt to receive his blessing. At the meal which followed he was made acquainted with the resident Padres, — Pablo Gomez and Ignacio Salazar, — and with Fray Demetrio.

It was a very comfortable meal: soup with force-meat balls, chicken, beef dressed with peppers, a dish of spiced pumpkin, another of fried beans, fine flour cakes, and light sour wine of the Mission's own making. An Indian servitor stood at the Father President's back; the napery was white and fine. Isidro gave the news of Las Plumas, the progress of his father's malady, the tale of the flocks, the growth of the vine cuttings Father Saavedra had sent the year before; but of his journey, of the incident of the Indian under the oak, of Noé and Reina Maria he said nothing; these were matters too small for the Father President's ear. Neither did Saavedra say anything of his schemes, nor what he would advise for the young man; the time was not ripe.

They walked out afterward in the pleasant air. The neophytes were getting back to their work, children lay asleep, and women sat spinning and weaving in the sun. The Mission San Carlos Borromeo stands on an elevation, its buildings inclosing an imposing square. On the north side the church, which was built in a single aisle, reared its two towers, brooding above the first foundation of Junip'ero Serra, el Capella de los Dolores. Adjoining the church were the cloisters of the priests, opening into the long dining-room; beyond that the kitchen. The store-rooms, shops, smithy, the quarters of the major-domo, and the huts of the neophytes made up the four sides of the quadrangle, in the midst of which stood the whipping-post and stocks. All the walls were of adobe, whitewashed, shining in the sun; all the roofs of tile, brick red; all the floors, except that of the church, of stamped earth, swept daily. Two bells hung in the west tower, three in the east, reached by an outside stair. One was rung for meals, for rising, for beginning and quitting work. For the offices of Holy Church they rang the chimes. So Padre Vicente explained to young Escobar.

Very pleasantly, very much at ease in the golden afternoon, they went from storehouse to smithy, from chapel to orchard. They saw the rows of huts of the married neophytes, orderly and four square like a village street; saw the carved Christ above the high altar flanked by the patron of the Mission, and San Antonio with the Child. They said a prayer by the bones of Serra, and bowed before the Stations of the Cross. Then they went out into the quadrangle to see a man flogged for stealing a hen.

The fellow had fifteen lashes, and bore them stolidly, putting on his shirt again with the greatest good-humor; doubtless he thought the dinner worth it. Isidro looked out to sea; he felt a little queasily at the sound of blows, and so missed the

point of the Padre's observation on the Church's duty of rendering spiritual relief according to the fault. At Las Plumas they had Indian servants who did about as pleased them, except when the old Don was in a passion, and threw things at them. If the women misbehaved, their husbands dealt with them in a homely fashion, but they never called it spiritual relief. Isidro had a moment of doubting if he should really make a good priest.

He walked after that for a space with Saavedra in the mission garden, where young fruit was setting on the trees, and the vines blossoming. The Padre showed him some experiments in horticulture newly under way, — grafting of delicate fruits on wild stock. They flourished hardily. "So," said the Father President, "is the vine of Christian grace engrafted on this root of savagery, fruitful unto salvation."

Isidro was not thinking of souls just then. He was suddenly smit with a sense of the material competency of the Brotherhood of St. Francis. He remembered his life in old Mexico with his mother, where all his thoughts of the priesthood had gathered about the cathedral and the altar services. Now it occurred to him that to be a good priest in this new land one must first be a better man. It was not by blinking the works that men do that the Padres had established themselves among the heathen, but by doing them; making themselves masons, builders, artists, horticulturists; dealing with sheep-scab, weeds, alkaline soil, and evil beasts. It appeared that God was also served by these things. This prompted him to put some question to the Father President concerning the disposition of himself. Saavedra responded with an invitation to Isidro to make with him the round of the Missions of Alta California, which progress should begin within a fortnight. The proposal fell in with the young man's mood of adventure. The Father President and Escobar began to be well pleased with each other.

Returned to the mission buildings the Padre found work cut out for him; a poor soul wanting the mercy of the Church. Padre Salazar was at a bedside in Monterey, Padre Gomez in the meadow of oaks overseeing the counting of calves; the Father President himself went into the confessional. Outside they heard the evening bustle of the Mission as of a very considerable town, — children crying, dogs barking, and the laughter of young girls. Men gathered in from the farthest fields; the smell of cooking rose and mixed with the smell of the orchard and the sea. It was the hour for evening service, and an altar ministrant crept up to snuff the tall candles that burned before San Antonio with the Child. The ringers in the belfry shook the chimes; a veil of fog came up and hid the sea.

The poor soul at the confessional rocked sidewise uneasily upon his knees; not much account to look at, a shepherd by his dress, young, low-browed, dark, with dirty, fidging fingers, a fresh cut upon his face running into the unshaven jaw. Most plainly of all he was in the grip of grief or terror too large for his shallow holding, that marred his smartness as the bubbling of pitch fouls the pot. The penitent's tale ran on, mumbled, eager, with many a missed word painstakingly recovered: "I accuse myself of the sin of envy — of drunkenness, of neglect of holy ordinances" — various sins of omission and commission. All this was merely perfunctory; counter to it ran the deep mutter of the priest, "What more, my son, what more?" At last it was all out, — envy and drunkenness and hate, ending in a slain man lying out on a pleasant heath with his mouth to the earth and blue flies drinking his blood.

All judgments are mixed. Padre Saavedra might have bidden the man surrender to the civil authorities, but he thought perhaps the civil authorities claimed too much, and there are better uses to put a man to than execution. Besides, here was a reasonable doubt as to the degree of criminality; both men were drunken, one of them had suffered griev-

ance, — without conscious fraud Ruiz had put that forward, — and no knowing whose had been the first provocation. Whatever Mariana's share in it, and the confessor judged it must have been considerable, he was now gone out of the Padre's jurisdiction. Perhaps he had known the Portuguese without finding in the knowledge any warrant for holding him blameless. Was it fair, then, that the other should bear the brunt of punishment?

"Is there any circumstance known to you," he had asked Ruiz, "by which it is possible that any other should come to suffer for the evil you have done?"

"None, none," protested the poor herder.

"But should any arise" —

"Ah, Padre, Padre," interrupted the penitent, "I am a poor man, and of but small account. Give me ease for my conscience, and if it should come to pass that any be falsely accused or suffer because of me, I am in your hands. Do you but come after me, Padre, and I shall make all things plain."

Ruiz had not much imagination. This was a safe promise he thought, for once freed of blood-guiltiness he could not conceive how it should come up to trouble him again.

There was an art once of making cups so that if but clearest water was poured in them it became medicated, turgid, or hurtful, with the properties of the vessel; so, often, the saintliest soul takes a color from its human holding. Did the Padre, flinching a little at the abasement of his divinely derived authority before the encroachments of the state, and leaning always toward mercy for the sake of this simple people from whom he might yet be torn, appease himself with the secret exercise of priestly powers? At any rate, he made the shepherd an obligation of prayers and alms, masses said for the murdered man, no more drunkenness. This was hard, and, moreover, he should go back and bury the dead decently out of sight. This was harder, but here was no family to compensate, no restitution of stolen goods to make. What else? Then he made inquiry where the place of the unblest grave might be found, for he had it in mind to pass by it in his itinerary and do what lay within his holy office for the sake of the murdered man. And having concluded these things he gave Ruiz release.

"Go in peace, my son, and may the God of Peace go with thee. *Absolvo te.*" The penitent crept out into the dark with a mingled expression of cunning and relief.

Indians gathered in to the evening service; the candles glowed on the high altar. Isidro went in with the others. He had not attended service in a church since he had been a child in old Mexico; the recollection came back dimly, and with it a memory of his mother. He remembered why he was here and what it purported. The smell of incense and candle smoke, the rising and falling of the bent worshipers as they followed the ritual, the mellow droning voices lifted his soul above the sense of time and things. He saw the saints in Paradise and souls in Purgatory; sweat broke out upon him; a great panting shook his heart; he was taken with the hunger of souls. There was no doubt about it that Isidro would make an excellent priest. Toward the end of the service, a little wearied of his own fervor and the hardness of the floor, his eyes strayed to the lad Zarzo, who watched him from his station under the choir. He met two great eyes of burning and amazement, a hint of wonder, and along with it something of the dumb brute's envy of the man. A wave of kindness overtook the young man. It occurred to him that although the lad was plainly a Christian there remained much that might be done for his soul's good.

VIII

MASCADO

Isidro judged himself done with the business of Juan Ruiz and his sheep, but,

in fact, he was not yet to see the end. The night that Escobar supped with the Father President at San Carlos, Peter Lebecque had also a guest. He came at dusk, lighting down from his horse, — a newly caught wild bronco of the hills in a rawhide halter. He came as one accustomed to that hostel, and gave no greeting. The old trapper silently made additions to his evening meal; the dogs came one by one and put their noses to the newcomer in recognition. He was, no doubt, an Indian, but owning a lighter strain, a skin less swart, a mould less stocky, a hint of hotter, swifter thought. Except for the loin cloth he was naked; his blanket, folded, served him for a saddle; around his neck in a deerskin sheath hung a knife; around his brows the inevitable bright bandeau of woven stuff, the knotted ends, fringed with abalone shell, hung down and mingled with his hair. His breast was black with bruises and scars of half-healed cuts.

"Where from, Mascado?" said Lebecque.

"Los Tulares; the elk shift their feeding-ground from the lake to the river; the young are dropped early this year." So he gave the news of the road, — three hundred calves branded at Las Plumas, Red Baptiste slain by a bear, a feud between the Obehebes and Chio's following. Lebecque answered with the tale of his traps and pelts. All this was made talk, while the renegade's eyes kept a-roving, up the swale, along the creek, in the alleys of shade under the grapevines; his ears appeared to prick a little like a dog's at noises. Lebecque leered at his cooking pots with his back to his guest, his mouth screwed in a fit of obscene mirth.

"Eat," he said at last, when all was done; but no talk interfered with that business. After food, drink. Lebecque fished up a bottle from some crypt under the vines; with drink, talking.

"Eh, Mascado, wine is good!" cried the trapper; "drink, Mascado, drink deep. Another cup?" The old rascal's tongue had got wagging at last. "Drink, Mascado; El Zarzo will not come. You are looking for him? You have something to say to him? Well, you will have to say it to me, Mascado; it will be long before you see him again. Drink, Mascado."

The Indian took another cup to beat down the embarrassment that threatened to rise and flood him.

"Where is she?" he said.

"Where? How should I know? Who keeps the trail of a flown bird? Ah, Mascado, you are too late; the Briar has bloomed in your absence, and another man has plucked the rose."

The Indian's lids narrowed.

"Speak straight, Lebecque."

The old trapper began to sigh and wag his head prodigiously.

"Ah, the women, Mascado; they are all of a piece; you think you have known them all your life, you think you have them; comes a fine sprig of a caballero and gives them the tail of his eye, off they go."

The Indian struck the table with his hand until the bottle jumped.

"Where is she?" he said again.

"Where? At Monterey, I think. It is a very pleasant town I have heard, a gay town. Eh, Mascado? If you should go there, Mascado, you could tell me how my Briar blooms in the sea air." He leaned his arms on the table and shook with chuckling. The Indian was a renegade from the Mission San Carlos; if he so much as put his nose in that direction he smelt the whipping-post.

"Have you let her go, Lebecque, have you let her go?"

"Ah, what is an old fellow like me to a fine young gentleman in velvet? Velvet smallclothes, Mascado, with silver trimmings. You see, Mascado, I am old; my face is not good to me; I have no fine garments, no silver, no lace, no manners. Ah, ah, what could I do?" The old villain's allusions were pointed each with a leer; his shoulders shook. "Why now, Mascado, you take it hard. My word, you are quite excited over it. So am I; see

how my hand shakes." (So it did with indecent mirth.) "Take a drink, Mascado; it will do you good."

Said Mascado, "When?"

"Ah, a matter of two or three days ago, quite three days ago. They will be in Monterey by now. More wine, Mascado? Wine is good against grief, and you are plainly grieved, Mascado. So am I."

There was something keen in the old man's feeling of the situation, something earnest in the dry sobs of laughter, something hidden that stung, something open that was meant to soothe; the Indian sat fuming, but uncertain.

"I have watched, Mascado; the old man has eyes. I have seen the thought grow in you; you would have set my Briar to grow in your own door, Mascado, and now she has gone. He was a very fine gentleman, a very good family, and rich, Mascado, very rich."

The Indian sprang to his feet. "A fine gentleman, say you? Was he smooth and young? Had he an eye like a bird's? Had he a bay horse with one white fore foot and a long scar on his belly? Ah, ah!" The man twisted and shook like an eel in a spit; his eyes stood out; his words choked him. He shook his knife; he was plainly in a great fume, and something warred with his rage to beat it down.

"A fine gentleman, ha! All in black with silver, and a way with him that said, 'You are the dust under my feet, therefore expect no harm of me.' Ah, I know him."

Lebecque pricked up his ears.

"If you know him I doubt you know nothing good." Again the Indian shook like a candle in a gust. "And if you know him, Mascado, you can perhaps tell me how he came by the flock and the dogs of Juan Ruiz."

"This day week," said Mascado, "Juan Ruiz fed the flock at the Mesa Buena Vista; he had with him Noé and Reina Maria. I have not seen him since." It was plain he had no notion how this should concern him.

"Three days ago," said Lebecque, "this caballero came to my house, here at the Grapevine, at sundown. He rode a bay horse with a white fore foot; I did not notice the scar. He was driving the flock of Mariana the Portuguese. I knew the brand, and by the dogs that were with him I knew the flock for that one kept by Juan Ruiz. The dogs were plainly fagged; Noé had the marks of teeth on him."

"Said he anything for himself?"

"Why, that he had found them at the head of Oak Creek by the ford, and no sign of the shepherd. A likely tale think you, Mascado? For look now, the flock had not been frightened, — that was plain, — nor diminished since I saw it, and that in a land where the coyotes are like cattle for numbers, and the bears carry off the sheep from under the shepherd's eyes. And look you again, — this young man washed before meat, and there was blood on his hands and on his ruffles. I saw it; blood, Mascado."

The half-breed's lips curled backward from his teeth, his breath came whistling.

"Which way came he?"

"By Deer Spring, where we killed the big buck. He came on Zarzito suddenly in mid-afternoon, and professed not to know whose sheep he had."

"Which way went he?"

"Toward Pasteria, to bring the flock to Mariana's men. Maybe; maybe not. What should an Escobar care for a stray flock? Foul work, Mascado."

"Ay, foul." The mestizo ran over with curses that made the flesh creep. Lebecque pushed over the bottle.

"Cursing is dry work," he said; "what would you do?"

"That!" Mascado whipped his knife into the table until the tempered blade rapped the handle on the boards.

"They are not your sheep, Mascado, nor your shepherd."

"There is Zarzito," said the Indian.

Lebecque sniggered. "Neither is that yours, oh, my friend."

For all answer Mascado struck his blade into the table again.

"Ah, put up your knife; he has pistols,

big and silver-handled; he is a fine gentleman, I tell you."

"Fine gentlemen have throats."

"Put up your knife, I say. He is in Monterey; the rose is plucked. Drink, Mascado."

The night wore, the fire dropped flickering on the hearth, the candle guttered; Lebecque drained the bottle, drained himself dry of rascally wit, and stumbled off to drunken slumber. The Indian sat at the table ever of two minds, blown hot and cold. He sheathed his blade and unsheathed it; his muscles flexed and heaved; rage shuddered in him, and went out. The dying fire touched the high glistening curves of his body, and made moving shadows on his face. The fire snapped and went out. Dark lapped up about him; the little candle made an island of light for his face to shine in; it lit his high cheek bones, glimmered on the shell fringes of his kerchief, on the whetted blade. The candle guttered and went out.

Waking late, Lebecque found himself alone. "Eh, eh," he grunted, "let him go. It will not be to Monterey, I warrant. The good Padres have a rod in pickle. The swine! He would have the Briar to bloom by his wickiup, would he? The wild hawk would mate with the dove. And he thought Lebecque would give him his blessing? Eh, let him go; I have served him well." So he grumbled over his morning meal.

Mascado had not gone to Monterey. He had done what would serve his purpose better for that turn. He went about to pick up the trail of Isidro and the sheep. The rain that had fallen between times made it slow going, but he knew in the main where the trail should be. In the course of the morning he came to the ford of Oak Creek. Here the storm had fringed out to a passing shower that had scarcely penetrated the thick roof of leaves. He found the bones of the sheep that Isidro had killed, and the remains of the fire. From there the trail was sufficiently plain. He noted the vagueness and indecision of the sheep, the absence of night fires; saw the broken flower tops and the bent grass where Noé and Reina Maria had settled their duty to the flock. But one thing he missed,—that was the trail of Juan Ruiz, for it lay in thick grass, and was a week old. He knew where the flock should have been, and judging from his encounter with Escobar under the oaks, knew where he should have passed it. He pressed on after the trail of the sheep. This brought him in time to the Mesa Buena Vista, and the body of Mariana.

One must believe here that the mestizo's rage had put him at fault, since the truth, if he had known it, would have served his purpose quite as well. He knew Juan Ruiz very little, and Mariana not at all. The body had lain out a week of warm wet weather, and, besides, the coyotes had been at it. He made out a knife wound or two, and the evidences of a struggle. Some prompting of humanity or superstition, a remnant of his mission training, led him to gouge out a shallow grave with a knife and a stick. When he had pressed the earth upon it he started forthwith for the Presidio of Monterey. He reached there the third day, looked about, failed to find what he sought. Then he went to San Carlos.

Once a neophyte always a neophyte, was the rule of the Padres. It had been two years since Mascado had left the Mission without leave, and for the second time. The corporal of the guard had brought him back the first time. Mascado and the whipping-post kept a remembrance between them of that return. But now he chose his time. It was Sunday, at the hour of morning service. There was no one left outside the church. Mascado went and stood in the nave with unbent and unrepentant head; he stood still and heard the blessed mutter of the mass for the space of a Pater Noster. By that time he had seen all that he wished; but he had also been seen and recognized by Padre Pablo, by half-a-dozen neophytes, and by the servant of Isidro Escobar.

IX

IN WHICH NOTHING IN PARTICULAR HAPPENS

The time neared when the Father President should begin his annual progress through the Missions of Alta California; the rainy season drew to a close; the planted fields were flourishing, the cattle fat. Upon this journey he was to discover to Escobar the true glory of the Franciscan foundations, to send him off to Mexico primed with ghostly enthusiasm for the work which God in His wisdom permitted to be threatened by the temporal powers. But before that there were some lesser matters.

There was this affair of the Commandante's, concerning which he must be better informed. Castro would be sending for him at all hours to consult upon some new conjecture which he had formed. There was, also, the affair of the renegade Mascado, who had been recognized at church the Sunday before. Such contumacy, such slighting of authority, must indubitably provoke a spirit of irreverence in the neophytes if not promptly brought to punishment. They should have Mascado back and flogged within a week, even though Saavedra must ask for a detail from the Presidio to fetch him. To be frank, the forcible detention of neophytes by the Padres met with scant countenance from the civil authorities, and at this time less than ever. The Father President felt he could ill afford to strain the relations between himself and the state, still less to let the offense of Mascado go unnoticed.

In the end he got a corporal and two men to go with the privates attached to the Mission; the Commandante's own need of help made him kindly disposed. The expedition was dispatched to the south since Mascado was reported to have been seen in that direction. For that reason they should have gone in almost any other. At the moment of the soldiers' departing Mascado lay within sound of the sea, in cover of a spaley oak wedged in a pit of dunes, known and comforted by several of the neophytes.

Isidro had a private matter which could be best attended to at this time. Out of the bowels of great mercy, and for the greater ease of souls, His Holiness Pope Pius VII had endowed the Church of the Holy Cross at Santa Cruz with this exceeding grace,— that every mass said there for the space of one hundred years would loose the soul in whose interest it was said from the pains of Purgatory. Isidro was to assist at masses there for his mother's sake, and if so be she did not need them they were to go to the credit of Don Antonio, who had doubtless the longer account. To Santa Cruz, therefore, went Escobar, and with him went the lad Zarzito, who would answer to no Christian name, to the great scandal of Padres Gomez and Salazar. He had attached himself to Escobar in the character of a privileged dependent, and as such, largely for his soul's sake, had won the promise of accompanying him on the pilgrimage. The two had become great friends by now. What a youth needs to smack the full savor of new times and adventures is the company of another youth. It had been seven years since Isidro had seen a larger town than Monterey, and Zarzito never at all. There was not enough difference of schooling between them to render one unsuited to the other's mind, just enough difference of caste to leave no question who should lead.

It was very pleasant weather to take the road in; the way led between the burnt splendor of the poppies and the freshness of the sea, — and made one day's riding from Monterey. The last mass celebrated at the Church of the Holy Cross, so the Padre had told them, had been said for the soul of a murdered man. Isidro heard the masses very devoutly, and in the interim watched the slaughter of a thousand cattle, the hides and tallow of which had been bargained for by a Yankee trading schooner lying

off-shore. It was Monday when they set out, and Friday found them back at Carmelo. Still the Father President lingered over his preparations, waiting for tardy instructions from his college, fencing with the civil powers over small matters of privilege. Isidro found time to look about him, and put in motion the work of kindness which he purposed toward Peter Lebecque's wild lad.

He had had occasion to begin it on the first night of their stay at the Mission. The retiring bell had rung, and of the night bustle remained only the shuffle of feet across the quadrangle. Isidro lingered in the corridor in late courtesy with the Father President, watching the neophytes to their quarters. It was a general rule of all Missions that the unmarried men and unmarried women should sleep each in separate buildings — *monoferos* — provided for that purpose, to which only an upper servant had the key. Doubtless the good Padres had reason. The married people slept in their huts and the young children with them. On this evening, about the time when there should have been a cessation of all noises, there came a sound of struggle and protestation. It edged across the patio from the direction of the *monofero*, and involved the voices of Padre Pablo, Fray Demetrio, and the Briar. Fages had the latter by the collar, but the lad contrived to keep an arm's length between them.

"O abandoned! O apostate! Despiser of holy persons," began the secretary, pushing the lad before him. Isidro cut him short. It seemed that the slight figure of the boy swayed a little in the direction of Escobar, as they came up, but the eyes were turned away. There was a kind of appeal that touched the young man in the very abnegation of all claim. Saavedra got the gist of the matter in a question or two. The boy had objected to being locked up for the night with the rest of the youths, and had registered his objections on the person of Fray Demetrio.

"Let him lie at my door," said Escobar, "he is a good lad."

"Who is he?" asked Saavedra.

"I had him from Peter Lebecque in the Cañada de las Uvas. His mother was a Cahuiallas, so he says. He is not of the Missions."

"Is he a Christian?"

"That I'll warrant he is not," cried Fages, thinking of his bruises. But the boy protested; his mother had always said— "And, besides, there was a token." He wrenched himself free of the secretary, and fumbling at his neck, drew out something on a cord, which he held toward them in a manner indicating that he would not have it touched. Padre Vicente came forward to peer at it in the candle flare; at sight of it he crossed himself devoutly; so did the others.

"A most holy token," said the Father President. "How came you by it?"

"My mother said it was a token of my baptism."

"The medal of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows," said Saavedra. "I doubt there is another such in Alta California. Let him go with Señor Escobar; after all, he is but a lad, and, without doubt, a Christian, though somewhat ill instructed." It occurred to Isidro that he could not begin better than by remedying that matter. Zarzo put back his treasure in his bosom; it was plain to see his own respect for it had risen, observing the respect it won from the others. For that night, then, he slept in the corridor at Isidro Escobar's door. For the rest, he settled himself very well. It seemed he had come to an excellent understanding with a motherly soul among the Indian women, who had none of her own kin, and had quartered himself in her house.

"A most commendable woman," Padre Ignacio told Escobar; "one who has known great sorrows, and digested them to her soul's good. Ordinarily we do not expect the treasures of spiritual experience from these poor children of the wilderness, but Marta is something more than ordinary. Her father, in fact, was captain of the tribe, — a man of great influence in Serra's time, — and Marta has

the gift of testimony. I myself have been often lifted up to hear her descant upon the mercies of God. She has a son, born out of wedlock, though I cannot think it due to her fault, but a most rebellious youth. Twice has he left the Mission without leave, to consort with the Children of Darkness; it is, in fact, he whom the Father President has dispatched the guard to seek. I doubt they find him, but Marta is a submissive soul. Mary grant that this lad prove a comfort to her."

He was a comfort, at least, to Isidro, who practiced upon him all the priestly airs which most people found to become him vastly. He also undertook the lad's instruction in the foundations of Christian faith and the lives of the saints, much of which he had gathered directly from books of Saavedra's. The lad heard him with that sidelong look of the eye which questions the tale but not the faith of the teller; but when they touched upon the visible workings of the Church they came to lively issue. Saavedra never entered upon any justification of the Missions; said, "Behold!" and considered the argument concluded. It was a manner not without weight upon the generality; so many Indians clothed, housed, and fed; such prodigious labors; so many baptized, instructed, ripe for the garners of Paradise. Isidro was disposed to give the fact its due. Said Zarzito:—

"But why do they lock them up? Is God glorified because there is a roof between me and the sky? To the citizens of Monterey they do not so, and there is much goes on there that is not of the Church. And what have they got by serving God? Food in their bellies? Even so. I have seen wild Indians in the mountains. In the hills there is not always food enough, but often there is more and the pleasure of feasting. And look you, señor, here is a whipping-post, so if a man works not he is flogged; but in the forest if a man works not he goes empty, and that is the greater pain. They serve God, say you, for their souls' salvation. But my mother served God in the hills, and the priest who came after she died,— we would have had him before but the sickness was too quick,— the priest said she had of a surety seen salvation. And again, what is this talk that the Missions will be taken away from the Padres? If that be so you will see what you will see; for now they are as the water of streams which are dammed, quiet as a pond, but when the dam is taken away they go roaring all abroad. One I have seen, Mascado, bred in this place, him whom the Padres hunt; fifteen years he lived in this place, and is now in the hills more wild and cunning than any other. So will all these be."

It seemed that Isidro was likely to get other views of the policy of the Franciscans than Saavedra intended.

In Monterey, also, where he met Delgardo, and felt for him that anticipatory thrill by which nature warns men that they are about to be pitted against each other, he heard talk of another sort that set his wits stirring. Here the speech of young men was all of Liberty and the Republic. Liberty in the figure of a female finds easy worship among a people who count a woman chief among the Holy Family, and the new cult bred plots thicker than flies in August. There were clamors against the Governor because he was thought to favor the priestly power, counter clamors that he favored it not at all; people who contended that the removal of the Missions from the cure of the Franciscans would put the community at the mercy of savage hordes; cross contentions that the Padres held their charges in a condition more ignoble than they might achieve for themselves. Copious reasons were not wanting for naming the Padres both saints and sinners, all of which Escobar heard. He had a way with him which made men always anxious to explain themselves, quite sure of his countenance once they had delivered the facts. First and last there was a good deal of light thrown on the situation of the Missions of Alta California; some time later Isidro found that it

stood him in good stead. At this present the only use he made of it was to try the case over again with Zarzito. Isidro was one who, in order to get the pith of any subject, needed to express himself, and for full expression required an audience. The lad's part in it was chiefly to help the young man find out his own thought.

The pair had often much the same sort of companionship together that Isidro had at Las Plumas with his dog. Often, as he sat against the wall smoking in the sun, looking out over the hyacinthine slope when the smell of blossoming wild vines was sweet in the warm abundant spring, the dog would come and lay his head upon his knees, and Isidro would stroke the silky ears and sense the joy of life deliciously, more poignant for the companionable touch. So he got a double portion of zest in his new surroundings, — his own and the boy's; but the Briar was not to be stroked, as became evident. Once, walking on the beach when a calling wind was on the sea and a tearing tide came in, for sheer delight of its wildness Isidro clapped him on the shoulder, and the shoulder slipped from under his hand as the wave under foot.

"No offense, lad," laughed Isidro.

"No offense taken, señor, but I like not to be clapped."

"Now by that token I know you for a true Indian; I am like to forget it else. You are as wary of touching as a wolf."

They trod with joy on the fringe of the incoming waves, and sniffed the wet, bracing wind.

"Oh, to be gone upon it!" cried Isidro. "South and south into Mexico. Shall you not miss me, lad, when I am gone?"

All the boy's spirit rushed into his eyes.

"No," he said.

"What?" cried Escobar.

El Zarzo looked flushed and mutinous.

"No," he said, "for I shall be upon the sea with you there."

"Why, what will you do?" said Escobar.

"What will you do, señor, there in Mexico?"

"I will serve God," said Isidro; and being an honest youth, he added, "I will also see the world."

"I also serve God and see the world," said El Zarzo; but the words were bolder than his eyes, — "serve God and you, señor." He had at times a certain quick and wistful air of depreciation, very engaging.

"Well spoken for an adventurous youth," laughed Isidro, and but for his late warning would have clapped him on the shoulder again.

X

THE ARREST

If Padre Saavedra had been as wise in the ways of sinners as of saints he would never have sent his search party groping so far afield for the renegade neophyte, Mascado, who, having nothing to hope for from the clemency of the Padres, had not exposed himself at San Carlos without reason. The business that led him to brave the whipping-post would hold him in that neighborhood until it should be accomplished. His appearance in any quarter meant mischief; since nothing had happened it was safe to conclude him still within reach, as, in fact, he was, made comfortable by several of the Padre's flock. Neither had Peter Lebecque, who had a hand in that business, anticipated so much hardihood. As much as in him lay, the old trapper wished good to the wild Briar that had grown up beside his door, but his love of provoking led him farther than he knew. Mascado, misled by the old Frenchman's ribaldry, believed that Escobar had done dishonorably what he, as much as he was able, meant to do openly, and with credit, as, indeed, the temper of gallantry at that time gave him warrant for believing. He was ignorant of Isidro's ignorance, and Lebecque thought it a point of humor to

let him remain so. But Lebecque supposed by this time that Zarzito would be under the protection of the Father President, and in such case as to put an end to the Indian's coveting. Also he thought Mascado very much of a coward, and expected no such good joke as that he would really go up to Monterey to find where the truth of the matter lay. The young man's passion, though he sensed the fact of it, seemed to the trapper wholly ridiculous. But Mascado was minded to sift the affair, and this is what he found: first, the body of a slain man lying not far from the path of Escobar; then this fine gentleman with blood specks on his linen, giving himself priestly airs at San Carlos, where Zarzito passed for a servant and slept at his door. Mascado made very sure of these things; he went into the church and saw the great eyes of El Zarzo, wistful and amazed, watching Escobar while he prayed, and wished for no further proof. After that he made his lair in the pitted oak, meditating vengeance. By night he sought food in his own fashion, and by day he sat among the dunes, and whetted his knife and his heart, wishing Isidro injury, but not able to compass it.

Escobar had done him a kindness, you will remember, under an oak in a certain open glade, but he had also done him a wrong. He had killed Juan Ruiz indubitably, and he had stolen Zarzito.

"Eh, he would have a Briar, would he? Well, here was one that would prick;" he stuck his knife furiously into the tree. His rage was great, but his passion overrode it; but still — Zarzito — to have her — to hold, to keep — rifled, despoiled, — but still to have her! Dimly it grew in his mind that when he had become a little less afraid of her, when use had dulled a little the edge of his desire, he might take it out of her, — might repay himself in her pangs for this keen tooth of injury. Perhaps in time he might beat her, but now he knew if she so much as noticed him it sent his wits all abroad. Body of her he would have though Escobar had her soul, — and Escobar had unquestionably saved his life; so he sat and fumed.

Meanwhile, Isidro and Zarzito had been to Santa Cruz and back, Father Saavedra had dispatched his search party on the renegade's trail, — for that purpose Mascado had openly left a trail, — and Don Valentin had come to an understanding with the Commandante. He had gone south by the coasting schooner, Jesus Maria, at Castro's cost, to find Padre Bonaventura, and bring back the heir of the Ramirez; to marry her if she proved marriageable. Delgardo admitted to himself that the condition allowed a good deal of latitude. Finally, the day was set for the departure of the Father President.

About this time, Ramon, shepherd to Mariana the Portuguese, came fumbling up from Pasteria with a great tale for the Alcalde of Monterey. Mascado, threading catlike between the pine boles behind the town, came upon him camped over a tiny winking fire at the end of his day's trudge, and gave him a wayfarer's hail. They two had supped by the same fire before now. Ramon, who was full of his tale, and, barring the gift of speech, more simple than his own dogs, unburdened himself. It was well that he had found stuff to practice his maunderings upon, otherwise the alcalde would have gotten a sorry tangle. Under Mascado's guidance he got it fairly into shape.

It seemed that while he, Ramon, and Nicolas kept Mariana's sheep in the northern end of Pasteria, sometimes called Angustora, a fortnight since, there had come riding a fine caballero, and that thin lad of Lebecque's, him with the married brows and pricking tongue, having in charge the flock and the dogs of Juan Ruiz. And the caballero — yes, an Escobar — so the lad named him — had told a most strange story of finding the sheep of Ruiz, but no Ruiz, at the ford of Oak Creek. The flock was whole, but the dogs looked to have been at each other's throats. The Señor Escobar had passed on toward Monterey. "And af-

ter," said Ramon, "we went with the sheep to look for Ruiz; it was slow going, for the trail was cold." Here Mascado might have helped him, but he chose rather to hear the end. "But this was most strange; Señor Escobar told that he found the flock at Oak Creek, but *we* found Ruiz at the Mesa Buena Vista in a new dug grave. Yes, we uncovered enough to see that it was a man; the coyotes had been at it. And look you, Mascado, whatever was done evilly was done at that place; so thinks Nicolas, so think I; for Noé here," — he touched the dog at his feet, — "Noé, when we came towards that place, when we were no more than at the borders of the Mesa Buena Vista, made so great a howling that the hair of our flesh stood up. And Nicolas thinks, and so think I, that whatever was done there the dogs were witness of it." The man's voice fell off to a whisper; he edged a little away from Noé, making the sign of the cross surreptitiously. "And when we came to the grave, — it was but poorly dug with a knife, as if one had come back hastily with fear upon him to cover it up, — when we came to that place, I say, Noé here left minding the flock, and went whining in his throat, so that we fell a-praying just to hear it. And there is more. When we went about with the flock to bring them towards the place of The Reed, at the edge of the mesa we came upon a track of a horseman riding, such a track as might have been made by the caballero who brought us the sheep at Pasteria; and the dogs, when they had found it, made as if to be pleased. Eh, what make you of that, Mascado?"

Mascado made murder of it, and smacked the word as if it had a fine savor. Still there was more. The shepherds, it appeared, had taken thought to carry their news to Mariana, but when they came by the place of The Reed they found the door of the house open, and rabbits running in and out. Worse, they found the box at the bed's head broken open and not a real left in it, not a real. Mascado shrugged away a suspicion of denial that lingered in the other's voice; — that Mariana had been robbed was very much to his purpose; by whom, not so much.

"To the alcalde!" he cried, shaking with an evil joy; "to the alcalde; the caballero shall swing for it! These will be witnesses, you and Nicolas, Peter Lebecque and I."

"And the boy," said Ramon.

Mascado thought not. "We are four men," he said. "What do we want of the boy?"

The morning of the day that was to see the Father President started on his journey there was high mass at the Mission San Carlos. Within the church was a flare of color like a trumpet burst. Sheaves of poppies, last of the spring splendor, burned under the Stations of the Cross; el Capella de los Dolores glowed like a forge; wisps of incense smoke floated before the high altar like fog across the sun. All San Carlos huddled in the aisle. The candle lights of the high altar glimmered on the bare bronze skin of the worshipers. The eyes of most burned with a sombre fire. Isidro was beginning the practice of his priestly vocation by serving at mass. Saavedra himself officiated, glowing, like the Host, with a fervor of devotion. It passed over the kneeling horde, reached the acolyte and wrapt him as a flame. El Zarzo stood in the bell tower with the ringers, who made the sign of the cross with the ropes as they rang the chimes.

There went a little flicker of curiosity over the congregation toward the middle of the Introit, when the Alcalde of Monterey, with two officers of the constabulary, came well forward into the body of the church and knelt among the neophytes. Isidro felt their presence a check upon his devotion; the Father President made a motion of unease, but it passed; he was too full of his holy office. His voice streamed upward in a ghostly triumph, wavered into tenderness, turned upon the note of fatherliness into the deep

wrack of a purely human concern, rose again through faith, and carried the hearts of his people to the barred door of Heaven itself.

"Lord have mercy on us!"

"Christ have mercy on us!"

The wail of the people beat upon it in an agony of entreatment; almost the door gave back. The naked souls of his cure, accustomed to the self-hypnotism of their own wild immemorial chants, missed no point of the spiritual exaltation. The people bowed, rose, and bowed again at the Elevation of the Host; the chimes rang in the tower. The smoke of incense passed, the murmur of devotion fell off into the rustle of departing, the people came blinking out into the sun, last of all Isidro and Saavedra stripped of their vestments and spent with spiritual passion. The alcalde, lingering by the great oaken doors, came up to them; there was bowing and a display of manners. But the alcalde had a taste for dramatics, the moment was propitious. He waved up his deputies and disposed them on either side of the young man with a gesture.

"Señor Escobar," said he, "I have the exceeding regret to inform you that you are arrested for the murder of Juan Ruiz." He might have managed differently, but, in fact, the alcalde was a little big man and a stickler for the Republic; he suspected the Padre Presidente of an intention to cry down his authority. To come into the Padre's own jurisdiction and carry away his acolyte almost from the steps of the altar was a vindication of the civil right.

The blow was a shrewd one; you could see horror and amazement widening in the faces of the bystanders as a circle widens on the surface of a smitten pool. Isidro was simply puzzled and dumb. Saavedra rallied first. He fetched up a tolerable smile.

"A mistake, Señor Alcalde," he said, "most annoying and yet almost laughable, but wholly a mistake. Juan Ruiz is not dead." And then his smile slipped from him and left his mouth stretched and gray. The pallor reached his eyes, his tongue curled dryly in his open mouth, for he remembered what he knew of Juan Ruiz and how he knew it, and the inviolable seal of the confessional was over it all.

"You will have ample space to prove it, Padre," the alcalde was saying; "I hope it may be so. There is also a charge of robbery."

"Señor Alcalde," said Saavedra, "there is much here that wants explaining." The good Padre must be forgiven for regarding this as a new onset of the temporal powers against the spiritual business of the Brothers of St. Francis. Almost as if they guessed his purpose with Escobar, here was a plot to snatch him away out of the Padre's power. As for the charge, he believed nothing of it; he had confessed Isidro as well as Juan Ruiz, and rejoiced to find him as clean as a maid.

"No doubt the Señor Escobar will be happy to explain upon all proper occasion," said the alcalde. "In the meantime I must ask him to go with these gentlemen."

"By whom is the charge preferred?" asked Saavedra; his wits were all abroad after Juan Ruiz,—how to come at him, how to shoulder the crime upon him and remain within his priestly prerogative.

"By his companions, Nicolas and Ramon, shepherds to Mariana, who have found the body." The alcalde threw out his hands, "Forward, gentlemen." The deputies took Escobar each by an elbow.

"Fear nothing, my son," said Saavedra. "I have that in mind which shall loose all bonds."

"And I," said the alcalde, "have a duty to perform; we will go at once, if you please."

"I go," said the Padre, "to bring that which shall clear you. Go in peace my son, and may the God of Peace go with you."

Isidro said nothing at all. Ten minutes later El Zarzo came out of Marta's hut and dogged them unseen to Monterey.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRINCESS

BY ARTHUR KETCHUM

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this — the Princess said:

Once a year when the land grows green,
And the pulse of the world beats strong once more,
Come to the place of my frozen sleep,
Lift the latch of my silent door.

Carry me forth to the world I loved,
The bright warm world that I left behind;
Give me the glimpse of the sun again,
The open sky and the touch of the wind.

Take me back to the streets I knew,
The noise and the clamor, the gay unrest;
The laughter and cries and the broken songs
Of the old glad life I loved the best.

Let me go brave in a silken pomp
Of purple vesture and gold attire;
Heap roses till I be fair once more,
Make me warm with my jewel's fire.

Let slim brown slave-girls dance before,
And well-skilled flute-players pipe my mirth;
So let me go in the springtime sun
Back to the life of the lovely earth!

When ye come to a place that my women know,
Where the tall palms crowd in the temple square
And a rose vine swings like a pendent flame, —
Let me rest for a moment there!

Be sure that my sightless eyes will see,
And my silent heart with a gladness leap
At the touch and the sound of it all again,
Ere you bring me back to my House of Sleep.

Carry me forth as befits my state,
Slave-girls and flute-players on before:
Just one day in the happy world,
Then turn in peace from my silent door.

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this — the Princess said.

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

BY FRANCES A. KELLOR

[This paper, the first in a series in which competent authorities will deal with the most urgent problems of household service, contains the results of the author's elaborate investigations as Fellow of the College Settlements Association, and as Secretary of the Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Study. — THE EDITORS.]

ACCORDING to various prophets, the "servant problem" is in process of solution; according to skeptics, it is in a hopeless muddle. In some periodicals appear elaborate statements of the employers' attitude and ideas of solution; in others, the employees' experiences and demands, and in still others, the opinions of theorists and students. But no one thinks it worth while to study, at first hand, all sides of the problem, with a view to ascertaining the possible points of adjustment. This is proved by the fact, that the intelligence office — that great medium of exchange to which more than three fifths of the employers look for help, and which holds the balance of power, if not the key to the situation — has been utterly ignored. These offices as they exist today are the places where every phase of the servant problem is presented, and oftentimes threshed out; where hundreds of thousands of employers and employees meet one another for the first time; where conditions of work are discussed and arrangements made. This gives them a special opportunity, as educational centres, and as starting points to remove some of the difficulties. But employers, unconscious of these conditions and possibilities, do not insist upon standards; and the offices, in their greed for gain, and in the face of this ignorance or indifference, pursue a policy which makes improvements from other sources difficult. This policy is a very definite one, and influences the homes in at least three vital ways, — through the supply, competency, and wages of employees.

The intelligence office, as distinguished from the employment bureau, is one which furnishes household help exclusively. Such offices are of great number and variety. New York has more than three hundred, and other cities proportionately; while many more combine domestic with other kinds of employment. They range from well-furnished, adequately equipped houses or suites of rooms in desirable localities, with good business methods and systems, down to a single room in a tenement, which is the kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and office by day, and by night the sleeping quarters, not only of the family, but of any unplaced girls. It is not unusual in such a room to find at night from five to ten people. The office with brownstone front frequently does less business than the saloon or underground offices. The former secures its clients by attractive advertisements, keeps records, gives receipts; the latter have runners with pockets full of cards, who accost girls on the streets, steal their pocketbooks, until they agree to go to the address furnished, and fight with one another over girls they claim to have discovered, until the police interfere to save the girls' clothing. All grades of honesty are found, from the offices which refuse fees, knowing they cannot furnish servants, to those which make no attempts whatever and laugh insolently when the return of fees is demanded.

The intelligence office affects the peace and happiness of homes by the kind of servants which it sends into them; the health and morals of employees, by the locations and conditions in which it compels them to wait; and the character and competency, upon which so much depends, by the training afforded while they

wait. Where good and bad, young and old, green girls and old rounders, uncleanly and disorderly, tidy and neat, and drunk and sober, are crowded together in dark, unsanitary rooms, without supervision, girls learn every form of vice, and all the tricks "old hands" consider essential to "getting on in service." The best offices, aware of these conditions, refuse to let the girls wait, drive out the rounders, and have attendants, or provide reading; but these are few compared with the whole number.

I am the more sure of the truth of the extent and nature of these conditions because of the methods used in my investigation. For two years I have visited as a patron the offices in the chief cities, to the extent of many hundreds, and my observation has been corroborated by visits from one or more of the ten people associated in the study. They have gone as employers and interviewed girls, or they have donned the rough, oftentimes conspicuous garb of the applicant for work, and waited their turn in the office; they have been called by their first names, have answered all sorts of personal questions, have submitted references, and been many times unceremoniously turned down as "green," "incompetent," "too high priced," or "unattractive." I have taken positions to find out the truth of the representations made in the office, and have found that an ironing-board over a bath-tub offered for a bed, the dining-room table "made up as a bed for two," general housework for a family of ten, wages $12 per month, and work from 5.30 to 8.30 A. M. before any breakfast was permitted, were not unusual conditions. But in contrast with this I have had comfortable rooms, a sitting-room, not enough work to furnish proper exercise, and have had employers equal in consideration and fairness with any in the factory or store. But this is not all. As an employee I have been turned out for refusing to pay fees, have been sworn at or cajoled as the occasion seemed to demand, or have been assisted by a sympathetic proprietor, who thought me "playing in hard luck." I am convinced that if these proprietors are oftentimes the worst enemies of the employee, they are also oftentimes her only friends. Did they not offer her shelter, crowded and unsanitary as it often is (for many run lodging-houses), she would be homeless upon the city streets.

The supply of applicants for household service depends upon some things which offices cannot control, such as immigration, conditions in homes, social stigma of household work, and competition of stores and factories, but it is unquestionably true that they do divert some of the available supply. In a large percentage of offices, fortunately not in all, it was found that saloons, places of amusement, questionable houses and resorts were given the preference. Such places not only pay any fee asked, but make gifts, and the honest householder cannot compete with them. It was also found that many such offices were the places where inmates for disorderly houses were secured. Some employees are sent to these houses without a knowledge of their character; others are bribed or forced; and from others consent is won through misrepresentations. Some offices have monthly contracts to furnish a specified number of inmates, and thirty out of fifty offices, marked suspicious and visited, took such orders as a matter of course. The supply of honest workers for homes is thus very materially decreased, for there are never enough girls who are willing to accept these offers, and bribes and force must be used. In other offices, disreputable characters are permitted to loiter, and it is impossible to estimate how many girls who are looking for honest work in households are thus led astray.

Some intelligence offices encourage even the greenest girls to abandon general housework and try for the place of cook, parlormaid, etc., for this increases the fee, which in many offices is based upon the amount of wages paid. This is one explanation of the decreasing number of general housework girls. The offices are also

responsible for some of the restlessness of servants. Girls are placed in positions and removed when they are needed for others. Some use employers as training schools. They send green foreigners who, when they have learned enough English and housework, are sent to other places for higher wages, the office not neglecting to collect the extra fees. Then they inform the long-suffering employer that they understand her girl has left, and that they can supply her need. One girl said that her business was to take positions in large households, and to make all the other employees dissatisfied by tales of privileges and high wages which the office offered. She was paid a liberal commission for each one who came. Another girl said an office had placed her ten times in one year. There are a few offices which are fences. A girl is sent into a home where she remains long enough to collect the small valuables. These she takes to the office, which disposes of them, and then gets her another place. This great influence of offices may also be used for good. One said that in less than three months she had induced one hundred and eight girls to remain in positions they wished to leave for trivial reasons, and had frankly told them she could not get them positions as good or wages as high elsewhere. But of course she lost all the fees from both employers and employees.

There are so many ideas of what competency means that in many instances the offices cannot be held responsible. Two employers in an office stated their requirements thus: "I want just an ordinary waitress." After various questions it was found in one case that she must be "honest, neat, strong, quick, capable, earnest, willing, trained, good-tempered, nice-looking, not impertinent, sober, willing to renounce all attentions from men, religious, and willing to wear a uniform." The second wanted a sanctimonious-looking waitress for a family of ten, who would be willing to quote Scripture if clerical guests were entertained, and who would sit on the back porch Sunday evenings, Bible in hand, and turn her eyes heavenward when the mistress and her devout guests passed by. All other defects would be overlooked. Another employer wanted a maid, no matter how incompetent, who smoked cigarettes, so that she herself would not be suspected. The office only learned this after several girls had been dismissed as unsatisfactory.

Offices with high standards certainly prevent questionable characters from getting into homes, and keep the failures in life from using housework as a last resort. But when they forge, alter, trade, steal, and buy references, and then sell or give them to girls who have none, or whom they do not know, they make it possible for any kind of an employee to get into the best houses. I have seen girls turned out when they refused to lend their references for a few minutes to a girl who was called in for an interview with a "particular employer." I have been recommended as "all right and known to the office for years;" and when I showed a reference which I had purposely made bad, they offered a new one, or to "fix" the old one.

Employers complain that applicants are impertinent, deceitful, dishonest, and lazy. If they are not so by nature what can they be when they come from some offices? When they are herded in rooms, often held by force until they pay their fees, treated with familiarity, and sworn or jeered at for refusing "good places" in questionable resorts, there is little inducement to polite address. When girls are coached to lie about their ages, qualifications, last places of employment, wages, etc., they are started on a series of falsehoods which they must continue. When they are encouraged to wait daily from nine A. M. to four P. M., with only gossip for a pastime, or to work a week and then "spend their money on a good time," the intelligence offices can be looked upon as nothing but training-schools for certain forms of incompetency. A few permit drinking, especially in their lodging-houses, which are

often in, or adjoining, the offices. Broken contracts and other deceptions are frequently encouraged. A few will have no further dealings with girls who break contracts, but only one or two apply this rule to employers. With one or two exceptions separate interview rooms are not provided. This means that an employer engages a servant in public, — a thing not permitted in any other line of work. The employer is tempted to make big promises and offer high wages, and the employee insists upon privileges, because both wish to impress their hearers. This leads later to hard feelings and broken agreements.

Of course these conditions exist only because employers patronize such offices, and it is a question if the methods of offices can be much improved until employers collaborate with them. Employers write false references out of pique, or sympathy, or refuse them because they want to keep a good girl. They neglect to return reference blanks sent to them by mail from honest offices, and every one is kept waiting for days; or they tell but half the truth when they do answer. They misrepresent conditions; then the girls upbraid the office when they find there are three children instead of none; that they must share their room with three or four others, when they were told they would have a room to themselves; and that they must help with work other than that for which they were engaged. Employers think nothing of ordering girls from half-a-dozen places, and never notifying the offices when they have secured some one. The sense of honor and obligation of contract between employers and employees, with the office as the middle man, seems hardly to exist. To "all is fair in love and war" must be added "and in servant hunting." So disloyal are employers to one another that offices which have tried to raise their standards have been abused roundly by employers and employees.

The best offices leave the question of wages entirely to the employer and employee; but where ten per cent of the first month's wages is the fee charged, they are more directly interested in high wages. Some refused to place me until I had increased my demands; and they will not introduce employers and employees when the wages offered are too low, saying they have no one. When employers offer good wages they announce to a roomful, "I want a $30 cook." Of course all become $30 cooks unless they demand more. So common is this dictation by the offices that some employees prefer to state no wages, knowing they will get more than they dare ask. But employers sometimes interfere with an honest office. I have seen a girl engaged at a certain wage rate, which was overheard by another employer, who, before the girl could depart, offered her more. The girl was of course dissatisfied and wanted to break her word. Then, again, a few employers pay wages which are disproportionate, or which others cannot afford. Then if an employee loses such a position she refuses all others for less; and usually she advertises the office as a place to get high wages.

Nevertheless, the case of the intelligence office is not altogether hopeless. Wherever employers intelligently insist upon certain requirements the tone of the offices is immediately improved. This raising of standards depends primarily upon the employer. Yet there are various other ways of improving these conditions, as New York has demonstrated. Induced thereto by this investigation, it has passed a model employment agency law, and established a commission, with many inspectors, to enforce its rulings. A system of model employment agencies, with improved lodging-houses, is in operation. These will aim to become educational centres as well as mediums of exchange. The best agencies have formed associations to raise the standard of the whole business. Philadelphia and Chicago have started model agencies, and Boston has one of long standing whose work is distinctly educational, as well as a good working law.

But there are conditions in household work which no law or association can remedy. So close is the relation between offices and homes that the improvement of one is for the good of the other. The intelligence office cannot completely solve the problem of household work, and the public should not be misled by those which so advertise. They are the places at which unknown employers and employees gather, some for too brief a space to receive any lasting influence, others for a long enough time to spoil them; they are training-schools for many employees; they are the places where questions of contract are decided and where opinions and preferences are expressed. But they are at best a medium of exchange. Employers and employees have a relation to one another in the home, which offices cannot control; and both have a relation to others and to the economic and social world which offices can no more influence than a store can govern the conditions of trade. Offices do indicate the extent and complexity of the problem, and they do offer the opportunity for educational work and more perfect adjustments. But do we know as much of the other two factors in the problem, — the home and the independent life of the employee? I do not believe that a first-hand study of these by an impartial body, free from the prejudices of employers, the class resentment of the employees, the greed for gain of the offices, and the fads of the theorist, has been made. Employers have not been asked to contribute of their knowledge, skill, and experience for the good of all, and employees have not coöperated for the good of one another.

So deep is this conviction, and so fragmentary is the available information about these conditions in modern cities, that a plan has been formulated for such a study and its attending educational work. The attempt is not so much to solve the problem as to examine and relate the various elements. The use of this knowledge by employers and employees may aid in a more rapid adjustment, or may at least indicate more clearly the lines where it is possible.

An Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Study, representing the three cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, will have charge of this study. Three organizations, one in each city, will support it until its usefulness can be determined. In Boston, the organization is the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union; in New York, the League for Home Economics; and in Philadelphia, the Housekeepers' Alliance. The presidents of the New York and Boston organizations, the vice president of the Philadelphia organization, a representative of the College Settlements Association and Association of Collegiate Alumnæ (which grant a fellowship for the study), and the elected fellow constitute this committee, which determines the plan of study, subjects to be investigated, publications, distribution of information, and the general policy. In addition each city has its own local committee, consisting of several members, which carries out the details and has charge of the bureau of information. The Secretary of the Central Committee, who is the Fellow of the College Settlements Association and Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, has direct charge of the work in the three cities for each local committee.

The bureau of information is conducted separately as in New York and Philadelphia, or in connection with the Association which supports it, as in Boston. The function of these bureaus is to gather and distribute information. Employers and employees are requested to answer questions, grant interviews, and send in any criticisms, suggestions, opinions, or experiences, and to help in other ways in gathering the needed material. Other parts of the work will be the collection and evaluation of published information, and a classification of the first-hand material gathered by the experienced field workers.

The distribution of information will

be through publications. The committee will issue its own bulletin, which will contain whatever is new, helpful, and suggestive from all parts of the country. Newspapers and magazines will be furnished with articles and stories, the object being to create a reliable source of information upon which periodicals can draw, and from which they can secure coöperation if they wish to conduct special lines of investigation. There will be directories and lists, of value to householders, such as those of reliable employment agencies, lists of daily service workers, information upon advertising, etc. Statistics, papers, carefully edited references, and lecturers will be furnished to individuals, clubs, associations, and other organizations. Lecturers will be registered, and the data of the committee placed at their disposal. Papers will be prepared and writers assisted. Coöperative work, such as furthering conferences, arranging club programmes and meetings, stimulating or assisting in various other related lines of research, legislation, and educational work, will be undertaken.

The field of study has not been fully outlined, but it will cover the phases necessary to make it complete. Of first importance is the source of supply. Immigration is the important factor here, and there are changes in the proportionate nationality of arriving immigrants, in methods of finding them work, in their distribution after reaching this country, and in the effect of restriction, which vitally affect the household. The characteristics, occupations, and preferences of American girls, and the districts from which they come, must be considered, and there are some nice questions in the use and adaptation of negroes to service in Northern homes. The Japanese and Chinese are also becoming factors of importance. A further study of the methods by which positions and help are obtained is essential, and includes employment agencies, advertising, the relation of employers to one another, and the coöperation of employees with one another.

Some of the most vital conditions of household service are quite unexplored. These may be divided into three groups, — sanitary, economic, and social, and will include the study of hotels, restaurants, and boarding-houses as well as private houses. This will prove a difficult part of the investigation, for employees will be suspicious, and many employers will not see that it is not individual homes, or publicity of names, which are required, but a large number, composing the various groups, which make the results valuable. In the sanitary group fall the various questions of housing, food and its service, exercise, bathing facilities, and the general effect of various kinds of household work upon health. Many years ago, when conditions of work in cities were radically different, housework was the most healthful occupation. Recent studies in tuberculosis, and along other lines, at least open this subject to question.

Most of the study already made has been upon the economic and social conditions. Economic conditions include such subjects as hours, wages, kinds and methods of work, standards of competency, and rewards; while the social group involves such matters as privileges, customs, rights, opportunities, vacations, supervision of free time by employers, etc. It is very desirable that the attitude of various classes of employers and employees toward certain questions should be known, and attempts will be made to secure these through letters and interviews.

The status of the employer must be known in order to understand other factors, and, for the employee, such facts as associates, standards of honesty, training, protection in homes, etc., are very essential. The life of the employee when outside the employer's home, as it concerns clothing, luxuries, organizations, recreations, savings, and housing when unemployed, is a field of importance. Other subjects which seem essential are legislation and organizations affecting both classes; experiments, such as coöperative housekeeping, daily service employees,

etc., and solutions which have been proposed or attempted. In addition there are some special subjects which must be included, as nurse girls, masseuses, hairdressers, etc., and laundries, public kitchens, prepared foods, etc. Where comparisons are desirable or possible the facts for household workers will be compared with those of employees in stores, factories, and offices. As outlined at present the study includes twelve main groups and more than fifty distinct lines of study, — all a part of the whole, but requiring different methods.

This brief outline gives some idea of the scope of such a study, — one which depends primarily upon coöperation. The committee and the investigators start out with no theories which they wish to prove, and there are no salaried officers who might have interests other than the impartial gathering of facts. It is a simple attempt to gather the information necessary to understand the situation, by students trained in the field of research and under the direction of capable, earnest, and unprejudiced employers and employees. The object is purely educational, and not in the interest of any one class or reform. Reforms there may be, but these should be at the initiative of employers and employees if, in their judgment, the conditions found, and honestly and fairly presented warrant them.

MACHINERY AND ENGLISH STYLE

BY ROBERT LINCOLN O'BRIEN

In every age since written language began, rhetorical forms have been to a considerable extent influenced by the writing materials and implements which were available for man's use. This is a familiar observation in studies of the past. Is it not, then, time that somebody inquired into the effects upon the form and substance of our present-day language of the veritable maze of devices which have come into widely extended use in recent years, such as the typewriter, with its invitation to the dictation practice; shorthand, and, most important of all, the telegraph? Certainly these agencies of expression cannot be without their marked and significant influences upon English style.

Were the effects of these appliances limited to the persons actually using them such an inquiry would not be worth making. Commemoration odes will never be composed by dictation, — *Paradise Lost* to the contrary, — nor will the great pulpit orator prepare his anniversary sermons, having in view their transmission by submarine cable. However generally modern novelists and playwrights may avail themselves of the assistance of a stenographer, it seems certain that the saner and nobler literature of the world will always be written in more deliberate, and perhaps old-fashioned ways, by mechanical methods in which there has been little change from Chaucer to Kipling.

But, unfortunately, no man writes to himself alone. The makers of the popular vocabulary decree to a great extent the words which the recluse of the cloister must select. If the typewriter and the telegraph, for mechanical reasons purely, are encouraging certain words, certain arrangements of phrases, and a different dependence on punctuation, such an influence is a stone whose ripples, once set in motion, wash every shore of the sea of literature. Every rhetorician hastens to acknowledge that the most he can hope to do by his art is to reflect the best usage of the day, of which he is little more than an observer.

Granting, then, that the only effects of these mechanical agencies worth noticing come from their reflex relation to popular habits of expression, I purpose to trace some of the influences which the telegraph exercises in the choice of words and in rhetorical forms. A similar study of the various schemes of abbreviated writing derives an added importance from the fact that a universal shorthand has long been one of the dreams of orthographic reformers. While the immediate realization of this need not be feared, who can safely assert that some system may not suddenly be flashed before the public so simple and complete as to compel the attention of an utilitarian age? The effects upon literary style of all existing shorthands permit of accurate analysis. I shall also advert to some of the effects of the dictation habit which the typewriting machines have brought into vogue, to the inevitable failure of the graphophone as an agency of composition; and, incidentally, chiefly as an illustration of how mechanical trifles are modifying modern English, I shall allude to some of the not inconsiderable effects of the newspaper headline.

Let us turn to shorthand first, because it is a possible agency of composition, rather than of transmission. For purposes of illustration, take the Phillips Code, which is the shorthand of the telegraphers:—

ak	acknowledge
akd	acknowledged
akg	acknowledging
akm	acknowledgment
iw	it was
ix	it is
iwr	it was reported
ixr	it is reported
iwx	it was expected
ixx	it is expected

At this second appearance to take the oath
At ts second aprc to tk t oath
of the presidential office
f prl ofs
there is less occasion for an extended address
tr is les oca fo an xtd-ed ads
than there was at the
tan tr ws at t
first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail,
fs. Tn a statement smw in detail,
of the course to be pursued
f course to b pursued
seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the
semd fitting §· prp. Nw, at t
expiration of four years, during
expiration o fr ys, dur
which public declarations have been
wh pu declarations hvbn
constantly called forth on every
constantly cld fh on ey
point and phase of the great contest which
pnt §· phase f gt contest wh
still absorbs the attention
still asbs t atn
and engrosses the energies of the nation,
§· engrosses t energies f nation,
little that is new could be
lit tt is nu cd b
presented.
ptd.

Here is a system of natural shorthand, based on the English alphabet and, therefore, very easy to learn. Many hurried writers, in their own memoranda, or in rough-draft composition, and especially college students taking notes, make "wh" for "which" and "t" for "the." This system is merely a codification of such abbreviations. By it they are put into a strait-jacket. Its followers learn from the code book what short cuts are safe, and where complications would ensue. It thus standardizes natural abbreviations.

This, and every scheme of shorthand ever devised, offers to carry a long phrase, provided it is in frequent use, more cheaply, or with fewer strokes, than the short phrase which is unfamiliar.

To illustrate: S-c-o-t-u-s stands for the "Supreme Court of the United States," a sign obviously made from the initials of the words represented, just as "Potus," makes "President of the United States." While Scotus thus stands for six words, it is impossible to have "s. c.," its first two letters, stand alone for "Supreme Court," because those letters are wanted for South Carolina. "Supreme Court" by itself is not abbreviated. The

"Supreme Court of the United States" is. Hence it comes to pass that the reporter who writes in code can truthfully say, as one did to me recently, "When I am in a great hurry to rush off a dispatch I always write 'the Supreme Court of the United States,' but if I have plenty of time I say simply 'the Supreme Court.'"

Fancy a system of universal shorthand in which a little effort made many words, and a greater effort fewer. This would be analogous to the long and the short haul clause of our Interstate Commerce Law. It is deemed contrary to public policy to let the railroads carry freight cheaper from Albany to Buffalo than from Albany to Syracuse; it would be equally adverse to literary policy to have any system of written expression in popular use which so discriminated in favor of the long haul. And yet every system of shorthand virtually does this. And shorthand is about as old as the art of writing. Words of most frequent use get the shortest signs. The others are not much abbreviated, but in regular systems of shorthand are "written out," as stenographers say when every sound is expressed in phonographic terms. A single stroke in Ben Pitman's stenography will make "in the first place." Similarly, t-nr-t, made without lifting the finger, is "at any rate;" t-nr-t contains all the consonant sounds of "at any rate." The vowels, of course, are of no consequence. Any less conventional phrase which might be needed to introduce a sentence could only be expressed by much greater effort. Such an arrangement puts a tremendous premium upon the inordinate use of the already overworked phrases.

There are cases in the code where the effort, or the charge, is the same for the long as for the short haul, a condition not quite so unfavorable to literary felicity. With the same number of letters, for example, written as a single word, we may say Secretary, or Secretary of State. One is "s-e-y" and the other "s-o-s," — Sey Hay or Sos Hay. Similarly, it makes no difference in effort whether we write Sey Shaw or Sot Shaw, although Sot Shaw conveys the full official title of our nation's finance minister.

It may, perhaps, be of interest to know that while ours is a growing language, this is not a growing code. The telegraph companies forbid their operators to extemporize code words, or to use any which are not in the standard list. This rule has grown out of sad experience. Some years ago, when diplomatic complications with Italy were uppermost in the public mind, a press association sent out along its wires one night the notice of a newly coined code sign. The instructions said that the five words, "Baron Fava, the Italian Ambassador," would henceforth be written "d-a-g-o." This was rather easy to remember! But the one pupil who was absent from school the day the concert exercises were given out made himself felt in this instance. He allowed the untranslated code to slip into a prominent newspaper the next morning which announced that "a dago" had done certain things which other equally reputable newspapers were at the same time attributing to the personal representative of the august sovereign of Italy. No more emergency measures have been permitted.

In another way this premium which every scheme of shorthand puts upon the conventional forms of speech may be represented. Popular manuals of architecture tell us that in building houses there is great difference in cost between the use of stock sizes of door and window frames and of those which have to be cut out on special order. So it is with shorthand in cutting out literary forms. To be original is very wasteful of effort. An observant New England clergyman once told me that an extremely bright man in his Divinity School class, who always composed his sermons in shorthand, had in later years attracted attention because of his painful use of conventional terms and phrases. This took away much of the charm from what might otherwise have been an agreeable style. While this

experience may not be that of all who compose in this medium, that it would be the natural tendency of a universal shorthand can hardly be doubted.

While nobody would look for Addisonian passages in the stock market reports which are telegraphed over the country, the dreary monotony of their phrases furnishes something of a foretaste of the reign of abbreviated writing. In the market code the word "Hume" means "Holders unwilling to make concession." What mortal man would ever write "holders *disinclined* to make concessions," when so slight a change would involve such an amount of extra work? In short, the five pages of the market code contain about all the forms of expression and varieties of language ever seen in these market reports.

Shah, for example, means "shade higher," and *sog* means "the stock of grain on hand."

Among the many "apostrophes to labor," the all-conqueror, there should be reserved some little recognition of what we owe in our English style to the fact that the efforts involved in written and in spoken expression run along side by side at so even a ratio. Such exceptions as "through" with one syllable, and "deify" with three syllables, and fewer letters, are rare. In the main, product in writing corresponds with effort, and before we give favoring ear to any new system of abbreviated writing we should assure ourselves that this condition is retained.

The effects of the telegraph upon present-day literary forms are much more direct than those of shorthand, for, while only a few persons compose in the latter medium, a large share of the reading matter of the modern world is written by persons who necessarily have in view at the time its transmission over electric wires. The limitations of the telegraph thus vitally affect what the present age is reading. Nor are their relations to literary form less distinct than those of shorthand.

Textbooks in rhetoric discuss learnedly the principles which should govern our choice as between the rugged old Saxon words, made familiar in earliest childhood, and the longer ones of classic origin. Rhetoricians explain that, while in general the simplest words are the best, we should be chiefly governed by the effect which we aim to produce. But so far as I have been able to see, they pay no heed, as a practical agency affecting choice in the modern world, to the greater adaptability of the long word for telegraphic transmission, and hence of its liability to encroach upon the field of the simpler Saxon in popular usage, and so in the mental habits of the time.

There are two reasons for preferring the big word in telegraphing,—its greater accuracy and its economy from a pecuniary point of view. The latter consideration does not amount to much, since wires are often leased by the hour, and publications which are willing to pay for an extensive telegraphic service would not bother with petty differences of cost any more than any reader would think, in sending a message to New York, of the more specific information which could be conveyed for a quarter through the medium of ten long words.

But errors in transmission are the constant dread of the extensive user of the telegraph. Half-unconsciously he comes to prefer those words which experience teaches him go through safely. He may not be aware that this influence is operative, when he decides to write "superintendent" instead of "head," or "overseer" instead of "chief," because of the fewer chances that either of these long words will be confused at any point in the journey with something varying in perhaps a single letter. The long word throws out more life-lines. A slight mistake in its transmission does not vitiate its meaning.

The story is familiar of the New York commission merchant who telegraphed his factor: "Cranberries rising. Send at once 50 barrels, per Simmons," meaning by way of a certain Mr. Simmons who was the New Orleans agent. In a few

days a consignment arrived from the Southern factor, but with the plaintive suggestion that not another barrel of persimmons could be had for love or money in the entire state. The courts were not in this instance asked to decide whether the cost of an attempt to corner the market could be charged to the telegraph company for failing to take note of the "constructive recess" between per and Simmons.

Most jurymen would have said that the New York merchant was little less than idiotic to use a word so clearly open to error. So would the journalist be guilty of contributory negligence if he failed, after long experience, to make some selections in recognition of so obvious a danger. He will not, for example, send the word "prevision," because somebody who handles the word on its journey would be almost sure to change it to the more familiar "provision." Whenever two words are thus closely alike, one in common use and the other rare, only the former can with thorough safety be sent by telegraph. The wires are thus constantly shrinking the popular vocabulary, hastening the retirement of words of the less useful sort. Of all the pres and pros and ins and uns, the word of less familiar use is the one liable to be transformed to its already overworked rival. To the word that hath uses shall be given is a principle of the wires, applied with a vengeance. The writer who tried to be so fastidious as to describe a person by wire as "unmoral," would have as the reward of his pains at the other end of the line the ordinary term "immoral." Subjunctive moods, implying something contrary to reality, drop out in the same way. The writer who desires to convey this notion must do it in some less delicate way.

Only one operator among a considerable number needs to change from a less to a more familiar word, and it never gets back. Moreover, a word need fail but one time in ten to become objectionable to careful writers. So important is this subject that the latest editions of Walker's *Rhyming Dictionary* contain a section on the most common telegraphic errors. The author cites the importance of unraveling this class of mistakes as one of the greatest uses of a classification of words by the groups of letters with which they end rather than by their initials.

The noun "cant," this book shows, may be made "tenant" without any change whatever except in the spaces between the dots and dashes of the first letter. How much safer the longer word "jargon," or, better still, "hypocritical speech," would in these circumstances be! It is not important to discuss these errors here, more than to allude to this recognition by the dictionary-makers of the important place in modern life of the telegrapher's eccentricities.

This agency, then, encourages big words and the overworked words. Its tendency is thus against the widening of the popular vocabulary, a misfortune too patent to need comment. It is an axiom of the rhetoricians that the power to express many and various shades of thought and feeling rests on the possession of a large and well-managed vocabulary. Many of our words already have so many meanings as to be subject to constant misinterpretation. It has been argued that half of the petty disputes of mankind may be traced in the last analysis to a different understanding of the language involved in the issue between the disputants. Examples of this are familiar.

But a greater effect of the telegraph on rhetorical forms arises from its relation to punctuation. Only the most obvious stops can be depended on; hence, one accustomed to this method of transmission learns to put sentences into such shape that they punctuate themselves, avoiding forms which could be completely overturned in sense by neglect of a period or by its conversion into a comma. The adverbial phrase at the beginning of a sentence is especially dangerous, because it so readily adapts itself to the end of the sentence before, with results that may be

amusing or amazing. It is always safer to have sentences begin directly, and even abruptly, with the noun which is their subject. Much of the graceful elision of one sentence into the next is lost by this requirement. Where each sentence stands out as distinct as a brick the literary passage will have the aspect of a brick wall.

Lest these should seem plausible but unsupported theories I will compare some actual narration which has gone over the telegraph lines or the cables, with prose composed when no such requirement was in view. *Collier's Weekly*, for February 6, 1904, presented the first cable message from Mr. Frederick Palmer, its correspondent in Japan, and a writer of more than ordinary grace and polish. His dispatch consisted of fifteen sentences.

These begin as follows: —

The Nation is
It seems
There is
If troops are being moved
It is not
Their movements do
The government is
All these preparations are
There was never
If transports or troops are being
All partisanship has been
No word is obtainable
War preparations proceed
Such unity of preparation and control is unexampled
It is as if.

Not a single sentence here begins with an adverbial or adjective phrase. The only two sentences that begin with anything but the subject plain and direct are those having an adverbial clause, "if troops are being moved" in one, and "if transports or troops are being concentrated" in the other. In neither of these could the adverbial phrase be attached to the preceding sentence. If it could have been Mr. Palmer would not have sent it.

In George Bancroft's account of the battle of Lexington nearly half of the sentences, by actual count, begin with a qualifying phrase of some sort. Here are a few of them: —

On the afternoon of the day
In the following night
A little beyond Charlestown Neck Revere was
At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was.

I have before me an Associated Press dispatch from Seoul consisting of three hundred words compressed into eleven sentences. Every one, except the last, begins squarely with its subject. Let us contrast this abrupt, uniform, monotonous method of narration with some exceedingly familiar sentences of another sort, and think what the telegrapher's objection to them would be.

"With all his faults — and they were neither few nor small — only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation" —

An adverbial phrase which you will notice could grammatically be attached to the preceding sentence just as well.

"Where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey, which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place, etc. — This was not to be.

"Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen.

"Behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones" —

Please notice how the conversion of the comma after Daylesford into a full stop would make two entirely grammatical sentences, as follows: —

"Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford.

"In earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name."

It is clear that Macaulay's prose would be badly twisted on the wires. He sometimes, to be sure, writes a considerable

passage in crisp, short, periodic sentences. This is a part of his art, to show the rapid movement of events. But he would have dreaded to be tied down to such a style always.

So marked a difference in the manner of stringing sentences together between that employed by Macaulay and Bancroft, on the one hand, and by two present-day correspondents on the other, I maintain, is not altogether due to the varying literary standards of these writers, but is in part accounted for by the conditions under which they severally write. In the lines which I have quoted Bancroft and Macaulay could trust their punctuation absolutely; their obscurest comma had the strength of Gibraltar. Mr. Palmer and the Seoul correspondent, in their painful loneliness on the other side of the globe, were deprived of all those consolations which faith in punctuation marks can give.

It seems clear that, as our language has progressed, more and more dependence has been placed on the punctuation. It has done more work; delicate shades of meaning have been conveyed by the visual image which the punctuation itself makes. This tendency, then, is in process of checking, so far as the telegraph operates to affect present-day usage.

When the wires slight punctuation they do rhetorical form an injury for which nothing can atone. From earliest childhood catch phrases have been familiar in which the meaning depended wholly on the location of a comma. Important cases have gone to the courts hanging on the punctuation of a tariff bill. The most discussed regulation of liquor traffic in Massachusetts to-day is known as the "Semi-colon" Law.

The English language is peculiarly rich in its connective parts of speech. These give the skillful writer an opportunity for the widest play of his art, in expressing the most delicate shades of conjunctive and disjunctive relation. Much of this is endangered by the wires. For example, the use of "and" and "but" as the first words of sentences, while ordinarily not desirable, on occasions suggests a relation for which there is no ready substitute.

It is rather hard to give specific illustrations where the meaning of an "And" which begins with a capital does not approximate to that of an "and" in the middle of a sentence, and separated from what precedes it by a comma. The most that we can say in these cases is that one form is better than the other.

"Your fathers, where are they? And do they live forever?"

How much better it is to have this second question stand off from the first as it does when made a new sentence and not a coördinate part of the preceding one. Of the thirty-one verses of the first chapter of Genesis, King James Version, twenty-nine begin with "And," following a period. Such illustrations show that "and" and "but," usually interior words, may be needed at the beginning of a sentence, a practice which the wires discourage. A writer dependent on them would feel safer to convey this conjunctive relation in some other form, necessarily by more blunt methods. Because the usual place of "and" and "but" is in the middle of a sentence the telegraph inclines to keep them there. It would thus send language into ruts which are already too deep.

The telegraph, it should be remembered, performs some good services for English style. The periodic sentence, the clean-cut sentence, the readily understood sentence are at a premium on the telegraph. It thus serves clearness and force rather than elegance.

The invention of the typewriter has given a tremendous impetus to the dictating habit, especially among business men. The more ephemeral literary productions of the day are dictated, sometimes to a stenographer for transcription, and often directly to the machine. In either case the literary effects of the dictating habit are too manifest to need elaboration. The standards of spoken

language, which in the days of the past stood out in marked contrast with the terseness and precision of written composition, giving rise to the saying that no good speech ever read well, have crossed over to the printed page. This means not only greater diffuseness, inevitable with any lessening of the tax on words which the labor of writing imposes, but it also brings forward the point of view of the one who speaks. There is the disposition on the part of the talker to explain, as if watching the facial expression of his hearers to see how far they are following. This attitude is not lost when his audience becomes merely a clicking typewriter. It is no uncommon thing in the typewriting booths at the Capitol in Washington to see Congressmen in dictating letters use the most vigorous gestures as if the oratorical methods of persuasion could be transmitted to the printed page.

The graphophone has been long enough before the public to make very clear its limitations. It is useful in transcription, but worthless in composition, and unless radically amended will always be useless. In its present form it is used at the National House of Representatives and among the court reporters, who read their stenographic notes into it; girls, with sounders over their ears, and playing the keys of the typewriter, turn the records into printed form. They regulate the speed exactly as they wish to write. In this respect it is ideal.

But the failure of the graphophone for composition arises from the unwillingness of a human being to be left behind in a race. The waxen wheel begins to spin; the person dictating must either keep pace with its rapid rotations, or bring it to a standstill. Such a race is not an invitation to careful thought or accurate utterance. Of all the devices to encourage verbosity and carelessness, this is without doubt the worst that has ever been invented. The graphophone is, therefore, not one of the present-day agencies modifying English style; but the reason for this is that it does not have the chance.

One other agency shows how trifles in mechanism may still have an influence on English usage. My attention was called to this not long ago by a serious editorial in the literary supplement of a substantial newspaper, discussing whether the word "tie-up" had obtained a sufficient footing in the language to be permissible. It was at the time of the coal strike, and some purist had objected to the prevalent use of the word. This editorial took the other view, giving as a weighty reason that the word was indispensable in making headlines, and so had earned a place for itself in English usage.

The headline writer enjoys in effect a form of poetic license. His constant study is to present the most salient and attracting feature of a dispatch in a series of words which may be spelled in perhaps twenty-two letters. It is letters, rather than words, that count with him, and he also has to give a special rating to M's and W's. When a leading newspaper recently changed its type, cutting its number of headline letters down to twenty, its veteran employees in this department narrowly escaped becoming maniacs; their whole mental machinery was completely disarranged; they were compelled to look at everything in the world at an angle of twenty twenty-seconds.

The chase for a great deal of meaning with a few letters has led to the revival of some words which would otherwise have gone into complete disuse. Dr. Hornaday tried vainly to get the New York newspapers to say Zoölogical Park instead of "Zoo" when he began to give them material about it. They said that "Zoo" was essential in headlines, and by implication what was useful there could not be wholly tabood elsewhere. It was the old story of the camel's head under the tent, to use a figure suggested by zoological parks. "Sans" as a preposition is doubtless gaining some headway because of this need. "Wed" is a great headline word

"Jap," just now, for a Japanese seems destined in this way to be pushed toward general use. And the public reads the headlines; their influence is contagious. So is that of most of the mechanical agencies of the present day.

If I seem to exaggerate the effect of these agencies, or to overrate the part which they play in the development of present-day usage, I can only plead in extenuation the priceless heritage of English speech which it is ours to conserve. It is not the vanguards of the on-coming forces, but the richness of the treasures behind the citadels that give importance to such a survey. Wider than Britain's Empire and our great stretches of territory is the dominion of the English tongue, rich with the spoils of its honorable conquest. Its words and forms have been gathered, alike from the patois of savages and the languages of every civilization, old and new. Certainly there can be no such thing as trifles and no considerations deserving to be called unimportant among the influences which affect in any degree the growth and permanency of our English, with its comprehensive and elastic vocabulary, and the splendid richness of its rhetorical forms.

THE LIGHT-HEARTED

BY WILL PAYNE

Court was already in session when the Eldons returned from Europe; but the judge, while at once taking his place on the bench, preferred to spend a month at the north shore cottage, going in to the city in the morning and returning to the cottage at night. He was fond of the north shore, which still kept its summer green.

Dinner over, he laid his wife's hand on his arm and led her to the veranda with a kind of familiar chivalry. She stood by as a matter of course while he pushed her chair to a better view of the lake and touched up the pillows.

He put his own chair on the other side of the door, lifted his neatly booted foot to the porch pillar, lit a cigar, and took in the smoke in calm luxury. The view included the neat lawn with its shrubbery, the white band of shore road, a bit of sand, and the expanse of lake, still as glass, and giving a pearly glow in the dying daylight. Lulling twilight smells of the woods and water spread up to them. The scene was full of a rich repose, and this suited the judge's mood very well.

His fortune had reached a flood as full and rich as the hour. His affairs were in prosperous order. The six months abroad had greatly benefited his wife. She was now better than for ten years, and with good conditions a complete recovery was promised. His daughter's engagement was in every way satisfactory. And the day before Hanford had telegraphed to her the single word, "Success." This meant that the President had agreed to appoint Judge Eldon to the vacant place in the Supreme Court of the United States.

He was then fifty-two, hardly of medium height, and lean, with slightly stooping shoulders. His long face was smooth-shaven, high-colored, and deeply wrinkled for one of his age. His nose was large, arched, and almost red,— a nose of power and dignity, which, with his bright blue eyes and large, half-bald head, gave the character of an urbane distinction that was one's first impression of him. He smoked with deliberate luxury, and was content to let his mind swim with a happy idleness on the full tide of his fortune.

In a moment Anne came out, vigor-

ously floating in her beruffled linen dress. She was a little taller than her father, and gracefully energetic. Her hair was sandy, and in a better light there were traces of freckles on her fair cheeks. She moved a rug briskly with her foot and sat down at the top of the wide stairs that led to the veranda, leaning against the pillar on which her father's foot rested. The judge glanced down at her, his mellow and idling mind smiling approvingly.

She spoke as one who suddenly remembers something.

"Father, do you know of the case of a young man arrested, or indicted for some connection with a lottery, — a young man named Edward Bunner?"

At the name a shadow fell upon the judge's smiling fortune. "No," he said quickly and interrogatively.

"I thought perhaps it would be in your court," she explained, — some way he wished she would look at him, but she kept her eyes to the view. "I understand the indictment was for using the mails for the lottery, or whatever it was."

The silence seemed long to the judge. He nervously flicked the ash from his cigar. "What do you know about it?" he demanded, almost irritably, so that she did look around, turning her graceful neck, with a mild surprise.

"Of course I've lost the run of the court business," he added apologetically.

"Why, Laura Daniels told me about it yesterday morning," she said; "and then Mitty's telegram came and I forgot about it. I met this Mr. Bunner last fall, a year ago, at the Wayside. Some of the men had him out. It seems he's a Yale man, — or was until there was a scrape over cards and he had to leave. I sat beside him at dinner and danced with him. I remembered it so well because afterwards there was a good deal of talk about his having been there. Some thought him not fit, — on account of the card scrape, partly, although I know some nice men stand up for him in that, and, partly, I fancy, on account of his people. It seems his father has a good deal of money, but is in something rather shady, — a bucket-shop, is n't it?"

Judge Eldon nodded.

"So it was said he should n't have been asked. But I'm sure I thought him nice. I remember his jolly brown eyes and white teeth under a little mustache, for he was laughing all the time. Others of the girls thought him nice, too. So when Laura told me this, it interested me."

Mrs. Eldon spoke in her soft, even voice. "Bunner, Arthur? Was n't that the name of the odd couple that used to come out to see us, or you, rather, of a Sunday, — the fat man you'd known in the boarding-house?"

"It was the name," said the judge. "I fancy this is their son."

"I judge they are getting rather promiscuous at the Wayside then," was Mrs. Eldon's comment.

"Are n't we all more or less promiscuous, mamma?" the girl asked.

"Possibly, but not that promiscuous, my dear," said Mrs. Eldon.

The women seemed to have completely dropped the subject, and, again, Anne was mildly surprised when her father prompted: "Laura told you, you say" —

"Why, Laura's account was that he had backed some gambling men in starting this lottery arrangement, whatever it was, — had given them the money to start it and shared the profits. It seems it was an awful swindle and a great many people lost money through it, and the two gambling men ran away, and some clerk told about Mr. Bunner being a partner, and he was caught. I thought it would be in your court."

Judge Eldon cleared his throat. "I suppose it will be in my court if it's a mails case," he said.

The subject was dropped. The judge looked out at the lake, smoking quite mechanically. It darkened within his mind faster than without. Out of the gray flood of his fortune something arose, took form, presented itself to him sombrely. This feeling of the incursion of the ominous thing was so acute that when the shabby

cab from the station rattled up in the dusk he knew whom it would bring. He was even faintly surprised when only one figure — a woman's — alighted and came up the lawn, instead of the two he had expected. He awaited her with helplessness.

She made out his figure as she approached, and came straight up the steps to him, ignoring the mother and daughter. He arose and bowed.

"I wish to speak to you," she said, her back to the women.

He bowed again, conducted her through the invitingly roomy hall to the library, where he shut the door and turned on the light.

He noted, mechanically, that she had grown somewhat stout, but kept her rather fine, full-blown figure. Her black hair was peppered with gray under the large hat. Her bold black eyes under their heavy brows glowed at him with a large passion. The many jet ornaments on her silk cape jingled slightly as she moved, and he saw — some way it seemed very pathetic — that she wore big diamonds in her ears. She ignored the courteous suggestion of his hand to a seat.

"What are you going to do with my boy?" she demanded. He felt the settled passion in her controlled voice as he had seen it in her eyes.

"Perhaps it hardly remains with me to do anything, Mrs. Bunner." He threw up the first little defense that came to him. He saw the muscles of her jaw harden with the effort at self-control, and her eyes snapped.

"You mean you will let it alone?"

He considered a moment, and spoke frankly. "I am infinitely sorry. But you should not come to me — the court — with a suggestion. Don't you see?"

It took her an instant to get the point. Then her lips drew in a wintry smile. "It would be a little crooked, eh — if you said beforehand what you were going to do? It would n't be up to your fine character?"

Her sarcasm was plain enough. He answered mildly, "I have nothing to say to you in defense of the character of Arthur Eldon. But I am the court. To pledge myself beforehand" — The vexatiousness of the situation came to him. He threw up his hand. "Oh, why did you come here, Mrs. Bunner?"

"Because I am mad." She flung down the statement with a superb pride. "What would you have done if I had left it to you? What have you always done before? You took the money and my husband went to jail. After he got out you could have helped him. You had a fine wife and a fine position. It is n't so easy for a man out of jail. He had a wife, too, you know. You turned your fine backs on us. Never mind that" — for she saw he was about to interrupt. "If we were n't up to your class that was our fault, of course. But I wanted my boy started right. He would have plenty of money and an education. A little help would have got him all the start he needed. I swallowed my pride and tried again. You know how well I succeeded."

The judge was looking down, but he said quietly, "I dare say no one knows better than you that one's wife does n't always take the view one recommends."

"It's true enough that I don't take Adam's view," she replied. "There is n't an atom of resentment in his body. You know that, Arthur Eldon. No doubt your wife was to blame, not you. But it's you now. My boy stands just where you stood twenty-seven years ago. Only his friends did n't keep their mouths shut and take the punishment, as Adam did. They ran away. It's you, now. You can save him as his father saved you, only without its costing you anything. I know how you can turn your fine back. I'm not on my knees begging anything from you, Arthur Eldon" —

Her controlled voice choked for a moment. She trembled all over so that her jet ornaments tinkled and the pathetic diamonds shook in her ears.

"I want justice for my boy. I want you to pay what you owe, and save him from" — She lost her voice an instant.

"My God! his father was in jail, too. Do you understand that? I want justice, and I will have it. I've kept the old memoranda. I can prove everything."

Her eyes burned and her bosom moved with her quick breathing as she confronted him, struggling to keep herself in hand.

"I am not good-natured Adam Bunner," she added in a steadier voice. "I am mad."

Judge Eldon raised his eyes. It was very painful for him to look at her; but his face was firm, his bright blue eyes met her impassioned gaze with an inflexible steadiness. He spoke very quietly. "Mrs. Bunner, I will make you no promise tonight. It was unfortunate that you came here. I assure you it will do no good to pursue this subject further at this time. You must leave it with me."

She seemed ready to strike him, and bit her lip hard.

"Yes, I must leave it with you," she said, after a moment. "I will leave it with you. But I'm going to have justice. You can save my boy or go down with him." She turned to the door, but added, over her shoulder, "I have the papers, not Adam." With that she went out rapidly, never looking at the two women on the porch.

After a few minutes Judge Eldon went to the sideboard, took a small drink of whiskey, and walked out on the porch.

The two women were looking at him inquiringly, so he explained at once: —

"That was the young man's mother, — Mrs. Bunner. I knew her and her husband long ago. It was very painful."

They understood a mother's impossible plea and sympathized with the judge.

"I remembered her at once," said Mrs. Eldon in her soft voice. "But she gave me no opportunity to show it. Her manners seem not to improve with age."

After a moment the girl spoke up musingly: "To face a sentence to jail, — how dreadful that must be."

The judge made no comment, and they understood that he did not wish to speak of it further, so they fell silent. Judge Eldon mechanically resumed his cigar.

Anne was the first to see the yellow dragon-eyes of the automobile advancing through the wood, and when the machine did not turn off at the corner, but held on toward their cottage, she sprang up.

"It's Mitty," she said, and no one would have needed an interpreter of the joy in her voice.

She ran down the steps and was at the gate by the time Mitchell Hanford reached it from the other side. He looked even bigger than common in his broad-brimmed, low-crowned, stiff straw hat and light, baggy suit. He took her hands.

"You got my wire?" he asked.

Not answering, she looked up at him with fond eyes, smiling a little. "It was fine, Mitty. I'm very glad — and very glad to see you."

"Oh! But if I had failed?" His joyous laugh rang out as he teased her.

She took his arm and brushed her cheek against his shoulder, as if to say that he could joke as much as he pleased but he knew better.

She was twenty-four. Mitchell Hanford, editor of the *Daily Republican*, was eleven years older. He had an assured manner, the air of coming from among men, and his attitude toward the girl was in keeping. They were jolly friends together, without much love-making. A pressure of the hands, a kiss for goodnight was all, as though they trusted each other so fully that pledges were unnecessary. The girl told herself that this was partly why she adored him.

They came up to the porch together. Hanford went at once to Mrs. Eldon. His hand rested on the back of her chair and he stooped a little as he spoke to her, laughing. There was something indefinitely protecting in this, like a good son. As she looked up into his handsome, laughing face, full of strength and good-humor, she felt that she was to have a good son and was glad.

Even Judge Eldon, as Hanford shook

his hand, laughing, felt vaguely comforted amid his trouble. The other man's warm and powerful current lightened his chill.

"It was managed very handsomely, Mitty," he said in acknowledgment.

Mrs. Eldon drew the shawl up on her shoulders with a gesture simple but oddly proud. "It was his due," she said. "There could have been no real competitors."

Hanford laughed. "That's true. It took only a little time to convince the President that the other fellows were mere imitations, — especially as Illinois is going to be very important in the fall elections."

The girl walked down the veranda, waiting for him, and when he joined her she asked at once, "Did you really have much trouble?" She had an eager woman's interest in these men's affairs of his. It seemed to her that it would be impossible to have an unplaced, unimportant youth for a lover.

"Oh, not much," he answered lightly, "except that Aguinaldo bobbed up as usual." Aguinaldo was his name for Hargass, the junior Senator from Illinois, who was always at outs with the party organization. "He was very modest — for him. He would agree to Judge Eldon's appointment provided the vacant district court judgeship be handed over to his hopeful brother-in-law Durkin. Otherwise he would raise a row and hang up the confirmation in the Senate."

"The President would n't like that," she said.

"Naturally the President would n't like to have his nominee for the Supreme Court openly opposed by the junior Senator from the nominee's own state. So Dick took Aguinaldo up into a high mountain — and pushed him off. That is, he agreed to get Durkin the nomination for West Town Collector next year. You see, Dick has already agreed to let the professional reformers pass their perennial bill to abolish the office this winter, — so next year there won't be any collectorship." He tilted back his head and laughed again.

She smiled a little over his free-handed zest for the game.

"So it all came out beautifully, you see," he added. He was sitting on the veranda rail and had taken off his hat.

She leaned against him, slipped her arm over his shoulder, and kissed his cheek lightly. "But it is n't nice to have to do those things, is it, Mitty?"

He understood that she was coaxing him to be good, and he was rather surprised at her view of it.

"Well, you see, I needed that Supreme Court appointment — to bring home to you," he answered, half in earnest.

Two days later as Judge Eldon sat alone in his chambers, Smoot came in.

The famous criminal lawyer was of a large and heavy figure. One noticed at once his thick lips and blunt nose. His ears, under the mane of dust-colored hair, were small and odd-shaped. His entrance impressed the judge disagreeably, as the approach of a dirty object impresses a fastidious man. He did not speak or rise, but looked impassively at the lawyer, as if to ask his business. Judge Eldon was one of those who had never paid an amiable deference to Smoot's enormous success. He knew the man for a blackguard, and did not, like most of the others, act as though he thought him a gentleman because he was rich and powerful.

He knew that Smoot was too acute to overlook the coolness of his manner, but the big lawyer hitched a chair over, sat down at the judge's elbow, tossed his light felt hat to the table, and crossed his legs as comfortably as though he had been solicitously invited.

"I came to tell the court my troubles," Smoot began calmly. "You know I'm defending young Bunner in this lottery case."

A shock of apprehension went through the judge's heart. Smoot's eyes, of a light gray color, were upon his with a look indescribably impudent and alert, and there was an odd, angry struggle in the judge's

mind against the startled question that leaped into his own eyes and which he knew Smoot to be watching for.

"I want to arrange with you for a hearing in chambers of an argument to quash the indictment," said Smoot coolly as before.

"Why in chambers?" the judge demanded with sternness.

"There's a woman in the case," said the lawyer. "She's a holy terror, too. It's the boy's mother. Unless you'll give me an order to gag her, I can't keep her from making a scene in court if the case should go against her son."

"I dare say the court will be able to preserve order," said Judge Eldon dryly. His bright blue eyes now met the lawyer's impudent look firmly. He saw it plainly enough. Smoot knew — and was stirring him around with a dirty finger preparatory to pushing him into a hole. He felt a nausea over this nasty intrusion upon the innermost part of his life, — the smutty-handed Smoot playing at toss and catch with his conscience and honor. He was sick, but his eyes were firm.

"I suppose the trusty bailiff will be on hand," the lawyer replied composedly. He picked a thread from his coat. "The fact is, it's something personal. She wants to pitch into the court and unbosom herself to the newspapers to the extent of a front page or so — with pictures and a diagram marked with a cross to show the spot. Nobody wants anything of that sort, except this crazy woman — and the newspapers, of course. I can't avoid a certain responsibility. At a hearing in chambers" —

"Why not a hearing in open court if it's to be agreed beforehand that the indictment is to be quashed? That's what you mean, is n't it?"

The insolent light gray eyes examined the judge's face, and with a manner which for perfect impudence could not have been bettered, Smoot replied, "Well, you know, judge, that earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons judgment."

"As an attorney you put yourself in an extraordinary position."

"Oh, my position now is friend of the court, you see."

"Any suggestion as to the disposition of the case must be made in court. I think there is nothing further to say, Mr. Smoot."

Smoot looked at the judge, believed he had him limned, and let the twinkle of a hidden smile show in his eyes. "I suppose there is nothing more to say — until a motion is made to take the case from the jury," he answered cheerfully, and picked up his hat.

Judge Eldon watched the large figure out of the door. He was thinking bitterly: "It was like a mad woman first to come to me, then to bring in this blackguard."

That night at the dinner-table he was absent-minded, a thing most unusual with him. Once or twice he noticed Anne looking at him questioningly. After dinner he stepped to the veranda, but at once went inside and to the library. After a moment he came into the hall and sat alone, without smoking, staring at the door. Several times Anne's figure, on the veranda, came into view and he looked at her with a strange, increasing interest. He tried the library again, and came back into the hall, standing by the library door. When Anne came tripping in for a shawl she saw him standing there, looking at her.

It was in his usual voice that he said, "I should like to see you, Anne."

He closed the library door after her, and motioned to a seat. As she was taking the seat he said abruptly, "Do you suppose you could get your mother to go to California with you, this week, for the winter?"

She understood that some strange upheaval threatened; but she forbore to ask a question, replying simply, "I will try if you wish, father. You know how it taxes her to travel, and she has just come home."

Her steadiness pleased him. He paced across the room, his head down, came

back to the fireplace, and looked at her earnestly.

"You spoke of the case of Edward Bunner. His mother came here to see me, you remember."

"Yes," she said, every fibre attention. She saw how he passed his hand nervously over his chin, — her urbane, composed father, — and her heart beat fast.

He put both hands behind him and took his wrist in custody as was his custom when making a speech that required fixed thinking, and faced her squarely.

"I once lived in the same boarding-house with Adam Bunner, this boy's father. I was a young man then, just admitted to the bar and trying to get a foothold here in the city. It was pretty slow work. Bunner was a good-natured, careless, sporty young man. I found him interesting. He was running some sort of game where he sold a magic hair restorer or something like that by putting advertisements in the country papers and getting people to send him a dollar for a sample package. Of course it was the merest swindle. That was part of the joke to Bunner. I suppose this swindle and Bunner's attitude more or less amused me, too. I had something of an outlook in very good society, thanks to a letter I had brought, and I had a taste for that. I had met your mother and fallen very much in love with her at the first. I was then earning about a hod-carrier's wages in the law office, and it was a pretty desperate fight to keep up the front that seemed necessary if I was to go on with your mother and her friends. I had a little money from my mother. By the time I got through school and came in here there was a thousand dollars left for the campaign, and by the time I am telling you of half that was gone and I was getting blue. Remember I was a youth then, about your age, much in love, and with all a youth's impatience. In short, I was ripe for a reckless stroke. Well, Bunner had talked with me several times. He had a brand-new scheme. He was around the race tracks more or less and knew a good many sporty men. He proposed to get up a sort of blind pool to bet on the races. His magic hair restorer was keeping him going, but he had no ready money at the time. I lent him my five hundred dollars to start his scheme."

His eyes had not left hers. So far her face had shown only a kind of wonder. It did not change now. The judge moistened his lips and went on firmly: —

"I cannot say now that I gave myself much concern over it. I believe I was more anxious lest I lose my money than over anything else. I did not go much into the details of the scheme; but I knew perfectly that it was going to be more or less a swindle, for Bunner was that sort. I believed that he would win, for he was that sort, too. We called it simply a loan of money. I refused to have it any other way. Bunner laughed and let it go at that, for shouldering moral responsibilities was quite in his line. Yet I knew well enough that he proposed to return me my money at least several fold out of his winnings.

"Well, Bunner extended his patronage of the country newspapers, only instead of selling people hair restorer he sold them shares in his pool. The scheme was remarkably successful. At intervals Bunner handed me over various sums of money, — interest on the loan, he said, although the interest amounted to many times the principal. With the money that Bunner thus handed over I maintained myself and pursued such social advantages as I had. This was a great help to me professionally. Most of all I was able to keep my place as suitor to your mother, and less than two years after the loan to Bunner I married her. She had a considerable property, as you know, and with the connections of her family I was very well on my feet. Even before that, from time to time, I had promised myself that I would formally end the connection with Bunner by telling him the loan was canceled. Bunner, however, was busy preparing another and larger scheme and giving less attention to the pool. In short, for six months before my marriage I

scarcely saw him or heard from him. I was taken up with other matters, as you may suppose, and I had a light-hearted disposition that easily absolved itself from care. He sent me a sum of money just before the wedding. I was much too busy to return it. Besides, it came in handily for the wedding journey to Europe. While we were on that journey Bunner was indicted for a fraudulent use of the mails. His whole pool swindle was exposed. I got back and found him under bonds and about to stand trial."

The judge's eye had been growing harder as the girl's eyes quailed, as though her shrinking nerved him to cut steadily and to the bone.

"It was worse than I had ever suspected. I had supposed all along that it was a more or less dubious game played by a superior gambler upon inferior ones, — the sort of merry dog-eat-dog affair that one would expect of Bunner. But there is no doubt that many poor, foolish people were caught in the net. No one can tell who, for such records as existed were destroyed at the first sign of trouble. So the undiscoverable losses of many poor people whose money I had spent still stand in the account. Of course I saw Bunner. He had acted toward me with that loyalty which is part of his character. He had never mentioned my name. He said, 'It won't do any good to drag you into this.' I did all I could to get him ably defended, but it was a clear enough case. He was fined five thousand dollars and given a year in jail. I tried to get him a pardon, but failed. When he came out of jail he married the young woman who had been his secretary, and who knew all about our relations. I made an attempt — half-heartedly, perhaps — to interest your mother in Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bunner. You can guess how they struck her, especially with the jail mark. Bunner and his wife are intelligent. After a trial or two they came no more. Bunner went into several things, all dubious but within the law, and finally into this bucket-shop. He has made a lot of money. Their son grew up. If the mother then wanted the social recognition which she thought due to her income, I believe it was more on her son's account than her own. I would, honestly, have done much to help her. But you can understand your mother's attitude. Mrs. Bunner thinks I turned my back on them. Perhaps when all is said and done I did. But one can't socially turn his back on his wife. Well, the son, it seems, rather takes after his father. At any rate, he went into this lottery scheme with some gambling friends, young Bunner furnishing the money. They ran away and left him to face the charge. So Edward Bunner now stands just where I stood almost thirty years ago, except that he has been found out and is coming up for trial next week — before me. Mrs. Bunner demands that I discharge the young man and pay my debt. She threatens, otherwise, to disclose the old connection. She has some documentary evidence of it, too."

He saw the pale girl at the table, her lips slightly apart, a line of pain down the centre of her forehead, staring in bewilderment at a strange man, a man she had never seen before, who had somehow slipped into her father's skin. As the first quailing in his daughter's eyes prompted him to strip the ugly truth more resolutely, so now her complete alienation from him moved him to walk over and sit on the table near her.

"I would have helped the Bunners in this," he went on. "Yes, I would have used my office to pay my debt if she had let it be a matter between my honor and myself. But she made an irretrievable mistake. Of course she was wild. She thought I had turned my back on them before when I might have helped for the son's sake, and this other peril of his made her lose her head. All her passion seems to have centred in giving him a footing on a higher social plane than her own. So she came here and threatened me. That was bad enough. But that was not the greatest mistake. She went to Smoot, retained him to defend her son, and told

him this story. You do not know Smoot. He is a blackguard to the middle of his soul. He prospers by entangling judges. His dirty fingers are always reaching toward them. So I will not quash the indictment, and she will publish her story."

For the first time she spoke, lifting her hands to the arms of the chair. "Would that — the consequences of that — be very important?"

"Naturally it would upset the Supreme Court appointment, and then I should no doubt resign from the bench. You can guess what a find it would be for the newspapers, — 'Judge Eldon a partner in a swindle; his fortunes founded on a crime.' And what I chiefly dread now — is your mother."

The girl looked as though she might cry out from sheer pain. Her face was drawn. "But — is n't there some way — something that can be done — some way out of it?" she asked.

He had seen her staring at the strange man, the swindler who had some way slipped into her father's likeness; and he understood that now, struggling with repulsion and fear, it was as though she cried out, "Oh, you who have cheated us all our lives, can't you save us from this?" He had prepared himself. Nevertheless it was a bitter moment. His heart smarted.

"Of course, I could quash the indictment," he said very dryly.

She looked a perplexed question, a little touched with hope.

"I shall not, however, though they ruin me," he added quietly. "I did that bit of dirty work that I have been telling you about in my youth. You can imagine that what followed was a profound shock to me. It changed me. I have never forgotten that shock. I know what it is to have something to hide. There are nearly thirty years since then without a spot on them, as open, before the Lord, as the day. Do you imagine that I am going back of the thirty years now — to renew my thing to hide? It's true I owe the Bunners something. But I don't owe them the honor of all my later life. I belong to what I have made myself now, not to what I was then, and I'm going to act according to what I am now, not according to what I was then. I might have quashed the indictment of my own notion; but not for a bribe of their silence. Do you imagine I'll let that scoundrel Smoot bribe me — take him into my life? Oh no, my dear. Whatever I once was, I now am the Judge Eldon that you and your mother know. Could Smoot's dirty finger touch him? Never! I'll stand or fall by that, my dear."

The girl leaned swiftly forward. Her hand covered his. "Father! It's fine!" her voice trembled. A mist of gracious tears came into her eyes. She leaned her head to his knee, saying, "You are my father! Daddy, you are my father!"

The judge touched her hair and was silent a moment. Then he took her head in his hands and had her look up. "You make it worth while, dear," he said. "But the main point is — your mother. She has almost lived out of the world these ten years. She has not the vital hold on life that you have. It would be dreadful for her. That is what I fear now. Yet I am rather helpless alone. You and I can understand each other. But we must not forget that this thing exists. This act was done, irretrievable, and it seems minded to return now and ask payment. I am as ready as a man can be, — only I don't want your mother to pay."

"No — she must not — if any one can prevent it," she said. "About her going away — I don't know, father. I'm afraid she will not. If there were some other way" — She puzzled painfully over it a moment, but could see no way. "I will talk to her in the morning and see how she is disposed." She puzzled over it again a moment and looked up at him with a kind of mournful fondness, her hand on his shoulder. "It seems that one should be permitted to take one little day in the past and bury it, does n't it, daddy?"

"They're not so easily buried," said the judge.

As they had feared, Mrs. Eldon laughed away all their schemes for a journey. The last days of the week slipped by and Sunday came. The trial was set for Tuesday morning.

Anne had been sleeping badly. She questioned the night as well as the day for an answer to her riddle. Sunday she passed another restless night. She looked from her window at the dim, sleeping wood, dozed a little and started wide awake with a great quake of fear, for fate had stolen up in the doze. It was dawn — of the only day before the trial.

They kept up appearances at breakfast. Her father went to the train without speaking to her. There was no need of speech.

Mrs. Eldon was uncommonly well. She moved freely about the house, very happy to be able to exercise a housekeeping interest. Various domestic arrangements occurred to her, and she discussed them with Anne, often gayly.

Strange schemes started up in Anne's brain, — fantastic lies to lure her mother out of town, bogus telegrams calling them away. These poor, mirage breastworks which her imagination threw up faded as soon as formed. Nothing of that sort would do. The girl's vision had become clairvoyant. She perceived truth in her mother's beautiful, soft dark eyes and knew there must be no lying. That was one of the stakes to which they were tied.

Her mother was so happy — and this one day of grace was passing.

Among the fantastic schemes there was one, hardly more substantial or promising than the others, that had come to her twice in the night. She had thought of Edward Bunner, seeing again his merry, youthful brown eyes, ruddy, good-humored face, and smiling lips with a jaunty mustache over them.

Now as she and her mother were sitting at lunch, while she pretended to eat, and her mind wandered, this fantastic scheme drifted back again from its limbo. She happened to glance up at her mother. Mrs. Eldon, too, had ceased eating. She was looking up, smiling a little, her worn face soft with the look of a fond woman.

"I just remembered," she said, "that he will wear a silk gown when he is a justice."

Her eyes were upon her husband's portrait, and she gave a little laugh.

"Yes," said Anne, and arose. In the second her purpose had settled.

She went into the library where the telephone was and looked up the number she wished. While she was waiting for a connection with the city she consulted her watch and calculated that by quick work she could catch the 1.48 train. A few minutes later when Mrs. Eldon inquired for her the maid said she had gone for a walk.

She was at home when the judge arrived for dinner, but at the table, for the first time, she failed to keep up appearances. She was pale and noticeably indisposed. Her mother thought she had walked too far.

Directly after dinner the judge made an opportunity for her to find him alone in the library. She came in at once.

"Anything — happened?" she asked.

"No," said the judge. He looked at her questioningly. "Have you been to the city?" It was understood between them that she was not to go to Mrs. Bunner, for the judge knew that would only humiliate her needlessly.

"I went to the city," she said. She came up to him and put her hand on his arm. "Dear daddy, I think I've failed all around."

The term of babyhood, the forlorn note in her voice, her weary face, cut to the man's heart. He took her in his arms.

"Dear girl! I never meant to make it so hard for you. I was thinking of her. I should be sorry I told you, only you would have to know in the end anyway. As for your having failed, no matter. I have failed abundantly enough. I have lived a day too long, my daughter. I wish to God it were not so; but we can only take what's coming. There's one thing, Anne, we've known each other better."

She kissed his cheek. "I'm afraid," she said; "but I'm coming to court tomorrow. I could not bear to be any place else."

There were some motions to be heard in the morning, and it was after eleven o'clock when the case against Edward Bunner was called.

The case proceeded with the usual tedious decorum of a federal court. Judge Eldon leaned back in his large chair, sidewise to the desk, listening with an air of rather bored judicial dignity, and having little to do, for there were few objections, and those were not pressed. The court habitués noted with surprise that Smoot was not fighting his case, and they surmised that he had something up his sleeve. The newspapers had made a feature of this trial of a rich man's son, but to people who go to court for a show the case promised indifferent amusement, neither a murder nor a woman being involved, so the benches allotted to the public were only half filled. Now and then a spectator got up and tiptoed out in search of livelier diversion. Now and then one tiptoed in, slid into a seat, and tried to interest himself.

Miss Eldon declined the seat beside the judge which would have been at her disposal, and took one in the front row of spectators on the left. The young defendant sat at a table inside the rail. Smoot sat on the other side of the table, his long legs comfortably crossed, his hands in his lap, a slight, attentive frown on his face. Mrs. Bunner sat behind her son at the end of the table, very erect, her powerful dark eyes oftener upon the judge than upon the witness or attorney. Judge Eldon had given one quick glance in that direction as he took his seat, and noticed that Adam Bunner was not present, — also, that a black silk bag lay on the table in front of Mrs. Bunner. Then he had turned his back.

Several times during the forenoon the young defendant looked over at the girl in the front row of spectators. If her face was averted he looked at her for some time as though powerless to look away. Once her eye met his and he smiled a little. Again when her eye met his he looked away quickly and moved nervously in his seat.

The tedious formalities of the trial proceeded. At half-past twelve court adjourned until two. Judge Eldon stood up and waited for his daughter to join him. Mrs. Bunner leaned forward and plucked Smoot's sleeve. They whispered together a moment. Then Smoot arose, walked rapidly and confidently forward and up the steps to the bench and spoke to the judge, Mrs. Bunner's eyes following him. Anne was at the gate in the rail which divided bench and bar from the public. As Smoot went ahead of her, she hesitated there a moment, looking up at her father and the lawyer, the latter talking and frowning. Young Bunner's eyes were fixed upon her upturned face. He turned a little pale and was about to rise and go to her when Smoot stepped away and she hastened forward to join her father.

They went into the chambers. The judge looked at her with a painful dryness in his eyes. It seemed to her that he had grown much older.

"When the testimony for the prosecution is in," he said, "Smoot will move to take the case from the jury and discharge the prisoner. If I overrule the motion Mrs. Bunner will make a scene in court that will give her an opportunity to tell her story to the reporters. She has her documents with her. I have ordered some lunch sent in here."

"I supposed it would be something like that," said Anne.

Sub-consciously both understood their state. In that pause before the crisis all their powers went to sustaining the nerves and keeping up the physical form of life, leaving the brain dull. They had nothing to say to each other.

"I think I will go out and get something to eat," said Anne dully. "I shall feel better for walking a little."

"Yes," said the judge sympathetically.

"Anne! I would n't come back if I were you. There's no need."

"I should go mad waiting," she said, as though she were making a commonplace statement.

He stared after her helplessly as she went out. Lunch was placed before him. Mechanically he ate a bit of the repugnant food and sipped the tea, the while looking fixedly out of the broad window at the sign-littered store fronts across the way, but hardly seeing them. After all, he might be able to grant Smoot's motion. Smoot was a good lawyer, and he might present some strong warrant for the court's interference. Perhaps he had discovered a fatal flaw in the prosecution's case. In a way the judge was aware that this was mere weakness, but his mind dragged helplessly around it. The first thing from the outside that really penetrated him was the cry of a newsboy, faintly heard from the street: —

"'Nextra pa-por. . . . Big robbery! Get 'nextra papor!"

And it came to him with a mighty shock that in a few hours they would be crying the extra papers with all about Judge Eldon accused. It seemed to him that he knew how those felt who had waited to be thrown to wild beasts. The minute hand of the clock moved on. He sat in his chair, dulled with pain, waiting helplessly for the stroke of two.

Mrs. Bunner came in early and took her place at the table, on which she placed the silk bag. Smoot and the young man stepped out of the elevator at three minutes before two, still smoking their cigars. The young man was preoccupied and slightly pale. Glancing down the corridor he saw Anne Eldon standing by the small door that gave to the judge's chambers.

Smoot touched his hat carelessly to the young woman, for she was looking at them, and turned in at the courtroom door. Young Bunner went swiftly by and came up to Anne, his hat in his hand.

"I'm afraid what you told me is true — about my mother," he said. "It is true, Miss Eldon; but I can't change her purpose."

"No," she said, with an odd gentleness. Her candid eyes held his with a kind of sad sympathy.

"What you've done — did yesterday, you know," he stammered. "I think it was fine and I appreciate it. I'm sorry — for all. But it's my mother."

"Yes," she said. "It was for my mother, too, — it is for her. We cannot help it." Again there was that oddly humble despair.

He stared at her an instant, was aware of Smoot standing in the courtroom door, frowning. "Well, never mind," he muttered. He turned away, and when he joined Smoot he was smiling, so that the lawyer suspected a bit of youthful gallantry.

The court sat. The trial was resumed. Presentation of the testimony for the prosecution, while dry enough, involved many details. It was nearly four when the district attorney rested. Smoot arose deliberately, almost lazily, and gave notice of his motion to discharge the prisoner.

When Smoot began the argument on his motion the district attorney leaned forward, all attention, well knowing the acute and resourceful mind opposed to him, and somewhat nervous, half fearing that, after all, he had left some fatal flaw in his case which Smoot had discovered and was about to expose. As the argument proceeded his attentive attitude relaxed. He straightened up, then leaned back in his chair, staring around at the court in blank astonishment. For, as a piece of legal reasoning, this argument of Smoot's was beneath contempt. If it had come from an unknown man that man would have been set down for a blockhead. Coming from Smoot it could only be regarded as a piece of amazing impudence, the purpose of which was beyond the district attorney's comprehension. So he stared at the court.

But the court's head was bowed. Judge Eldon understood perfectly. Smoot thought he had the judge limned, and he

proposed not to leave him a rag of defense. He proposed to make him discharge the prisoner on this ridiculous plea so that between them thereafter there could be no doubt of the motive.

Smoot's drawling voice ceased and he sat down, complacently crossing his legs. The district attorney stood up and spoke a dozen contemptuous words in reply, for mere form's sake.

A hush fell. Mrs. Bunner drew a parcel of papers from the silk bag and held them in her hands. They awaited the court's judgment.

Judge Eldon, still looking down at the desk, put his hands on the arms of his chair and softly cleared his throat to speak the words which would overrule Smoot's motion. But before his lips formed the first word another voice spoke: —

"If the court please."

He looked up quickly and saw that the young prisoner was standing, his eyes on the floor. Smoot had started forward a little, a scowl on his face.

"I wish to change my plea. I wish to take back the plea of not guilty and make a plea of guilty." The young man looked steadily up at the judge. "I am guilty, your honor. I knew this was a crooked scheme, and that the men were using my money to go into it. I am guilty. I wish to take my punishment."

In a perfect silence the young man sat down, and the whole scene seemed hung in mid-air.

Judge Eldon felt himself, too, in mid-air, and it was from that strange suspense that his dry, judicial voice spoke quite mechanically: —

"The clerk will change the plea to guilty."

These words, in the judicial voice, seemed to bring the scene to earth, and unalterably fix the act. Smoot dropped back helplessly. Mrs. Bunner sat with starting eyes; all the breath seemed to have left her body.

Then Judge Eldon spoke again, almost mechanically: —

"Nothing remains but for the court to pass sentence. The statute prescribes that the punishment shall consist of a fine of not less than five hundred or more than five thousand dollars, or imprisonment for not less than thirty days or more than one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. It is clear to the court that this defendant had no settled criminal intention. He was light-hearted and careless as many of us who have grown gray and sober were in our youth. He has acknowledged his fault, and in that he is fortunate and entitled to honor. I cannot discharge him under his plea, but I can impose the lightest penalty, a fine of five hundred dollars, and suspend the fine. That I will do. Court is adjourned."

He arose and entered his chambers. Mrs. Bunner sat with her head leaning on her hand. Anne Eldon passed through the gate in the rail. The young man looked at her. She came up to him and held out her hand. As he stood, holding her hand, he perceived that she was profoundly shaken, and that she honored him, and his heart was uplifted. They said nothing, for Smoot was there. There was no need to say anything. She passed on.

When she entered the chambers she saw the judge standing in the middle of the floor like one amazed. She went swiftly up to him, herself much shaken, for young Bunner's act stood above both of them and overpowered their hearts.

She touched her cheek against his shoulder and whispered, "We've buried it, daddy."

"Oh no! Not 'we,' Anne; not 'we!' but you two young people! It was you two young people! You had been to see him."

"Yes. I went to see him yesterday. I had met him. It was only the matter of some casual talk and a dance, yet I felt toward him that he would be my friend. I suppose I thought him nice. You know. And yesterday I went to him — to try to show him how useless his mother's act would be. He could not change her, it seems. But he thought of this other way — to plead guilty — which I had not

mentioned or thought of. My going to him in that way — it touched his chivalry, you see. It was very fine, father."

"So fine, my dear, that I never quite felt it before — how fine it is to be fine. I think I never really repented before." He looked hesitatingly at her and she knew that his contrite heart was contemplating a sacrifice.

She slipped her arm over his shoulder. "You must n't make it useless, father — what he did. That was his gift. You cannot throw it away. You cannot go back of the thirty years now any more than you could the other day when Smoot approached you. You are Judge Eldon — Justice Eldon."

"Well, — you are right there, Anne," he said. "Yet it is a strange thing, — his father would have been capable of something like that, done out of generosity. No, that one day in the past is not buried, Anne. One can never really bury it. And now I do not wish it buried. I wish to keep it by me for repentance and humbleness and charity. That is the most and the least I can do. Let me never forget it."

Hanford came out that evening. Anne walked to the gate with him. He was in his jolliest mood.

"The announcement will be made next week," he told her, "so you must get ready to have your picture taken for the newspapers to publish as ' The Beautiful Daughter of the New Justice.'"

She brushed her cheek against his shoulder. He had noticed that she was unusually silent to-night.

"Mitty!" She stopped, and, to his astonishment, her voice trembled. "What are you going to do with Senator Hargass?"

His blank surprise continued. Out of it he answered, "Why, throw him in the air."

"You must n't do it! Mitty, you must n't do it!" Her voice was trembling. "Oh no! No! No!" she cried out and threw herself upon his breast.

Amid his sheer bewilderment Hanford vaguely perceived that his nice girl had suddenly become an impassioned woman.

THE ART OF MISS JEWETT

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON

The difficulty in reviewing a book is that one is really reviewing the writer. So true is it that the book expresses the author that, like the gentleman in the play, the man who writes one leaves his character behind him. So, reviewing in the hands of people of sufficient insight and ill-nature might easily become as malicious as any gossip that ever delighted the Candours, the Sneerwells, and the Backbites of this world. Is it not true that when the critic declares the style of a writer to be slovenly, his thought confused, and his tone that of shallow cynicism, he utters, if right in his judgment, the unpalatable truth that the author is a sloven, an undisciplined thinker, and a shallow cynic? And yet wonder is felt at the sensitiveness of authors! For my part, I am more inclined to wonder that critics so seldom seem to shrink from an undertaking so personal; for, in this view of the matter, criticism becomes so intimate a probing of the heart of its victim that it appears a little impertinent. When the reviewer comes fully to realize that the challenge of the author is not "What kind of a book have I written?" but "What manner of man am I?" — then he may well feel inclined to change the embarrassing subject. Still, it is, after all, the author who raises the question, and,

moreover, since he is a candidate for the important position of entertainer and instructor of the public, he is not the only one interested in the answer: the world has a right to the best and frankest opinion which it can obtain on his qualifications. If we have it on high authority that it is as well almost to kill a man as to kill a good book, is it not common sense to draw the obvious inference that it is as well (in this case I omit the "almost") to save a malefactor from the gallows as to save a bad book from its just fate? However, this is not an essay on the ethics of reviewing; these few trite words are said only because, my subject being a woman, my task seemed unusually delicate, and I wished, before plunging into it, to indicate, however roughly, on what grounds it might be justified. But if any one thinks from this preface that terrible things are about to be said, I must dispel the expectation, no matter how delightful. There is to be nothing unpleasant: no one could better sustain the search for the author within the book than Miss Sarah Orne Jewett.

She was born in 1849 in South Berwick, Maine, the daughter of Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, a country practitioner. There she spent her childhood, and there, at the South Berwick Academy, she received all her formal schooling. As a woman she has traveled widely, not only in her own country and Canada, but in Europe; and, while holding fast to her home in Berwick as a summer residence, has spent the winters in Boston among friends who are of the intellectually elect. Her literary life she began at the age of nineteen as a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and she has ever since been engaged in steady but admirably unhurried production. *Deephaven*, her first published work, appeared in 1877. For six years thereafter volumes came every second year: *Old Friends and New* in 1879; *Country By-Ways* in 1881; *The Mate of the Daylight* in 1883. The next seven years, the period of her greatest literary activity, each saw a book completed: *A Country Doctor* in 1884; *A Marsh Island* in 1885; *A White Heron* in 1886; *The Story of the Normans* in 1887; *The King of Folly Island* in 1888; *Betty Leicester* in 1889; *Strangers and Wayfarers* in 1890. Then for two years she rested, but in the four years following she again wrote an annual volume: *A Native of Winby* in 1893; *Betty Leicester's Christmas* in 1894; *The Life of Nancy* in 1895; *The Country of the Pointed Firs* in 1896. *The Queen's Twin* was published in 1899, and in 1901 came *The Tory Lover*. These seventeen volumes complete for the present the list of her published works.

If it is true that nothing can come from a writer except, first, the knowledge derived from his experience of life and from his studies, and, second, an expression of his character as formed thereby, these meagre facts, amplified where possible, will repay somewhat close examination.

To begin at the beginning, it meant more, perhaps, to be born in South Berwick than in other New England villages of its size, for the place has not only a pleasant historical atmosphere, but, since its origin is neither Pilgrim nor Puritan, a rich tradition of generous and elegant living. For confirmation of this, the suspicious reader, if he distrusts the account of Berwick in *The Tory Lover* because it appears in a novel, even historical, can refer either to the charming essay *River Driftwood* which opens *Country By-Ways*, or, if that may be considered sentimental, to an historical paper on the town which Miss Jewett contributed some years ago to the *New England Magazine*. As for the historical associations, aside from those clustering about the name of Sullivan, the one which has the greatest popular appeal is that here John Paul Jones, "a little wasp of a fellow with a temper like a blaze of the gunpowder whose smoke he loved," gathered the ship's company for that wasp's nest, the Ranger. There were, of course, also provincial celebrities, men who had two cloaks and everything handsome about them, whose fame it is not worth while to try to revive

here, but whom it is useful to mention in aid of the impression which I desire to convey, that the neighborhood was one inhabited by the "quality." It seems that it possessed rather more, perhaps, than its share of those great houses full of handsome furniture, old silver, and beautiful women in French silks, which were, one suspects, not nearly so general in Colonial fact as they have since become in Colonial fiction. There has been, by the way, an odd change in our historical stories from praise of "sturdy yeomanry," "homespun heroes," and "embattled farmers" to celebration of fine ladies and gentlemen moving in the minuet, which reflects a growing niceness of the public taste in ancestors, but which, perhaps, swerves from the truth of our democratic history. However that may be, the mansions of historical romance were actually built in aristocratic Berwick. "There were many fine houses," says Miss Jewett, "in this region in old times." Of the one still remaining she gives a description from which we may form an idea of the others. The Hamilton House "seems to me," she writes, "unrivaled for the beauty of its situation, and for a certain grand air which I have found it hard to match in any house I have ever seen. It is square and gray, with four great chimneys, and many dormer windows in its high peaked roof; it stands on a point below which the river is at its widest. The rows of poplars and its terraced garden have fallen and been spoiled by time, but a company of great elms stand guard over it, and the sunset reddens its windows. . . . Inside there are great halls and square rooms with carved woodwork, and arched windows and mahogany window seats, and fireplaces that are wide enough almost for a seat in the chimney corner." This quotation from *River Driftwood* makes it easy to guess what sort of people lived in such houses; or, if it is not, the reader may stimulate his imagination with the *Tory Lover*, or, turning to *Deephaven*, with the chapter entitled "Miss Chauncey." Certainly, after reading these, no one will be surprised that Miss Jewett has heard "many a tradition of the way" Hamilton House "was kept; of the fine ladies and gentlemen, and the great dinner-parties, and the guests who used to come up the river from Portsmouth, and go home late in the moonlight evening at the turn of the tide." These gayeties are of small enough consequence now: the use I wish to make of them — since the tradition of race is no small part of character — is to indicate the kind of tradition which the village supplied. In this tradition Miss Jewett is entitled to share by birth. Witnesses to the truth of the statement may be called from frankly autobiographical passages in her early work. Thus, from references in *River Driftwood*, it appears that one of her grandmothers, being of those gay moonlight parties, inspired a romantic attachment in the heart of one of the French prisoners at Portsmouth. It appears, also, that the grandfather who ultimately became the husband of this fascinating lady was then at sea, as was the custom in those days of young fellows of good family who expected to take up mercantile pursuits. In *A Mournful Villager*, in the same volume, she gives her childish recollections of another grandmother, "a proud and solemn woman," who was obviously a delightful exemplar of old-time gentility. And somewhere — unfortunately I cannot now find the passage — she refers to an ancestor who was a minister. That is quite as it should be, for the ministers were the custodians of scholarship in the early days, and wholly to account for this author we need to add to the strain of gentility that of ancient scholarship. For thus she falls unquestionably into Dr. Holmes's Brahmin class. I have mentioned the sketch of Miss Chauncey: those who remember the first chapter of *Elsie Venner* will perhaps recall the Chaunceys as one of the families referred to by the author to illustrate his meaning, and perhaps they will not need to be reminded that Mr. Bernard Langdon, his typical Brahmin, came — Dr. Holmes de-

clines to be explicit — either from Portland, or Newburyport, or Portsmouth. Now, Portsmouth is very near Berwick.

A recent writer on American literature seems to have aroused more or less ill feeling by somewhat closely defining the social position of our principal writers: this man was, that man was not, a gentleman. I cannot see that there is any cause for serious complaint. If there is any truth in the remarks with which this paper opens, a complete understanding of the work of an author cannot be reached without considering the question of his birth and breeding. It seems plain that a gentleman, whether by position or by character, will write differently from one to whom the title cannot be given. To make a comparison between authors safely remote from the present, it seems enlightening to say that Montaigne was a gentleman and that Rousseau was not.

At any rate, I have insisted upon Miss Jewett's being a gentlewoman because it seems to me to explain much about her work. To it I believe are due both her evident delight in her gentlefolk and the sympathy, grace, and delicate precision with which she draws them. They are far more abundant in her work than the general reader, who associates her with sketches of rustic, not to say bucolic life, begins to realize. Miss Lancaster and Miss Denis in *Deephaven* are aristocratic in every thought and feeling; *A Country Doctor*, *A Marsh Island*, and, still more, *The Tory Lover* are dominated by gentlefolk; many short stories both early and late — *Lady Ferry*, *The Dulham Ladies*, *The Two Browns*, *The Landscape Chamber*, *A Village Shop* — are given almost exclusively to them. Two delightful stories of the South, *The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation* and *A War Debt*, could have been written only by one made clairvoyant by as perfect a gentility as any in the proud South. And, finally, there is no more undoubted little lady in children's literature than Betty Leicester. Indeed, New England gentlefolk are presented in her work as skillfully and almost, if not quite, as fully as farmer and fisher folk.

All this, of course, raises the question why a woman of such strongly aristocratic sympathies should have made the principal work of her life the portraiture of homely and humble people. In order to answer it, we may turn again to the biographical sketch, and there pick out two items.

One of these is Berwick itself, but in the different aspect of a simple country village. In such places, although there used to be (and perhaps still is) a clearly defined aristocratic group, there was also, within certain limits, the most democratic freedom of intercourse. If, for example, one belonged to the aristocratic circle, he knew many people not sharing the distinction, who, although they never expected to be invited to his table, yet claimed and exercised the right to call him by his given name. This situation did not seem anomalous to those to the manner born, and it is plain that, by not separating classes, it offered a favorable opportunity for reciprocal sympathy and understanding.

So, simply by living in such a community, Miss Jewett would infallibly learn much about people of a social grade lower than her own. This was, of course, the common portion of every child born in such surroundings, — and incidentally a reason for our wide enjoyment of rural tales; — but in Miss Jewett's case it was enriched far beyond the ordinary measure by various contributory circumstances. Important among them was an inborn love of nature. "First cousin to the caterpillar if they called me to come in," she describes herself, and "own sister to a giddy-minded bobolink when I ran across the fields as I used to do very often." Important, also, was her delicate health; for it led her parents to encourage to the utmost her taste for out-of-door pursuits. These probably included many not ordinarily enjoyed by young ladies. There is, for example, a paragraph in *A Dunnet Shepherdess* in which she shows

herself a good fisherman. Of course a girl much out of doors would have a better chance than one confined at home to make democratic acquaintances.

But the advantage in this regard of her freedom of life is small by comparison with that of the second item, — a real miracle of good luck for one with her mission, — the fact, namely, that her father was a country doctor. Miss Jewett has recorded her debt to him in the dedication of her third book, *Country By-Ways*. "To T. H. J.," the inscription runs, "my dear father; my dear friend; the best and wisest man I ever knew; who taught me many lessons and showed me many things as we went together along the country by-ways." What lessons he taught and what things he showed may, I think, be easily guessed from what we know of him. He was, for example, learned in ornithology, a study second to none in training the powers of observation, and in instilling a love and knowledge of nature; and, as I never knew an ornithologist who did not also know something of animals and flowers, I think I may infer, without fear of mistake, that the delicate little girl, riding in the carriage beside the doctor, was not allowed to miss whatever instruction there might be in any of the pleasant sights along the way, whether bird or beast, flower or tree. In these constant drives throughout the changing seasons into the country or along the tidal rivers to the sea she also learned by heart all the varying aspects of the Maine country, which she has described with such affectionate accuracy and fullness. Instances of the minuteness of her observation abound in all of her stories in which nature plays a part: I will give but one, a reference to a raw spring day, which has long clung in my memory as containing one peculiarly eloquent detail. It was a day, she says, when "now and then a scurry of snow came flying through the air in tiny round flakes that hardly gathered fast enough *to mark the wheelruts*." What New Englander does not know those days when the snow only marks the wheelruts, or requires any further detail to identify them? The astonishing knowledge of herbs and simples, moreover, which makes possible such a portrait as that of delectable Mrs. Todd in *The Country of the Pointed Firs* may also be safely counted as among the results of these drives in a doctor's buggy. The finest and deepest lessons, however, must have dealt with human beings. For Dr. Jewett was one to appreciate them. The skillful but anonymous Introduction to a selection of Miss Jewett's more characteristic stories in the Riverside School Library, which may, I suppose, be regarded as official, says that he was "a country doctor in the best sense of those words, which may mean so much or so little. With him they meant that his patients were very real and human people, whose thoughts he knew as well as he knew their ailments, whose farms and gardens were always passing before his observant eyes, whose very lives, for joy or sorrow, were a part of his own life." The talk of such a man as this, kindly and humane, with a memory full of country histories grave or gay, must have been much of his patients, and must have tended to awaken in his daughter curiosity and its nobler offspring, understanding and sympathy. While he saw his patient, whether farmer or fisherman, she doubtless "visited," as country people say, with the well members of the family, and thus learned in the most easy and direct manner not only the trick of their speech, but the characteristic tone of their thought and feeling. Father and daughter, when they drove away, doubtless spoke of the family they had left, its sorrows and perplexities if the case were severe, its humors if the case were only little Johnny with a trivial attack of mumps. In other words, the people were interpreted to the young author, and her young powers of observation, feeling, and reflection were helped and guided by a man of the widest and most intimate experience of his people, and of great humanity.

Such was the experience of life which

gave the young gentlewoman her exceptionally accurate and minute knowledge of country scenes and country manners; but before we can understand the motive which led her to use it as literary material we must know something of the personal character which was to give force and direction to her literary gift. Here, also, I suspect Dr. Jewett of having had a powerful influence. For he was more even than a wise and kindly country practitioner. He was eminent enough in his profession to be a professor in the Medical Department of Bowdoin College. Moreover, as the Introduction reminds us in a hint which I think is as good as a statement, he sat for the portrait of Dr. Leslie in *A Country Doctor*. Dr. Leslie is represented as a religious man, as one not only learned in medicine and having a natural gift for healing, but as "a scholar and thinker in other than medical philosophies."

Under the training of such a man, Miss Jewett, as any one may guess, would grow into a serious and thoughtful woman. Although at the age of twenty she could let her keen sense of humor play over solemn matters, as when she speaks either of a countryman's immaculate best room as suggesting "an invisible funeral," or of being in doubt "whether if the Bible had been written wholly in inland countries, it would have been much valued in Deephaven," she could also declare — alas, with a split infinitive! — that "to heartily enjoy the every-day life one must care to study life and character, and must find pleasure in thought and observation of simple things, and have an instinctive delicious interest in what to other eyes is unflavored dullness." The seriousness of this sentiment — unusual in a young girl — sorts finely with the religious cast of her nature. That deserves emphasis. Doctors have a reputation for skepticism, but apparently Dr. Jewett did not share this characteristic, if it be one. At any rate, his daughter grew up with deep religious feeling, — present everywhere in her work as an invisible force, and in her earliest writings often frankly, sometimes inartistically, expressed, but always with a winning simplicity and lack of pose. It finds this open expression in one or two passages in *Deephaven*, but is at its frankest in her second book, *Old Friends and New*. I call attention to it partly because it colors her view of life, but mainly because it would give the attitude of a child toward rough country people, of her superiority to whom she would soon become conscious, an especial grace and seriousness. She would wish, that is to say, to do them good.

The creative impulse which was to have such thoughtful guidance was of course a gift of the gods: it is acquired in no other way. But for certain Gallic qualities of her art, its neatness, clearness, and measure, those who believe in heredity may find a partial explanation in the fact, not as yet mentioned, that her New England blood is touched with that of clever, artistic France. However explanatory that may be, it is certain that she began to exercise her admirable gift while still a very young girl. In a preface to a holiday edition of *Deephaven* published in 1893 she speaks of the first chapters of Mrs. Stowe's *Pearl of Orr's Island* as having opened her eyes to the literary value of the country folk she knew so well. This work appeared in 1862, when Miss Jewett was thirteen years old. It does not follow, of course, that she resolved upon using the abundant material at this tender age, but she could not have been older by many years, since she began to write for the *Atlantic Monthly* when only nineteen. I for one should be glad to know how this girl came to possess a literary style so simple and correct and a diction so pure. So far as technical excellence goes, it seems to have been born perfected: I can see little difference in it from the day of *Deephaven* to the day of *The Tory Lover*. It has an informality which is admirable for her purpose, — the periodic sentence is extremely rare, — and which, if it has a certain monotony of cadence when read in long stretches, has

in her shorter stories the agreeable ease and grace which one associates with the best letters of cultivated women. An occasional error like the confusion, common with her, of "aggravating" with "provoking" simply disarms that dislike which we have of the literary Aristides as of others. The clue to the secret probably lies in part in native gift; in part in the special quality of her education. That, in the formal sense, was scanty. What there was of it was obtained at the South Berwick Academy, but the ill-health which has been referred to as keeping her out of doors also kept her out of school, so that, as the Introduction says, her "reading and study received most of its direction at home." Although what she studied is hid from us, what she read is revealed, — at any rate in part. There is evidence enough in her writings, not only that she early had access to literature of a solid and sustaining kind, — a man like her father was certain to have not much of any other in his library, — but also that she early learned to love it. On this point, the list of books which Miss Lancaster and Miss Denis read at Deephaven is instructive: it includes works by Thackeray, Sir Thomas Browne, Fénelon, Thomas Fuller, Addison, and Emerson. And these young women were not terrified by old-fashioned stories and essays, or even by old sermons, and — behold the true book-lover! — they used to read them "with much more pleasure because they had such quaint old brown leather bindings."

Among the books of the two girls some volume by Hawthorne ought, perhaps, also to appear. The *Scarlet Letter* was published as early as 1850, and in Miss Jewett's writings are many traces of his influence. It may be fanciful to detect a resemblance to Hawthorne in Miss Chauncey in *Deephaven* or in Lady Ferry in *Old Friends and New*, but the likeness is plain in such stories as *The Gray Man* and *The Landscape Chamber*. This accusation (I should like to say in parenthesis) of undergoing the influence of Hawthorne is made against almost every New England writer of gloomy stories, and I sometimes wonder if it is entirely just. I have thought that the similarities on which it is founded may rather be evidence of the representative character of Hawthorne's mind; that other stories resemble his, not because they are written with a borrowed inspiration, but because they are written by men of the same gloomy stock. Although Miss Jewett, so far as I know, is not Puritan, her imagination, her seriousness, and her religious nature, taken with her close observation of a people in whom Calvinism had strangely wrought, may be held enough to account for an uncanny bit of symbolism, or story of pursuing fate. However it may be with her, I am ready in general to believe that we should have stories of the sort which we are accustomed to call Hawthornesque had Hawthorne never existed. But I can return from this long digression by averring with some confidence that this writer of exquisite English had a share in showing Miss Jewett how to write. And the moral of it all seems to be the old one that the reading of good books is the best preparation for the writing of them.

If the technique of her style is good, its moral qualities reflect the character which I have been trying to describe, and are no less remarkable in a girl not yet quite out of her teens. It has restraint: there is a conspicuous absence alike of girlish smartness and of girlish gush. It is kind: the humor has no youthful blend of cruelty. It has simplicity: there is no studied phrase-making or fine writing. It shows education in the best sense, and a culture that is real and considerable, if still susceptible of increment in her later years. The tone of it all, indeed, is valuable testimony to the mature poise of her mind, to the strength of her character, to the refinement of her taste, and to the wisdom and skill of her father's training. The whole point which I am trying to make is that, behind such a gift for graceful writing as is possessed by many empty-headed and

empty-hearted people, there was in Miss Jewett's case a very real and valuable force, — that of a strong and generous character and a cultivated mind.

If the point has been made successfully, the time has come to speak of the motive which led the young gentlewoman to put to literary use her knowledge of her humble neighbors. I do not believe that one less sordid or more charming ever prompted an author. In the early seventies the summer boarder, so soon to develop into the summer cottager, was born, and with him a new audience for any writer who could describe the scenes in which he found so great a pleasure. Miss Jewett seized the opportunity, but the rough analysis which has been made of her character has failed abjectly if any one is surprised to hear that it was not her head, but her heart, which saw its profit in the obvious chance. In a recent preface to *Deephaven* she records with a characteristic touch of gentle humor her early terror lest her beloved country-folk be misunderstood. "It seemed not altogether reasonable," she writes, "when timid ladies mistook a selectman for a tramp, because he happened to be crossing a field in his shirt-sleeves." And so, in obedience to that serious and generous side of her character which I have been at pains to note, she set herself to the benevolent task of clearing up all such misapprehensions as this. In a larger view, she undertook to interpret what is best in the countryman to what is best in his city brother. The task presented itself to her as a public duty, and in that spirit she has carried it out. "There is a noble saying of Plato," she writes in the preface already mentioned, "that the best thing that can be done for the people of a state is to make them acquainted with one another." That is high ground for a girl to take. I hope I am not cynical in thinking that, in the majority of cases, the first use to which a clever boy or girl, born in the country of the more favored classes, would put literary talent would be smartly to recount the ludicrous aspects of rural character. If I am right, we can judge by that what unusual thoughtfulness and kindness of heart Miss Jewett displayed.

This motive reflected her goodness: a secondary one reflects her scholarly instincts. It is the motive of the Chronicler. She hoped her careful observations of rural speech and customs might have historical value. "Le paysan est donc," she quotes George Sand, "si l'on peut ainsi dire, le seul historien qui nous reste des temps antehistoriques." The historical point of view is not only attractive but familiar to her, for she has herself played the historian. *The Story of the Normans* — a subject perhaps made especially alluring to her by that interest in the French which her kinship would cause, and which scattered references throughout her stories make very evident — shows how strong is the historical bent of her mind.

Prompted by these motives, she began her first published book, *Deephaven*. This work, although for some reason it did not appear in book form until 1877, when she was twenty-eight years old, was written when she was "just past her twentieth birthday." It is an interesting and complete illustration of all that has been said about her here. Two charming girls, aristocratic to their finger-tips, — "types," as Miss Jewett herself calls them, "of those pioneers who were already on the eager quest for rural pleasures," — go to spend their summer in a fine old country house which belongs to the family of one of them, and which stands in rural grandeur in a sleepy, decaying seaport village on the northern New England coast. There they make the acquaintance of all the village characters, and are unaffectedly surprised and charmed to find them, in their way, such delightful people. The histories of these racy and individual folk form the real stuff of the book. The reader will perceive that Miss Jewett's experience of life as an aristocrat in close touch with humbler country-folk, her personal character, and her literary purpose are all

given, by a book of this plan, perfect expression. Her art, as is natural, does not do itself so thorough justice. Still, her character-drawing, although it shows like a faint pencil sketch beside the deep color of her maturer portraiture, has remarkable shrewdness and justice, and has all the distinguishing qualities of her richer work. The book still has vitality; but, as it is immature in thought and feeling, its chief charm, at least for the seasoned reader, now lies in the sweet spirit of refined girlhood which breathes between all its lines. This slight, modest, girlish, charming piece of writing, although a promise rather than an achievement, was successful with the public: the edition which I have is dated 1896, and is marked as the twenty-third.

Besides the two motives which I have already mentioned as prompting Miss Jewett to write, there was a third: she wished, that is, to interpret town to country. "At the same time," she says, continuing her example of the city women, she "was sensible of grave wrong and misunderstanding when these same timid ladies were regarded with suspicion, and their kindnesses were believed to come from pride and patronage."

In her effort to do away with this species of misunderstanding, I fear she has not been so successful. In the first place, art of a less delicate sort than hers is needed to reach wide popular appreciation, and in the second, her aristocratic point of view is here an undoubted disadvantage. In all the stories dealing in part with gentlefolk, this point of view has of course its direct representative in whose always friendly eyes we see the countryfolk reflected. Then, too, even in the stories the action of which employs only uncultivated folk, Miss Jewett, as in *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, generally introduces herself as a spectator and herself supplies the aristocratic attitude. Even when she seems to absent herself wholly she is palpable. We often speak of detecting an author behind his characters. Miss Jewett never attempts to conceal herself, but is always in front of hers, describing, explaining, most visibly acting as their interpreter. And a very attractive picture it is too, I digress to say, which she thus quite unconsciously draws of herself, — a dignified and sympathetic Lady Bountiful whose intercourse with her humble friends is marked by exquisite tact and unaffected respect for them as men and women. As Lady Bountiful is an aristocratic English conception, the comparison is, on second thought, more significant than I guessed when it occurred to me. For Miss Jewett says somewhere that the social conditions of New England, as she knew them when a child, were recognizably English, and it is certain that her own attitude toward country people is so. If one thinks a moment, he will perceive that her closest literary analogue is Miss Jane Barlow, who, although Irish, is as good for the present purpose as an Englishwoman. Miss Barlow's attitude is distinctly that of a lady writing of a beloved peasantry. It is a charming attitude, against which I do not share the resentment that I once heard a self-educated Irish peasant express, and Miss Jewett's is strikingly similar. For example, a passage which might have come straight from an English story is her description of John Grant, an honest farmer, who appears in *A Village Ship*. He had, it seems, "great respect for the Grants, and looked upon them as people who never need be ashamed of themselves or their forefathers in any company, being people who paid their debts and did their duty in the place to which it had pleased God to call them." And it is worth noticing also that John Grant, of whom Miss Jewett thoroughly approves, orders himself to the Jeffries, the gentlefolk of the story, although they have fallen on evil days, as lowly and reverently as to all his betters. However much one may wish that the beautiful spirit instilled by the most aristocratic of churches were more prevalent in these rebellious days, the teaching must be admitted to be that of an aristocracy. An-

other evidence of conservative feeling is the fact that, although Miss Jewett is full of pity for individual hardship, her work may be searched in vain for any expression of discontent with the social order. It all indicates, I think, that she would address a rural audience with less acceptance than a more democratic author who could speak of rich and cultivated people from the popular point of view.

However that may be, I think that no one can read her book and remain unaware that the audience which she seeks, quite naturally and unconsciously, is made of the people of her own social and intellectual class. I have a theory that a study of an author's metaphors, similes, and illustrative instances, since their use, when they are not mere decoration, is to make a meaning vividly plain, will surely reveal what people he is especially addressing. I have noted two in *The Tory Lover*. In describing Major Tilly Haggens she says that he had "a tall, heavily made person, clumsily built, but not without a certain elegance *like an old bottle of Burgundy*." In describing the minister, she speaks of the buckles which fastened his stock behind, of the buckles on his tight knee-breeches, and of other buckles large and flat on his square-toed shoes, and declares with great aptness that he looked like "*a serious book with clasps*." If it is objected that these examples are from a story frankly addressed to the class in question, take two others from stories to which the objection does not apply. In *A Native of Winby* Miss Jewett describes the pupils of a country school. "Only one or two of them," she says, "had an awakened human look in their eyes, such as Matthew Arnold delighted himself in finding so often in the schoolchildren of France." In *An Only Son* she says humorously of the selectmen of Dalton that for dignity they would not have "looked out of place in that stately company which Carpaccio has painted in the Reception to the English Ambassadors." I am doubtless wrong, but I think that neither of these allusions would be wholly clear to some people who would resent being classed as uncultivated. In urging this argument, I do not forget that her stories abound in illustrations like that, for example, which declares it as useless to expect that some persons will be thrifty as to expect that a black-and-white cat will be a good mouser. Not to mention that the reason which so limits the powers of a black-and-white cat is carefully explained in the text (which need not be done for the rural reader), the appeal in this as in other such cases is made to the love of the quaint in sophisticated people. But the audience chosen by Miss Jewett may be determined, better than by this perhaps doubtful test, by the whole tenor of her work (which, however, is not so easy of citation), in which the attitude is always felt to be that of an observer *de haut en bas*. No attentive reader, I think, can escape the conclusion that she has always written as a "summer visitor" for "summer people." Besides providing a great deal of entertainment she has undoubtedly done in that particular field no small amount of good.

Miss Jewett's character, and her purpose, which, of course, is an expression of her character, may be reasonably regarded as having also influenced, more perhaps than she knows, her choice of material. A woman of refined tastes, she naturally feels strongly the usual feminine distaste for crude tragedy and sordid detail. A writer anxious to win respect and liking for a special class in the community, she naturally chooses for emphasis the scenes in which it appears to the best advantage. There must, of course, be shade as well as light in the picture, but the reader is made to feel that if any of her people are hard-hearted and selfish, — they are seldom worse than that, — they are to be pitied as victims of hard conditions rather than blamed. The king of Folly Island, for example, does not know that he is selfish. Accordingly, what she oftenest shows us is thrift, neighborly kindness, cheeriness, and

shrewd humor in the face of joyless surroundings, patient endurance, and unselfish abnegation. Yet she knows, of course, that there is another side. In her novel, *A Country Doctor*, she makes Dr. Ferris declare: "I tell you, Leslie, that for intense, self-centred, smouldering volcanoes of humanity, New England cannot be matched the world over. It's like the regions in Iceland that are full of geysers." Yet *A Country Doctor* is a striking example of her tendency to shun the geyser in action. It begins where most novels would end. There is a whole novel, and to most minds a highly interesting one, in the tragedy which left the child, who becomes the heroine of the story, to be adopted by Dr. Leslie. But what the reader is actually given is the simple, idyllic chronicle of the life of a little girl who chooses to become a physician rather than a wife. A less obvious, but still a good example is supplied in Miss Jewett's second novel, *A Marsh Island*. Slight in plot, sentimental in atmosphere, it concerns a young artist who nearly falls in love with a farmer's daughter. Plainly, the least push would send this situation across its neat boundaries into the region of poignant tragedy; but Miss Jewett is careful to stay her hand. The story remains merely pretty, if with a charming Dresden-china-like prettiness.

A long idyl, unfortunately, defeats its own ends by becoming cloying, at least to those who are past their youthful love of sweets. Miss Jewett seems to have realized that the novel was not the form in which to present the good and beautiful things of which alone she cared to tell her readers, since not for nearly twenty years did she attempt another long tale. This — it may as well be treated here — was *The Tory Lover*. In it she reverts to a figure which, as I have already noted, had long ago touched and quickened her imagination, "the waspish little man" John Paul Jones. Reverting also to those traditions of aristocratic Berwick which are so dear to her, she writes, as is natural, with enthusiasm. The book has admirable passages and pictures. I have a vivid memory of the description of Berwick, of the account of Miss Hamilton's voyage to England, of the admirable sketch of Franklin in France. It has a scholar's accuracy in the historical portions, and a continuous charm of style of which the catch-penny purveyor of so-called historical fiction has no clear conception. But the title, *The Tory Lover*, aroused in our well-tutored public the hope of a swashing romance of the cloak and sword. Readers avid of melodrama missed the rush of incident and the recurrent shock of surprise peculiar to such compositions, and would not be put off with mere honest writing. Had it been remembered that authors, after years of work in a certain form, cannot change their literary methods in a day, and had the book been read with the reasonable expectation of finding it written, not by Dumas, but by Miss Jewett, there would have been much more pleasure taken in this somewhat slowly moving, scholarly romance.

But this is a digression: the point to be made is that the novel is not the form for one who has neither love of action for its own sake, nor any enjoyment even dramatic in the sharp, bitter struggles of life. For the exhibitor of modest and retiring virtue, "what to other eyes is unflavored dullness," the short story — alas, simply because it is short — is distinctly preferable. A single note must not be sounded long. Moreover, since modest virtue is a matter of character, the sketch is preferable to the short story for its display. Incident, if of an elaborate sort, not only occupies the space required to draw character properly, but, in the case of quiet country life, introduces an element of improbability. Had Miss Jewett employed strong incident with any lavishness, her account of sturdy, commonplace, virtuous New England, although it might well have been correct in detail, would, in the mass, have taken a distorted aspect of strenuous liveliness which it is far from possessing. A proper proportion of stories of the two sorts would have produced the

true picture. Conscious or unconscious perception of her limitations led Miss Jewett, I think, so generally either to cast her writings in the form of the sketch, or at least to reduce incident to a minimum of importance. It certainly was not lack of ability to write the story of plot. Those trig social comedies, *Tom's Husband* and *Mr. Bruce*, *A Man of Business* and *The Two Browns* show sufficiently that, had she cared to have it so, short stories of a French perfection of form might have flowed continuously from her pen. But the story of construction, not being pertinent to her mission as a writer, is scarce. On the other hand, the rural sketch, being exactly suited to her talents and her purpose, is plentiful.

It was not, however, until 1886, when she was thirty-seven years old, that a book appeared which showed unmistakably that she had reached full artistic maturity. The volumes which appeared between 1877, the date of *Deephaven*, and 1886, the date of *A White Heron*, all reveal some uncertainty of touch. Though all are readable, though all have charm and value, some, like *Deephaven* itself, are immature, some, like *A Country Doctor* and *A Marsh Island*, are experiments, and some of the volumes of short stories sound, if one listens carefully, as if the author were striking this note or that with the timidity of a performer not quite sure either of herself or of what tone she likes the best. These were the years in which she tested herself, thought out her problem, matured in mind and character, became master of a ripened art. Proof of how thoroughly this was accomplished lies in *A White Heron*, for the book contains two masterpieces, — I use the word both in its old sense and in its new, — the title story, namely, and *The Dulham Ladies*. I do not know what bird this white heron may be which comes so far north, and does not nest with others of its kind in a heronry, but neither do I care; it may be a fact or a fancy, an ideal or a symbol, anything or nothing as you please; for this is one of those exquisitely simple stories into which we are tempted to read all manner of elusive meanings, so prone are we to believe that neither fiction nor poetry can be meant to be as simple as it sounds. It is a haunting thing which becomes a part of your mind and heart, and which, chameleon-like, takes on the color of your mood. And *The Dulham Ladies* — what is that? — an account of two old women going to buy false hair! Yet the humor and pathos of decaying gentility were never more tenderly or more unerringly revealed. After eighteen years, the humor is as delicately refreshing as ever, the pathos quite as profound; and it seems impossible that the story should ever lose its savor. In each of the books that came thereafter, there is one story, or perhaps there are more, which, although they were perhaps less remarked because more expected, reached the same high level. *Miss Tempy's Watchers*, *Going to Shrewsbury*, *A Native of Winby*, *The Flight of Betsy Lane*, *The Passing of Sister Barsett*, *The Hiltons' Holiday*, *The Courting of Sister Wisby*, *Law Lane*, — these are to me peculiarly delightful memories. And Miss Jewett crowned the list with a book perfect in its kind, a masterpiece made up of masterpieces, the wholly satisfying *Country of the Pointed Firs*. It cannot, I think, fail to become a classic: it certainly marks the floodtide of her achievement. Unfortunately, the work overflows its covers, and the first and second stories of her next volume, *The Queen's Twin*, — the title story, and *A Dunnet Shepherdess*, stories which I hope I am not alone in liking best of all her writings, — are integral parts of the preceding volume and should be included in it. In these later volumes, Miss Jewett has incidentally completed her picture of the New England of her acquaintance with stories which, like *Little French Mary* and *The Luck of the Bogans*, add to the familiar Yankee the hardly less familiar Irishman and French Canadian.

So far as she goes, she tells the absolute truth about New England. There are

sides of New England life from which, as a gentlewoman, she shrinks, and which, as an advocate, she finds no pleasure in relating. As an interpreter of the best in New England country character she leaves in shadow and unemphasized certain aspects of the life which she does describe. Hers is an idyllic picture, such as a good woman is apt to find life reflecting to her. Almost all of her characters would merit the Montyon prize for virtue, had we such a thing in America. I always think of her as of one who, hearing New England accused of being a bleak land without beauty, passes confidently over the snow, and by the gray rock, and past the dark fir tree, to a southern bank, and there, brushing away the decayed leaves, triumphantly shows to the fault-finder a spray of the trailing arbutus. And I should like, for my own part, to add this: that the fragrant, retiring, exquisite flower, which I think she would say is the symbol of New England virtue, is the symbol also of her own modest and delightful art.

A NIGHT IN A FREIGHT CAR

BY H. C. MERWIN

Some persons, most persons it may be, would set down as crazy any man who should declare that an ordinary box freight car is a more pleasant conveyance than the best appointed "Pullman." And yet this is the thesis which I am prepared to maintain. What is it that makes railroad traveling exhaustive to the nervous system? It is not the jarring of the train. Modern roadbeds are so well ballasted, tracks are so smoothly laid, car-springs so cunningly tempered, that passengers not only read but write, and even have their beards shaved with comfort. Fifty miles an hour with a razor at your throat, and no harm done; that is one of the triumphs of modern ingenuity. No; it is the close, bad air that makes the traveler dull and headachy; and the more costly the train, as, for example, a "vestibule" train, the worse the ventilation.

Traveling in a passenger car means a horrible community of unwholesomeness. Mentally, you can ignore your fellow sufferers. You can treat them with a silent contempt bordering upon insult; but what does that avail so long as you are obliged to pool your physical condition with their physical condition? Their fatigue becomes your fatigue; their germs of disease become your germs. A recent writer in the London *Lancet* states the case as follows: —

"The business man is more liable than the agricultural laborer to become run down, not so much because he works harder and more monotonously, and therefore personally manufactures more waste products, but because his tissues are more liable to become saturated with the waste products of himself and others, derived from the confined atmosphere which he habitually breathes. We all know how tiring to most of us is a long railway journey, more especially if the compartment is crowded and the windows are closed. . . . The effect is due to the saturation of the tissues with waste products taken in through the lungs."

Is it luxury to become "saturated with waste products," even though your seat be comfortable, and you are surrounded with triumphs of the upholsterer's art? Give me, rather, the unadorned freight car with the winds of heaven blowing through it. If they blow too hard, you can shut the door, make everything snug, wrap yourself in an ulster, and lie down

on a good bed of hay. To be sure, your feet may become cold, but if they do, there is no law against getting up and walking about for a while. You have the whole car at your disposal.

Another advantage of the freight car is that it contains fewer objects to fatigue the eye and brain. This, in a lesser degree, is also the advantage of the drawing-room car, but the latter, with all its luxuries, is an over-heated apartment occupied by persons reading "society" papers or bad novels, and haunted by a mercenary black man. For real privacy the freight car is preëminent. It is even superior in this respect to those private cars, so called, which are owned and used by a favored few, commonly described as "magnates." The magnate lacks absolute privacy. Custom obliges him to share his car with servants. Conductors and brakemen have a right of way through it. But in a freight train the only method of communication is by the overhead route; and no one is entitled to poke his nose inside of your car. Tramps sometimes attempt to force themselves in, but if you prevent them with a carriage wrench it is not murder nor even manslaughter.

What the modern world needs as much as anything is to revise its notions of luxury. A luxury may be described as a superfluous good, mental or physical. It is something not absolutely necessary to health and happiness, but conducive to both. The same thing, therefore, may be, according to circumstances, a luxury or the very opposite, for it may be detrimental to health and happiness. A fur coat is a luxury to a stage-driver in northern New England, but not to a young man in the city. An electric car is a luxury if by its means you are enabled to live in the country, but it is the opposite of a luxury if you employ it to deprive yourself of needed exercise. A horse is a luxury if you bestride him; a carriage is a luxury to those who are too infirm to ride in the saddle. But when, as often happens, we see a stout man being conveyed in a cab from his house to his office on a rainy morning, we behold a terrible sight, — that of a fellow being deluded by false notions of luxury. Calling once upon a rich old gentleman, I noticed on a table in the front hall five high hats, and, in front of each hat, neatly folded, a pair of kid gloves. Hats and gloves were all about alike, and the superfluity of them impressed me so strongly, having always been accustomed to what are called "moderate circumstances," that I could not help making some allusion to it by way of discovering how the matter lay in the owner's mind. "Ah, yes," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I am a very lux-u-ri-ous man." But the old gentleman's ideas of luxury were confused. A superfluous hat is not a luxury any more than two meals are a luxury for the man who can eat but one.

As a rule, the possession of wealth tends as much to diminish as to increase real luxuries. A servant is a luxury, if he saves one from mere drudgery, but quite otherwise if his employment deprives the master of healthful exercise or pleasant adventure.

Let us suppose, then, that the reader, desiring to transport his carriage or saddle horse, or, better yet, his pair, for horses like to travel in company, to his summer home, and not being blessed or cursed with an English coachman, decides to go with them himself. He will not be quite alone, for the family dogs agree to accompany him. The familiar horrors of that last day in town need not be dwelt upon here. A thousand things should be done, and you try to accomplish a few of them. It is a day of rushing about, of nervous fatigue, of a wilted collar. At last, however, about five o'clock, you renounce the devil and all his works, and call at the stable for your horses. They are quickly harnessed with the halters on beneath the bridles; and you take a hasty inventory of your outfit, which should include blankets of various weights for the horses, oats, hay, a pail for watering, a lantern freshly filled, with a new wick, and plenty of straw, sawdust, or

other material, for the horses to stand upon. This not only prevents them from slipping, but forms a cushion which mitigates the jar of the freight train.

For yourself, you need only an overcoat, a box of provisions, a drinking cup, a bottle of water or tea, some matches and plenty of cigars not too good to give away. Railroad men are great smokers, and tobacco administered in proper doses, especially to engineers and firemen, has a wonderful effect upon the operation of brakes and levers. A skillful engineer, when he backs down to make a coupling, or when he starts his train, can do so as gently as if he were cracking eggshells, or he can do it with a jerk which throws your horses to the floor; and the gift of a cigar will sometimes make all the difference between the two methods.

A suitable car, that is to say a clean one, with a high roof and good springs, has been bespoken, we will assume, and the horses are coaxed into it with many fears and misgivings on their part. The dogs, on the other hand, are the first to enter, and having thoroughly inspected the car, their tails wagging with curiosity, they sit down in an appropriate corner, and fix their eyes upon their master, prepared for anything so long as they are not separated from him. The horses are placed side by side in the rear of the car, facing toward its centre, and are strongly fastened to a rope stretched across the car in front of them. As a precaution against injury from kicking, their hind shoes may be removed, or a pole placed between them. Great care should be taken to secure the separate parts of the carriage and all other movable objects, for the motion of the car has an astonishing effect in setting even heavy things afloat. Nails are driven here and there for hanging harness or other matters, and the lantern is safely suspended from the centre of the roof. At last everything is stowed away, and we are ready to start. It has been a hot piece of work, and the horses, worried by their strange surroundings, and alarmed by the noise of a "shifter" which puffs back and forth upon a neighboring track, sweat profusely, paw and stamp, and glance about with frightened eyes. One door, that on the side where trains will pass, is closed and fastened. The other door is left open, and you can regulate it according to the weather and other circumstances.

But now it is time to take a seat on the hay, or you will be thrown off your legs, for the shifter is backing down upon us. "Here she comes!" cries the foreman of the freight house; and bang! she strikes us with the force of a small collision. The shifter, as doubtless the reader knows, is a little but powerful locomotive, very fussy, jerky, and irritable in its movements, and much given to snorting and panting. In the days when locomotives bore names, and not simply numbers, there was an especially nervous shifter to which some railroad man who knew his Dickens had given the appropriate name of "Pancks." The shifter and the shifter's crew of brakemen "make up" the train, collecting the cars from the various freight houses, and leaving them in one long line, ready to be hauled away by another locomotive.

Motion travels slowly; and everybody has observed how, when a heavy train starts, the mysterious force is communicated by slow degrees to the different sets of wheels, accompanied by a succession of rattles and crashes, as one car after another begins to move. The horses learn the meaning of this sound with astonishing quickness; and you can see them, when they hear it, bracing themselves to withstand the anticipated shock. These are trying moments, but at last the through freight is made up, and our car is attached to it with "live stock" chalked on the outside, in token that we are to be sent forward as speedily as possible.

And now comes a brief respite. Six o'clock has struck; the shifters are stabled in the roundhouse; the freight houses are closed, and tranquillity settles down upon the yard. Men are going home in twos and threes; and presently the crew which is to take us on the first stage of

our long journey appear, pipe in mouth. These men are as different from the shifting crew as the shifting locomotive is different from the long-distance one. They are heavier in build, more stolid and more taciturn, somewhat rough and brusque in manner, but almost always good-natured and obliging. You are apt to begin by quarreling with them, and to end by liking them. Railroad men are, to use an expressive Americanism, "very accommodating."

At last the huge black locomotive which hauls the night freight on its first stage looms into view, and slowly backing down upon us, sends a shiver through the whole train. Then comes a brief pause. The long, dark train lies motionless on the rails, like a snake, with the engine for its head, and the headlight for its big, single eye. Nothing so dead, so absolutely quiescent as a train of loaded cars standing on the track, — but how fearful its momentum when in motion! It is astonishing that the poetry of the railroad has been felt so little. There is Turner's magnificent painting called Rain, Mist and Steam, and there are some stories and verses of Kipling's; but the field is as yet almost unworked. Perhaps our poets travel too much in sleeping-cars.

But hark! Three warning whistles come from the monster which has us in tow, and the engineer, puffing at the good cigar which you have given him, gently turns on the steam, and we are off with only the slightest of shocks. Vacation has begun, and a thrill of pleasure seems to run through the train. Once clear of the city and its suburbs, the railroad for some distance almost touches the water; and, standing at the open door of your car, you watch the sun, an immense red ball, sink into the ocean. Cool, salty, and invigorating is the air which the tide brings in from the sea, and it acts like magic upon your fretted nerves. Now you begin to appreciate the luxury of traveling by freight. What has become of those professional or business cares which were worrying you no longer than a single hour before? Even the horses seem to feel the spell. They are less excited; their heads droop, and you can safely loosen the rope, so as to give them more freedom.

Smoothly the night freight wends its way across the marshes, and thunders over crossings where the gate-tender stands with his hand on the crank, and his evening pipe in his mouth, a reposeful sight; and presently, in a lonely spot, we stop, and back on to a siding, where we are to remain until a certain passenger train has gone past. Here is an opportunity to alight, and perhaps to have a little talk with the "con," as tramps call the conductor, who strolls up in his shirt-sleeves, with way-bills bulging in his hip-pocket. Some inside facts about railroading crop out in these chance conversations.

Soon, however, the express train for which we were waiting has rattled disdainfully past; the conductor waves his arm, the engineer responds with three toots of the whistle, we scramble aboard, and the huge train is in motion again. We are now approaching a large town or city, and in the gathering twilight it is pleasant to observe family groups enjoying the cool of the day on their doorsteps. Electric lights begin to multiply, and in a few minutes, with an agreeable sense of superiority, — for we also are an express, — our train rumbles and clanks through the principal station without stopping, and we catch for a brief moment the wondering eyes of persons standing on the platform who have discovered with astonishment that one of the freight cars is inhabited.

We are soon out in the open country again, and as night falls we light the lantern, recline on our couch of hay, and pulling a horse blanket over our feet, settle ourselves for supper, with the dogs in very close attendance. In cold weather carminative food is to be recommended, for the want of hot victuals and drink is keenly felt, and may partly be supplied by gingerbread and alcohol in some form. The writer remembers one trip in mid-

winter when, having forgotten to take a flask along, his only drink, through a long shivering day and night, was water out of a tin dipper. Cold tea, not made too strong, and tempered with whiskey, is a suitable freight-car beverage.

The horses are now quiet and nodding with sleep, and in the cool night air they are likely to experience that slight chill which usually follows excitement and profuse sweating. Feel of their ears now and then, for the ear is the horse's thermometer; and if their ears are cold, let the nags be covered up, as we say, more warmly.

And now, as night closes in, you begin to taste the real sweets of privacy and solitude, — a condition which cannot degenerate into loneliness because you have the dogs cuddling against you, and the horses close at hand. If you happen to be near the centre of the train you can please yourself by reflecting that something like a quarter of a mile of freight cars separates you from the men on the locomotive at one end and from those in the caboose at the other. Only those who have felt it can understand the mysterious charm of solitude, can realize how, from being a mere taste or inclination, it grows by indulgence till it becomes a passion. We have all heard, and some of us fully believe, the story of that Western pioneer who became so enamored of solitude that he found himself under the painful necessity of shooting at sight any stranger who presumed to come within twenty miles of his stamping-ground. John Boyle O'Reilly used to declare, with some exaggeration it may be, that the seven years which he spent in solitary confinement in Dartmoor prison were the happiest years of his life.

Perhaps the main charm of solitude is that it emancipates one, for the time being, from all human relations and obligations. It is one thing to be alone with the possibility that at any moment some friend or some enemy — it is all the same — may knock at the door; and quite another to be alone without that possibility. The latter state is solitude. The solitary man is secure. The universe exists for him alone. He has no duties, except perhaps in thought. He is like a god, aloof from all human concerns. Mere existence suffices for him; and though solitude is to be sought chiefly in woods and fields, yet the devotee will find it also in his dimly lighted freight car, rushing through the cool air of the summer night, now thundering past stations and freight houses, all silent and deserted, now rumbling over a drawbridge, beneath which flows the swift, black water of a mysterious river, pierced by a single star, now roaring through a wood where even the birds are at rest, and then out in the open country again, past hamlets and scattered farmhouses, buried in darkness and slumber, huge masses of black on the landscape.

Yet signs of life are not wanting altogether, for, at rare intervals, a dull light gleaming in the windows of some sick-chamber will make the passenger wonder, not without a thrill of sympathy, what tragedy may be enacting there, and with what hopes or fears the patient and the watcher at his bedside await the morning. Little do they imagine that even a moment's thought has been expended upon them by a traveler flashing past in the night; and it does not seem a wild surmise that, equally without their knowledge, some all-seeing God should record with pity the sufferings of that isolated sickroom.

So much is to be seen and felt that one is hardly inclined to spend even a part of the night in sleep; and, to tell the truth, sleep is sometimes difficult to woo in a freight car. The Sybarite swings a hammock in the car, and is independent of its motion; but for an able-bodied man, a bed of hay is sufficiently comfortable, except, indeed, for a brief half-mile or so, here and there, when you strike a rough spot in the track. (Traveling by freight qualifies one to render an expert opinion upon the character of the roadbed.) Every stoppage is a diversion. Sometimes

it is to take water, sometimes to doctor a hot-box, sometimes to let a passenger train go by; and if you happen to stop at or near a station, you will perhaps see two shadowy figures appear suddenly from the train, and move stiffly off into the surrounding darkness. They are tramps who have been riding on the couplings between two cars.

Not infrequently, especially if the cars are heavily loaded, a train will break apart; and bad accidents sometimes occur if this happens just before reaching a down grade, — the rear part of the train crashing into the forward part. A few months since, a well-known Connecticut dealer who had just started for England in charge of a valuable stallion was killed in this manner within five miles of his home. One winter night, coming from "down East" in a violent snowstorm, the couplings broke three times, the caboose and a few other cars at the rear end being left on the track each time, while the locomotive with the rest of the train forged ahead for two or three miles, coming back again, of course, when the mishap was discovered. The last time that the couplings were broken, we were hurrying to reach a siding in order to leave the track clear for a passenger express, supposed to be not far behind. As the train parted, and the rear end of it began to slow, everybody in the caboose made haste to jump off, and especially a brakeman with a red light, who, running back as fast as he could, was just in time to signal the express. It came to a stop only when the cow-catcher of its locomotive was in contact with our caboose. Indeed, it seems to be the case, and I mention it here for the benefit of nervous travelers, that there are many narrow escapes on the railroad which passengers never hear about.

The caboose (on some roads they call it the "buggy") is a social centre, and being warm and comfortable, it is a pleasant place on a cold night. Dealers who are in the habit of carring horses seldom stay with them, — they go back to the caboose. Here, most of the time, are the conductor and two brakemen, the third brakeman being on the locomotive. Here, also, ride the drovers who have cattle and sheep on the train *en route* to market; and these men are unmistakable, for they have a brutality of expression, in comparison with which the face even of a horse-dealer is that of an innocent cherub. The explanation is simple: drovers deal continuously with dumb animals, but never hold any kindly or unselfish relation to them. Their business is to buy and sell the poor creatures at so much a head, and between these two operations, to goad and shove them into freight cars, packed as closely as the law will permit, and sometimes more closely. If everybody were familiar with drovers, saw their faces, heard them speak, and watched the translation of a cow, calf, or lamb from the farm to the slaughter house, the world would probably give up eating flesh in six months.

Beside drovers and horse-dealers, a few miscellaneous persons frequent the caboose, and notably potato men. Potatoes are brought to market in winter as well as in summer, and the stove-pipe which one occasionally sees projecting from a car marked "Ogdensburg," "Canadian Pacific," or "Bangor and Aroostook," means that a man is inside to keep up the fire, lest the vegetables should freeze. The car is chilly, despite the stove, and it is probable that after a day or two the exclusive society even of the Early Rose or the Beauty of Hebron begins to pall upon the solitary occupant. One stormy night a potato man entered a certain caboose, and was rudely accosted by the conductor, a humorist and a cynic upon a rough and gigantic pattern.

"Who are you? Where's your pass?" he thundered.

"I have n't got any pass," was the reply.

"You have n't! What do you mean, then, by coming into my private car? Don't you know that you can't ride here?"

"I know one thing," said the potato

man with the firmness of desperation, as he sank into a chair and warmed his hands at the huge stove in the centre of the caboose; "I mean to stay here until you throw me out."

"Well, stay and be d—d," said the conductor, pleased with his little joke.

It was the same man who amused himself, and incidentally amused me, by extracting from a handsome, desperado sort of brakeman a long account of the latter's recent courtship and marriage, an account which the conductor freely punctuated with caustic remarks upon the folly of the woman who could marry such a scamp.

You will find a great deal of coarseness in the caboose, more, perhaps, than in a fashionable club, but its moral tone is certainly not lower than that of the club, and its impulses are sounder, more national, and more patriotic.

The caboose is not only an office for the conductor, and a saloon; it is also a sleeping-car, containing at the rear end half-a-dozen bunks for the trainmen, who will turn in here about midnight or later, when we have reached a certain provincial metropolis, the end of the road on which they are employed, and the halfway point in our own journey. No city could appear more beautiful of a summer night, for we approach it by crossing upon trestlework a wide river, the farther bank of which is marked by a long line of electric lights reflected in the water. Here we run in upon what seems to be the single unoccupied track in a forest of freight cars; and as soon as our wheels have ceased to turn, we are visited in succession by three or four functionaries, each with his lantern on his left arm. First comes a man who takes the number of our car, then another who notes in his book our contents and destination, next an inspector who plays a few bars upon our wheels with his hammer, and, finally, the agent of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, who is employed to see that cattle and sheep are not overcrowded.

The big locomotive which has drawn us thus far now goes off to the roundhouse to rest and prepare for the return trip; and in its place a little shifter, insulting the night with its puffing and whistling, knocks us about for a while, and finally leaves us in what appears to be a long-disused and deserted part of the yard. The tracks end here, running against a hillside. On our left is a snowplough, not likely to be wanted much before Christmas; and on the right is a worn-out caboose, which, to judge from the rust upon its wheels, has been motionless here for many years. Shall we not share its fate? Will anybody know or remember that a car marked "live stock" was tucked away in this remote corner?

However, it is only twelve o'clock, and as we are not "due to leave" till two A.M., we have in this quiet spot, as deserted as a graveyard in the dead of night, an opportunity to feed the horses and to take a nap ourselves. But, in the first place, we must sally out for water, unless indeed, as is the better way, we have brought with us water for the horses in a keg or in two pails with tight-fitting covers. Horses are very squeamish about drinking water to which they are unaccustomed, and they are particularly so under the nervous excitement of a railroad journey. They drink with even less appetite than they eat; and this is the main reason why they shrink up and lose weight in the cars, especially upon a short trip. During a longer journey, they usually become reconciled to the situation, recover their appetites, and are prepared for surprises in the water pail.

If, however, you are in search of water you will find a faucet in a kind of employees' waiting-room, where, in semi-darkness, on dingy benches ranged around the wall, men are taking naps or eating their midnight meal. While thus employed you are not unlikely to meet other travelers having horses in charge, and you may even be induced by some enthusiast to accompany him through a maze of tracks and trains to his distant

car, where he will show you an animal most remarkable, as he thinks, for beauty or speed. Possibly you will encounter a certain interesting person whose whole time is spent in carring horses for a Western beef company from the metropolis, where the horses are purchased, to the various smaller cities and towns, where they are to be used by the agents of the concern.

Race horses are great travelers, and many of them average perhaps two days a week on the cars from June till November. It has been discovered, not without surprise, that the shifting and balancing which a horse performs in the cars have a wonderful effect in suppling his muscles. Many a trotter or runner has gone the best race of his life after a long railroad journey followed by one night's rest. Old campaigners learn to take the noise and jarring of the train with perfect composure, and some of the more intelligent are sagacious enough to lie down on their deep beds of straw as soon as they are put on board, and to remain in that position until the journey's end. Maud S. is said to have done this.

But it is time to return to your temporary home, especially as rain is beginning to fall, and in your half-asleep condition you are likely to go astray, wandering up and down long lines of motionless freight cars, stumbling over switches, and vaguely wondering whether you are going to be run down and killed by a shifter, or, more heroically, by the Manitoba express. At last, however, you recognize a certain open car laden with granite, — an awkward thing, by the way, to be next to in a collision, — and, upon the box car immediately behind it, you read the now familiar number, 2011, or whatever it may be. The horses welcome you back with a whinny of pleased surprise, the dogs frantically caress you; and, throwing yourself down upon your bed of hay, you fall asleep to the music of the rain pattering upon the tin roof overhead.

Thus passes an hour, the shortest of the night, and then down comes the shifter of the line to which you have been transferred, and awakes you with a crash. And now you have a chance to observe the worst dangers of railroading. In order to make the necessary couplings and uncouplings, the shifting crew are continually obliged to jump on and off moving cars. They have only one free hand with which to grasp a rail, for in the left hand they carry a lantern; and on such a night as this, when everything is slippery with rain, and obscured by darkness, mist, and, perhaps, by steam, the danger is much increased. To stand dry and safe within your car and watch the scene is something like witnessing a gladiatorial show.

A freight brakeman, especially one of a shifting crew, expects to come within a few inches of death every night in his life; and yet in most of our states the common law is still so unjust that if a brakeman is injured by working with defective cars or appliances, knowing them to be defective, although he would doubtless be dismissed if he refused to work with them, he cannot recover damages for the injury. According to the fiction of the law, he has "voluntarily assumed the risk." One night spent on a freight train would do the bench of judges a world of good.

Let us hope, however, that on this occasion you "pull out" from the yard leaving no lifeless or mutilated body behind, happy in the thought that you have entered upon the last stage of your journey, and pleased that the train, for a wonder, is on time, although, as a church clock on the edge of the city strikes two, you are not quite sure, in your dazed and sleepy condition, whether it is yesterday afternoon or to-morrow morning. At all events, the clouds have dissolved, the stars are out again; and a little later, at 2.45 A. M., to be accurate, as you stand at the door of the car, inhaling the cool, sweet air which already smacks of the mountains, you observe in the eastern sky two or three silvery streaks which might be clouds, but which, as slowly they broaden, brighten, and become suffused with pink, you perceive to be the

dawn of a midsummer day. Beholding that, the stars begin to withdraw, the winding river, visible for a mile or more, lazily rolls off the counterpane of mist which has covered him throughout the night, and the whole landscape awakes.

As the sun, getting higher and higher, burns away the freshness of the morning, it must be confessed that something of the glamour which has surrounded your journey throughout the night begins to disappear. Even upon the ascetic mind thoughts of a neat breakfast-table and of a cup of hot coffee (with boiled milk) will intrude. Sometimes — such is the weakness of human nature — a base longing to get into a comfortable bed, and leave the landscape and the horses to take care of themselves, will poison the morning mind of the demoralized traveler. But there is a remedy yet to be tried. Climb to the top of your car, and sitting there, with your back to the locomotive, for the cinders come somewhat thickly, you will feel such a rush of invigorating air, and will enjoy so wide a view of forest and stream, with the mountains rising northward, that fatigue disappears or is forgotten. Before long, from your lofty perch, you begin to descry familiar houses and barns and turns in the road, and at last the well-known, dingy little station, just as you left it nine months ago, with the same old wagons standing in the sheds behind, with the same old stage-driver, dressed in the same faded clothes, and whittling what appears to be the same stick, sitting on the platform.

Profound is the quiet of the scene; fifty years of noisy progress have been wiped out by our journey of a night. This is home. Even the horses sigh with pleasure as they breathe in the sweet, hay-scented air; and the dogs, rushing from their temporary prison with screams of delight, are already pursuing one of last summer's ideals, — a certain fat woodchuck in a neighboring field.

THE JAPANESE SPIRIT

BY NOBUSHIGE AMENOMORI

When Japan fought with China, in 1894, for the independence of Korea, and when, a few years later, she satisfactorily discharged her allotted task as one of the allied powers in the rescue of the foreign legations at Peking from the hands of the Boxers, the general public was pleased to call her a nation of wonderful people. Now that her national safety has been threatened in Manchuria, she has been forced into a war with Russia, and the achievements she has so far accomplished on land and sea seem to have gained her once more the epithet of a wonderful people. Among many congratulatory letters on her hitherto attained success received at the headquarters in Tokyo from persons of note abroad, there was one asking the question, "Why are Japanese so brave in war?" The answer given was, "Japanese are brave on account of their patriotism and loyalty to the Emperor."

If the general public once rightly understood warlike Japan, — her history and institutions, the customs and habits that have formed her military character, — then, what is now looked upon as wonderful will be seen in its true light as no more than might be expected, for knowledge turns the wonderful into the natural.

What we here propose is not a treatise on the subject. It is merely an attempt to lift a corner of the veil so as to let those who will take a peep at the interior of the

shrine of national life that has been built up by the sons and daughters of Yamato, and has stood unshaken for thousands of years, gaining strength from age to age.

It is a gross mistake to suppose that civilization in its broad sense first dawned upon the isles of Japan only about fifty years ago, when friendly America knocked at the doors of the empire. Japan had been civilized then; that is, she had left far behind her the vestige of barbarism, and was then just as civilized as any country in Europe or America; only her civilization was peculiar to herself, having been developed by her during her long seclusion from the rest of the world. In the degree of progress from barbarism she stood on the same level as any other civilized nation. But many of the ideas that had been formed under her peculiar civilization seemed so different from those of other civilized nations that she at first misunderstood them, and was misunderstood by them. It was to this difference of ideas that she owed the rubs and difficulties she experienced at the outset when she was introduced into the friendship of nations. Judging them by her own standard, she thought them barbarous; and so was she declared when judged by theirs. Her ideas were shared by none, while theirs were common to the more powerful peoples of the world. So that, having once entered into treaty relationship with them, and being unable to fall back upon her former seclusion, it was necessary for her, if she wished to make a good figure in the brotherhood of nations, to adopt and adapt to herself the civilization of the West. This she saw, and acted upon it. As she studied the culture of the West, the ideas that seemed at first entirely different from her own she found to be not so many as she had thought, and these not so radically opposed to one another as to resist amalgamation. Now it is conceded on all sides that the modern civilization of the West has been greatly indebted to that of ancient Greece and Rome, if not entirely evolved out of them. But if the old customs and institutions of Japan be duly examined, a great many of them will be found analogous to those of the two ancient countries of Europe. If, therefore, Greece and Rome have given rise to and influenced and moulded the modern European civilization, then it stands to reason that it can be adopted and assimilated by Japan, whose culture, customs, and institutions have close resemblance to those of the classical parents of modern Europe. And so Japan embraced and has at length assimilated it, — to a great extent at least.

In consequence the Japanese have been complimented on their imitative, rather to the disparagement of their inventive faculties. But this compliment comes from a superficial observer. He does not see that, in order to adopt a thing, there must be already developed power to grasp it in its details, and that this intellectual grasp presupposes inventive as well as imitative faculties working in that line. The Japanese decorative art has been imitated by the peoples of the West. Look at their *objets d'art* produced at present; the Japanese influence is more or less apparent in them all. Would any one say on that account that the Westerners lack inventive faculties in this line of industry? Imitation and adoption prelude adaptation, and adaptation calls forth improvement, which is decidedly within the province of invention. As we are at present considering not industrial or commercial, but warlike Japan, we will speak only of things that are related to war. Let us take a few instances.

Having early realized that, despite the progress of international law and the humanitarian professions of the powers of the world, might is still right at bottom in the intercourse of nations, Japan has taken to the study of the modern tactics and other military arts and sciences of the West. How much she has already availed herself of the new knowledge combined with her own bequeathed by her ancestors has been shown in the scientific

address and machine-like movements of her forces on land and sea in the present war with Russia. And not only that; many of the munitions and ammunitions wherewith she is now fighting are of her own invention and make. The Shimose powder and shells, the Oda submarine mines, the Arisaka quick-firing guns, and the Meiji 30th year rifles have all proved their effectiveness, to the great loss of the enemy. Even the apparatus of wireless telegraphy she is now using is of a special type of her contrivance; and she has devised, though not yet used them in the present war, a new type of balloons. Thus she is fighting with new knowledge and new equipment. Yet she is still eager to learn, and has already learned much from her enemy. She has deeply regretted the death of Makaroff, not only from the high esteem in which she had held him, but also from the frustration of the hopes she had entertained of learning a great deal from him, whose books on naval matters she had carefully studied.

But all this intelligence would be of little avail had not Japan that bravery which is one of the flowers of her patriotism. The love of one's fatherland is common to the natives of all countries, but in the Japanese patriotism there are certain things peculiar to itself.

When we consider Japanese patriotism, we must never lose sight of its great concomitant, loyalty to the Emperor. These two passions are so closely united in the breast of an ordinary Japanese, that he can hardly conceive of one without the other. When a Japanese says, "I love my country," a great or even the greater part of his idea of his "country" is taken up by the Emperor and the imperial family. His duty to his country, as conceived by him, includes, first of all, duty to his Emperor. Moreover, to him his country does not mean simply a group of islands with about fifty millions of people living on them. His forefathers and descendants are also taken into account. To him the past, present, and future generations are commingled into one; so that if we analyze the idea of his *kuni*, country, as understood by him, we find it composed of the following elements: —

1. The imperial ancestors.
2. The reigning Emperor.
3. The imperial family.
4. The imperial descendants.
5. His own ancestors.
6. His own family and relations.
7. His descendants.
8. His fellow countrymen, their families, and their relations.
9. Their ancestors.
10. Their descendants.
11. The extent of land or lands occupied by his race.

Since Jimmu, the first Emperor, ascended his throne more than five-and-twenty centuries ago, one unbroken line of Emperors and Empresses has reigned over the isles.[1] The empire has stood for this long succession of centuries unpolluted by the foot of a conqueror. Indeed, toward the end of the thirteenth century Kublai Khan, attracted by the accounts of Japan given by seafarers as a land of inexhaustible gold mines, sent a vast fleet with the purpose of adding the country to his dominions. But the fleet was repulsed and destroyed. Out of the hundred thousand men sent by him only three returned to tell the tale. Japan had never been before that time, nor has she been since, attacked by a foreign power.

The Japanese knows that his own ancestors served those of his Emperor. Nay, he knows that, if his own genealogy be traced to bygone ages, it will be found more or less connected with that of the imperial household. In short, the Japanese are members of one vast family with the Emperor as the head, and representative of its main stock. The Emperor is by birth the head of the nation. Neither he nor any of his ancestors came to the throne by ruse or violence. Suppose Abraham

[1] We are now concerned with the vital belief that is the moving power of the nation, and not engaged in a chronological discussion on the so-called minor discrepancies in the annals of the country.

had founded an empire in Palestine; that his heirs in an unbroken line ruled over the twelve tribes, themselves descendants of Abraham, and that the empire continued powerful to this day; — suppose this, and you have an idea somewhat similar to that of the Empire of Japan. The Japanese has in his house a household shrine [1] dedicated to the imperial ancestors and to his own. Every morning and evening he lights the lamps in the shrine; and, according to the days of the month, he makes ordinary and special offerings, which he partakes afterward with his wife and children. If he makes an unusual gain in business, he puts the money a while in the shrine for the ancestors to see, and he thanks them for their parental care. If his rank be promoted in office, he reports it to them. When he sets out on a travel, he takes leave of them; and on his return he pays homage to them. He invokes them in adversity, and in prosperity he glorifies them. In joy and in sorrow he believes they are with him. He serves them as if they were living. And these ancestors whom he loves and reveres were all loyal to their Emperors in their days; so that he feels *he* must be loyal to *his* Emperor, as they were to theirs, if he means to prove himself worthy of their race. This is a sentiment born with him. It is owing to this deep-rooted feeling in the people that, although several daimyōs fought with one another during the sixteenth century for the aggrandizement of their powers, yet none of them dared to aim at the imperial throne. They obtained their ranks and titles from the Emperor then reigning. Their aim was to be the chief military officer — or we may say viceroy — of the empire. Even Iyeyasu Tokugawa, the greatest of shoguns, who was the *de facto* ruler of Japan in his time, was legally but an officer under the sovereign. He and his heirs actually held the reins of the empire for about two hundred and sixty years, but none of them dared even to become a shogun without being so appointed by the reigning Emperor. The hereditary loyalty of the people to the Emperor, with whose ancestors are associated their own forefathers, is too stubborn a sentiment to be trifled with, and no intelligent shogun ever attempted to disregard it.

In many other countries kings and emperors have to keep their pomp in order to uphold their authority. Not so in Japan. The lower the imperial pomp dwindles down, the warmer and deeper is the popular sympathy. The people cannot bear seeing the chief of their race in wretchedness. They will eventually rise up for him. Without looking for an instance in ancient history, we have it in the downfall of the Tokugawa shogunate in 1867. As the authority of the Emperors had gradually been effaced by that of the shoguns, popular discontent, originating among the literati, began to spread itself against the Tokugawa family. It was rife when Commodore Perry came to Japan. The shogun acted contrary to the orders of the Emperor, when he concluded treaties with America and some other foreign powers. This was a glaring case of disobedience to the imperial authority at the time of a national crisis. The fire of discontent with the shogunate that had been smouldering under the thin surface of the Tokugawa régime now broke out, and set the empire ablaze. Loyalist daimyōs gathered round the throne, and marching against the shogun, at last compelled him to resign his post. The rule of the country was restored to the imperial head of the nation both in name and in fact. Such is the loyalty of the Japanese to their Emperor, who represents in his person all that is dear to them. This deep-rooted sentiment is peculiar to Japan. It is seen nowhere else, because it is the

[1] In a Japanese household there are usually two shrines, one called *Kamidana*, being related to Shintoism, and the other *Butsudan*, related to Buddhism. The rites and ceremonies respectively observed in regard to them differ, but we leave their several descriptions to another occasion; our present purpose being as well served by speaking as if there were but one shrine, since the two have had the same pietistic origin.

outcome of the unique development of the Japanese race. No foreigner within our knowledge who has written about Japan seems to have remarked it. Some, looking upon the downfall of the last shogunate, say that "many daimyōs who cared little for the Emperor's abstract rights, cared a great deal for the chance of aggrandizing their own families at the shogun's expense," and that therefore they fought against the shogun. This is a crass misunderstanding of the fact, though perhaps an unavoidable one to a foreigner born in a country where a very different idea of kingship obtains. But a misunderstanding it certainly is; for, soon after the downfall of the shogunate, the daimiates were abolished and prefectures established at the initiation of the very daimyōs who had pulled down the shogunate, and who, though they could do almost anything if they wished to aggrandize their own families, yet gave up of their own accord their hereditary fiefs, so as to set an example for other lords to follow. Nay, there were among the loyalist daimyōs some very prominent on account of their family relationship with the shogun, such as the lords of Mito and Fukui. In truth, the "Restoration" as it actually took place is an event that could never have happened, nor can ever happen, anywhere except in Japan. These lords and their men saw that feudalism had lasted too long, throwing the imperial authority into the shade, and that the throne must shine in its pristine glory upon all the sons of Yamato, to unite them into one body and soul at that national crisis, when the country was to begin a new life among the powers of the world. The lords and their men forgot their own interests for the sake of their fatherland and its chief. The intervening hand of the shogunate was at last removed from between the heir of the parental stock and the children of the race, and the national blood resumed its course in its original veins, giving the members, each and all, mutually responding throbs. Thus we see loyalty and patriotism are so blended in the Japanese heart that the two terms have come to be almost synonymous. The Emperor representing the stem of the race, the memories of the forefathers dear to all are inseparably associated with the glory of the throne.

And the forefathers are never forgotten. "He throws mud at the faces of his ancestors," is a Japanese expression used to describe an evil-doer. "No, if I do that I cannot look with good conscience upon the *ihai*[1] of my ancestors," says a true-born Japanese when he resists a temptation. Or he says, "What apologies could I make to the ancestors, if I did such a thing?" The dead are considered as still keeping company in spirit with the living, whose lives they are watching with anxious sympathy. "Make your ancestors known to the world by doing good," is the moral incitement that urges a true Japanese on the path of virtue. The dead share in the honors of the living. Nay, some honors are paid specially to the dead. Here is an instance. Not only those who have died up to this moment in the present war with Russia have been accorded ranks of honor and orders of merit, but Tokimune Hōjō, the hero of the thirteenth century who destroyed the fleet of Kublai Khan, has recently been created a dignitary of the Second Class of the First Rank. There is not in Japan a city or town that has not a *shōkonsha*, a shrine dedicated to the spirits of those who laid down their lives for their country. Twice in a year a special festival is held, when people assemble there to make offerings. Strangers may laugh at it. Bigots may deride it. But derision and laughter are turned to shame when this national custom shows its effects, with blood and iron, on the national enemy.

And our Japanese soldier knows that *he* shall be honored if he serves his country well. "Man lives but his lifetime; his name it is that lives to posterity," has been told him from his childhood. He

[1] *Ihai*. Tablets on which are inscribed the names of one's ancestors, and which are kept in one's household shrine.

believes the ancient heroes of his race are watching him and guiding him. The banner of his regiment has characters written by his Emperor, and was given to his regiment by the Emperor himself, the chief by birth of his race. Such being the banner, and consequently the inborn memories of the race twining round it, the soldier sees with the eye of his faith his ancestors marching before the standard of the Rising Sun. He knows he has the deep fellow feeling of his living countrymen, and that if he dies he shall be honored, for endless generations, with offerings and festivals by his countrymen yet to come. Nothing is so real to him as what he feels; and he feels that with him are united the past, the present, and the future generations of his countrymen. Thus fully conscious of the intense sympathy of his compatriots both dead and living, and swelled with lofty anticipation of his glorious destiny, no danger can appall, and no toil can tire the real Japanese soldier.

This soul of patriotism has been brilliantly evinced by the single-hearted, enthusiastic, yet cool-headed actions of the Japanese fighting men at the front. The public has seen how quickly they seized the command of the Yellow Sea; how undaunted they were in blocking Port Arthur, a fair success not coming to them till their third attempt; how valiantly they crossed the Yalu, and took Chiulienchen, crushing down in one day the strong fortifications that it had been thought would hold out at least two months; how they took possession of Kinchau and, after sixteen hours' fighting, the stronghold of Namsan; and how they routed at Tehlisz the vast number of men that came down for the rescue of Port Arthur. So far there has not been a regular battle that they have not won. These with their detailed accounts are now before the world. And more are yet to be seen. The indomitable valor of the fighting men has been declared marvelous by eye-witnesses, who attribute it to lofty enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm it is, but not of that transient sort which is kindled in one moment and put out in the next. It is latent; it is calm. Let us take a glance at the men from another point of view. Every mail from the front brings some poems composed by them to their relations and friends at home. Admiral Togo gave commission to a merchant to send him some dwarfed trees in pots, to beguile his officers and men from the monotony of the sea. The men of another vessel drank *Banzai!*[1] at seeing a branch of cherry flowers brought to them by the captain of a transport. A reconnoitring party which landed at a point in Manchuria brought back, in addition to an accurate report, a bouquet of violets. Here is a soldier on the bank of the Yalu, who picks some azalea flowers, and sends them in a letter to his parents at home. He says he wants to share with them the pleasure of seeing the first flowers in Manchuria. Another soldier writes home, asking his brother to send him some books of poetry. Such are the men. Yet under this smooth surface there lies a terrible determination; a determination to win or die. To a friend's letter wishing for his safe return, "I will cling to the word of my mother," answered a soldier, "and will either return in triumph, or receive your offerings and hers at the *shōkonsha*." When the victorious march upon Chiulienchen was about to be made, the soldiers, without any previous talk, changed their shirts, and dusted their clothes even to a man. What for? In order not to leave behind them unseemly corpses after they have left this world. This reminds us of the ancient Japanese warriors who used to perfume their helmets when they went to a battle, in order not to give the enemy uncomely heads, if they fell in the battle, and thereby to show them that they had been fully prepared for death. In time of peace, if a man dies, his relations and friends wash his corpse, shave its face, dress it with

[1] *Banzai!* It means 10,000 years, and is used similarly to the French *Vive!*

new clothes, and fill the coffin with the powder and leaves of incense-wood. In time of war, the man makes so far as is possible these preparations for his own burial. "Show no regrets at death, nor be overtaken by death unawares;" this has been a proverb from time immemorial.

Nor does the Japanese soldier make light of death. He knows the value of life; only he is ready to risk it in performance of his duties. "Life is difficult to maintain, while death is easy to attain," is the saying; and a death that is neither honorable nor conducive to the furtherance of one's duties is called *inu-jini*, a dog's dying. The full appreciation of the value of life is shown in the completeness of the means and appliances of the field-hospitals, the care and deftness with which the wounded are carried in and attended there, and the eagerness wherewith the soldiers rescue one another. Life is valued as highly by the Japanese as by any other soldier, but in the Japanese camp every man sets more value on the lives of his comrades than his own, and is willing to undertake, in order to spare others, the hardest work in front of the enemy. At the march on Namsan it was suspected that a mine had been laid by the enemy in a certain place. "If any of you is willing to tread on that ground to try the mine let him lift up his rifle!" cried the colonel who led the van of the middle division. His regiment was unanimous. There was not one rifle unraised. However, to imperil the whole regiment being needless, a selection was made. The selected party cheerfully rushed forward amidst a hailstorm of shells and bullets. Yet, fortunately, when they reached the suspected ground, the mine had been rendered inactive by a shell, shot by the artillery, which cut up the electric wire that had connected the mine with the battery. These men were willing to lay down their lives, not because they courted death, nor because they set their lives at naught, but because they wanted to save their friends from the danger of the mine.

At the time of the same attack, a party from another division ran out to break the wire netting set up by the enemy for obstruction. The enemy's missiles came swarming upon them; and, while yet at some distance from the netting, some men fell mortally wounded. One of the lieutenants, while engaged in piling up mud, stones, and such things as could be found, to protect the wounded from further injuries, himself was shot down. Then one of the wounded men rose up, and, with tottering steps, endeavored to carry the officer back to his division. This beautifully illustrates the attachment existing between the Japanese officers and their men. The general public is aware that the late Commander Hirose, at the blocking of Port Arthur, went back from his boat three times to the sinking steamer in search of his missing subordinate, Sugino. These men cherished their lives as much as anybody else, but they risked them to save those of their friends. Death is not in itself honorable. Duty is paramount; and it is to die in accordance with duty that is regarded as highly honorable. In the balance of the Japanese chivalry, "Duty is as heavy as a mountain," so goes an old saying, "and death as light as a feather." And, "If a man does not die at the time he ought to," says another adage, "he shall incur shame more unbearable than death itself." "The time he ought to die" is the time when he judges his duty requires him to sacrifice himself at the altar of the national honor. An illustration of this is afforded in the case of the ill-fated transport Kinshumaru. The ship being surrounded, unarmed and helpless, by the squadron of Vladivostock, the few naval officers that were on the vessel went to the Russian flagship to save by negotiations if possible the military officers and soldiers on board, at the risk of their own lives, which they were willing to sacrifice for their sake. These naval officers not having come back, and the Russians meanwhile threatening to destroy the transport, the military officers urged non-combatants,

against their will, to escape by boats. After they had reluctantly left the ship, the officers appeared with the soldiers on the deck, and they fired at the enemy. They knew very well this was not of much avail, but they were unwilling to die without making some resistance. "If you fall in a battle, fall with your heads toward your enemy," is an old saying. So these men fired at the Russians. And after that, having burnt their flags, banners, and all important documents, and shouting three times their last *Banzai!* to their Emperor and their fatherland, these brave men committed *harakiri*, and were buried with their ship under the waves. Had they been engaged in a battle on land, they would have fought to the last. This being beyond their power in their situation, they preferred death to captivity; for to be taken captive appeared to them a shame unbearable, while to die by their own hands was what some of their ancestors had done when circumstanced as they were. We do not here intend either to recommend or condemn their deed, our business being simply to explain it; and in doing so, we remark here the same spirit that prompted Roman warriors to fall on their own swords in similar cases.

Nor is it the men at the front alone that are bearing the hardships of the war. Their countrymen at home are doing all they can to share the load with them, and to back them up in their glorious mission. Societies and associations have been organized to relieve the families of the fighting men, and every one makes certain contributions to the relief fund. Some men contribute money or goods, some their labor, and most of the lint and bandages used for the wounded are the work of women, from the Empress down to the peasant girl. Little boys and girls willingly forego their daily sweetmeats, and give the small moneys thus saved to the relief societies. A boy eleven years old in a country school made one day a contribution of two *yen*. It was thought too much for a country boy's gift. The schoolteacher and the elderman of the village suspected the money might have been given the lad by his parents to satisfy his vanity; in which case it should be admonished against. An inquiry was accordingly made, and brought out the fact that the boy had actually earned the money for the purpose by devoting his play hours to the making of straw sandals. Even some criminals working in prisons have made several applications to contribute their earnings to the funds, though their wishes have not been complied with. In every village a compact has been made that those remaining at home should look after the farms of those at the front, so that their families may not be disappointed of the usual crops. Since the outbreak of the war the government's bonds have been twice issued at home, and each time the subscription more than trebled the amount called for, the imperial household taking the lead by subscribing twenty million *yen*. Thus the hardships of the war are cheerfully borne by every man, woman, and child in the land.

Yet see how quiet and calm they are. As the men in the front are picking flowers and composing poems, when not engaged in fighting, so are the people at home peacefully pursuing their usual avocations. A stranger walking in the streets of Tokyo or any other city or town will not notice that Japan is engaged in a war with one of the strongest powers of the world. This calm, this peacefulness is the outcome not of indifference, but of a firm determination to fight till the last *sen* is spent, and the last drop of blood is shed. Those in the front fight for these at home, and these, in return, make every endeavor to relieve those from cares for their families, that their valor may not be blunted.

Such is Japan in her warlike character. In industrial and commercial achievements she is yet far behind some countries of the world. Until she has accomplished in these two spheres many things such as will benefit mankind at large, let her not consider herself a great nation. Until such time is come, let her deem herself a mere

apprentice in the arts of peace, lest her vanity should thwart her progress; for she has a great many things yet to learn. But in war she is surpassed by none other. Her national traditions, her history as believed by her people, her national faith, her intelligence and valor which are the results of her history and faith,—all combine to make her a nation of clever and intrepid fighters. In time of peace she may be divided into parties and factions, but in a war with another country her racial instinct asserts itself, and the whole nation becomes one compact body. The country of tea ceremonies, flower arrangements, dancing, and fine arts, transforms itself at the sound of the bugle into one vast camp, where every person, male or female, is ready to sacrifice everything, even life itself, to the furtherance of the common cause. Quite recently an officer of the general staff of the navy has remarked, "A war is our great undertaking which determines the fate of our state for numberless generations to come. Therefore we must take utmost care not to defeat our common cause by our errors; and holding ourselves responsible to the milliards of souls of our ancestors and to our illimitable posterity, we must forget ourselves and everything of our own to gain the object of the war." This expresses the general sentiment of the nation.

Thus seen, in the light emanating from the shrine of national life through the corner of the veil we have lifted in the foregoing pages, the achievements already accomplished, and those yet to be accomplished by Japan in the present war, become all natural to such a people. They appear wonderful only to those who have not understood her. And of all nations, the one that ought to have understood, and yet has grossly misunderstood her is her present antagonist; and it is this misunderstanding on the part of her enemy that has given the general public an opportunity of discerning, as Japan marches on with her ancestral sword, her real military worth.

A SONNET FOR THE CITY

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

THIS day into the fields my steps are led.
I cannot heal me there! Row after row
Thousands of daisies radiantly blow;
They have not brought from Heaven my daily bread,
But they are like a prayer too often said.
I have forgot their meaning, and I go
From the cold rubric of their gold and snow,
And the calm ritual, all uncomforted.
I want the faces! faces! remote and pale,
That surge along the city streets; the flood
Of reckless ones, haggard and spent and frail,
Excited, hungry! In this other mood
'T is not the words of the faith for which I ail,
But to plunge in the fountain of its living blood.

CAPTAIN'S FOLLY

BY SEWELL FORD

Long ago the Bay folks named it Captain's Folly, that great white house whose tightly shuttered windows, like so many sightless eyes, stare vainly out across the Inlet to the big green water. It was built for Captain Dory Ibbens, and his was the folly. Of course, there was more than the mere building of the house to earn it such a name. It was a good house, nobly placed. In all the length of Barnegat, from Absecon to the Matedecong, one can find no more pleasing site than the bold, bare top of Whaleback Hill.

No, it was not with the building of the big house that his folly began. It was when he married for the second time that he took the first step. As for the good folks of Cedarton, they fairly gasped when Monyah became Mrs. Dory Ibbens. He in the sixties and she but two-and-twenty! Oh, it was a tender morsel for a community that could criticise the color a man painted his front steps.

No one blamed Monyah. What else, pray, was a practically homeless girl to do when a rich old fool asked her to marry him? But of Captain Dory Ibbens they had expected more wisdom. In fact, when he had finally come ashore for good, they had no hesitation at all in deciding exactly what he ought to do. He had made his fortune, had he not? His ships sailed to all quarters of the globe. Reluctant as he might be to quit it, he was getting too old for the quarter-deck. He should settle down somewhere on dry land, smoke his pipe, take his ease, draw his dividends, and let the world wag. That was the way others had done under like circumstances. His few old friends welcomed him as one whose race had been run. They made room for him in a corner of the sleepy Maritime Club, indicating that he was free to play at whist and checkers, to bear his part in endless nautical debates, as long as he lasted.

Captain Ibbens did not accept this programme. He was past sixty, to be sure. He had seen forty years of sailoring, weathering typhoons in the Indian Ocean, thrashing heavily cargoed ships through wintry seas around the Horn, or lying becalmed off the fever coasts. Now he was done with the sea. But he was no dismantled old hulk, fit for nothing better than to ground keel amid the harbor sedges. If he must cast anchor he wanted mid-channel, at least, for a berth; a place where he could feel the tides come and go and hear the wind sing through the taut rigging. In this mind he opened what he was pleased to call a shipping-office, and took rooms at the Cedarton House.

One winter of living at a village hotel quite prepared Captain Ibbens for something desperate. It was almost as bad as visiting around among relatives with whom he felt barely acquainted. Many a time did he long to be back in the snug quarters of his after cabin with his own steward to wait on him, and his first and second mates for company.

Only Monyah saved the situation from absolute dreariness. She soon learned how he liked his breakfast eggs and coffee, preparing them herself when the cook declined to take suggestions. Three times a day she greeted him with that cheery smile of hers; for Monyah, you see, was the dining-room waitress at the Cedarton House. This was because her uncle's hotel was the only place which she could call home. If she chose to wait on table instead of idly accepting her bread, who was there to think the less of her? Not the folks of Cedarton. They were unused to drawing lines of caste. Not Captain Ibbens. He recognized the aristocracy of a ship's deck and of nothing else.

Monyah's smile at the grim old captain was entirely impersonal. On all the world Monyah smiled just because, even though there was no great wisdom in her head, there was much sunshine in her heart.

Having seeing eyes, Captain Ibbens noted the healthy bloom on Monyah's cheeks, the graceful curves of Monyah's figure, the sweetness of Monyah's voice, and, above all, the hearty cheerfulness of Monyah's smile. So Captain Ibbens visited a fashionable city tailor, and arrayed himself in shore togs such as Cedarton seldom saw save on summer visitors. He had his gray hair and mustache trimmed in the mode. He discarded his heavy sea-boots for light patent leather shoes. He took to wearing posies on his coat lapel.

At this stage Cedarton, not being in the secret, was proud of him. To strangers he was pointed out, as he walked jauntily down the street, tall, erect, well-groomed, pink-cheeked, with such enlightening phrases as, —

"That's Cap'n Ibbens, sir. Retired, — big shipowner, — guess he's wuth nigh onto half a million."

There is no doubt, too, that Monyah admired, that she was flattered by his friendship. Not that Monyah was unused to attention. The young men of Cedarton knew a pretty face and a trim figure. More than one had told her as much. In the gold locket which she sometimes wore was a tiny photograph. But then, where was Sidney Carter now? It had been three, almost four, years since she had heard from him. That was the way with the boys of Cedarton. The best of them went away to the big cities, and those who stayed had no better prospects than that of remaining clerks in the Cedarton stores. Sidney Carter had gone away and prospered, no doubt. Probably he had forgotten her. Monyah wept a little sometimes, as she opened the locket and looked at the frank, boyish face which smiled up at her. This was foolish, and she knew it.

So when Captain Ibbens asked her, one June morning over his coffee cup, if she would be an old man's darling, Monyah blushed very prettily, delayed giving her answer quite long enough for modesty's sake, and ended by telling him that she would. This she did without looking very deep into the present or very far into the future. Many another village belle has chosen less wisely.

There was a simple ceremony in the minister's parlor, and then they slipped out of town on the noon train. Such a honeymoon trip as that no Cedarton girl ever had before or has since enjoyed. For to Captain Dory Ibbens, accustomed to three-year cruises, a journey meant a voyage around the world, at least. It was done in style, too. To please Monyah had become his business in life, and when he could do that he was happy.

Nor was Monyah difficult to please. Once she had become used to being among strangers, to new sights and scenes, she developed an adaptability which was wonderful when you consider that never before had she been more than a score of miles away from Cedarton. Paris awed her at first, but before she left it she had filled a trunk with its hats and gowns and gloves. In Japan she acquired a waiting-maid who begged that she might serve Monyah forever.

Thus, while it was the same Captain Ibbens who returned, looking a dozen years younger, the Monyah who came back with him was a personage whom Cedarton recognized with difficulty. What, this grand lady who wore such superbly fitting gowns, whose skirts rustled so, who drove about town with a Japanese maid beside her, — this the Monyah who had waited on table at the Cedarton House!

Yet Monyah smiled on them all, just as she used. There was no hint of condescension in her manner, no loftiness in her tone. She was glad to see them, glad to be back. How were all the boys and girls? Did n't they think her Koto was cute? Oh, she had such lots of things to tell them.

Cedarton, however, refused to believe. She must be "stuck up," proud, conceited. And if you look for anything hard enough, you know, you are bound to find it. Vainly did Monyah try to break through the coldness and restraint with which her old friends greeted her. What did it all mean? What had she done? For the heart of Monyah was as simple as ever. She had come to know the look of strange cities, the customs of strange peoples, but she was no more learned in human nature than before she went away.

But Captain Ibbens knew Cedarton and its ways. He divined the cause of Monyah's unhappiness, and he shook his fist at those who were at the bottom of it.

"We'll cure 'em of that," he said to himself. "If there's any society in Cedarton too good for Mrs. Captain Ibbens I guess we'll find out what it is."

Then he planned his folly. He bought Whaleback Hill with its Bay frontage, and communicated with a firm of city architects. They were delighted, they wrote. They would send a representative. They did.

"Why, it's Sidney Carter!" exclaimed Monyah, blushing just a little as she held out her hand to him. "But I suppose you've forgotten me."

Forgotten her! Oh, Monyah, how could you? Some there are, to be sure, whose first love is but the beginning of a series, who progress through a kind of graded system of courtships until they acquire a matrimonial degree. Others, and they are rare souls, enshrine their first love in their heart of hearts and pay it devotion for all time. Of these last was Sidney Carter.

As a youth he had been shy and reserved. He had followed Monyah with those big, sober brown eyes of his for months before she had noticed him among her train. And even after that it had been a long period before he had revealed any hint of that love which he had declared in one sudden, passionate outburst. He was to go away the next morning, but he begged her to wait for him.

Monyah had laughed, but she had listened. She had let him kiss her, too, when they parted, and had kissed him in return. Then he had sent her the little gold locket with his picture in it, and there it had ended. Poor little gold locket! Where was it now? Monyah tried to make herself believe that she did not know. But she did. She knew the very trunk corner where it was hidden.

And she could ask him if he had forgotten! It had been almost five years now, — years of unceasing work, of discouraging failure, of ambitious endeavor, — but in all that time had he ever closed his eyes at night without thought of the smiling, fresh-cheeked girl, the Monyah whose one kiss, perhaps lightly given, still thrilled him?

The news of her marriage to old Captain Ibbens had been a shock, of course; but, after all, he had expected that she might marry some one. She had not promised to wait, and the time had been so long. There had been so much for him to learn, so many difficulties to overcome. No, he had not expected her to wait. He had only hoped that she would. Through it all he had kept bright that youthful ideal of her. He had even smiled at the irony of fate, personified by the senior partner of the big firm in which he had won an interest, which sent him back to Cedarton to build a fine home for Monyah and her rich old husband.

Truly a fine home he made of it. All his skill of conception, all his artistic taste he employed to create on the crest of Whaleback a mansion noble enough to shelter one who had been so dear to him. Nothing of this would you have guessed, though, had you seen him discussing plans and designs with Monyah and the captain. Even Monyah did not suspect, for the thoughts and sentiments of Sidney Carter lay deep.

Almost every day during the months when the house was rising from its substantial stone foundations the old captain and his bride drove out to inspect progress, so that Sidney saw much of this

full-figured, charmingly gowned woman that had developed from the simple village girl whose early graces had now ripened into what seemed to him perfection.

Most absurdly happy did they seem with the building of their new home, Captain Ibbens and Monyah. Sidney watched them as they walked hand in hand through the big, unfinished rooms. He noted the fond way in which the old captain would slyly pat Monyah's shoulder, how his stern face would relax and soften as he looked at her. He saw the frank, grateful glances which she gave him. And Sidney Carter, seeing these things, applied himself strictly to the business of compelling the contractors to do their whole duty.

Finally it was finished. Everything was complete and in order, from the private gas plant in the great basement to the telescope mounted in the big white cupola. Sidney Carter, a deeper soberness in his brown eyes, had gone back to the city. The mansion opened its doors to receive master and mistress.

"Do you like it, Monyah?" asked the old captain with a smile of satisfaction, for he had already read the answer in her eyes.

"Like it?" Monyah was letting her gaze roam over the polished floors, through vistas of arched doorways, along picture-hung walls. "Why, it's grand! And you are an old dear, so there!"

For a time, too, she was very happy. But when the novelty had worn thin, when she had become familiar with all the comforts and luxuries of her new home, she realized that something was lacking. It was companionship. Of course, Captain Ibbens was there every forenoon, reading his paper, walking about the grounds, pipe in hand. But in the afternoon he drove down to his office, talked with his old friends, received reports from his shipping agents, and did not return until it was time for an early evening dinner, after which he and Monyah always sat looking out across the Bay, waiting for the first flash from the great white eye of the lighthouse, whose high tower, like a lonely sentinel, stood guard over the Inlet.

Rarely did any of the Cedarton folks take the trouble to drive over the two miles of road which led from the village to the big white house. Day after day Monyah and Koto looked in vain down the yellow sweep of the carriage drive, but the wives of the judges and doctors and other town dignitaries did not come.

It was always still and solemn up on Whaleback, save when a storm raged. Then Monyah shut herself in the cosy sewing-room, or went to bed. Only in a storm, however, did the old captain seem to feel really at home. Putting on oilskins and sou'wester, he would tramp up and down the broad veranda, watching sea and sky, just as if he were on a ship's deck. While the storm lasted he could not be induced to leave his post. Often he spent the whole night in this manner.

Storms Monyah had always feared and dreaded. It was a storm which had taken from her both her father and her mother. Now she had an added dread of storms. They meant for her long, sleepless hours when, trembling under the covers, she could hear, during lulls in the wind, the steady tramp, tramp of the old captain. Once she tried to persuade him not to stay out, urging that it made her nervous to know that he was so exposed.

"Nonsense, little girl," he replied. "Don't be silly, now. Besides, I could n't stay inside a night like this to save me."

It was almost the only request of hers which he had denied, and she pouted over it for a day or two. Had it been a mutiny on the high seas Captain Ibbens could not have taken the matter more seriously. In a dozen ways he tried to make reparation before he hit upon the right method.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Monyah," he said one morning at the breakfast-table. "Let's have a party, a real, big, bang-up affair."

"Oh, shall we?" and she clapped her hands.

"Of course we shall, if you say so. We'll fill the house full. You go ahead, little girl. Ask every one you want to and have them stay as long as you please."

"Oh, a house party! Won't that be splendid!"

"And, by the way, I'd like to have that young Carter down to see how the place looks when it's full of folks. Fine young fellow that Sidney Carter has grown up to be, has n't he? You write and tell him to come down for a week."

So the party was arranged. Half of Cedarton was bidden to the big house, some only for the dinner and dance, some for a few days. They all came, and Monyah won their hearts by the genuine, unaffected warmth with which she welcomed them. Never had she looked prettier than in the simple evening gowns which she wore then, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes brilliant, and that cheery smile for every one. And Captain Dory Ibbens, looking taller and more erect than ever in his first broadcloth clawhammer, his cheeks as pink as Monyah's, his gray-blue eyes as clear, seemed, for all his white hair, no unfitting figure beside her.

A certain pride in them both did Sidney Carter take. Truly, this stanch, dignified, hale old sea captain, who bore his years so jauntily, was well worthy of her youth and beauty. This great house, too, with its lights and flowers and many guests, was an appropriate setting for such a jewel, a setting which he could not have given.

Yet, for all this most honorable attitude, he dared not trust himself to look too long at the charming picture made by Monyah as she moved from group to group. He knew that during the past few weeks when he had been in his city office he had thought of her too much and too often. He had tried to believe that his love was all for the simple, girlish Monyah of the past, that it was no more than a boyish romance to which he clung. Now he knew better. He schooled his eyes to elude hers. He avoided being left alone with her. He did not even ask her to dance with him.

Perhaps you think that Monyah saw not. She was puzzled, piqued. It was not, however, until the third day of his visit, when but few guests remained, that chance threw them together and alone.

"Look here, sir," she said in mock reproof, "I want to talk to you. Sit down here. Now tell me, are you afraid I'll bite you?"

Sidney protested that he had no such fear.

"Then why do you run when I come near? Why do you look another way when I turn toward you? In short, Sidney Carter, why do you treat me like a disagreeable stranger? You used to like me when we went to school together—and afterward; at least you said that you did."

One answer, complete, comprehensive, could he have made had she been simply Monyah. But she was Mrs. Dory Ibbens. So he held back the words that rushed to his tongue-tip and offered an unconvincing substitute.

"You did not dance once with me the other night," she continued.

"But I dance as badly as ever."

"You used to ask me once in a while, though. But that was before you went away and forgot all about me. Come, can you look me in the eye and say that you did not? Try it, sir."

Sidney did look into her eyes, long and earnestly. Under the circumstances it was not the course of caution. One is apt to forget. Sidney forgot. He threw aside his reserve. Well, if she wished, he would play the game, hazardous though he felt it to be. He would answer smile with smile, folly with folly.

"Once," he said, "I gave some one a locket, but I suppose she has lost it."

"Has she? Wait and see."

That evening Monyah wore, dangling from a single rope of pearls about her neck, a little gold locket. Also she and Sidney danced on the veranda while some one played waltzes on the piano

inside. They walked together, they took long drives, they sailed on the Bay. For four days they laughed and chatted and made merry. Four delicious, golden days they were to them both. And then, suddenly, abruptly, Monyah found herself joining the captain in bidding Sidney a formal farewell. Once more she was alone in the big house on Whaleback Hill.

It was a little later than usual that afternoon when Captain Ibbens came home from the village. Monyah did not meet him at the door as usual and he went upstairs to find her. She was lying on a long, cushion-piled couch. She was asleep, but there were traces of tears on her cheeks. Held loosely in one hand was something which glittered. It was a small gold locket, open. In one side was a photograph. Captain Ibbens recognized the frank-eyed, boyish face of Sidney Carter.

Of itself this was no startling discovery, just a locket and a picture. But through a narrow window, you know, one may view a wide landscape. For a moment he stood beside her, stern, erect, motionless. Then he went softly down the stairs and sent for Koto to call her mistress to dinner. When she came down the tear stains had been washed away, the locket had disappeared.

Monyah did not watch with him that evening for the flashing of the light across the Bay. Her head ached, she said, and she was tired. So the old captain sat alone, hour after hour, seeing the stars wheel overhead and thinking, thinking.

It was along in the gray of the morning that Monyah, roused by a vague, formless dread, crept down to seek for him on the veranda. She found him in his big porch rocker, rigid and helpless, unable either to move or to call for help. Abruptly the machinery of life, which had run so smoothly for so many years, had gotten itself sadly out of gear.

They had nursed and dosed him for a fortnight before he could talk without difficulty. Then he demanded,—

"What was it, Doc?"

"Well, Captain," said the village physician with some erudite pompousness, "it was what we call a temporary cessation of the normal functions, — a temporary cessation, mind you."

"Huh!" growled the captain. "Common folks call it a stroke of paralysis, don't they?"

"Ye-e-es, Captain, I believe they do."

"A man who has one stroke usually has another, don't he?"

"Well, in most cases, in most cases."

"And about the second or third finishes him, eh?"

"Sometimes. Yet there have been instances where" —

"Oh, damn your instances! When can you put me on my feet?"

The physician hastened to assure him that he would be walking around within a week, but it was two before Captain Ibbens was hobbling about the veranda, using a cane for the first time in his life, and leaning on Monyah's arm. She was at his side constantly, reading his paper to him, filling his pipe, telling him the news of the town, offering every moment some new proof of her tenderness and solicitude.

Persistently she attempted to renew his faith in that rugged constitution which had carried him into the sixties with a springy step. In this she was making some progress when one day she persuaded him to drive into the village with her. As they were returning he caught sight of one of his old friends.

"There's Pop Sawyer on his front porch, Monyah. Let's stop a minute till I say howdy."

But the limp figure propped up with pillows in a big armchair answered his greeting only by a feeble waving of a gaunt hand. Mrs. Sawyer came bustling out to tell the dreary story.

"He's had his second stroke, you know, Cap'n Ibbens, and it's about done for him. Poor old Jim! He ain't much like the man that used to sail mate to you, is he?"

That encounter seemed to take from

Captain Ibbens the last faint savor of life that remained. He drove home in silence. For days after he would sit before one of the big front windows of his new home, staring moodily out toward the ocean. He seemed more content when Monyah was with him, now and then turning to stroke her hair gently, or to smile sadly at her.

Quite unexpectedly he roused himself. He walked about the grounds, renewed an interest in affairs. For several days he went alone to his office in the village. There were business matters, he said, which needed his attention. Monyah was delighted with this change.

Soon after this a weather-beaten old schooner was brought around and anchored off the new wharf at the foot of the hill.

"Why, whose old schooner is that?" asked Monyah.

"That, my dear, is the old Betsy Belle. She and I began doing business up and down the coast forty years ago. She's been beached up in Plunkett's Cove for I don't know how long. Thought I'd have her patched up and anchored out where I could see her, just for old times' sake. I might want to take another cruise some time, you know," and he chuckled a little at his joke.

Later she noticed that some one had been out to the Betsy Belle and hoisted the foresail. It was a new piece of canvas, contrasting strongly with the battered hull and time-blackened spars.

"She looks more shipshape and natural with a riding-sail on her," explained the captain, and Monyah gave the incident no more thought.

Along toward the end of October the mild Indian summer weather came to a sudden end. The wind swung from the south into the northeast, driving in from the sea dull, slate-colored, low-hanging banks. Monyah and the captain were sitting at one of the big windows watching the gathering storm.

"Monyah, child," he said, taking one of her hands in his, "do you remember how Pop Sawyer looked when we saw him not long ago?"

"Yes, dear; poor old fellow!"

"Do you know, Monyah, he is hardly more than a year older than I, but we — Well, we're started on the same road."

"Oh, don't! Don't say that!"

"There's no use denying it, little girl. I've tried to, but I can't. No, I can't, Monyah, and I — I don't want to go like that. I hope I sha'n't. If I go quicker, in some other way, you must n't mind, child. Just remember that I was glad to — to go differently."

"Let's not talk any more about such things, dear. You are going to get well this winter, you know, and next spring we're going to travel again."

Captain Ibbens patted her hand fondly, but he shook his gray head.

"We will see, Monyah, we will see. You have been a good little wife to me, dear. You have made me very happy. But after I am gone I want you to feel free to find some one else, some one you can love and who will love you, who will make you happier than I have. If you do find some one like that you will take him; promise me that you will, Monyah."

"No, no, no!" She was sobbing protestingly, her arms about his neck.

"Yes, Monyah, but you must. The best of your years are yet before you, mine are almost done. You have been to me all that I could ask, but — I see it now — I could not be to you all that you deserve. So you will make the promise, dear."

And in the end he did gain from her a faint assent.

Before Monyah went to her chamber, sad and frightened, the fury of the storm was well developed. Perhaps it was an hour later when she looked up to find the old captain, fully clad in yellow oilskins, bending over her.

"Good-night, Monyah, child," he said huskily as he stooped to kiss her.

"Oh, you are not going to stay outside this dreadful night, are you, dear? Please don't!"

"I must, Monyah. It's going to be a big storm, a grand one. And who knows, I may never see another one like this. Good-night, dear."

She coaxed and begged that he would not go, but she could not change his purpose. Twice he kissed her, twice he said good-night. Then she heard the thump of his sea-boots as he went down the stairs and out on the veranda.

For a time she could hear him pacing back and forth, but soon even this slight comfort was lost to her. The northeaster let itself loose. On the closed shutters the gale-driven rain was beating out the long roll of the storm's muster call. Against the stone embankment on the Bay front she could hear the waves dashing, and from the outer beach, four miles away, came the deep-toned thunder of great breakers.

Just how he went about it the Bay folks have never fully agreed. The only witnesses were the lightkeeper and his assistant, who, under the shadow of the hood, happened to be watching the yeasty cauldron of the Inlet just as a schooner, the loosened peak of her foresail, like a madman's arm, waving a crazy salute, and her leeward deck buried to the cabin windows, drove seaward through the great rollers. Lashed to the wheel was a tall, erect figure in oilskins.

"The glasses, Jim!" shouted the lightkeeper. And when he had stared through the binoculars for a moment, "Great God, man! It's old Cap'n Dory Ibbens in the Betsy Belle! Look!"

Somewhere near midnight, — this is the accepted theory, — when the northeaster was at its worst, he had rowed out to the old schooner, dropped the peak of her riding-sail, let the anchor cable go by the run, trimmed in the sheet, and put out close hauled almost into the very teeth of the gale. How far he reached out to sea no one can say, but it is evident that he kept the light in view. Probably off Sunken Rocks, where they catch the big blues, he came about and squared away for the beach.

That the old hulk should have held together as she boiled home before that sixty-mile-an-hour snorter was a miracle. Skid Everett, the Coast Guard who first sighted her, said that at times, when the wind ballooned her sail up and out, it almost seemed to lift her clear of the water, and the next minute it would jam her down until he thought she had gone to the bottom all standing.

They fired rockets, burned all their Coston lights, to no effect. Still the schooner raced shorewards, straight for the North Point, where old Neptune's white horses charged up on the beach until they almost leaped into the Bay beyond. When she finally did strike the shoal it was with a bang that snapped her rotten stays as if they had been so much thread, sent both her sticks crashing over her bows, and split her hull into a dozen pieces.

Thus did Captain Dory Ibbens enter that vast, uncharted sea of the world beyond, a roaring northeaster piping his triumphant requiem, the whole Atlantic for a winding sheet.

The great white mansion on Whaleback Hill — Captain's Folly, as the Bay folks call it — still stands empty, its shuttered windows staring blindly out toward the open sea whence the stern-faced old sailor, laying a straight course for Kingdom Come, drove the Betsy Belle ashore on that wild October night.

THE THAMES

BY ALICE MEYNELL

In American eyes the scenery of England looks over-trim and opulent, and of all the garden-country the tourist finds nothing more "handsome and genteel," as Swift says, than the upper Thames. But this is because the wayfarer upon those waters turns his eyes too much to one side of the stream. Forests are there by intervals, but there also are the gardens of villas, their little embankments, their steps, their painted boathouses, their scarlet umbrellas, edges of lawns clean cut by the gardener's knife, hardly so much as a water-rat really wild. Let him look on the other bank, and he will find a much simpler England, an ancient country of the hind and the teamster, a lowly England smelling of hay and cowslips, facing, at these close quarters, the England that smells of tea-roses. For over against the garden walk is the tow-path; and the walk winds and loiters, the tow-path trudges. There the cattle graze, and there the horses labor with the heavy barges far behind. Even away from this fragrant country of the upper river, the tow-path is a primitive thing and a sign of the simplest labor. The canal that passes through a part of London, to debouch into the Thames below bridge, has also its tow-path; and on that ambiguous shore, too, it looks honest and ancient, and un-Londonlike under the very gasworks — man or horse slanting slowly under the rope, and the flat black barge coming. If there is so much as a blade of wild grass making a little local spring or summer upon that blackened bank, between the ashes and the dust, it grows by the tow-path, and it is wild, veritably wild, and has more of the spirit of authentic country than has the emerald-green grass of Hyde Park.

Have the rivers of America tow-paths? Have Abana and Pharpar this little grace of our narrow Jordan? They have remoter beauties; but without the tow-path this Thames would be another river, and when steam barges go upstream, and there are no more horses, it will be another river. Meanwhile it is the tow-path that keeps the Thames always open to the sun. The gardener's scissors ply on their own bank, but the tow-path bank has been preserved, all these centuries, free of trees, inclosures, or too tall flowers. For even here the rushes and reeds know their place; they stand in slender rank, a step below the bank, where their height will incommode nobody, much like some wild poor people permitted to abide between the roadway and the curb, in a thin line, to see a jubilee go by; they stand at the passage of the jubilee of waters. Here harbor little living creatures of the more secret kind. The gallant swimming of the vole is an every-day show; and because one day we were keeping very still by the root of a willow to watch the dragon-fly with its four bronze wings, a wavy snake landed near. It was a wild surprise, to our ignorance, to see a serpent swim; and this undulant creature carried its little head clear out of water and came across the Thames, closing its journey so near our boat as to show us the eyes of color upon its flexible side. When, in the evening, we told a lifelong resident about the swimming snake, she said, "Perhaps it was a heel." We told her that eels kept their heads under water. In the thickets of rushes, besides, dwell all kinds of water-birds; the dabchicks nest there in the season; so the son of the Thames resident told us. His appreciations of the river-life seemed to be rather destructive. He was an extremely small boy of eleven, who looked no more than seven years old; but he had an earnest manner. "There used," he

said, "to be a lot of water-rats under our terrace, but we soon put an end to them." Frogs, too, but they were no more. Of gudgeon, he said, "Gudgeon's the sweetest fish in the Thames." And of roach, "There's a lovely amount of roach." Another speaker of phrases that had the character of the reedy river — or, at any rate, not of London — was the bell-ringer of an ancient riverside church, who came out between the two periods of bell-ringing and asked the stranger to go in and look at the altar-plate, — solid gold, presented by Such-an-one, son of King William the Fourth; and the old man looked for a moment with a respectfully confidential glance, dropping his voice as he mentioned the sinister lineage. He led his captive visitor up to the altar, and insisted that every piece of the golden ware should be lifted and looked at. "There's not a set like it," he said, turning back for yet another view, as he led us out again. The church had been restored in such a year, he told us; and when, seeing two thirteenth-century tombs, we asked what had been its date of building, he replied that "it had n't got no date," — a baffling reply, to which there was no effectual rejoinder. Next to the gold service he was eager to show a little modern window with a design of lilies, dedicated to the memory of a woman. "She was drowned," said the old man. "Before this argan was put up, I used to play the bar'l argan here, I did. And she used to stand up by me and sing, something splendid, she did. I'm a cripple, I am; I was born a cripple, but I was always kind. Always kind, I was, and she used to stand up and sing, she did, something splendid."

But I have strayed from the tow-path, and hasten to tread again that serviceable road. It lets the sun in upon the Thames, I said; for the tow-rope must have plain and unencumbered banks, whether it draw tons of timber or only a little boat, and the boat be towed by a woman.

A quite childish pleasure in producing small mechanical effects unaided must have some part in the sense of enterprise wherewith I girt my shoulders with the tackle, and set out, alone but useful, on the even path of the lopped and grassy side of the river, — the side of meadows. The elastic resistance of the line is a "heart-animating strain," only too slight; and sensible is the thrill in it as the ranks of the Thames-side plants, with their small summit-flower of violet-pink, are swept aside like a long breaker of flourishing green. The line drums lightly in the ear when the bushes are high and it grows taut; it makes a telephone for the rush of flowers under the stress of easy power.

The active delights of one who is not athletic are few, like the joys of "feeling hearts" according to the entirely erroneous sentiment of a verse of Tom Moore's. The joys of sensitive hearts are many; but the joys of sensitive hands are few. Here, however, in the effectual act of towing, is the ample revenge of the unmuscular upon the happy laborers with the oar, the pole, the bicycle, and all other means of violence. Here, on the long tow-path, between warm, embrowned meadows and opal waters, I need not save to walk in my swinging harness, and so take my friends upstream.

I work merely as the mill-stream works, — by simple movement. At lock after lock along a hundred miles, deep-roofed mills shake to the wheel that turns by no greater stress, and I and the river have the same mere force of progress. There never was any kinder incentive of companionship. It is the bright Thames walking softly in my blood, or I that am flowing by so many curves of low shore on the level of the world.

Now I am over against the shadows, and now opposite the sun, as the wheeling river makes the sky wheel about my head and swings the lighted clouds or the blue to face my eyes. The birds, flying high for mountain air in the heat, wing nothing but their own weight. I will not envy them that liberty. Did not Wordsworth want a "little boat" for the air?

Did not Byron call him a blockhead therefor? Wordsworth had, perhaps, a sense of towing. All the advantage of the expert is nothing in this simple industry. Even the athlete, though he may go further, cannot do better than I, walking an effectual walk with the line attached to the willing steps. The moderate strength of a mere every-day physical education gives sufficient mastery of the tow-path. If the natural walk is heavy, there is spirit in the tackle to give it life; and if it is buoyant it will be more buoyant under the buoyant burden — the yielding check — than ever before. An unharnessed walk begins to seem a sorry incident of insignificant liberty. It is easier than towing? So is the drawing of water in a sieve easier to the arms than the drawing in a bucket, but not to the heart.

To walk unbound is to move in prose, without the friction of the wings of metre, without the encouraging tug upon the spirit and the line. No dead weight follows me as I tow. Mine is not the work of a ploughing ox or of a draught-horse. There is no lifeless stopping of the burden if I pause, but a soft, continuing impetus, so that I am all but overtaken by the boat if the latches of the gates in the pastures are long to lift, or if a company of cows are slow to move from that extreme brink which is mine by necessity. The burden is willing; it depends upon me gayly, as a friend may do, without making any depressing show of helplessness; neither, on the other hand, is it apt to set me at naught, or charge me with a make-believe. It accompanies, it almost anticipates; it pulls when I am brisk, just so much as to give briskness good reason, and to justify me if I should take to still more nimble heels. All my haste, moreover, does but waken a more brilliantly sounding ripple.

The bounding and rebounding burden I carry (it nearly seems to carry me, so fine is the mutual good-will) gives work to the figure, enlists erectness and gait, but leaves the eyes free. No watching of mechanisms for the laborer of the tow-path. What little outlook is to be kept falls to the lot of the steerer, smoothly towed. The easy and efficient work lets me carry my head high and watch the birds, or listen to them. They fly in such lofty air that they seem to turn blue in the blue sky. A flash of their flight shows silver for a moment, but they are blue birds in that sunny distance above, as mountains are blue, and horizons. The days are so still that I do not merely hear the cawing of the rooks, — I overhear their hundred private croakings and creakings, the soliloquy of the solitary places swept by wings.

What idle afternoon on the opposite bank, what "tea and comfortable advice in an arbour," as Keats says, were worth these few miles of the country people's side of the Thames? I will keep the tow-path even when the region of villas is left far behind, when the opposite margin bears not gardens, but woods and willows. For even then there is a sense of property in land altogether out of place; whereas the tow-path side is more the nation's. Its wild flowers are, like the cottage flowers in Wordsworth's sonnet, "sacred to the poor." This bank is never tired of a small pink flower that grows in multitudes, sprinkled on green bushes. A hundred miles and more of the little, open, pastured bank that carries the tow-path, carry also this little but innumerable flower, mixed with the long purples that wear the color dear to young Autumn.

Monotonous in its constancy to the simple flower of the month, this tow-path garden has the wild variety of its mingled seed-time and flower-time. Not here, as in the house-garden, are the flowers timed for the month and collected for their date, and not here are the ashes and the seeds swept away with their little history of months. The bank is dim with seeds not yet on the wing; the air will carry them full-fledged. Bird, butterfly, and the seed that resembles a star go abroad on the brilliant winds; and the seed is like the poplar for moving when

the air is all but asleep. The other trees have no secret winds. When they wave they tell us what we knew well enough; and there is something less than summer-like in the day that swings the beeches by the tops, and makes even the elm stand tumultuously in the wild steadfastness of its dark leaves. But when the large willows have not a leaf astir, and yet the poplar has the perpetual thrill of its most delicate vigilance, you are indeed rowing in a peaceful day. Peace is the proper effect of summer, and the poplar does not break that calm by his tender wakefulness. The willow gives tidings of a breeze, the poplar does but mark that the stillness is alive. His excess of mobility makes him a gentle friend. He has a lofty place wherefrom to watch our day, with signals of lights that tremble yet never pass.

It is not only the land that flowers. The water has its hour for blossoming. As the remote constellations open and rise at their time of year, — the constellations that are not tethered close to the pole-star, — so do a multitude of water-flowers remote from the familiar series of the fields. They come up to bud and open in the air, taking their share of the upper world, fresh from their shades. They are the "daughters of Hades," and have their "day." Few are the water-plants that do not come up once a year to breathe by flowers under blue sky. Something lusty and green, squat and full, that grows low, much like a sort of water-cabbage, seems to be the only plant that remains in the massive water below, and if it flower at all, flowers deep within the floods. But all the rest make a season's growth of the long stalk, slanting downstream until it shall come to the sun, and put out one brief blossom. Every one knows the water-lily, — the large white chalice, — a design for fine metal-work, with its centre of a great color that is not fiery or golden, but only the pure yellow of flowers, at its richest and fullest; and every one knows its leaf, which is the flattest thing under that sky to which it is so absolutely open. On the flat of the world, on the level of the seas, flatter than the calm water which ripples to the oar, is this green leaf. Familiar, moreover, is the little yellow lily, round and as yellow as a celandine, and quite unlike in color to the soft and splendid centre of the large-pointed and argent flower.

The river blossoms at the summits of many stems besides those of white and yellow lilies. It flowers, indeed, with a greater effect of life at the top of a stem that bears a little cone of small white river-roses, whiter and brighter than the blackberry-flower, yet otherwise like it, although it grows from a rich water-stem and not from thorns. The lilies flower as soon as they reach the winds and the beams of the world, and they rest blooming on the waters, cheek to cheek, after their long growth; but these little flowers have a spring and strength that carry them up where they can see the fields, erect, free of the water, bathed in air, with a stiff vitality. They break off short if you gather them, like hyacinths. Low in a Canadian canoe should your seat be, so that you may have the frosty, cold, green rushes high against the sky, and the soft winter-color of the water carrying its little round roses in the sun, with their shadows upon the mid-stream leaves.

During half the day there is a slight haze of heat over the hills, — steep pasture hills, hills profoundly wooded, and hills at the point of harvest, — and, indeed, throughout the horizon; and the sunshine is white. But for the freshness of aspens and poplars — runnels and brooks of trees, freshets and breezes of leaves — there would be a touch of dreariness about so much uncolored sunshine, so many green willows and dark green elms, and so many fields. It is the flame and not the glow of day, as when a fire is newly alight; and except that, happily, there is no town to speak of within reach of a breeze or of reasonable suspicion, you would almost say that with the flame of day there was a trail of the smoke of flames. But it is not smoke. The August

of Florence wears the same slight dinginess over all its heights. Especially does this somewhat disenchanted midday look tedious when you take the view that is not the sunward view, and therefore does not meet the array of sun-shadows. Hardly has the day, however, worn toward four o'clock when the color of August kindles so rich a fire as no summer in the south could over-shine.

With the glow of this profounder illumination arises the solemnity that is the greatest beauty and the highest honor of light, and by no means waits for evening and dusk, though it walks at that time too; waits for the twilight no more than the solemnity of the year waits for autumn. When the afternoon grows golden all trees, moreover, that are generally so various in their spirit and have various and unequal shares of every man's love and memories, begin to take the same expression and the same attitude, standing up to face the west. But just after sunset, when the eastern sky is exceedingly fresh and mysterious, it is the time for the full-grown willows. There is nothing more keenly pure than their western color against that soft and yet keen east.

When you have grown to know thoroughly your own weir and its lock, and the mill thereby, and the ways of the waters there, you begin to look upon all other weirs with an alien eye. They differ greatly. About this one there is luckily no trace of iron. The ancient stone steps, for the cascade of flood-time, reach for several hundred feet side-long across the river; in the summer their tops are dry, and covered with a season's growth of tall grass and wild flowers; they are like long and low fortresses, and of antique strength. The closed and creviced water-gates, through which the summer river pours its controlled waters, link one stone-stepped weir-terrace to another, and are all of wood; so is the lock. Soon your local patriotism of a month will cause you to hold weirs above and below in disesteem. Of this one you know the ways, and the order, and the never-ceasing voice.

And all the while the thrilling reflections lie close about the long stone amphitheatre of the weir, close under the white cattle on the pastures, close under the white lilies on the water, far and deep under the white pigeons that cross and recross in pairs. Of all that is white the river makes a water vision better than that of green trees, and better than the doubling of cool hollows, and hiding-places under hawthorn and alder. A rare white sail, white bird, white heifer, the white crescent moon that sets too soon, — all this is the best and the gayest that the fleeting water seems to hold and does but perpetually forsake. As for the flowers, you can hardly tell, in the opal calm of the evening, which are the images of the flowers of the tall margin grasses, and which are the very flowers of the flowering river, his own summer and success, the warm summit of the cold year of waters.

Evening rules assuredly not by shadow, but by the effacing of shadows. It plucks all the dazzling darkness from the landscape of summer. Out of the foliage of the trees the distinct deep colors are gone, and the tree stands up opposite to the west, looking unearthly. Nay, the dim brightness makes of the whole world a moon; and the eastern sky behind the tree is a sky for moons. The distances draw near unawares, and it is but a fold of west-lighted color between this bank and yonder hill. And soon in the east stands the gentle and lighted cloud that doubles its wild-rose upon the river, and lays its lofty image in beneath the lilies, between the gray reeds, under the blue bloom of water, — erect, profound, having sight of the sun of an ended day, and of a new light in the east.

It is no small thing — no light discovery — to find Andromeda and Arcturus and their bright neighbors wheeling for half a summer night around a pole-star in the waters. One star or two — delicate visitants of streams — we are used to see,

somewhat by a sleight of the eyes, so fine and so fleeting is that apparition. Or the southern seas may show the light — not the image — of the evening planet. But this, in a pool of the country Thames at night, is no ripple-lengthened light; it is the startling image of a whole large constellation burning in the flood. The smaller stars are darkened out, and the figure of the constellation is marked by its few and splendid lights.

These reflected heavens are different heavens. On a darker and more vacant field than that of the real skies, the shape of the Lyre or the Bear has an altogether new and noble solitude; and the waters play a painter's part in setting their splendid subject free; a dream's part, also, inasmuch as the intervals of the reflected skies are unexplained. They are not blanks, but significant lapses of immeasurable character. If the astronomer's sky shows its two starless "coal-sacks," the sky in the wavering flood is all one such final darkness, except where the great constellations flicker. The minor lights effaced, the shape of stars is distinct in a new darkness.

The sky above is not all bright, nor are the waters below all quiet. There is more fire in southern nights, with their innumerable arrows of starlight and their separate points of Pleiades, but hardly more beauty, than in this soft northern midnight. Even after the last light has gone from the west, and before the waning moon has risen in the east, there is a general soft whiteness, doubtless due to the subtle mist that gathers and carries vague lights aloft, whether from the vanishing or the coming gleam, or from the stars themselves. The cloudless sky has a softness sweeter than that of any cloud, nor is any distance narrowed by such a tender and universal mist. You may see the ends of the skies and extremities of milder stars.

Of all gentle things these wavering heavens seem the gentlest; they are the skies of a windless harvest night. All the trees stand free from wind. Upright poplars are disengaged from the daylight breeze that curved their high slenderness so many hours against the north. The branches of all trees recover themselves into their own composure and stand silent in the symmetry of a man. It must be this recollection that restores to them their singular presence when the wind vanishes. The darting of the stars is shortened, and the birds that took the last of all the sunshine on their high evening flight are all in their trees and under their eaves till dawn. It is so silent that you can hear watchdogs answering one another from farms far away and wide apart.

And in this general restoration — of form, of balance, and of attention — the riverside landscape has these two movements: the bright flashing of constellations in a deep weir-pool, and that which might be called the dark flashes of the vague bats flying. When everything else is thus quiet, the stars in the stream fluctuate with an alien motion. Reversed, estranged, isolated, every shape of large stars escapes and returns. Fitful in the steady night, those constellations, so few, so whole, and so remote, have a suddenness of gleaming life. You imagine that some unexampled gale might make them to shine with such a movement in the veritable sky; yet nothing but deep water, seeming still in its incessant flight and rebound, could really show such altered stars. The flood lets a constellation fly, as Juliet's "wanton" with a tethered bird, only to pluck it home again. At moments some rhythmic flux of the water seems about to leave the darkly set, wide-spaced Bear absolutely at large, to dismiss the great stars, and refuse to imitate the skies, and all the water is obscure; then one broken star returns; then fragments of another, and a third and a fourth flit back to their noble places, brilliantly vague, wonderfully visible, mobile, and unalterable. There is nothing else at once so keen and so elusive. The aspen-poplar had been in captive flight all day, but with no such vanishings as these. Or, when the deep pool keeps the image of

wide groups of stars still and clear, they are still shaken by the clash of the weir, and look as though nothing in the world were so delicate and so sure.

The dimmer constellations of the soft night are reserved by the skies. Hardly is a secondary star seen by the large and vague eyes of the stream. They are blind to the Pleiades which begin to show, when the noon of night is past, in the van of the winter stars. Nothing more definite than a small lighted cloud that does not change or fade, this cluster shows the place where a coming Orion is on his way, as yet close to the morning.

There is another kind of star that drowns itself by hundreds in the river Thames, — the many-rayed, silver-white seed that makes journeys on all the winds up and down England and across it in the end of summer. It is a most expert traveler, turning a little wheel a-tiptoe wherever the wind lets it rest, and speeding on those pretty points when it is not flying. The streets of London are among its many highways, for it is fragile enough to go far in all sorts of weather. But it gets disabled if a rough gust tumbles it on the water so that its finely feathered feet are wet. On gentle breezes it is able to cross dryshod, even walking.

What has this pilgrim star to do with the tethered constellations? There is nothing in the country so far adrift. It goes singly to all the winds. It offers thistle-plants (or whatever is the flower that makes such delicate ashes) to the tops of many thousand hills. Doubtless the farmer would rather have to meet it in battalions than in these invincible units astray. But if the farmer owes it a lawful grudge, there is many a riverside garden wherein it would be a great pleasure to sow the thistles of the nearest pasture. Such a lawn — happily not frequent in some of the beautiful reaches of the upper river — is fitted tightly to the face of a high garden bank, having toy conifers along its upper edge. So many yards of it, and not a sign of vitality in any part of the green floor and the green hillside. The garden grass has nothing whatever to report as to the season of the year; it would bear the same aspect in May and the same in a rainy summer. Dissatisfied, then, with the "English" garden (as they call it on the Continent) that winds by contrived mounds, and prepares a tediously careless opening of views; equally ill content with the box-full of bordered flower-beds close packed with all the uninteresting flowers in the world, one is on the point of giving up gardens, with no slight reluctance, but for the memory of a garden one can love. That best of all gardens is somewhat bygone — has once been rigid and most successful, but has lapsed more or less. One need not ask for perfect neglect; and abandonment must have a southern climate for its happiest sequel; but there is hardly any climate or any latitude in which a formal plan and a term of exclusiveness, trimming, and weeding, followed by a little carelessness or a little poverty, or a little idleness, — this will serve our turn well enough, — or, perhaps better still, a little absence, will not have consequences of the utmost sweetness. Let the sun and the wind walk those precise paths for a while behind the owner's back, and let his fountains and his borders wear some of the uncovenanted graces of oblivion.

The Thames has, in all its reaches, a Spirit of Place. And if the Spirit of Place abides in its own peculiar peace within the town, shutting the gates upon itself, if it lives between two hills, and withdraws within the ramparts of a lake, it journeys with rivers, a pilgrim.

THE PASSING OF SPRING

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

I

"WHAT'S the matter, child? Is it because the Miska has had more applause? But don't you care. When you are thirty-five she will be fifty — and forgotten."

Hilda Bergmann raised her head, — it was adorned with a mediæval coronet, — and saw before her the ample form of the coloratura soprano, resplendent in the clothes of the world. She brushed the tear-drops hastily from her darkened lashes.

"Ah, you, Madame Brunzola," she murmured.

"I am in the Hardmans' box." The diva's tone contained a recognition of her own graciousness. "I came in to congratulate you on 'Dich theure Halle' — and find you crying . . . There, there, pull yourself together, child; you won't be able to sing. Don't fret about Miska."

Hilda's eyes questioned the diva mistily. "Ah, you think I cry that Frau Miska has had already three recalls? But no, madame, she is one great artist; it is good that they applaud. I myself applaud."

The diva looked at the young German singer curiously, then smiled and gave her a careless little pat on the shoulder. "It is a good little girl, and the new Elizabeth costume is vastly becoming. I hope the trouble is not serious." Then, the professional mind returning to the obvious explanation, she added, "Some day the audience will call for you like that."

The tears overflowed suddenly in Hilda's blue eyes. "Ah, madame," she broke out, "it is that my husband no longer loves me."

The Brunzola (her rightful name was Brown) stared at the back of Hilda's blonde wig, which was scarcely less golden than the hair beneath. Too accustomed to foreign unreserve to be appalled at this revelation, her reflection was practical and unembarrassed.

"Nonsense. What makes you think so?"

"He is to-night again with her in the house."

"Her" —

"Meeses Gambril."

"Shocking!" The diva laughed; then, as she caught sight of Hilda's face, added kindly, "He sat with her, but looked at you, *chérie*."

Hilda shook her head. "He is with her four times this week already."

Brunzola laughed again — such a laugh as is denied to the thin woman. "My dear! She is forty years old and atrociously painted. You are young, pretty, and famous. You talk nonsense." She administered another vigorous pat upon Hilda's shoulder. The Brunzola liked Hilda, who was adorably amiable; and being an exponent of Verdi and Donizetti herself, their ambitions did not conflict. But Hilda only shook her head again with a quiver of the lip, ending with a sudden hiding of her face upon the chair back.

"It is he that should be jealous of you, not you of him," declared the diva austerely, almost morally. The diva had had three husbands, and it was to be expected that she should have a firm grasp upon the principles at stake.

Hilda looked puzzled. "*Wie?*" She questioned the matrimonially sophisticated soprano with her child eyes.

"The jealousy should be all on his side," the diva explained kindly, with an air of one enlightening a little girl.

"Jealous?" Hilda repeated reflectively. "*Ach, nein, nein,* madame, but I am not jealous — only unhappy."

"Well, then, it is he that should be unhappy. Make him so." The diva's tone

became disciplinary. Her eye wandered to a huge bunch of white carnations lying upon Hilda's dressing-table. "Who sent those? May I look?" As Hilda nodded she picked up the card and glanced at it. "Seems to me you have had carnations in profusion lately. Same man?"

"Meester Harvey Langdon. He is so good to send me white carnations when I sing Elizabeth. He say he like very much the opera, and the music is to him like white carnations."

The diva laughed again more amply. "You know him, then?"

"I have twice met him at the house of Meeses French."

"The tall, smooth-shaven, desolate-looking man? I know him. He is adorable — *triste* — and so bored! The women are crazy about him. It is a triumph for you. It is your chance — heaven-sent — *carissima.*" The Brunzola took facile flight into many tongues.

"My chance?" Hilda repeated. She pronounced the word of doubtful meaning as if it contained a z.

The diva gathered her opera cloak about her in the act of departure. "Your chance to make Max jealous, you baby, — jealous of Harvey Langdon."

Hilda's drooping shoulders straightened with a sudden dignity. "Madame!" she exclaimed, "I am a married voman."

The diva's eyes remained upon Hilda's face as she fastened her opera cloak. "Oh. And Max, then, is not a married man!"

Hilda flushed under her make-up. She bit her lip, and again the tears rose in her eyes. The diva spoke kindly, if patronizingly: —

"I believe that is the point of view in your country. *Liebes Kind*, but you are in America 'now already.'" She mimicked the little German-English phrase almost affectionately. "And in America you should do as the Americans. I must go, and you must dry your eyes. The next act is going to begin. Don't forget that your face is all streaked." She looked down at the desolate little figure in its gorgeous draperies, and bending over, regardless of rouge and grease paint, pressed a light kiss upon Hilda's cheek. "Max adores you, of course, child, and is no end proud of you and all that. But why let him see quite how much you care? I am serious. . . . So few men can stand it. They are base creatures."

In a positive aura of virtue the diva removed her imposing presence from the dressing-room.

II

Hilda Bergmann was surprisingly young — "impossibly young," some one had said — for an opera singer. Superficially of a fair, wholesome German prettiness, a strain of Slav blood had given a stronger accent of modeling to her face, a touch of the unusual about the drawing of the eyes that seemed to explain the flash of inspiration, the warm communicative temperament in her operatic interpretations. "The eyes of a child, the mouth of a woman, and the voice of an angel," — so Harvey Langdon had described her. Harvey had developed an enthusiasm for Hilda, an enthusiasm artistic, not personal, in spite of the fact that he had met her. In his experience of women Harvey had been what his friends' wives called "unfortunate." At the psychological moment he had met the wrong woman. He had come out of the experience, which had extended over a period of years, with a deep and incurable cynicism. As an æsthete he admired women: as a man he despised them. Outwardly deferential, and epigrammatically flattering upon provocation, inwardly he was amused or contemptuous. Women whose perceptions penetrated beneath this smooth surface disliked and avoided him. Others felt that they had produced an impression. He had not "gone to the devil." His life was not wrecked by the unhappy affair which might, perhaps, have interfered with his work if material good fortune had not removed from his life the necessity to struggle, but he had lost in humanity. If it had not been for

his sensitiveness to sound and color, and his love of outdoors, he would have been desperately bored. As it was, he was merely disillusioned and spiritually aged.

One morning, walking briskly through the park, the flash of a smile, gold hair, and ermine crossed his reverie and became a consciousness of Hilda Bergmann clasping by the hand a small and sturdy boy clad in white corduroy. He stopped, she hesitated, smiling, and he discovered anew an enchanting dimple in the act of vanishing, and felt that he must detain it at any cost.

"We take one long walk, the *kleine* Max und I," she explained.

He looked down at her, hat in hand, conscious of an unaccountable impulse. "It is over then, — the long walk?"

"*Nein*, it is but just now begun."

"Will you let me go with you?" The words came out directly, bluntly, like a boy's, not at all in the elaborate fashion of Harvey Langdon.

"It would give us much pleasure," she returned with the careful courtesy of a well-bred child. Hilda knew that American customs were different from German ones, and did not question the propriety of his suggestion.

He looked down at the child who was a miniature reproduction of herself. "This is your little boy? I did not know you had a child."

"*Ach*, yes, yes!" Her tone marveled at his strange oversight. She looked down at the child with an expression that gave Harvey an odd new sensation. "This is my son Max," she said softly. "Max, you vill shek hands with Meester Langdon." As the child with downcast eyes laid a shy mitten in Harvey's gloved palm, she explained proudly, "You see — he understand. Oh, he speak already very well English. The children learn more easier, I think," she decided gravely. "For me it is altogether difficult. I am afraid I am much stupid."

They started to walk on, the child between them. A surprise at the little transaction suddenly overcame Harvey.

"It is awfully good of you to let me go with you," he said with something of a return to his usual manner.

"*Ach, nein, nein!*" she contradicted him cordially yet with a certain reserve. "It is much pleasure. I like not to valk alone. In Germany we do not so, but Max — my husband say in America is different. At first always he go with me, but now he say I know the vay I can go alone. He say I must get used to go alone for every time he cannot go with me."

He met her clear eyes in silence.

"My husband he is more Englisher than I. He is long time in Englisher college. He speak like English. He know all the English vay." As Harvey did not answer she went on: —

"In Germany I could not valk so with you."

"No, but it is different here," he told her. Then, looking down into her eyes, added in a lower tone, "I am glad we are in America."

She looked off across the snowy mounds of the park reflectively. "I also am glad," she said, but she spoke doubtfully, as if assuring herself. "And here one can make much money." She smiled deliciously.

Harvey felt a twinge of disappointment; he had been thinking what an unworldly look was in her eyes. The next moment he laughed, "You, also, like the American dollars, Madame Bergmann."

"I have a father and mother both seek, und many young brother und sister. They have been very poor. I have not long made money. They need much money. I am glad to make for them. For that reason I stay and because Max vish it. But sometimes I have *Heimweh*, — I cannot help" — her voice wavered. She went on again immediately: "In Germany is different. There, is more *Gemüthlichkeit*." She looked up at him with an unconscious appeal of blue eyes.

"We think you the most perfect Marguerite and Elsa we have ever seen or heard. Is all that nothing to you? Are we just American barbarians?"

"*Ach nein, nein!*" she protested, ter-

ribly shocked at his suggestion. She was afraid she had hurt his feelings, — a thought intolerable to her. "Yes, yes, it make me much glad that the Americans like me, — altogether glad. They are so kind to me. I like, oh very much, to sing for them."

"We have never before had a young Marguerite. But you are not Marguerite, after all, Madame Bergmann, but Gretchen, — the Gretchen of Goethe. Is it because you are so really young? We are so pathetically old, most of us."

At this moment the *kleine* Max seemed to make some soft and unobtrusive complaint in German. Hilda consulted with him. She turned to Harvey with profound and embarrassed apology. "It is that a button upon his foot is too tidt. Here is one seat. I beg pardon that we delay you, Meester Langdon." She started to lift the child upon the bench, but Harvey intercepted her, and, having deposited the child, bent down himself to institute investigations as to the offensive button. He found his inquiries met with timid but exact responses, and felt a curious pleasure in the operation.

Hilda was regarding Harvey with grave calculation. "But you are not so old, Meester Langdon," she said suddenly.

He smiled as he struggled with the awkwardness of unaccustomed fingers over a stiff gaiter button upon the relaxed foot of the child. "Very, very old, Madame Bergmann, tragically old; so old that I cannot remember ever having been young."

"*So!*" she exclaimed in distress. "It is you mean that you feel so very old? But why?"

"Perhaps because no one has ever loved me." Strangely enough his words did not sound sentimental to him. He looked up at Hilda to see surprise and consternation upon her face.

"*Geehrter Herr*, surely that is not possible!"

"You flatter me."

"You make fun?" She watched him anxiously.

He smiled. "I am entirely serious."

Her glance went to her boy, who was watching the operation upon his footgear with attentive interest. "Your mother has loved you, *geehrter Herr*," she said under her breath. . . . "Or you lose her, perhaps, when you are *Kindlein* like Max?"

He shook his head. "My mother did not love me — *gnädige Dame.*"

"Meester Langdon! All mothers love their children!"

He smiled, yet felt a little pang of remorse that he should have thrust the ugly thing before her innocent eyes. "My mother was different."

"*Ach!* But it is terrible!"

"My mother did not love my father" — He rose to his feet, the button being satisfactorily accounted for. "I am afraid we were not a very loving family."

"*Ach*, it is sad!" Suddenly she bent down and caught the child up in her arms and kissed him passionately. As she let the boy slip gently to his feet with one arm still about him, she put out her hand to Harvey, who felt a longing, curiously strong, to detain it.

"I am so sorry," she said. And he felt in some way all the sweetness of her singing voice in the simple words. Afterwards the emotion of the moment seemed incomprehensible to him. At the time the man of words was dumb with that uncomfortable stirring about his heart.

He turned to little Max. "The button is all right now, I think? Will Max let me take his hand also?"

Max looked up at his mother, who smiled, and catching the reflection of her smile, transferred it shyly to Harvey as he proffered the mitten with a whispered, "*Darf ich?*"

"*Ach, du unartiges Kind!*" cried his mother in despair. "*Du musst auf Englisch immer sprechen.* He forget himself," she apologized to Harvey.

Harvey received the mittened morsel in a timid clasp. "It is a way we men have. I forget myself, too, *gnädige Dame.*"

She smiled sweetly and vaguely, feeling

that she had not quite caught his meaning.

When he bade her good-by at her own door he asked her: "Do you walk in the park often?"

"Every morning, when I have not rehearsal."

"Then may I go again some time when the Herr Baron is unable to go with you?"

Her smile included the child before it passed to him. "It will give us much pleasure."

Upstairs she found Max senior in a cloud of smoke and a wilderness of newspapers. Dismissing the child with a kiss she went over to her husband.

"We have met in the park Meester Harvey Langdon, Max und I, und he valk with us." Max liked her to talk English.

He glanced up at her through a fog of smoke. "The man who sent you the carnations?"

"Yes."

Max made no further comment. She looked at him doubtfully. "What you read, Max?" she asked timidly.

"The criticisms of last night's performance. They are mad about Miska — these critics. It is hysteria — not criticism."

Hilda gazed into the fire thoughtfully. "They say not too much it seem to me. I am glad for her. It is good to feel after one has worked that one has given pleasure."

Max glanced at his wife, laid down his paper, and rose to his feet.

"You are too contented to get on in this country, Hilda. Be contented and you will be happy, but you won't make a hit."

She stood watching him as he walked across the room, then her eyes went to the square of sky framed in the window. "Yes, I am happy," she repeated wistfully, almost entreatingly.

Max walked over to the window, obscuring the square of sky with his broad shoulders, and stood there drumming upon the sill with a discontented expression upon his handsome face.

III

The walk in the park occurred again — not altogether by accident on Harvey's part; and after that he called for her several times by arrangement. About this time the life of the little Max became suddenly crowded with incident; donkey rides were of frequent occurrence; marvelous toys and forbidden sweets arrived at his door, and last, but not least, a pair of white mice. Sometimes Harvey dropped in at teatime. His relation with Hilda was simple and natural, as impersonal, almost, as his relation with her child. He would no sooner have disturbed her exquisite unconsciousness than he would have told little Max that the fairy stories his mother told him were not true.

One afternoon — the day after a performance of *Tannhäuser* — he called at teatime, and it happened that he spoke of her interpretation of Elizabeth, — for, rather oddly, her public life was scarcely ever mentioned between them.

"You make Elizabeth human," he said. "A woman loving a man as she finds him, good and evil, blindly, illogically."

Hilda sat looking into the fire. It was only a dreary little gas log, but the leaping flame made a rim of light about her fair head and threw a soft glow upon her thoughtful face. She seemed to breathe an atmosphere of home. He stared at her forgetfully, questioning her thoughts. She looked up.

"It is so a woman loves always, is it not? She loves man as he is altogether — good and evil. It is not that she does not see faults."

He was surprised. "I had thought you would believe the man you loved to be faultless."

"*Ach, nein, nein!*" She shook her head slowly with a little indulgent laugh for his ignorance. "No man is so — faultless, und no woman. It is only when too young we think so. We have all some fault." Her observation was made with such an air of profound philosophic dis-

covery that Harvey found himself feeling that some new light was being shed upon the sad, old world-worn puzzle of human relations.

"A fault is a weakness, *nicht wahr?* And for weakness one loves more the weak one as a mother love her child. And if sometimes that weakness hurt her, she only love more for that reason. It is strange."

She looked up. As their eyes met he saw Hilda all at once as a woman, and something in that revelation hurt him mysteriously.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "You are unhappy."

"No, I was only thinking."

"What you were thinking?"

"I think I was wishing that — some woman could have loved me like that." She did not answer immediately. He glanced at her with a little smile and met the grave sympathy of her eyes. For a moment he looked in silence, then suddenly stood up. "I forget time with you, *gnädige Dame.*"

She rose also, protesting, "Don't go. For soon Max will be here und we vill all have yet another cup of tea together."

He shook his head. "I have an engagement. I am late already."

She put out her hand. He bent down and kissed it lightly. "As if we were in Germany," he said.

On the stairs he met Max, who saluted him stiffly, unsmilingly, a greeting somehow aggressively German.

IV

A few days after that she sang at an afternoon concert which he attended. Standing alone on the great platform, in a pale gray gown that was almost white, she looked gravely, sweetly young, and she sang Wagner's "Traüme" with the mature passion that was so unexpectedly a part of her music — that, in spite of her childishness, he had come to feel was also a part of herself.

After the concert was over he felt irresistibly drawn to her house; but at the very steps he turned away and walked instead in the park, long and late. Once, at a bend in the road, he came suddenly face to face with a man and woman driving; they had bowed and passed before he realized that it was Max von Stahlschmidt and Mrs. Gambril. On the way home he stopped at a florist's shop and ordered a box of red carnations sent to Hilda. It was the first time he had sent her anything but white flowers.

One day, a week or two after the concert, he went to see her late in the afternoon. Again he found her alone.

"Some one tell me you are gone away," she said as she greeted him.

"And did you think I would go away without saying good-by? I have been very busy."

"Ah yes, I understand. I am glad that you are not gone. Max und I valk always alone. My husband is now also more busy."

Harvey walked over to the window. "It is beautiful now outdoors. The air is full of spring. We must walk once more in the park together, just once more" —

"You go away?" she asked in alarm.

He looked down at her curiously. "I am afraid I must."

"I am sorry," she said softly. "We vill miss you, Max und I. You are so good to him. I think it is for you he love America."

"And you, *liebe Dame*, you are sorry for yourself — just a little bit — and not altogether because of little Max?"

"You know I also am sorry. But for you I am often lonely. I do not enjoy much the parties, but I like much to valk so in the park with you."

Their eyes met. Her hand lay near his upon the window-sill. He covered it with his own; it was an almost involuntary action. His eyes remained upon hers, his breath began to come quickly. Her color rose. In a second her lashes drooped, but in that second he had seen — what was it? he scarcely knew — something that quivered like light in her eyes, and for

an instant the world swam around him. Then he felt her hand withdrawn gently from under his.

"It becomes dark, Meester Langdon. I ring for the light."

They stood in silence by the fire waiting for the maid to answer the bell. When she came she brought some cards to Hilda. "Tell them to come up," Hilda directed. Before the guests arrived Harvey took his leave.

But the next afternoon he called again. The servant told him he might go up. He knew that it was a mistake, but took advantage of it, fearing obscurely that she might refuse to see him this time. In the hall the sound of her singing came to him. He walked slowly and noiselessly toward the sound. He stopped at the open door, and saw her sitting in the firelight with her boy in her arms, singing a soft little bedtime song — like any other mother. The voice that had thrilled thousands, that had stirred the depths in even his unresponsive being, brought to him now, mysteriously, intimately, the sacred revelation of motherhood. He stood in silence. A mist came over his eyes. When the little song stopped he turned and slipped softly away, knowing that he had seen a divine thing.

At the head of the stairs — their usual meeting-place — he encountered Max. He would have passed with a silent recognition, but Von Stahlschmidt stopped him.

"You are good enough to come often, Mr. Langdon, but it is a pleasure I seldom have to see you. We pass always on the way."

Harvey, looking in the man's face, saw it white and strained. "It is a great privilege to be allowed to come, Herr Baron. I assure you I appreciate it." He moved to pass on, but Von Stahlschmidt pushed in front of him and stood before the flight of stairs. Hilda had begun to sing again, more softly than before. The child must be dropping asleep. Harvey looked up to find Von Stahlschmidt regarding him steadily.

"You appreciate also, it seems, the privilege to meet her and walk with her in the park many times — to see her alone, is it not? I ask that you explain to me your acquaintance with my wife" —

A black look came into Harvey's eyes; then he looked into the man's face and saw how he was suffering.

"You do not answer. I demand that you answer" —

Hilda's voice, softly singing, filled the silence. For a moment Harvey breathed hard, then he laid his hand on the German's arm and drew him back to the open door. "Look at her," he said in a low voice, not to reach her. "That is your answer."

Hilda had stopped singing and had risen from her chair, her sleepy boy in her arms, her face bent over him. Her husband made an inarticulate sound and turned toward Harvey. The eyes of the two men met. Then Von Stahlschmidt caught the other man's hand and wrung it till his muscles trembled. Hilda turned toward the doorway peering into the darkness.

"Max," she called softly.

With a cry that was almost a sob he was in the middle of the room beside her. She held the child up to him with a smile. "Kiss little Max good-night," Harvey heard her say in German. With a wordless exclamation the man caught his wife and child in his arms.

It was some minutes later that he remembered Harvey. "Oh, I forgot — Mr. Langdon is out in the hall." He went to the door and called Harvey's name, but Harvey was not there.

V

The next morning a box of white carnations came for Hilda and with them a note.

Gnädige Dame, — I am more sorry than I can say to leave without saying good-by, but it cannot be otherwise. You are a woman, and perhaps you will understand. Will you accept the lifelong gratitude of

a man to whom you have given back the most precious thing in life, — his faith in woman? Even more, for out of your own abundance you have given him — although so late — that youth of which he once thought the gods had defrauded him.

I hope we may meet again some day — somewhere, and so I shall not say farewell but *Auf Wiedersehen*, or — as we mean in my language when we say good-by — God be with you.

Faithfully yours,
HARVEY LANGDON.

The letter dropped from Hilda's hand and her eyes grew thoughtful.

"What is it, *Liebchen?*" asked Max.

She passed him the letter without comment. He read it in silence, but at the end he looked up at her curiously.

"You like him, Hilda?"

"Oh yes, very much I like him."

"You are sorry he is gone" —

"I am sorry, *lieber* Max. He vas so good to me when I vas lonely." She put out an apologetic hand. "I vas so foolish to be lonely sometimes when you vere so much busy. I think, *lieber* Max, he is very kind and good."

A change that she did not understand passed over Max's face as he came swiftly toward her and took her in his arms.

"*You* are very good, *Herzchen*, — too good. I love you."

THE COWARD

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK

THE night before the battle met
  He sang the splendor of the fray,
Till all our legions, hard beset,
  Took heart against another day.

He sang the thunder-swift attack,
  The shock of shields, the overthrow;
The shout that roared the chorus back
  Startled the camp-fires of the foe.

The harp's hour passed. Dawn heard alone
  The high heroic bugles' cry;
But ere a blade had crossed his own
  The singer turned his horse to fly.

They slew him as he fled the field;
  But all day long the foe in vain
Shattered against our spearsmen steeled
  With memory of his noble strain.

So half fell fouled into the snare,
  And half sped splendid to the goal. —
What earthly tribune can declare
  The doom of this divided soul?

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

THE MISSION OF THE LITERARY CRITIC

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

LITERARY criticism can hardly be said to stand in very high repute in the United States. Perhaps this is because we have so much of it, done, naturally, for the most part, in a rather perfunctory and superficial manner. To criticise criticism, to discuss the object and methods of so insignificant an art, seems to most persons "a wasteful and ridiculous excess." Anybody can criticise a book. Everybody does. What is there more?

In France it is different. Says the most charming of French critics: "Criticism is the latest of all literary forms; it will end, perhaps, by absorbing all the others. It is admirably suited to a highly civilized society whose past is rich and whose traditions are ancient. . . . It is derived at once from philosophy and from history. It has required for its full development a period of absolute intellectual liberty. It replaces theology; and if we seek the universal doctor, the St. Thomas Aquinas, of the nineteenth century, do we not think of Sainte-Beuve first of all?"

The English and American mind grasps with difficulty the seriousness of the French in these literary matters. In something which concerns directly neither our bread and butter, nor even our eternal welfare, why should we be so deadly and desperately earnest? Why fight over theories of the beautiful? Why have theories at all about things which are intended only to amuse us? The wild fury which animated the classics and romantics in their battles over the production of *Henri III* and *Hernani* is wholly inconceivable in a New York or London theatre. So, the acrimony which French critics display in the discussion of their art, or their vocation, seems to us but a waste of wild and whirling words Yet if we examine it a little more closely, we may find some profit in it, if not for the classification of criticism, at least for the better loving of literature.

Sainte-Beuve, who has long been regarded in France, and is gradually coming to be regarded elsewhere, as the greatest critic that ever lived, wisely refrained from too strict a formulation of his methods. Much interesting theoretical discussion may be gleaned in different corners of his vast work; but his broad and ample insight and foresight took in too clearly the immensity of the field to be covered for him to make any rash attempt at mapping or systematizing. His followers have had something less of modesty, besides the advantage of his extensive foundation to build upon.

Of the three schools of criticism which fought the battle in France during the last quarter of the last century, let us take first the dogmatic. Put crudely, the principle of the dogmatists is what burly Ben Jonson said of one of his own plays: —

> "By God! 't is good, and if you lik't, you may."

That is to say, a work pleases or displeases the critic, for reasons which he can, or cannot, explain, and therefore it must please his readers also. Ingenious minds have elaborated various finespun theories on which to give their personal preferences a broad and human basis. Other ingenious minds have knocked over said theories and substituted new theories of their own. From Aristotle to M. Brunetière, the learned have tried to impose their taste on mankind in general — and failed lamentably. Even when they have sought to extract a taste of their own from the accumulated conventional likings of that unstable thing, the public

they find their laborious product slip from under them on some sudden wave of popular fancy. An acute observer and man of the world once wrote: "Your sentiments . . . I believe to be perfectly just, because they perfectly accord with my own, and that is, you know, the only standard Heaven has given us by which to judge." This may be heretical in morals; but it is not without value in art. That hero and model of classicism and the rule-and-line theory, Racine, says, in the preface to *Bérénice:* "The principal rule is to please and to touch the emotions: all the others are made but to wait upon this."

The great stronghold of the dogmatists is the universal consent of mankind. As if there were such a thing in literary matters! Perhaps the best satire on this view is the conventional cry of critics at the present day: Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are the summit of all literature; no other is to be compared with them, forever, and ever, and ever. Well, but Homer has had his ups and downs. There have been times when Virgil has been thought much his superior; and to-day there are persons not uncultivated — but that is another story. As for Dante, he is an invention of the nineteenth century; and even so, Goethe, who was the nineteenth century personified, is said to have found him tedious and a little barbarous. The extravagant worship of Shakespeare is also an invention of the nineteenth century, made in Germany; and there are signs that it may not endure, in its extreme form, another hundred years.

That charming critic, Mr. Augustine Birrell, speaks as a dogmatist (who does not occasionally?) when he says: "Is substantial injustice at this moment done to a single English writer of prose or verse who died prior to the year 1801? Is there a single bad author of this class who is now read?" This seems to me rather naïve for so subtle and keen a thinker. What does it mean? Who is to settle the justice or injustice? Who are the good and who the bad authors? Those who please and those who displease Mr. Birrell? Or those who are and those who are not read? I myself think Sir William D'Avenant a very good poet, better than either Goldsmith or Gray, who are read by thousands; but I cannot discover that any one but myself reads D'Avenant. I recognize a personal idiosyncrasy; and do not assert that injustice is done.

The dogmatists also support themselves by extra-artistic considerations, and undertake to judge literary work by its moral and immoral tendencies. It is a good idea, and in theory they are a thousand times right. But their practice is so far from satisfactory that one is almost compelled to give them up as hopeless. In the first place much of art is, fortunately, not connected with morals at all, or connected with them only very indirectly. It is hard to judge color and rhythm and imaginative expression from any moral point of view. But even in regard to what is obviously concerned with morals doctors disagree so woefully! Is it moral to represent the whole of life as it is, simply because truth is truth and cannot be harmful? Is it moral to inject a tincture of idealism into the bald facts of life, so that they may become elevating and instructive? Is it moral to avert one's gaze from half of reality and to be entertaining, soothing, and false? Where is our moral standard in all these perplexing difficulties and many others?

The dogmatic and academic view of criticism has its value and usefulness, nevertheless. It is possible to deduce from the past delight and profit of mankind generalizations which are, if not laws, at least guides, for both production and judgment. The instinct which leads us to seek authority in art, as in other things, is a natural one, whether it can be satisfied or not. Neither Sainte-Beuve, nor Matthew Arnold, nor Lowell can oblige me to enjoy what I find dull and tedious; but if they interpret an author for me, I may come to see in him what I should never have seen for myself; and I feel more confidence in approaching a

book on their recommendation, than on that of John Smith or Mary Jones.

The impressionist school of critics exists chiefly to make war on the dogmatic: that is the French way. "The chief dogma of intolerance is that there are dogmas; that of tolerance, that there are only opinions," said Edmond Scherer. But the impressionist is shy of anything even so stable as an opinion. "My impression of a book is so fleeting!" he cries. "It shifts from day to day, from hour to hour. I read Victor Hugo when I am in the mood for him, full of life, of enthusiasm, of exuberant philanthropy, and I find him the greatest of poets. I read him when I am dull, tired, and cynical, and he seems to me the emptiest of charlatans and the noisiest of demagogues. At times Shelley utters all my soul, at other times he seems a mass of windy nothingness. What I liked ten years ago seems now stale and unprofitable. What I railed at then, to-day seems good, sound meat, and full of common sense. Others may be constant in their preferences, or may force, or trick themselves into thinking that they are so. But what stability, or permanence, or solemn objectivity of judgment can there be for me?"

It will be said that this makes every man his own critic and disposes of criticism. It certainly does dispose of formal judgments and stilted *ex cathedra* classifications. But the impressionists say that, while the method of criticism is altered, the substance of it is only made a thousand times richer and more varied. Instead of a dry, impersonal ranking and ticketing of books and authors, we get the effect which they produce on different minds, and so, an infinitude of possible affections of our own. In other words, criticism is not an end, it is a beginning. Its object is to spur us, to inspire us, to open out before us wide vistas of passion and thought and beauty, which we had not discovered for ourselves. In giving us his own personal impression of a work of art, a critic is simply giving us one of a thousand possible interpretations, each of which has its own interest and value. The more personal, the more himself he is, the more singly he keeps his eye fixed on his own impression as distinguished from the traditional opinion of others, the more he helps us, not because we are necessarily to follow him, but because we are thus led to think and feel and perceive for ourselves. When M. Anatole France writes: "The critic ought to say: 'Gentlemen, I am going to speak of myself *à propos* of Racine, or of Pascal, or of Goethe. It is a delightful opportunity,'" he seems to be very egotistical. In reality, as all his readers know, there is no critic less so. While M. Brunetière, the champion of dogmatic and impersonal criticism, is egotism personified.

Apart from both dogmatism and impressionism, and hostile to both, stand the scientific critics; and, without doubt, their attitude expresses more truly the spirit of the nineteenth century than does that of either of the others. Personal æsthetic judgments, says the scientist, are an impertinence; impersonal judgments are difficult, from the ordinary dogmatic standpoint, of an ideal, ready-made standard, impossible and ridiculous. It may be that long and careful investigation of the sources of æsthetic enjoyment will at length develop some psychological criterion, which will have objective value and be subject to definite measurement. Meanwhile, the critic has other and far richer fields before him. Literature is not an arbitrary and artificial product. It grows and develops according to natural laws. It is the expression of human life and thought. It can be subjected to analytical study and the results stated in broad generalizations. Each great literary period has its peculiar character, which it stamps on all its representatives, no matter how intense their own individuality. Each literary period is connected with other literary periods; with those that precede, to which it owes something, either by direct derivation or by reaction; and, in the same fashion, with those that follow. Thus, the classicism of the eigh-

teenth century was in large part a reaction from the excesses of the later Renaissance. The realism of the middle of the nineteenth century was a reaction from the violent romanticism of the generation before. In the same way, while certain general characteristics mark the whole literary work of a period, these are differently modified according to the nation in which they appear. The buoyant fullness, the splendid, unpruned luxuriance of the Renaissance suited perfectly the genius of the English; hence, in the Elizabethan age that race found its most complete literary expression. On the other hand, the tasteful and refined finish, the clear and prosaic simplicity of the eighteenth century served as the fittest medium for the polished sense and the keen intellect of France. It is the function of the scientific critic to study all these things, to trace the affiliations of different ages and different races, to show that, making always due allowance for individual genius, literary forms and products are a natural efflorescence, to be watched and systematized, like plants or birds, only with an infinitely more subtle and delicate discrimination.

This is not all. Literature is not only in itself a subject of scientific study. It is always and in all its forms an expression of the human life which produces it. The drama of Shakespeare, wonderful as a literary product, becomes far more so, viewed as a manifestation of the richest, the most glorious period of English history. The differences between that drama and the plays of Calderon correspond closely to the differences between the England and the Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. So, the drama of the Restoration, in all its coarseness and superficiality, reflects exactly the moral conditions of the society by and for which it was produced. Again, one cannot imagine a more interesting study than the connection between literature and history at the close of the eighteenth century, the influence of the earlier romantic writers, Rousseau, Macpherson with his Ossian, Schiller and Goethe, in the great political and social upheaval of the French Revolution; and still more, the influence of that upheaval on Byron and Shelley, Hugo and Musset, Manzoni and Leopardi.

But still wider and richer as a field for the scientific critic is the life and psychology of the individual author. Back of the book is always the man — or woman. The general outlines of national life and contemporary tendency, so strongly emphasized by Taine, form but a background, from which stands out the human personality, subtle, mobile, always hard to grasp and define, and all the more fascinating because of that difficulty. Of course, the amount of self-revelation varies with the author and with the form of expression. Diarists like Pepys or Amiel, letter-writers like Madame de Sévigné, essayists like Montaigne, lyrical poets like Byron and Heine, wear the heart upon the sleeve. They throw open the inmost secrets of their lives for the inspection of the curious observer. But even at the other extreme how much we can learn of writers of the sternest objectivity. Tacitus, Gibbon, Macaulay speak little of themselves; yet touches of their character are written on every page of their works. Thackeray is a novelist who constantly intrudes himself and his opinions and experiences on the attention of the reader. Flaubert is a novelist whose whole theory of art was to conceal himself. Yet I am not sure that Flaubert's books do not give us a more genuine and intelligible impression of the man than Thackeray's. Even the great dramatists, although never speaking to us in their own persons, somehow contrive to produce a distinct feeling of individual character. This is best seen by comparing them with one another. Take Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Molière: do we not derive from their purely dramatic works psychological impressions which enable us to separate the first from the other two, and those again, though less remotely, from each other? It is this psychological study, this view of literature as an endless revelation of human life, endless in vari-

ety, endless in fascination, which make the basis and the charm of scientific criticism. Sainte-Beuve summed it up admirably in the often quoted saying: "I botanize, I herborize, I am a naturalist of souls."

Like each of the other forms of criticism, the scientific has its obvious defect. After all, however we judge it, the charm of literature proper comes mainly from its appeal to our æsthetic sensibility. We esteem a poem or a novel because it pleases us and moves us, because it is beautiful. Now there may be very curious material for the study of human life, in general or in particular, in books which neither please us nor move us at all. The scientific critic, in his determination not to be influenced by æsthetic considerations, is too apt to neglect them altogether, to exalt writers and writings which have had little or no effect on mankind at large, or even on himself, simply because they offer new and striking facts, or happen to form an important link in some chain of literary deduction. Even Sainte-Beuve, though as little slave to systems as any man, did not always escape this tendency.

I have thus stated briefly the position of the three leading schools of literary criticism. To the practical American mind the question naturally occurs: Why are they not all in the right? Why not use a combination of the theories of all three? The ordinary reader will always look for authority somewhere, by whatever name it is called, will always respect and adopt the judgment of some one whom he considers, rightly or wrongly, better equipped than himself. On the other hand, the freshness, the vivacity of the impressionists are most valuable for tempering and softening dogmatic and academic severity. And surely no one will reject the added richness and significance which come from comparative study and psychological interpretation.

This is the remark of common sense, and it is hard to see why any one should disagree with it. But can we not do better still by putting aside all these formal watchwords and establishing our criticism on a more natural and simple basis?

Previous to the eighteenth century, criticism was either purely speculative, that is, it was a merely theoretical analysis of the nature and conditions of the beautiful, akin to any other scientific investigation, or it was undertaken for the benefit of authors. There were kindly people scattered about the world in considerable numbers, who had never, indeed, created anything themselves, but who knew exactly how the thing ought to be done and were willing and glad to communicate their superior wisdom to that humble and tutorable being, the creative genius. It is extremely doubtful whether these persons ever accomplished very much, except to gather a good deal of ill-will and some little reputation. Poets and dramatists who are worth anything do not generally change their methods in deference to critics, and perhaps it is well they do not. But since the immense development of journalism, all this is changed. There are still, of course, plenty of critics of the class just mentioned, more than ever, and more impudent than ever. We all know the oracle of some twopenny sheet who begins: "We are glad to see that Mr. Jones has profited by our remarks on his last novel," or, "We think Miss Smith would have improved her acting of Juliet, if she had taken our advice last year as to her interpretation of the rôle." There are even writers and journals of high standing which assume this tone and keep up their reputation by it. Nevertheless, the general task of criticism and its object have become different altogether.

The critic of to-day who writes in the great magazines or dailies speaks to hundreds of thousands. He neither knows nor cares anything about the author of a book as such. He has not the slightest desire to offer advice to that author about his business, any more than he would advise a hatter about the making of hats. His concern is with the book and with the public. It is the public that he has always in mind, that vast multiplicity of tastes,

desires, passions, interests, which wishes information, suggestion, as to what it shall read. It does not wish to be told what it ought to like. It does not wish to be told that Brown's play transgresses the unities, that Perkins's novel is badly composed, that Williams steals his fiction, and Robinson invents his facts. It wants to be told what will touch it, please it, amuse it, help it. It wants to be inspired, if only for a moment, with the passion and the joy of literature.

Well, the critic who is to act as high priest in this sacred function must have, especially, two qualities. First, he must love literature himself, he must be, in the beautiful phrase of Erasmus, *litterarum mystes religiosissimus*, no hack, no jack-of-all-trades, who turns to reviewing in the barren intervals of law or politics. Secondly, he must have the instinct, almost the passion, of imparting his love to others. There are some who cherish their literary joys in silence and solitude, and feel that sharing them diminishes them. But the true critic, in our sense, is not content, unless others enjoy his pleasures with him. Books have brought him the greatest delight of life: he wishes to make the delight universal. He wants his favorites known and loved as he loves them. Perhaps, when he tries to talk of these things, he is chilled by the lack of response. People whom he meets in society are barred off from him by social conventions and trivial cares. He must talk to them of their daily interests and little personal concerns. He cannot dwell on the mystery of Shelley, or the passion of Heine, or the gayety of Meilhac. But when he takes his pen in hand, he instantly sees a sympathetic auditor before him, and proceeds to pour out the enthusiasm of his heart.

This is the true spirit of criticism. You may enrich it with the most varied learning and adorn it with the most brilliant and powerful expression; but without love, all these things are but as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal. In short, the critic is an artist just as much as the creative writer; and, as it is the function of the latter to reveal to us new meaning and new beauty in the world of real men and women, so the critic reveals to us new beauty and new meaning in the world of books.

The critic's true mission, then, is in the attempt to communicate to others his own infinite delight in books. Does this mean that he is always to praise and never to find fault? Far from it. The love of literature is more than the love of any author. That critic is worth little who cannot enjoy the most opposite excellencies, who lets his delight in Scott blind him to Scott's careless and slipshod style and observation, and does not recognize the perfection of workmanship in a writer like Flaubert, who totally lacks Scott's romantic and human charm. The spiritual glory of Shelley is wholly wanting in Leopardi; but Leopardi's unequaled delicacy and finish throw a sad light on Shelley's blundering improvisation. In his passion for every kind of beauty the critic overlooks none of these things; though he dwells lightly on the shadows, and, above all, avoids, with the most watchful scrupulousness, that worst failing of his order,—cheap self-glorification obtained by displaying others' defects.

There is, however, one distinction worth making in regard to this matter of fault-finding, an expression which, alas, is too apt to be used as synonymous with criticism. The usual habit of critics and reviewers is to accept standard authors at the traditional valuation, and to treat new candidates for popular favor with at best a contemptuous patronage. It is the easiest method of proceeding; but I think there would be much profit in reversing it. A severe review advertises a worthless book, almost as much as a favorable one. Let such things alone altogether. And for what attracts the critic, let him help it along. Let him make his reserves, if he likes, and if he is afraid of discrediting himself with posterity; but let him dwell chiefly on what pleases and profits him and may please and profit others.

On the other hand, let him treat the classics as if they were just out. There is no surer method of getting people to read and appreciate them. Books that have stood the test of a thousand, or five hundred, or a hundred years will not suffer much from any severity of his. But if he is to help and guide others, he must be himself and himself only. If the Iliad, with all its dust and blood and fleshly deities, bores him, let him say so. His readers will open the Iliad with an interest they have never felt before. Whether they agree with him or not is of no consequence whatever. All that he wants is that they should read and feel for themselves.

Oh, these literary idols! How dangerous it is to meddle with them, even to lift a corner of the robe or touch the pedestal! How little real love there is in the world's reverences, how much convention! How often any one who discusses literature honestly feels the truth of Professor Saintsbury's noble though somewhat arrogant words: "From the outset of his career the critic has to make up his mind to be charged with 'ungenerous,' or 'grudging,' or 'not cordial' treatment of those whom he loves with a love that twenty thousand of his accusers could not by clubbing together equal, and understands with an understanding of which — not, of course, by their own fault but by that of Providence — they are simply incapable."

This difficulty of looking honestly at the consecrated sanctities of tradition gives a peculiar interest to the writers of the past about whom dogmatism has not made up its mind. Euripides, for instance, is one of the most fascinating of poets because he has never been ticketed in any cut-and-dried position. For twenty-three hundred years he has been discussed and quarreled over; and his admirers and detractors are to-day as far from agreeing as those of Browning or Kipling. Well, the critic should try (it is impossible to succeed, but he should try) to approach every literary idol with the same freedom with which he approaches Euripides. Only thus will he be really stimulating and helpful.

Doubtless, Shakespeare is the greatest idol of Anglo-Saxondom. Is it possible that any of us, crammed as we are with ages and pages of laudation, should ever read Shakespeare with an independent spirit? Certainly not. We can never have the pleasure of knowing what a man of the highest nineteenth-century culture, an Arnold, a Lowell, would think of Shakespeare on first reading him, without ever having heard of him before. Yet no writer can be placed with impunity on such an altitude as Shakespeare occupies. He is too far off to be felt. He is so crusted over with secular adoration that the ordinary reader never gets at the real work itself. How few people actually read him! How few truly care to see him acted! Study the character of Shakespeare audiences. They are entirely different from the habitual theatre-goers. Certain of these, of course, always flock to Irving as Irving; but they prefer *Louis XI* to *Hamlet*. The Shakespeare audience is largely composed of those who go to the theatre twice a year "to see Shakespeare," — teachers and their pupils, college girls, children who are taken because it is educational. Ask a lover of the modern stage about this and he will say that he likes to read Shakespeare, but not to see him. Push the matter a little farther and you will find that he reads Shakespeare about as often as the Bible. Even when he is read, it is, with so many people, because he is the proper thing; that is, with dull eyes, a dull brain, and a mind turning constantly elsewhere.

It should be the aim of the critic to change this state of things, if only a little. Let him try, at least, to present Shakespeare as he actually finds him for himself. Shakespeare is not perfect. He is not even perfect as many other writers are perfect. He is uneven and unequal. He is lazy, clumsy, and careless in the management of his stolen stories. He leaves his characters at loose ends, unworked out and unexplained. He is the sport of his own fancy and lets words run away with him.

He is difficult and obscure, pompous and pretentious, sometimes even exceedingly dull. Let the critic who feels these things say them; and when he also says that Shakespeare's imagination has given him more delight than anything else on this green earth, people will believe he means it.

After volumes of German philosophizing, the following observations of M. Jules Lemaître (who, it should be said, does not read English) on *Hamlet* are very refreshing: "The first three acts appear to be exceedingly beautiful; but I will frankly confess that the last two, no longer filled with Hamlet himself, seemed to me extremely tedious. The conduct of Claudius is absurd. The Queen is null and absolutely passive. The gravediggers' scene, perfectly useless to the action, is a lugubrious sort of comedy, which has grown to be terribly commonplace. Much the same is true of Ophelia's madness. It is amusing in the text because of her songs; but as it is played at the Comédie Française, it is a scene of keepsake and cheap romance; you think you are looking at a chromo."

Yet through all this the true critic will remember that his mission is essentially and always positive. He has found sources of infinite joy and delight in life which others may not be aware of, or not so fully as he. These sources are the simplest, the cheapest, the most permanent, the most accessible that exist; apparently they are slighted for that very reason. The enjoyment of the other arts — music, painting, the theatre — is obtainable only with fatigue and toil such as often diminish it or destroy it altogether. You stand for two hours in a cold and crowded gallery, with vulgar sights and noisy people about you, till you wonder what any one can find in pictures. You pay a great price, long beforehand, for a theatre or concert ticket; and when the day comes you have a headache, the weather is dreary; narrow seats, bustle, and chatter annoy and tire you, till you wish you were at home. All the time, at home, you have within reach the loveliest art in the world, always ready, always waiting, taking a thousand different forms for every different mood and taste, absolutely independent of the vexing and distracting presence of the crowd. Well, it is the mission of the literary critic to keep this door open and the attention of his readers called to it, to point out gently, insinuatingly the infinite treasures he has found there, and, so far as in him lies, to help others to find and profit by the same.

ON CHANGING ONE'S NATURE

Good Bishop Paley's famous argument from the perfection of the human eye has lost something of its force for a generation which has taken to wearing glasses in childhood. Curiously enough, the one organ of the body which the eighteenth century thought especially designed to refute the atheist has most conspicuously broken down under the demands of the nineteenth. That most "undevout astronomer," Laplace, regretted that he was not present at the creation because he had various improvements to suggest. More than one anatomist since his day has wondered why Nature gave the birds the best eye she ever made, and left mankind to toil and spin at short range with an eye designed for distant vision.

How disastrous may be the results of forcing an eye more than usually ill-fitted for its task to do "work for which the history of a million years has made no demand, and for which the eye has been outfitted with no mechanism," appears from Dr. Gould's study of the lives of fourteen distinguished writers who, in his opinion, suffered from eye-strain.[1] These all

[1] *Biographic Clinics*, vol. i: The Origin of the Ill Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning. *Idem*, vol. ii: George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Wagner, Parkman, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Spencer, Whittier, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and Nietzsche. By George M. Gould, M. D. Philadelphia: P. Blankiston's Son & Co. 1903, 1904.

had essentially the same clinical history. Their troubles came on in youth as soon as they began to put their eyes to steady near work, and continued through middle life, only to disappear as if by magic when, as age came on, the final loss of accommodation made further eye-strain impossible. The symptoms — headache, nervousness, dyspepsia, insomnia — were always promptly relieved by sport, society, travel, change of scene, — anything, in short, which stopped near work, — only to return again with the renewal of the cause. Yet nobody saw clearly what the matter was! Altogether it is a sad story of thwarted ambition and useless pain. Darwin could work but two hours a day; Spencer only by fifteen-minute periods. Parkman averaged six lines of finished work a day for fourteen years. Nietzsche broke down at forty-four, after suffering two hundred prostrating attacks of illness in a single year. Jane Carlyle endured sick headaches sixty hours on end, and her husband "was turned into a terrible dyspeptic and misanthrope, made to suffer as only genius and eye-strain and pseudo-medicine, when combined, can make men suffer, and was also commanded to walk, walk, walk, ride, ride, ride, and waste, waste, waste both time and talents of infinite value, in order to rest his eyes, his eyes that needed only a pair of appropriate spectacles." Dr. Gould's essays, admirable as an argument, are by no means cheerful reading.

Fortunately, no such wanton suffering can again afflict any person likely to attain to a biography. Unfortunately, it is still the fate of thousands of obscure persons who do not suspect the cause of their trouble, or who have depended for its relief on itinerant spectacle venders or department stores.

If the eye were the only one of our members in respect to which the interests of civilized man have been ignored or sacrificed to the convenience of some cave-dweller, we could still get on. The mischief is that while we lack several useful organs we are loaded down with inherited structures and instincts which we certainly do not want, yet cannot change or discard. Six fingers instead of five for the Arabians to count on would have given us a duodecimal arithmetic, incidentally saved all the fuss over the metric system, and helped to make the typewriter still more mighty than the pen. On the other hand, our savage forbears needed a digestive apparatus capable, on a pinch, of working over roots and scraps of skin, and making up for a week's starvation by one magnificent gorge. Cooks, cold storage, breakfast foods have so far "ameliorated the condition of the eating classes" that any such powerful digestive machinery has become unnecessary. In vain, however, do we amputate the appendix and extract the superfluous third molars. Satan finds some mischief still for idle glands to do. Half the minor ills of life and a goodly portion of its serious troubles come from disorders of the digestion, and nothing less than eternal vigilance is the price of a waist. *Animum non* coelum *mutant* who cross from barbarism to civilization.

We who have made the passage, heirs of too many ages, are alone of all creatures under heaven in being fundamentally ill-suited to our environment. We only, of all living things, find our immediate impulses at war with our permanent good. We only are moral and unhappy.

No philosopher oppressed by

> "The burden and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,"

no saint confronted with the law in his members warring against the law of his mind has treated the great problems of humanity, "life and sex and death and the fear of death," with a more adequate knowledge or a finer simplicity than Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute. Metchnikoff writes frankly as a Russian; hopefully as one who has seen and shared some of the greatest triumphs of science over human ills. "Behold, O monks," said Buddha, "the holy truth as to suffering: birth is suffering, old age is suffering, disease is suffering, and death is

suffering." Two of these, at least, are no longer what they were, now that the pestilence has ceased to walk in darkness, and there is no more unalleviable pain. And granted that not all the science any more than

> . . . "all the preaching since Adam
> Has made death other than death,"

it would still be no small gain if one could count on dying "an hundred and twenty years old, his eye not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." As things are, "our strong will to live is opposed to the infirmities of old age and the shortness of life. Here lies the greatest disharmony of the constitution of man."

Yet, after all, the great paradox is this: a lump of living protoplasm, older a hundred times than the everlasting hills, becomes the servant of a conscious intelligence, and goes to pieces within fourscore years. But if, as Weismann argued ingeniously twenty years ago, the uni-cellular organisms are immortal, growing old may be only a deep-seated habit. If Cornaro, broken down at forty, could by taking thought attain to a hundred years; if Thomas Parr, born in 1483, could keep himself alive until 1635, surely the rest of us give up too easily!

It has long been known that many of the lower animals — conspicuously certain insects — round out the circle of their days and die suddenly with no sign of age. Merkel, in 1890, announced his discovery that some of our own tissues, in particular the outer skin and the membranes, never grow old; and within ten years Metchnikoff advanced to the conclusions which are the basis of the present work.[1] Senile decay, if we may trust Metchnikoff, is essentially "the atrophy of the higher and specific cells of a tissue and their replacement by hyper-trophied connective tissue;" in no sense is it a general failure of all organs together. Proximately the trouble is with our white blood corpuscles, which should die in the last lymph sinus to defend the body against invading germs, but which, instead, lift up their pseudopodia against us. Ultimately, since the activities of any tissue are affected one way or another by the contents of the blood-stream, the onset of age depends on "the actions and interactions of the bacteria harbored in the body, the white corpuscles that are a natural part of the body, and the various juices or serums produced naturally or introduced by accident or design." But any bodily process which depends on bacteria, serums, or toxins, is bound sooner or later to come under human control. In the scientific study of old age, then, lie unknown possibilities for a race which, having curtailed its working life on one end, must needs seek to extend it on the other.

These Studies in Optimism have, however, a significance beyond that which comes from their learning and their candor. The last century saw a bewildering advance in branches of pure science; the practical gain for human welfare came largely from physics alone. But the science which can alter the face of nature almost beyond recognition will sooner or later change human nature to fit it. And surely the zoölogist who can make sixteen starfishes out of the material intended for one, and grow extra heads anywhere on the body of a planarian worm, is on the way to rival the triumphs of the engineer. Dr. Gould reminds us that practically we are making over the eye to fit civilized needs. Sir Henry Thompson's sane and helpful little book,[2] just come to a well-deserved fourth edition, outlines a simple regimen, which, followed from youth, will remove the natural disabilities of old age. Dr. Waldstein[3] suggests the power

[1] *The Nature of Man;* Studies in Optimistic Philosophy. By Elie Metchnikoff. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

[2] *Diet in Relation to Age and Activity, with Hints concerning Habits Conducive to Longevity.* By Sir Henry Thompson, Bart. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1903.

[3] *The Subconscious Self and Its Relation to Education and Health.* By Louis Waldstein, M. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

over human fate which lies in the less explored regions of our own minds. Metchnikoff, more than any one else of late years, sees that, where religion and philosophy have failed, science, untrammeled and triumphant, may yet create a world wherein the children of men, desiring life, and loving many days, shall still see good. *E. T. B.*

"THE PRESENT SOUTH"

It is rare that any writer or speaker when discussing any phase of the Southern question does so with entire absence of prejudice and passion, and applies a strictly judicial temperament in the stating of his views. In the case of not a few Northern writers, they are likely to condemn the South for acts of omission or commission. In the case of the Southern writers, they are likely to condemn both the North and the Negro for some real or supposed weakness. The average Negro who discusses the subject is rarely less passionate than the other two classes to which I have referred. The man, black or white, whose mind and heart are open to conviction on this subject, and who is seeking after truth, and is willing to follow where truth leads, I repeat, is rare.

For some time I have used methods by which I could see everything that is printed upon matters relating to the South and the Negro, and, notwithstanding the large bulk of such matter that comes to me almost daily, I find that I can dispose of it within a few minutes and get all the information that it contains. A glance at the name of the publication, or the title of the article, or the name of the writer, usually informs me pretty accurately as to the writer's or speaker's point of view. This is another way of stating that there has been so little calmness shown in the discussion of the questions growing out of the presence and the influence of my race in this country, that a large proportion of what is spoken and written is discounted by the average reader. It is refreshing, as well as encouraging, to find a writer who discusses the South and the race question with the temper of a judge and in the manner of a scholar, and especially is this true when the writer is a Southern white man. In his book, *The Present South*,[1] Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy makes statements and draws conclusions with which neither the Northern or Southern white man, nor the Negro will agree, but I believe all will respect his sincerity and fine temper. With much that he says, all whose opinions are worthy of respect will heartily agree. Nothing in the way of a "review" can do the book justice; it should be read if one would be informed and helped by it.

The country has been made familiar with the sincere and courageous words of the late Bishop Haygood and of the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Now that these men have passed away, it is a great satisfaction to hear words equally as wise and strong from a younger set of Southern men of whom Mr. Murphy is a good type.

In the first chapter, Mr. Murphy brings to the attention of the reader a phase of the Southern question not often thought of, or, if thought of, very little discussed, — that is, the rapid growth of the South during the last few decades from aristocracy toward democracy. The point that will most interest the reader is the insistence upon the fact that the white South had to grow from an aristocracy into a democracy before it could be expected to include the Negro in any large measure in its new life. The fact that a large proportion of the white South had been left out of the real life of the South is shown by the fact that previous to the civil war, in North Carolina, for example, twenty-one per cent of the white voting population were illiterate and had very little part in government. As Mr. Murphy expresses it, "As a class the non-slaveholding white men had been outside the essential councils of the South." The first task of the South, Mr. Murphy maintains, was to

[1] *The Present South.* By Edgar Gardner Murphy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

make the "non-participating" white man an active part of its new life — a real part — politically, educationally, industrially, and socially. Now that this result has been largely achieved by "the arrival of the common man," Mr. Murphy holds out strong grounds for hope that the Negro will in the near future be incorporated into the democracy of the South by the volunteer efforts of the white South in a much larger degree than has been true in the past. This, he argues, can be done without social intercourse and without fusion of races. In proof of what he asserts, Mr. Murphy calls attention to the distance the South has already gone in the matter of incorporating the colored man into its new life politically and educationally; on this point I quote his own words: —

"Democracy does not involve the fusion of races any more than it involves the fusion of creeds or the fusion of arts. It does not imply that the finality of civilization is in the man who is white or in the man who is black, but in the man — white or black — who is a man. Manhood, in a democracy, is the essential basis of participation.

"We hear upon every hand that the South has refused its recognition to this principle. As a matter of fact, and under their amended constitutions, tens of thousands of black men are to-day registered voters in the Southern states, voters registered not against the consent of the South, but by the South's free and deliberate will. In view of the brief period of time since the Negro's emancipation, and in the light of the Negro's political history, this voluntary registration of black men in the South, this partial but increasing acceptance by the South of the qualified Negro as a participant in the functions of government, is of far greater significance in the essential history of democracy than any temporary record of exclusion or injustice. The Negro common school — nearly one million six hundred thousand Negro children are enrolled in public schools supported by the Southern states — the Negro common school, with its industrial and political significance, is of greater import in the history of our institutions than any temporary or partial denial of political privilege."

On the question of the education of the Negro Mr. Murphy speaks in no uncertain terms. He comes out emphatically in favor of the very best education in common schools, industrial schools, colleges, and professional schools. To those who claim that the education of the colored people has been in any degree a failure, Mr. Murphy says: "At least let us not condemn the policy of Negro education until we have established it, and until the Negro has tried it. One who will carefully and accurately investigate the real conditions of Negro life may well maintain that those among them who have really tried it, who really know something, and who can really do something, are, on the whole, a credit to themselves, the South, and their country."

In this connection emphasis is laid upon the fact that one can hardly expect a whole race to be educated when the schools in the rural districts, where the majority of the colored people live, are in session, on an average, but for a period of three or four months annually. He tells the South and the country with rare pointedness and power that the danger of the South is not that the Negro will be spoiled as a "field hand" by education, but that the real danger consists in the fact that so few of the colored people are as yet fitted to be anything else than field hands.

On the subject of the cost of educating the Negro, Mr. Murphy calls attention to a phase of this subject seldom referred to by Northern or Southern writers, and that is the large indirect tax that the colored people pay toward their own education. I quote again a portion of his own strong words on this point: "Out of its poverty the South has given much. The Negro, too, has given directly or indirectly. As has already been suggested, the rents pay the taxes, and the Negro helps

pay the rents." Attention should be called to the further fact that in not a few counties and towns of the South, the liquor dispensary exists, and the profits from these dispensaries, which are often large, go into the school fund. The greater part of this money comes from the lower class of colored people. Again, in Alabama for example, last year the profits to the state from the work of the convicts was not far from $250,000. At least four fifths of the people who earned this money for the state were colored.

In my opinion it is in the sixth chapter of *The Present South* that Mr. Murphy shows his keenest insight into the life of the Negro, and speaks his strongest and bravest words. After speaking of the great advance that the race has made in its home life, Mr. Murphy adds a sentence which I will quote because it is one which I wish every white American might read. "But one of the tragic elements in the situation lies in the fact that of this most honorable and most hopeful aspect of Negro life the white community North or South knows practically nothing. Of the destructive factors in Negro life, the white community hears to the uttermost, hears through the press and police court; of the constructive factors of the Negro's progress — the Negro school, the saner Negro church, the Negro home — the white community is in ignorance. Until it does know this aspect of our Negro problem it may know more or less accurately many things about the Negro, but it cannot know the Negro."

On the subject of lynching, Mr. Murphy speaks with the same frankness, and makes the point with force that, instead of curing an evil, experience shows that lynchings breed crime and demoralize both the white and black races, and from no point of view can they ever be justified. He urges with equal earnestness that the leaders among the colored people see to it that crime is always condemned and that criminals are not shielded.

Speaking more broadly concerning the progress of the black race, the author of *The Present South* says: "So long as any element of the population is, as a class, in a position of marked economic dependence upon stronger factions or classes, it will certainly suffer — however unfortunately or unjustly — from the pressure of civil and political prejudice." This is a fundamental truth which the friends of the Negro are beginning more and more to appreciate.

On the question of the political rights of the Negro, Mr. Murphy says that the present conditions prevailing under the amended constitutions, while not perfect, are to be preferred to the old system. At the same time he reasserts the principle that he has always held to, that whatever restrictions are placed upon the ballot should be made to apply with equal force and certainty to both races. He rightly contends that this policy is the only wise one, — that it is best for both races; and no patriot can fail to agree with his argument.

Booker T. Washington.

THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

A REPUBLICAN POINT OF VIEW

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

In complying with the invitation of the editors of the *Atlantic* to present my view of some aspects of the present political campaign, I am far from assuming to give the authoritative party position. My point of view is not that of one who regards every act of his party as beyond criticism, or who, if he admits that it is liable to error, admits it only in general terms and as something that is incident to all human institutions. Whatever I may say, if it satisfies nobody, can at least be charged against no one but myself.

So far as the selection of candidates is concerned the Democrats have not done badly. Mr. Parker is a man of courage and independence, and has had large experience in public affairs of the kind to develop a conservative and fair-minded executive, qualities that are certainly not out of place in the presidential office. With regard to their candidate for the vice-presidency, there may be some who will be influenced by his advanced age, but by most men his present vigor and his long and successful, if not illustrious, career will be accepted as evidence of great natural qualities that might even now be profitably employed in the public service. Arguments that are based merely upon the number of years a man has lived, and that involve the drawing of a dead line without reference to the particular qualities of the individual, are not, as a rule, the weightiest arguments. It might be a sufficient reply to the accusation of age for Mr. Davis to appropriate, with a slight change, the words of the declamation, which very likely saw much service even before he was a schoolboy, "The charge of being a young man I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny."

But the present contest is not essentially one between candidates, but one between parties. If Mr. Parker were made President he would be compelled to act generally in harmony with the political forces which elected him, or become a president without a party. This is true rather with reference to great policies than with reference to the distribution of patronage. Questions of patronage are sure to create dissensions, but are not likely to produce the alienation, or even the radical cleavage, of a whole party. Irritation will be justly aroused at the spectacle of an executive employing the offices for the benefit of his own personal friends, but by and by the leeches become merciful and fall off, — after they have sucked their fill, — and the parties again confront each other upon the historic issues, or upon the new questions which have sprung up, without reference to the distribution of patronage except as a matter of honest administration.

We need not go back to the time of Andrew Johnson to find an instance where the attitude of a president upon a question of public policy has effectively separated him from his own party. A perfect instance can be found in the last Democratic administration which will serve, not merely as an illustration, but as a weighty argument in determining which party one should support in the present campaign. I refer to the action of Mr. Cleveland upon the money question.

For fifteen years prior to Mr. Cleveland's second election both parties had been playing with the silver question. A strong sound-money sentiment existed in most of the important Republican states, but that party, in order to secure a majority in the electoral college, was compelled to rely upon pronounced silver states, and,

as a result the laws which it enacted with reference to silver were not of the most conservative character. But the attitude of the Republican party as a whole upon the money question was safer than that of the Democratic party as a whole.

The last heavy blow aimed at a sound currency was struck by the Sherman silver purchasing act. When Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated he found the gold reserve in the treasury at the lowest point it had reached since the resumption of gold payments. The demands upon this reserve had been and were being greatly augmented by the required monthly purchase of at least 4,500,000 ounces of silver and the issue in payment for it of treasury notes redeemable in gold. The financial situation grew even more serious when the revenue became insufficient to meet the expenditures. The Sherman notes, so called, would be presented by bankers when they desired gold for export or for speculation; they would be redeemed by the government and paid out after redemption to meet its running expenses, and would be again presented for redemption in gold. They constituted an ideal mechanism for making raids upon the dwindling gold reserve.

The McKinley tariff law, however valuable its economic features, involved a daring experiment from the standpoint of revenue. It dispensed with the duty upon sugar, which has at nearly all times been the most important item in tariff taxation, and which has at times yielded a revenue well above sixty millions a year. Even during Harrison's administration a nominal deficit had been averted by throwing the bank-note redemption and other special or miscellaneous funds into the chasm of expenditures. But, barely sufficient at the best for the needs of the government even in good times, a great deficit was sure to follow any great financial storm, and only a great deficit was needed to intensify the evil conditions and to make the treasury helpless. That financial storm speedily came after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration.

I am aware that there is as yet no general agreement as to the cause of the panic of 1893. Some contend that commercial crises are sure to come at certain intervals, as it were by the clock, and that the natural accumulation of business errors during the twenty years that had elapsed since the panic of 1873 made this particular crisis inevitable when it came. There is reason for claiming that it was largely in the beginning a financial panic, in the nature of a penalty for much unwise financial legislation. It is certain that among the first acute symptoms was a money famine, and that, while the wheels of the mills were still turning, the banks of the great financial centres of the East suspended money payments. Others claim that the popular mandate at the election of 1892 for a radical revision of tariff duties was the substantial cause. Perhaps it would not be far from the truth to ascribe it to all three causes combined, with the last-mentioned cause the least natural and the least potent of the three.

But, whatever the cause, Mr. Cleveland was soon confronted with an enormous deficit under the operation of the McKinley Act, a deficit that was not at all repaired by the Wilson Act, after the Supreme Court had struck down that part of it imposing a tax upon incomes.

The administration had its choice between permitting the treasury to suspend gold payments and, on the other hand, securing the repeal of the silver purchasing act and ultimately purchasing gold by issuing the national bonds. Mr. Cleveland strained his relations with his party by making repeal the central feature of his policy. Then came the necessary but unpopular work of issuing bonds in time of profound peace. He exposed himself to the taunts of the opposition party and to the unrelenting hostility of his own, but he heroically performed his task, and, after throwing hundreds of millions of bonds into the quicksands, at last maintained a secure foundation for the national credit.

It is not a difficult thing to be a patriot

on dress parade, to the music of bands and amid the popular acclaim. One can be that while sacrificing the people to their own momentary errors. Mr. Cleveland was not that sort of patriot. He was never a great favorite with the gallery. But in unflinching pursuit of a really patriotic purpose, in bravely incurring the odium involved in the performance of a pressing public duty, a duty the discharge of which was of momentous consequence to the country, it would not be easy in the history of all our presidents to find a parallel to Mr. Cleveland's conduct at this particular crisis. But his heroism proved for the time being his undoing. He saved the gold standard, but he lost his party, and he became a general without an army. His party lent itself to a bitter and determined attack upon the central policy of his administration.

I have dwelt upon this instance at some length because it tends strongly to show the attitude of the Democratic party with reference to one of the most important functions of our government.

The leaders of that party now admit that the gold standard is irrevocably established. They are well qualified to bear witness to the strength of the fortress which they have made a supreme but an unavailing effort to destroy. Very likely the gold standard is firmly established, but one would need to be quite sure before voting to put in power at this early time the party which repudiated its own President for his heroic defense of it, which only four years ago declared in favor of the free coinage of silver at the heaven-born ratio, and which at its national convention only this year expressed no sort of opinion upon money until forced to do so by its candidate.

The extent to which the tariff is involved as a practical issue in the present campaign is by no means clear. After a radical declaration in favor of free trade in 1892, the Democratic party enacted the Wilson Act, which was in many of its schedules a highly protective measure. For instance, the duties upon iron and steel, in the manufacture of which to-day the most colossal of our trusts has an existence, were substantially the same under the Wilson Act as they are in the present tariff. The declaration in the St. Louis platform is less radical than that of 1892, and no one can tell what the Democratic party would attempt to do if it should succeed to the control of the presidency and of the two Houses. Judging by experience it would probably conduct a make-believe agitation, which would have all the bad effects of the threat of free trade, and wind up its demonstration by the passage of a measure similar to the Wilson Act. On the other hand, the Republican party is fairly committed to a revision of the tariff. It cannot be questioned that such an inequality has arisen in the schedules as would require the party, as the champion of protection, to undertake that friendly revision which it has always professed a willingness to make. Between a radical revision and no revision at all the former is preferable. A radical revision would involve business disturbance. No revision at all would continue some outgrown schedules and ratify and make seated many important duties which answer no just purpose of revenue or protection, and which, chiefly in consequence of developments since their adoption, as directly impose the payment of a tribute as if that were the declared purpose of the law. A deliberate and sanctioned governmental favoritism soon becomes permanent. The plunder and the confiscations of to-day become the vested interests of to-morrow. If the Republican party is true to its repeated declarations, and no party has ever been more mindful of its pledges, it will revise the tariff, bearing constantly in mind both the safety of our industrial system and justice to the man who buys. The higher wage scale prevailing in our country and a fair return upon capital actually invested should be secured, but not the solvency of grossly watered, and even aerated, stocks.

President Roosevelt's administration has made a determined effort to enforce

the anti-trust law which was regarded as an important law when it was enacted, and into which the Supreme Court has construed important and far-reaching provisions of which the great lawyers who framed the act never dreamed. And yet it may be questioned whether all the proceedings in the courts and the fear of the drastic provisions of the law have abated by a single farthing the profits which the trusts have wrung from the people. The trusts have been the subjects of much invective. They do not care what people say about them. Their feelings are not hurt by rough language, but they are keenly sensitive to whatever cuts into their profits. The degree of relationship between them and the tariff, whether that of mother and daughter, is a question I shall not discuss, but that there is no relationship at all, and that one has no influence upon the other, cannot seriously be contended. Is there any reason outside of the tariff to explain why foreign countries pay only twenty-one dollars per ton for our steel rails when our own railroads pay twenty-eight dollars? Whatever may be the cost of a ton of steel rails, I imagine no one would claim that twenty-one dollars would not cover our present labor cost and a fair return upon actual capital invested and even a considerable additional profit to the manufacturer. But the people of our country pay seven dollars more per ton for our home-made rails than do the people abroad, because that is about the amount of the duty that we must pay in order to get the benefit of foreign competition. The obvious way to give relief from trust exactions in a case like this is to reduce the tariff.

I am aware that the notion is ridiculed that people generally consume steel rails. Perhaps not as a direct article of diet, but nearly everything that they eat and wear is borne upon railroads, and anything that increases the cost of transportation is a direct tax upon them. But steel is only an illustration. It is undeniable that there are other articles on which a reduction of duty would be followed by a reduction of price, and could be made without cutting into wages or fair profits.

With regard to the future of the Philippine Islands, it is not clear that there is even a nominal issue between the two parties. The time for this issue to have been pushed effectively was four years ago, but at that time the Democratic party coupled it with the impossible issue of the free coinage of silver. The ultimate fate of our captive, whether she shall be conceded the right of self-government, or whether, like a well-treated slave, she shall receive everything she desires except freedom, is destined to be an important question to her, as well as to us, until it shall be settled right.

The practical record of the Democratic party with reference to this question impairs the force with which it might otherwise press it. When the Paris treaty was made the Republican party was responsible for the government. It was under the pressure of events when it could not simply criticise, but must act, and it needed the restraint that comes from a vigilant and critical opposition, for in a government like ours the responsibility of the opposition party to expose relentlessly the errors of a proposed policy is not less than the responsibility for action upon the party in control.

The Democrats at that time unquestionably had the power to force into our title to the Philippines a pledge similar to the Teller Resolution which afterwards stood like a lion in our path when we were licking our jaws for Cuba, and to which Cuba is to-day indebted for her position as an independent nation. But they did not exercise their power. They resisted the treaty just enough to preserve the appearance of an opposition for campaign purposes and supported it just enough to put it through. A sufficient number of their Senators to secure the ratification of the treaty voted for it in response to the solicitation of Mr. Bryan, who was then the leader. That party must, therefore, share the responsibility for the political relations which were es-

tablished between the Philippines and the United States.

Time has not dealt kindly with some of the arguments that were urged in favor of the annexation of the Philippines. Gentlemen who satisfied their judgment by citing the annexation of the contiguous continent of Louisiana, which now forms so splendid a part of the American republic, as a precedent for annexing those "sprinkled isles" upon the other side of the globe, must be convinced by this time that there is a material difference between the two cases. And then the "key to the commerce of the Orient" has not apparently opened those markets to us.

But whatever the errors of the past, the present has a most important problem. The ultimate relation of the archipelago to the United States is yet to be decided. Self-government, which, as Mr. Parker well said, must mean independence, is in harmony not merely with the principles of our own government, but with all that is most glorious in the history of the Republican party. That party came into being upon the announced principle that the Constitution carried freedom into the territories, and that Congress had no power, in defiance of that instrument, to establish slavery there. There is an inconsistency, too palpable to need to be pointed out, between that foundation principle of the party and the principle involved in our government of the Philippines, that Congress may rule over them free from all constitutional restraints. I prefer to believe that the Republican party will ultimately act in harmony with its forty years of unrelenting opposition to the idea of slavery, individual or national, rather than with the policy into which it deviated under the impulse of the war passion. It is certainly making an effort to fit the people of the Philippines for conducting their own affairs. Mr. Roosevelt declared in his first annual message to Congress that it was our purpose to fit them for self-government after the fashion of the really free nations. This could certainly mean nothing less than that he believed in ultimate independence, for he certainly would not make it a national policy to cultivate in the Philippine people qualities which were to remain unexercised, and to create aspirations which we did not propose to satisfy.

It is yet open to the Republican party to adopt the policy of independence, and there is quite as much probability that the architect of a great policy would modify it, even radically, as that an opposition party would do so. In the architect it would appear to be a perfecting of the policy in the light of subsequent events, and there would be ample scope for the breed of imaginative orators, always ready to unfold the emotions of a situation, to claim that the change was not merely a natural evolution, but a part of the profound original plan. But a radical change by the opposition party would appear like repeal. It would expose itself to that species of effective, but not costly rhetoric which finds its climax in "hauling down the flag," and it would be quite as likely to seek shelter from the performance of an apparently unpopular duty under the guise of recognizing "an accomplished fact."

The least important result of our dominion over the Philippines is the greatly increased cost of our government, but that has reached proportions where it must receive attention from its important relation to our fiscal policy. So long as we retain those islands it would be criminal neglect for us not to provide for their defense. We cannot hold territory upon remote seas and near the theatre of the greatest international conflicts of the age, and not be prepared for attack, unless we intend to invite humiliation and war. Our increased naval and military expenditures are directly due to our possession of the Philippines, and will be necessary without considerable reduction so long as we hold them. The Dingley Act has justified the prophecies of the sagacious economist whose name it bears, and it is now providing ample revenue for the needs of

the government, having reference to the conditions existing at the time of the enactment of the law. But our revenue is insufficient to support us with our colonial appendages. We shall be compelled to choose between reimposing the so-called war stamp taxes and cutting down our expenses. The latter is not possible to any great extent so long as we continue our Philippine policy.

Our treasury has so large a surplus that a deficit might continue for some time with the beneficial result of returning to the people money that had been needlessly taken from them by taxation, only to be hoarded in the banks without interest. But that is an unnatural condition. The revenue must, as a rule, substantially equal the expenditures. When Louis XVI chose to follow "Madame Deficit" rather than Necker, he elected to have the French Revolution. I imagine that the party that proposes to reimpose the stamp taxes in time of peace in order to avoid acting in harmony with the principles of our government will see the handwriting on the wall. We must change our relations with the Philippines or readjust our system of taxation.

The Republican candidate for the Presidency is a man of fine public spirit and of high ideals of government developed by twenty laborious years of important service. That creature of carnage and war, of blood and iron, with which we are diverted, is largely the offspring of the imagination of some of his eulogists. My always eloquent and usually sensible friend, Frank Black, saw fit to present Mr. Roosevelt to the Chicago Convention as the incarnation of war. Ignoring the real forces of civilization, the forces that sweeten the spirit of man and enormously increase his efficiency, he chose the bludgeon as the emblem of genuine history, and made to breathe again the spirit of the Stone Age, — that epoch of history makers who went about with clubs and "did things" whenever they could get a crack at the skull of a neighbor. According to this view General Grant probably averted a good deal of glorious history, instead of making it, when he established the Geneva arbitration; and, rather than build a home for the Hague tribunal, Mr. Carnegie would better rear a temple of war with ever open gates. The warrant for all this appears to be that during the Spanish war Mr. Roosevelt was the volunteer colonel of a thousand volunteers — an admirable soldiery — who bravely did all the fighting fate permitted them to do, and who, in the entire war, barely lost a score of men killed in battle. Mr. Black has easily struck the climax of the fanfaronade following a war between a cripple and a Colossus. After a half-dozen years of boastful exaggeration and "world power" fustian, which have brought us to the point of bullying and beating our little brothers among nations, the time has come for the republic to resume its serenity and to stand erect again in the majestic spirit of the old America. Or soon our august greatness of soul will be gone, and we shall be but the spirit of a pigmy inhabiting the body of a giant.

THE DEMOCRATIC APPEAL

BY EDWARD M. SHEPARD

THE Democratic appeal in 1904 is in behalf of national administration which fits the industrial democracy of our republic. The Republican appeal is, first, to that love of instant money-getting — that triumphant sense of money-having — which shuts out thought upon the conditions of abiding prosperity. Next it sets before the American people the vision of their dominant power, not as leader of moral and intellectual forces to an end of liberty and law and civic righteousness in the long future of the nations of men, but of selfish power, military and naval and diplomatic, to be secured forthwith. There is, it is plain, involved for those who vote next month, a true choice between ideals, — between rival causes, each far reaching in its results upon national character and career.

It is, first, the power of a party name which the Republican managers invoke in support of Mr. Roosevelt's election and in behalf of the money-making and glory which they say it means. Is it not enough, they ask, for those to whom achievements of their party, when its impulse was humanitarian, seemed precious, to know that, although its doctrine to-day is utterly different, nevertheless the party name is unchanged, and the succession of party managers has been uninterrupted and legitimate? It is, next, that old sophistry of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* which the Republican managers invoke, — that sophistry which has so often, and, for national welfare, so disastrously worn the laurel of partisan success. If, since their party came into power, American wealth and productivity of labor have increased, is not the fact that the increase has come during the continuance of that party power an all sufficient argument why the American people should again entrust their government to Republican hands, and thus maintain the high protective tariff which the Republican party declares to be its "cardinal policy"? For the body of our fellow citizens whose reason is in harness to their emotions, the President and his party have provided another motive in the glamour of "world power," here taken in that lesser and less worthy sense that, with our diplomacy and our army and navy, we play some great part in the difficulties of foreign nations and races. So the energetic, virile, on-rushing character of the President himself, full of interest to most of us, — full of vivid color and even charm, — that also, like our swift dispatch hither and thither of warships, our sudden marching of armies and marines, the clattering spectacles of armed escorts crossing our own peaceful cities, and the rest of the new splendor the President has brought us, — that, also, has, no doubt, captured a following which, if not so large as it was during his campaign journeys of 1902 and 1903, is still a Republican asset of real value. For most of the constituency, however, which I shall reach in these pages, its first two arguments make the affirmative case of the Republican party of to-day. After all, are not Roosevelt and Fairbanks the candidates of the party of Lincoln? Has not the rule of that party, with its rigorous maintenance of a high protective tariff, brought in our twentieth-century prosperity? Are not, therefore, our conscience and our pocket honorably — ought they not to remain indissolubly — wedded? Are not they who oppose the Republican candidates, of that very Democratic party which stood for the extension of slavery, which opposed Lincoln, which advocated the free coinage of silver, which is ruled here and there by bosses declared to be justly offensive to high-minded Americans?

Such is the Republican case. And with that I shall deal first, leaving until the last the Democratic case in behalf of liberty and of that observance of law and maintenance of order which make liberty a reality, — in behalf of a living and practical belief in the fundamental American doctrine of self-government and equal rights, wherever American sovereignty extends, — the Democratic case against the military temper of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, against its autocratic disregard of public and international right, against the system of special privileges which supports it and which it supports.

Mr. Hay, the Secretary of State, long in advance of the campaign, was, as we may infer, deputed by the President to affirm the identity in motive and beneficent tendency of the party of Roosevelt with that born in 1854; and in his oration entitled *Fifty Years of the Republican Party* he has done this, as all who have enjoyed his literary work knew that he would, with deft and animated eloquence. This, we are told, has been issued in even millions of copies, beautifully printed and upon fine paper, for the persuasion of a body of Republicans who, if they have not yet gone over to the Opposition, are dangerously lukewarm. It was easy for Secretary Hay to recall glories which in the past belonged to moral fervor and patriotism; but it was not easy — it was not even possible — for him truthfully and fitly to unite glories of that kind with the maintenance of a high protective tariff which is the first and controlling doctrine of latter-day Republicans. Nor was it easy or even possible to unite such moral glories with that other doctrine, which for them is second only to the protective tariff, — the doctrine that we are to subdue weaker and inferior peoples and rule them according to our more enlightened rule, — and that we may thus and otherwise become a great — why not, indeed, the greatest — figure in world politics and international affairs. This serves the Republican party as a counter irritant, to distract popular attention and thought from the actual monopolistic operation of some of the tariff schedules. Neither scholarship nor poetry has helped Mr. Hay to produce a single item of support for these things in the career of his party when it was led by Lincoln and Sumner and Chase. It was hardly, therefore, a worthy flight of rhetoric for him to say that "only those who believe in human rights *and . . . who believe in the American system of protection* . . . have any title to name themselves by the name of Lincoln or to claim a moral kinship with that august and venerated spirit." Was the protective tariff talked of when South Carolina's batteries rained shot upon Fort Sumter? Did Lincoln deal with it in that senatorial campaign of 1858 from which he came out a defeated candidate and a victorious statesman? Indeed not; nor in his Cooper Union speech of 1859. Nor did the Republican statesmen speak of it or, so far as we know, think of it, at the meetings fifty years ago when the Republican party was organized and the country aflame over the Kansas-Nebraska bill, or in the Fremont campaign, or in either of the Lincoln or Grant campaigns. Something said by Abraham Lincoln in behalf of a high protective tariff like that of to-day would of itself be for the Republican party a campaign argument of the first order. But there is nothing of his to quote. Lincoln did not speak of it in his letters of acceptance of 1860 and 1864, or in his memorable inaugurals of 1861 and 1865. The first Republican platform of 1856 mentioned neither protection nor the tariff, although if it had been then thought that there was anything to condemn in the Walker tariff, — the tariff which the Democrats in 1846 had enacted for revenue and not for protection, — and if the question had been in the public mind, the condemnation would surely have been uttered. The Republican platform of 1860 did, in a relatively obscure clause, contain a vague declaration that duties upon imports imposed to provide revenue should be adjusted "to encour-

age the development of the industrial interests of the whole country;" but this was consistent with low protective duties or even with free trade. In 1864 the Republican platform mentioned neither protection nor the tariff. Three years after the war had ended, the Republican party, when it nominated General Grant in 1868, said not one word in behalf of a protective tariff, but rather demanded "that taxation should be equalized and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit." Secretary Hay pointed out that General Grant, who was then nominated, had been a Democrat, meaning, doubtless, that before the civil war he held to the Democratic creed. Whether it were for that reason or some other, it is certain that in his letter of acceptance he said nothing of a protective tariff.

The plain truth is that the maintenance of a high protective tariff, not merely to establish "infant industries," but as the permanent foundation of our national economic policy, is a modern device, and only in later and worse years of the Republican party has been its "cardinal" doctrine. The new creed was the creature of the partnership established between a few great manufacturing industries on the one side, and, on the other side, the management of the Republican party. The partnership is a sheer bargain well kept. The manufacturers have contributed enormous sums to the party treasury; the party, in return, has given the manufacturers high monopolistic duties, — duties running far beyond justification in any purpose of Hamilton or Clay, or even Greeley, and far, also, beyond compensation for difference in wages between foreign countries and our own. These duties for monopoly have, out of excessive and unfair profits paid by the masses of the American people, built up very many great fortunes, — some of them the greatest the world has known.

If the Republicans in this campaign truly declare the maintenance of the high protective tariff to be their "cardinal policy," they do not deny that next in their affections comes their "world power" doctrine. And what in support of that suzerainty over South American republics for which, in the President's own phrase, we must "carry a big stick" and be always the "strong man armed," — what in support of the military subjugation of alien and foreign peoples either for "benevolent assimilation" or for our own interest frankly avowed, — what in support of any part of our new imperial policy, can be cited from the declarations, or inferred from the acts, of the Republican party from 1854 to 1896? Under the Pierce and Buchanan administrations there was active in the Democratic party a boastful, aggressive Jingo element which procured the issue of the manifesto from Ostend declaring for our capture of Cuba by force. That element, having helped on the Democratic party to disaster, is now in the Republican party. The restrained and silent amazement with which Lincoln, a few weeks after his inauguration, received Secretary Seward's suggestion that we plunge into a foreign war in order to escape our domestic troubles, accorded with all the responsible statesmanship of the Republican party down to the time when President McKinley, the Spanish war being over, yielded to what he deemed to be the enthusiasm of the Mississippi Valley and the West for more war, this time to be waged against the Philippine people. In 1856, on the other hand, the Republican National Convention declared that "the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions," and that "the highwayman's plea" that "might makes right" would "bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people." In 1860 came the like declaration, upon which Lincoln was first nominated, that the doctrine that governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" is "essential to the preservation of our republican institutions." Even in 1868 the

Republican party, still in its conscience stage, declared its "sympathy with all oppressed peoples struggling for their rights," and again repeated its solemn recognition of "the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of democratic government." The truth is that a very apotheosis of physical force — that ravishment from democracy of her humanities and moral power, which forty-four years ago well-nigh wrecked the party which had been organized and inspired by Jefferson — has to-day brought to deserve a like fate the party first inspired by Garrison and John Quincy Adams and Lincoln, but now controlled by a few great monopolistic interests in that economic policy which it declares to be "cardinal" with it.

No independent citizen who chooses to think and is able to reason will be misled by identity of party names or continuity of party organization. It is true history that the two great parties of our country have both materially changed from what they were forty-four years ago. Buchanan, the Democratic President of that time, had once been a Federalist; the doctrine that the Constitution of its own force carried slavery into the territories was essentially Federalist; the great body of pro-slavery Whigs had come into the party and helped commit it to that doctrine. Into the Republican party, on the other hand, had gone a large body of those Van Buren and Silas Wright anti-slavery Democrats who had joined with anti-slavery Whigs to put Charles Sumner and Salmon P. Chase in the Senate. The larger part of highly organized capital and of wealthy manufacturing and commercial interests was hostile to the Republican party; and for the very reason that its espousal of moral causes was deemed "dangerous to business." The same class to-day supports the same party because it no longer endangers business by espousal of moral causes, but thinks to commend itself with business by disparagement and sneers for the moral and democratic causes which were dear to its founders. Many men to-day survive who vote for Republican candidates from the very same motive which brought their votes to Buchanan or Breckenridge or Bell or Douglas. Judge Parker's campaign is supported not only by Carl Schurz and ex-Governor Boutwell, but by thousands of those who voted for the "rail-splitter" candidate in 1860, and in 1864 for the author of the Emancipation Proclamation, because for them the Democratic cause to-day represents the same ideals of liberty and law and equal rights.

So again I say that the present political campaign is a struggle between tendencies, — between ideals, even more than over specific measures of governmental policy. It is not, in effect, confined to some single, concrete, immediately practical question, like slavery extension in 1856 and 1860, or vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union in 1864, or Southern reconstruction in 1868, or administrative reform in the Tilden-Hayes campaign of 1876 and that of Cleveland-Blaine in 1884, or reform of the tariff in 1888 and 1892, or free silver coinage in 1896. To-day, as truly as in the competition between Jefferson and John Adams in 1800, there is involved the whole purpose of our government, — the very reason and end of our Constitution.

Mr. Root, Senator Lodge, and other chief Republican spokesmen, including the President himself, accordingly offer the general trend of Republican administration since 1897 as the thing to be accepted or rejected. The Republican platform admits only two points — and those minor ones — in which the public service can be bettered. What we have done, they say, that we shall continue to do. We cannot, they say, reduce duties; if we alter the tariff at all, its rigor must be increased. We cannot, they say, reduce public expenditure; there must be no suggestion of economy; on the contrary there must — at least in naval expenditure — be further vast increase. We cannot check our tendency to enter

into foreign difficulties or entanglements; on the contrary, the Republican platform vindicates our military hold in the Philippines for the reason, among others, that it enables us to take a "decisive part in preventing the partition and preserving the integrity of China." Our possession of the Philippines does, indeed, make easier for us foreign intervention on the coast of Asia; or, to put it in another and equally true fashion, that possession invites or provokes us to forcible intervention wherever on the Asiatic coast we think it beneficent. The new doctrine implies that every point convenient for offensive military or naval operations against other countries is definitely a point which we ought, if we can, to control. The Republican policy, upon which the American people is now called upon to pass, is that we shall hereafter — and more and more — use our naval power — so vastly greater and more costly of late — to intervene in the affairs and disputes of foreign nations wherever our trading citizens are thought to have an interest. Since there is no foreign country in which those citizens do not have an interest, the Republicans would, therefore, commit us for all time to the very contrary of that policy commended with signal and abiding wisdom by Washington, of keeping "our peace and prosperity" from "the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice."

In none of these things is change or reform promised by the party in power, but, rather, further and extreme progress on the same lines. The only new proposals which it declares to be worth while are, first, the grant of a subsidy to shipping interests, to be borne by the tax-payers of the nation, and, second, the Federal investigation of suffrage relations between the whites and blacks at the South. In all other things the Republican policy is that christened by the late Senator Hanna as the programme of "stand pat."

A shipping subsidy as a direct bounty to one specially favored interest is of a piece with the indirect but far more oppressive bounties of artificially higher prices enforced by the protective tariff in favor of certain other special interests. Its proposal is not, therefore, a new departure, but another application of the "stand pat" policy. No doubt, investigation of suffrage at the South would, if it were seriously proposed, present a new question; but that plank of the Republican platform is not serious. It is intended only for the colored vote in New York, Indiana, West Virginia, and other states where that vote may, the Republicans hope, be the balance of power. It is an unworthy electioneering device; for the implied promise is not meant to be carried out. It is probable that the Fifteenth Amendment, having, through the prohibition of disfranchisement by any state on account of race, rendered that disfranchisement legally impossible, and, therefore, never legally to be recognized (whatever the local or personal violations of law), has, in effect, repealed the provision of the Fourteenth Amendment for reduction in Congressional representation wherever a state should practice such disfranchisement. Even if the Fifteenth Amendment had not thus made futile the suggested investigation, it would seem certain that governmental intervention by the North — by arraying the whites against the blacks, and by assuming, and thus tending to make permanent, the disfranchisement of the latter — would prevent the solution of the race problem on the South Atlantic and the Gulf. For that solution is coming surely, though slowly. It comes through the industrial education now promoted by the noble and able men in the Southern and General Education Boards, and by other noble and able men of the South, among them publicists and statesmen, including Booker T. Washington and other men of negro descent. It comes through the vast material interest of the South that its labor, which is so largely negro, shall be developed to intelligent and hopeful productivity. It comes through the certainty

that that labor can be so developed only by assuring the negro full justice and equal civil and industrial rights. Even if these were not sufficient reasons to the Republican party to refrain from an attempt at governmental interference, none the less that party would refrain, and for the reason that the attempt — like the proposal of the Force bill by the Harrison administration — would be certain to alarm the special corporate and business interests upon which depends the life of the Republican party of to-day. Their veto would be certain, and with that party would be conclusive. They do not wish firebrands scattered within our country, although they may find advantage in brandishing them abroad. The two suggestions — and the only ones — of new action in the Republican platform, those upon the ship subsidy and suffrage intervention, do not, therefore, mean new policy. So that the net programme of the Republicans is a "standing pat" for the modern *panem et circenses*, — on the one hand offering to business interests support of the high protective system as both foundation and crown of our domestic policy, and, on the other hand, offering to the mass of citizens, who bear the burdens of that system, the distracting entertainment and compensating glory of an imperial and militant policy.

The limits of this article prohibit discussion of the theoretic or historic merits of the high protective system. It is well known that President Roosevelt himself once condemned it; and his earlier speeches after he became President showed restlessness under it. But in his speech accepting his present nomination he went fully over to the extremest "stand pat" view of the full rigor of the tariff. He declared that "its minimum rate of duty should be" sufficient to cover the difference "between the labor cost here and abroad." Here is the President's own confession that, in general, the rates exceed the supposititious difference in labor cost. But, in no important "protective" schedule is the duty rate fixed at that minimum. The more important rates run far above it. How insincere is the claim that the duties are based upon the difference in wages-cost was crucially demonstrated when Judge Gray, now of the United States Circuit Court, as Senator from Delaware, offered in July, 1897, an amendment to the Dingley bill (which became the present tariff law), requiring a reduction of rates of duty upon any article which should be "in excess of *the entire cost* of the wages which were paid or payable on the manufacture of such article," *so that the duty should not exceed such entire cost of wages*, the amendment was voted down by the Republican majority (*Congressional Record*, vol. 30, page 2427). It is fit to ask into whose pockets go these increases of prices caused by the tariff, over the asserted differences of labor cost which, we are told, go to labor. Since they are not the pockets of labor, whose pockets are they? And ought they to be filled at the cost of American consumers?

The Republican argument is that the whole edifice of our prosperity depends upon high protective or prohibitive duties, and that to them is due our industrial progress. Is it not, indeed, a disparagement of the self-depending faculties of the American people thus to affirm that, in spite of their marvelous advantages, they would have failed in industrial life unless by force of law they could have prevented the competition with them of other peoples? It is only by the sophistry to which I have referred that this disparagement is justified. It is that old argument of veritable folly that, because event Z follows event W, as it follows events A and B and many besides A, therefore W is the sole cause of Z. Theory or no theory, the Republicans say that we have in fact grown rich by protection, because in our country prosperity and protective duties have existed together. They ignore every inconvenient fact. They would have us forget that each of the industrial depressions of 1873–78 and 1893–96 followed

long operation of a high protective tariff. They ignore the contribution of soil and climate to our prosperity, the vast increase which modern inventions and improved carrying facilities have, the world over, brought to the productivity of labor, and here in the United States have brought more than anywhere else. They ignore the superior skill and alertness of the American workman and the wonderful extent to which he has been stimulated by the conditions and ideals of our democracy. They ignore the freedom of trade, which, since 1789, the Federal Constitution has made operative over our entire country, — by far the most important area of free trade ever known, — and which every one to-day knows to be a prime condition of the prosperity of our forty-five commonwealths. Have not the states, quite as really as if they were foreign nations, wide differences in soil and climate, in cheapness and skill of labor, in density of population, and other industrial conditions, including those differences in age of settlement between the older and the newer states, which, if they were separate nations, protectionists would deem of themselves a justification of tariff prohibitions? The Republicans content themselves with showing from tables of statistics that, while in 1860, just before the enactment of a high protective tariff, our population, wealth, products, exports, were only so much, now, according to the figures of 1900, after three or four decades of such a tariff, they have come to be so much more. How worthless is their argument from statistics, or, rather, how clear it is that statistics point to an opposite conclusion so far as they point to any, may be seen from a comparison of the *rates* of increases since 1860 with those prevailing before that year, that is to say, before the high protective tariff was enacted, — and especially during the decade from 1850 to 1860, when the Walker tariff for revenue only was in force, — increases made, it ought to be added, in spite of the serious blight of slavery from which American industry was then suffering. Look, for instance, at this table compiled from the *Summary of Commerce and Finance* for May, 1904, issued by the Bureau of Statistics.[1]

	Increase 1850–1860.	Rate per decade.	Increase 1860–1900.	Rate per decade.
Total wealth	$7,000,000,000 to $16,000,000,000	128%	$16,000,000,000 to $90,000,000,000	116%
Wealth per capita	$307.69 to $513.93	67%	$513.93 to $1,235.86	35%
Value of farms and farm property	$3,967,000,000 to $7,980,000,000	100%	$7,980,000,000 to $20,514,000,000	39%
Corn crop	592,000,000 to 838,000,000 bu.	42%	838,000,000 to 2,105,000,000 bu.	37%
Wheat crop	100,000,000 to 173,000,000 bu.	73%	173,000,000 to 552,000,000 bu.	54.8%
Exports of agricultural products	$108,000,000 to $256,000,000	137%	$256,000,000 to $835,000,000	56.5%
Total domestic merchandise exported	$134,900,000 to $316,000,000	135%	$316,000,000 to $1,370,000,000	83.5%
Ship tonnage in foreign trade	1,585,000 to 2,546,000	60%	2,546,000 to 826,000,— *a decrease*	16%
Ship tonnage in domestic trade	1,949,000 to 2,807,000	44%	2,807,000 to 4,338,000	13%
Railroad mileage	9021 miles to 30,626 miles	239%	30,626 miles to 194,334 miles	136.6%[2]

[1] In each case the percentage is computed upon the earlier figures given. For total wealth, and many, if not most, other industrial data before 1850, there are no official figures.

[2] The increase for the decade from 1890 to 1900, 166,703 miles to 194,334 miles, was at the decade rate of 16.5%.

If the comparison of the 1850–60 decade were made, not, as above, with the *average* of the four decades of 1860–1900, but with the last decade, 1890–1900, the result would be greatly less favorable to the Republican claims. In 1890–1900 the increase in total wealth was 44.6 per cent[1] as against 128 per cent in 1850–60; in wealth per capita 19 per cent[2] against 67; in value of farms and farm property, 25 per cent[3] against 100; in corn crop 41.3 per cent[4] against 42.4; in wheat crop 30.8 per cent[5] against 73; in total domestic merchandise exported 62 per cent[6] against 135; in ship tonnage in foreign trade a *decrease* of 14 per cent[7] in 1890–1900 against an *increase* of 60 per cent in 1850–60; in tonnage in domestic trade an increase of 24 per cent[8] in 1890–1900 against 44 per cent in 1850–60.

It is true that, by reason of our civil war and the imposition of high protective duties, there was, between 1860 and 1870, a sudden and large increase in manufacturing product at the cost of other industries, some of whose misfortunes were made evident in the financial crisis of 1873–78. But, in the long run, even the comparison of manufacturing rates is unfavorable to the Republican claim. For, in the decade from 1850 to 1860 the increase was from $1,019,000,000 to $1,885,000,000, or at the decade rate of 84 per cent, while from 1890 to 1900 the increase was from $9,372,000,000 to $13,039,000,000, or at the decade rate of only 39.2 per cent. In the highly prosperous years, 1880–90, the increase was from $5,369,000,000 to $9,372,000,000, or at the rate of 74 per cent.

If the evidence of statistics, to which the Republican apologists like Mr. Hay and Mr. Root give the first rank in probative force, be that the Republican administration and the protective tariff, although they may have stimulated some special industries at the expense of others, have, in the net, thus tended to reduce the rates of increase in general prosperity, it is also clear that they have produced other effects for proof of which we do not need to go to statistics. This country, with its vast natural and human resources, would have grown enormously richer, tariff or no tariff, protection or free trade. If the volume of our exports be, as it is, far less — and especially if our exports of manufactured goods be, as they are, far less — than they would be without those protective duties which prevent our accepting pay for our goods in foreign goods, that result is far less harmful than other results. For,

First. The dominant protective policy of the Republican party has introduced into our government and politics that profound corruption which inevitably arises in legislatively governed countries when opportunities are systematically presented to some men or some interests to make themselves rich by force of law. It is idle to upbraid steel and iron interests, and all of the others in which great fortunes have been made under monopolistic opportunities created by the tariff, because they avail themselves of those opportunities when created, or because they subsidize that party in consideration that it continue to them those opportunities, or, perhaps, enlarge them. Human nature being what it is, such interests will inevitably so act; and a political party which has been aided with money by special interests will tend to exhibit its gratitude — especially that gratitude which is a lively sense of favors to come — by giving to those interests the legislation which they desire. The result is plain. If some citizens are thus permitted to make great fortunes out of politics, why should not other citizens be permitted to do the same thing? And if the public is to be fleeced in one way, why should it

[1] $65,037,091,000 to $94,300,000,000.
[2] $1,038.57 to $1,235.86.
[3] $16,082,267,689 to $20,514,001,838.
[4] 1,489,970,000 bushels to 2,105,102,516.
[5] 399,262,000 to 552,229,505.
[6] $845,293,828 to $1,370,763,571.
[7] 946,000 tons to 826,000.
[8] 3,477,802 tons to 4,338,145.

not be fleeced in other ways? The idea has, therefore, run all through American politics, — that that field of public life which ought to be one for noble and patriotic competition is one chiefly for the making of money by the use of governmental power. The corrupting effect of this is far deeper and more serious than of all the bosses and municipal wrongdoings of our country put together.

Second. The Republican party has enormously increased the burden of taxation. The total expenditure in President Roosevelt's last fiscal year, ending July 1, 1904, was $582,000,000, or, if the $50,000,000 paid on account of the Panama Canal and the $4,000,000 paid to the St. Louis Exposition be deducted, the total expense was $528,000,000, or at a per capita rate, in time of profound peace, of $6.57, the highest rate ever known in the history of our government, except only the expenditure in 1863, 1864, and 1865, when we had a million men under arms, — an expenditure measured in the depreciated paper currency of the civil war, — and the expenditure in 1899 during the worst of the Philippine war. Without the Panama and St. Louis Exposition payments, the expenditure during Mr. Roosevelt's first three fiscal years, 1902, 1903, and 1904, has been $1,559,692,185.99 as against $778,340,119.60 for 1886, 1887, and 1888, the first three years of Mr. Cleveland's first term, and against $1,075,900,024.29 for 1894, 1895, and 1896, the first three years of Mr. Cleveland's second term, when he had to bear the enormous increases by permanent legislation enacted by Republicans under President Harrison. Although since 1902 the Philippine war expense and interest on the public debt have been reduced, and although industrial conditions have grown less favorable, the expenditure, omitting the exceptional Panama and St. Louis payments, has increased from $471,000,000 in 1902 to $506,000,000 in 1903, and thence to $528,000,000 in 1904. The figures since the first of the present fiscal year, that is to say, for the months of July and August, are just published; and I observe that expenditures exceed receipts by $17,000,000 as against a corresponding excess of $869,000 in 1903. Of the $17,000,000 deficit of this year, $12,000,000 is increased expenditure for the army and navy.

It is inevitable that protected interests do not use their control of the Republican majorities in Congress to reduce governmental expenditure. They are always in favor of a surplus raised by taxation. Therefore they encourage and do not discourage the extraordinary increase in military and naval expense which has been so agreeable to the ardent temper of President Roosevelt. In his last year our expenditure upon the War Department, not including pensions, and without any excuse of war, was $115,000,000 as against $44,000,000 in the last year of President Cleveland's first term, or $48,000,000 in the last year of his second term. President Roosevelt's expenditure for the navy last year was $102,000,000 as against $21,000,000 in the last year of Mr. Cleveland's first term, or $34,000,000 in the last year of his second term. Our total military and naval expense, excluding pensions, for the past year was $217,000,000, or far more than the like expenditure of either France or Germany, compelled, as they are, to watch their powerful and jealous nearby neighbors. This is wasteful barbarism. It is only within the last few Republican years that American statesmen in power have dared to deny the glory, upon which Americans were once all agreed, of our freedom from that burden of Europe. This reversal of an old and almost sacred policy is a detestable achievement of the Republican party and one of the most lamentable results of the politically atavistic propensities of the President.

The Republicans in effect declare that it is for American administration to "do things," — lawfully and righteously if convenient, but, whether lawfully or righteously, still to "do things." It has been said that corruption in public administra-

tion is as bad as open lawlessness. But that is not true. Lawlessness inevitably comes to include the worst of corruption, and brings other and farther reaching evils of its own. Order is Heaven's first law. Even in a time of corruption the observance of law aids every fight for purer administration. I do not hold the Republican party or the majority of its statesmen responsible — at least I do not hold them primarily responsible — for the sudden growth of a temper of lawlessness and recklessness in public administration under President Roosevelt. They, however, stand for this when they ask us to elect him to the presidency. The violation of international law and international right in the obvious and humiliating collusion between the representatives of our government and the vulgar and sham insurrection on the Isthmus, promoted from Wall Street, — the astounding enlargement of pension rates by executive order (a disbursement of public moneys by the President on the eve of his appeal for the votes of those who were to receive the largess), — the demoralization of the Civil Service administration at Washington by the device of temporary appointments to an extent which has gone far, practically, to abolish the law, — all these are a serious menace to the future of American law and order; very serious, indeed, if they shall be affirmed by the people at the polls. The President since he came to the White House has uttered sound doctrine upon the subject of lynch law. The Democrats point out that in one, at least, of his literary works, he treated lynch law with respect; but I accept the sincerity of his later view. No sensible man, however, can fail to see that lynch law, enforced by a rough, back-country population, represents precisely the "Rough Rider" temper shown in the Panama episode or in the presidential praise of the adages, "Never draw unless you mean to shoot," and "Speak softly and carry a big stick."

The result, whether intended or not, of this policy of the Republican party, is the diversion of popular interest in our country from the solution of the vast industrial, economic, and educational problems which make peremptory calls upon the noblest statesmanship of which our race is capable.

I do remember the thousand homilies of the President about honor and truth and manliness, and about civic and official courage. I cannot forget, however, that after some part of the post office scandals were out, and to this day, Mr. Payne, the Postmaster General, has held his place; that the late Senator Quay was a chief power at the White House until his death, and that Mr. Addicks is still a power there; that after the President's earnest talk in 1902 about bad corporations, and after conducting the Northern Securities prosecution to a decree as yet futile for the practical arrest of monopoly, he has openly made his peace with trust magnates, has promised not to "run amuck" in proceedings against those he had denounced, and has transferred his cabinet minister, who had been in charge of Federal supervision of corporations, to that place in the conduct of his own campaign where a principal part of the work is the collections of campaign funds from those corporations; and that after the President's earnest talk in 1902 about reciprocity and an undoing of tariff abuses, he has, under party stress, come to oppose any reform. I concede the President's sincerity in all his homilies, but am compelled to believe that, in politics, like the poet Savage in Dr. Johnson's biography, he mistakes the love, for the practice, of virtue.

There needs hardly to be made any further argument in behalf of the election of Judge Parker. For, in thus dealing with the Republican case, the Democratic case has been well-nigh sufficiently stated. The public necessity is to reverse the tendency which the Republican party has of late promoted, and which — constituted as it is — it will promote more and more if it succeed in November. If there

is to be such a reversal, it must be effected by an opposition; and the Democratic party *is* the Opposition. Nor can the reversal be had unless very many who of late have voted against that party shall now vote with it. Nor is it possible that those who have been voting against it — even if they now find themselves driven to use its agency — can so far escape their predilections as not to dislike much in its history and *personnel*, present and past. They are, however, to remember what sort of administration the Democratic party, in spite of its shortcomings, has in our day given when it has been in power, and when its shortcomings were no less than they are.

The Democratic Houses of Representatives we have known since the civil war, beginning with that chosen in 1874, have in honorable and economic regard for the public welfare surpassed the Republican Houses. Their speakers, Kerr and Randall and Carlisle and Crisp, have rightly enjoyed public confidence. From 1885 to 1889, and from 1893 to 1897, we had a Democratic President whom Judge Parker resembles in many and essential traits. The latter has done well to remind us that the false and insolent charges against Democratic competence are in reality aimed at Thomas F. Bayard and Charles S. Fairchild and Walter Q. Gresham and Richard Olney and John G. Carlisle. No administration since the civil war has surpassed either of the Cleveland administrations in sobriety, honor, economy, force, or dignity. Of no administration is the proof more clear than it is of them, that they were favorable to prosperity. President Cleveland in 1889 transferred to his Republican successor a large surplus in the treasury and an annual expense account for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1899 (excluding premiums on bonds purchased), of $281,996,605.60; and the country was prosperous, very prosperous. President Harrison in 1893 retransferred the administration to President Cleveland with a treasury deficit, with an annual expense account, for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1893 (still including no premiums), increased by a hundred millions and more to $383,477,954.49, — with an enormously increased pension roll, and with the Sherman Silver Law carrying the country swiftly to the silver standard already close at hand; and the country was on the eve of an industrial and financial crisis almost as serious as that of 1873–78, upon which the country had entered twelve years after the Republican party first came into power. President Cleveland, having borne the burden of the crisis thus bequeathed to him, transferred the administration in 1897 to another Republican successor, with the Sherman Law repealed, with the gold standard safe, with the deficiency in revenue to meet expenses reduced from $69,803,260.58 in Mr. Cleveland's first year (ending July 1, 1894), to $18,052,454.41 for his last year; and there was breaking upon the country that era of splendid prosperity the headway of which has not even yet been lost. Assuming that effects follow and do not precede causes, surely neither the national honor nor its pocket is in much danger from a Democratic administration.

If the Democratic advocacy of free silver coinage in 1896 and the subordinate and irrelevant affirmation of the doctrine at Kansas City in 1900 daunt the independent voter, he has not only to remember Judge Parker's declaration of irrevocable devotion to the gold standard and the approval of it in the Democratic Convention by a vote of 774 to 191, but also to remember other things. Was not the silver heresy powerful in both parties? Did not many Republican conventions and statesmen declare for it? Did not President McKinley himself support it, and condemn President Cleveland's hostility to it? Not until several weeks after he was nominated in 1896 did President McKinley think it wise to refer to the "gold" standard. In 1896 Mr. Roosevelt himself declared the advocacy of the single gold standard to be a "folly only less acute" than that of the single silver stan-

dard.[1] A large section of the Democratic party has always opposed free silver coinage, and it is now in control. The most powerful opponent of the heresy was the last Democratic President; and the most conclusive condemnation of it has been made by the present Democratic candidate. For this very opposition of his he is to-day opposed by a considerable body of voters; and Mr. Roosevelt is warmly supported by Senator Stewart and other most strenuous silver advocates. The silver question is not in politics. It ought not to take from Judge Parker a single vote more than the Know-Nothing heresy of a half century ago should take from Mr. Roosevelt.

If independents, whose votes are thus essential to Democratic success, dislike some Democratic politicians or leaders, they have to remember that in this respect the Republican campaign has no advantage. Is there any influence with Judge Parker so unwholesome and so effective as that which the late Senator Quay exercised upon Mr. Roosevelt's administration, or which Mr. Addicks of Delaware, or Postmaster General Payne now exercises upon it?

The Democratic party, if far from a perfect instrument for public good, is, nevertheless, to-day a safe and sufficient instrument. The candidate it proposes for the Presidency is fit for his work; no one doubts that Alton B. Parker may be thoroughly trusted. His personal honor, his high standard of official duty, his great ability, — all are sufficiently demonstrated by the tribute paid him by the public sentiment of his state for his long, exalted, conspicuous service at the head of its judiciary, and especially, and without distinction of party, by the members of that jealous and critical profession which in our country to-day, as when De Tocqueville wrote, takes the chief part in public affairs. If it be said that he has the habits of a judge, the answer is that for the next four years we do not need the habits and the temper of a Nimrod or a warrior. The further answer is that although, at the Republican Convention, it was made a chief commendation of President Roosevelt that he does not "grope in the past," the presidency requires to-day as much as ever in our history a knowledge of the past and a respect for its lessons such as a chief judge may well be expected to bring. It is the serious, thoughtful, law-abiding, scrupulous temper of the bench which the master of the White House should have for the next four years. Mr. Roosevelt, I rejoice to say, is far more than a "Rough Rider;" and Mr. Parker, I rejoice to say, is far more than a judge. But no antithesis in American politics of to-day is more relevant or instructive.

The Democrats propose, therefore, and Messrs. Parker and Davis, if they are chosen, will enforce,

First. A respect for law, a condemnation of executive orders whether for pensions issued just before a presidential election, or for any other largess. A condemnation of lawless spoliations like that of Panama, however beneficent the purpose, and of the lawless and truly "lynch law" despotism which we have seen in Colorado. It is well to "do things;" but in Europe even highwaymen — some in places of great political or military power, and some roaming in the forests of Robin Hood — were known to "do things." That is not praise, either fit or sufficient, for a President of the United States. Let the things which are done be righteous. Let them better establish — let them not undermine — that law-abiding, honest sense of *meum* and *tuum* upon which civilization depends. Our republic in its government ought to have

> "Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
> Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious."

Second. A withdrawal of all menace and overlordship like that which the President would have us exercise against the South American republics in favor of European creditors. A return to the old rule of friendship with all nations and en-

[1] His article in the *Century* for November, 1895, entitled "The Issues of 1896."

tanglement with none. A refusal to undertake the vast problems of Asiatic politics as we have refused to undertake those of the politics of Europe. The performance of our full share in every work of peace and humanity; but the assumption of no share in those brute struggles of foreign nations and foreign peoples when our concern with them is no more than that we would peaceably and profitably trade with all nations of the earth.

Third. The reform of the tariff and especially the reduction or abolition of those duties which create monopolies. The President, after all the vigor of his suggestion two years ago that tariff injustices should be righted, and that we should develop our trade by the reciprocities urged by President McKinley a few days before his death, has now joined with those who control great manufacturing and mining monopolies in the determination that the tariff shall not even be discussed, that not an item of it shall be reformed until those who profit by it are willing to give up their monopoly. So the Democrats would oppose that subsidy to the shipping industry which the Republican platform tells us is the only change for the better that can be made in the economic policy of our nation.

Fourth. The destruction of the control of our public affairs by a few great corporations of the country through subsidies to the Republican party. Is there anything in this campaign more cynical or unfit than the confidence with which the President has taken Mr. Cortelyou from the head of the department where he had for a year been in charge of the Federal supervision of corporations, and assigned to him the duty of collecting from those very corporations the funds for the Republican campaign?

Fifth. A return to public economy and to the doctrine that, instead of bearing military and naval burdens like those of Europe, we shall spend only what is necessary for an army and navy completely ample for defense and for that purpose reaching the highest standard, but not enough for purposes of imperialistic aggression.

Sixth. A drastic investigation of governmental administration. It was President Roosevelt's misfortune or, at least, the misfortune of his constituents, that when, as Governor of New York, he had to deal with criminal waste in the canal expenditure of millions of dollars in that state, he felt compelled to refrain from prosecution of Republican wrong-doers because the statute of limitations had run. So it has been his misfortune since he came to the presidency to learn that delay of a Republican administration to investigate and prosecute had interposed the same shield of statutory limitation between justice and the wrong-doers. The Republican Congress has refused investigation. It will be had only if the Democratic party succeed in November.

Seventh. The grant of independence to the Philippine people as soon as they can maintain a government of their own. That government, it is to be remembered, is not to be one after our ideals, but only to be a sufficient government. There need be no fear that any obligation to Spain or other international obligation, or any special duty we owe any part of the Philippine people, or any fit convenience for our naval power, or any other interest of the American people, would not be safeguarded in the treaty which a Democratic President would make with the Philippine people and lay before our Republican Senate for its ratification. Democrats will be neither less righteous nor less prudent in dealing with those Asiatic Islands than we were in dealing with Cuba.

Is not a programme like this necessary for the honor and for the prosperity as well of the American people? Do not its items truly represent the wholesome tendencies and just ideals dear to Americans? Does it not surely deserve the respect of the readers of the *Atlantic?* Many of them here used to read a generation ago the stirring appeals, in prose or in rhythm, for liberty and justice and righteousness,

of Lowell and Whittier and Longfellow and their associates. Of what matters momentous to the American commonwealth are those older readers and the later coming members of their constituency chiefly thinking to-day?

Is the public problem for you only how our country — now shutting its eyes to the future — shall heap up more treasure, and how we shall make seem grand in the eyes and ears of foreigners our share in their politics of force? Do you never wonder whether some part of industrial liberty is to perish in this land? Do you rejoice at the disparagement of independent producers and consumers, — at the Republican policy of artificially building up monopolies which, by higher prices, make fixed incomes and wages less and less sufficient to the necessities of life? Have you no fear that — if we do not return to the earlier and truer ideal of democratic government — American industrial civilization may come to be a mere interplay between the forces of Trusts on one side and the Trades-Unions on the other, — an interplay in which the great body of independent small producers will cease to be independent? No doubt great combinations both of capital and of labor are necessary and oftentimes wholesome. But do you not remember that it was upon that body of citizenship made up of independent small producers, and upon the faith that that body would in our land continue the dominant power, that our democratic government of freedom and law and order was established? Do you not see that the Democratic party of to-day stands for that body of citizenship no less than it stands and must always stand for the masses of laboring men? Do you not know that President Roosevelt would have, if the American people should permit him, a strident, soldier-like government, appealing to the rigorous compacted organizations of capital and labor, while Judge Parker would, without any disparagement of those organizations, hold us to the truly noble career of a free and industrial democracy?

THE WORLD'S LOVER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Into a world of loveliness —
  Into a world of wonder sent
(Which one by loving shall possess),
  No loveless moment have I spent:
If Life but failed when Love went by,
Then never, never should I die!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CLOTHES PAST AND PRESENT

THE sordidness and anxious concern of the autumnal refurbishing of my wardrobe have this year been diverted into the pleasant ways of philosophy and sentiment. The September *Atlantic* furnishes me an essay with mettle to stiffen any lady's back for "this business of dressing." And on my desk lie two fat green volumes gay with picture, flaunting rags and tags and velvet gowns in my eyes until I am compelled to acknowledge "the shaping destiny of dress," historically considered, at least.

The essayist of "My Clothes" and the historian of *Two Centuries of Costume in America*[1] have both approached their subject with a reverent and respectful enthusiasm genially transmitting itself to the reader, but I fancy that of the two Mrs. Earle is the more deeply moved; Mrs. Earle does not say that dress is *the* person, rather it is *a* person. I am particularly pleased by those illustrations that represent the waistcoat, the breeches, the bodice, or the bonnet, quite unadorned by wearers, — these empty garments stalk and strut and pirouette from page to page with an indescribable charm. Mrs. Earle's language enhances the spell.

But I hardly know whether to be grateful to Mrs. Earle for the new light she has thrown on certain cherished misconceptions. There is mockery to me now in the family portrait. Did you know that they borrowed their clothes to be painted in, those naughty, deceiving old sitters? That they cajoled the artist into plastering them with jewels and gold? Such a wanton deception of a guileless posterity I find it hard to forgive.

But the vanity of our respected first settlers is the most surprising. I have always regarded them as godly and grim, going soberly about their delving and praying, making themselves log-houses and a nation, planting and spinning, ear and flintlock alike ever cocked against the war-whoop and the tomahawk. Dress? *vanitas vanitatum* — what are they to do with the art of breeks and bodices? But what is it that they were really up to, the sly old codgers? Why, it would seem that immediately on landing they plumped right down on Plymouth Rock and began scribbling for their lives lists of the fashionable garments they would need in the wilderness, lists to go back by return Mayflower. And busily enough they kept on sending, sending, sending back to that old England they had spurned, for fashions and for fashionable attire, both male and female. Little America was not to be behind, not she! Indians, starvation, sickness, cruel weather, — still our Puritan ancestors had their shoes of "damson-colored Spanish leather," their "gold-fringed gloves," their petticoats and waistcoats embroidered and brocaded. Fashion flew over seas so fast as can hardly be believed, and it was the Puritans, those same up-and-coming Puritans lately handled in the Contributors' Club, who brought it about that their seventeenth-century cis-Atlantic portraits are as fresh and fashionable in costume as those of contemporary England and France.

To return to last month's *Atlantic* and to read "My Clothes" in the larger light of the history of the national costume, I am struck by certain differences between the national wardrobe and the private one. Nowadays how we are ridden by our underwear! In earlier days how light a care it was! It is not only embittered infancy swathed in hot flannels that utters complaint, but youth and middle life and age must go stiffly in the invisible armor

[1] *Two Centuries of Costume in America.* By ALICE MORSE EARLE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

against pneumonia, neuralgia, rheumatism; yet how bravely our forbears laughed at the wildness of winter, — our gay grandfathers making a leg in thinnest satin, our diaphanous Empire grandmothers off for the sleigh-ride, only a silken shawl comforting their shoulders. There was no Dr. Yaeger then, no poulticing of woolens, yet they snuffled not, and were ever gay at heart and airy to look upon.

In one regard this examination into the nature and history of costume puzzles me greatly. Just when, just why, did gentlemen abjure their birthright of color and splendor and variety of dress? For two centuries the sexes sought to outflame each other in glory of silk and satin and velvet and gold, then in an instant away goes half the brightness, and one sex walks dim and dull and uniformed forever! Why? It is not because they did not once love it, these poor, sober-feathered fowls, — what eager, earnest, painstaking shopping lists the gentlemen of our earlier America sent over the sea! Close concern with the width of the trimming, the pattern of the lace! Their zeal overflows their own wardrobe; they scrutinize every article of dress worn by the females of their household. Husbands or brothers gone abroad send home studied accounts of the new whimsies of fashion in London. George Washington, recently become a stepfather, is as solicitous for little Nellie Custis's hose as he is for his infant country's welfare. How they revel and are glad in the London periwig or proud inflated waistcoat! How undaunted they meet discomfort! Cries one gay blade to his tailor, as he orders his small-clothes, "If I can get into them, I won't pay for them!" And what of the ears half severed by the collar, the neck enfolded by yard upon yard of lawn? There was certainly once a day when men spent a goodly portion of a lifetime in attending to the cut of their sleeves, yet I would remind last month's essayist that in this same day men were playing pretty effectively with scholarship and politics. Regard those much-millinered men of Elizabeth's time. Look at the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh on an early page of Mrs. Earle's book. See him all puffed and slashed and padded and ruffled and gartered, yet somehow he managed to be bigger than his toggery, had time for elaborate costume, and also for the varied career of poet, courtier, street-cleaner, colonist, statesman, and tobacconist. No, men would seem to be something more than their raiment, and it would take something more than short hair and an overcoat to boost women into the high and happy places of politics.

In those older days people must have been much less sensitive to the stigma of the second-hand. Mrs. Earle traces the descent of hood or petticoat from generation to generation, and neither garment nor recipient seems to have suffered any loss of prestige in the process. This obtuseness of sentiment in our ancestors reaches an extreme in that bygone custom that allowed the hangman's lady to regard the clothes of executed females as her rightful perquisite. I own I can more readily forgive Mary Queen of Scots certain sportive little peccadillos than I can the unromantic thrift and promptness with which she makes over the murdered Darnley's wardrobe to Bothwell. This is another bit of sidelight information on history for which I am indebted to Mrs. Earle.

The last chapter of *Two Centuries of Costume* is named "The Romance of Old Clothes," a title well befitting the entire work, breathing delightfully, as it does all through, our old childish joy in attic trunks and forgotten finery. Why is there no such romantic aroma in "My Clothes"? There I read a philosophic pluck in dealing with a problem not self-imposed, but I detect more protest than pleasure in this "dressing, dressing, dressing to the end." Why no Romance of New Clothes? Am I to infer that when our ancestors and their wardrobes were new, costume was just as much a matter of fret and fuss and fit and misfit as it is to-day? For example, my new autumn

frock is to me to-day far more trouble than it is worth; but when gown and wearer and dressmaker have been laid away for a century in their several chests, some great-granddaughter will draw out the ancient dress, grow sentimental, and extract poetry from the silk and stuff that was most sordid prose to me. Why should she? It is not fair. It is but one more instance of the impertinence of upstart posterity, which is always popping in to snatch away our prerogatives from under our very noses.

THE FETICH OF EARLY RISING

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning" is a text which I have never yet heard expounded from any pulpit. On the contrary, I have heard and read many exhortations to early rising as one of the most wholesome and remunerative of the virtues. It is invariably recommended to young men as essential to success, and its obligation is enforced by a long list of examples. Not only is the millionaire business man, like the late P. D. Armour, wont to be an early riser, but even those embodiments of otherworldliness, the novelists, have been accustomed, from Scott's day to Mr. Crockett's, to do their best work before breakfast. A character otherwise wrecked is not considered utterly graceless if this one trait survives. The popular scale of values was correctly understood by the clergyman who, having to officiate at the funeral of a notoriously wicked citizen, followed up his biographical sketch of the deceased with the tribute: "Our dead friend had one noble virtue. He always got up early in the morning."

This virtue, too, serves as a criterion in the judgment of nations as well as individuals. Many tests have been suggested, at one time and another, for estimating the comparative civilization and prosperity of different countries, — their consumption of soap, their expenditure on automobiles, their proportion of Ph. D.'s to the general population, etc. It has not escaped the keen insight of the modern journalist that the future progress of the world may be predicted by looking at the clock. If one nation is in the street while another is still in bed, no resources of intelligence or wealth can save the second nation from going under. Not long ago I read a sober article in which an elaborate proof of England's decadence was clinched by the crowning argument that Englishmen do not get up so early in the morning as Americans.

To disparage this revered quality must appear very much like running atilt at the wisdom of the ages. It is surprising that the very people who claim to be the most practical and the most independent of mere tradition are in this matter regulated by ancient convention. Strangely enough, it is precisely the up-to-date twentieth-century "hustler," eager for the reputation of no longer doing things in the old way, who is most ready to accept the rustiest maxims as his guide in the solution of new problems. When we begin to ask what advantage the early riser actually has over the late riser, the answer is not very prompt, and it usually shows a confusion between two cases that need to be kept carefully apart.

The first form of the problem is presented when the early and the late riser, though getting up at different times, work the same number of hours daily. This is how the matter stands as between the English and the American practice. The latitude of London is ten degrees north of that of New York, with the result of a far greater variation in the hour of sunrise throughout the year. The darkness of winter mornings in England is sufficient to explain why it is found desirable to begin the day's work rather later there than is usual here. But you cannot say that one bank, for instance, must needs be an effete and crumbling institution because it is open from ten to four, and that another must be a flourishing and vigorous concern because it is open from nine to three. It may be argued, of course, that the earlier the

hour the better the quality of the work. This applies, however, only when freedom from interruption and disturbance is an important consideration. One may certainly study to greater profit before the noises begin about the house. Yet this advantage would be destroyed, *ex hypothesi*, in proportion as early rising became a general practice, for in a house full of early risers the quiet of the dawn would disappear. And most people's work is, in the main, of such a kind that it can only be done when the rest of the world is awake. Even the business that is transacted through the telephone requires a man at the other end. Where, then, the total working day is of the same length, it cannot reasonably be alleged that the early riser is *ipso facto* more industrious than the late riser, or that early rising attains to the rank of a virtue.

There remains to be investigated a second situation, — where the early riser has a longer working day than the late riser. This is the condition most commonly in mind in discussions of the subject. It is taken for granted that the longer period of activity implies proportionately greater diligence and greater results. Enthusiastic advocates of early rising sometimes talk as though an hour added to one's working day meant a distinct addition to one's total assets of energy. The belief that one may become stronger by getting up early is fostered by instances of the longevity of early risers. The fact should be stated the other way about; what happens is not that early risers live long, but that persons who live long have been early risers. If a physical constitution is so much sounder than the average that it takes its possessor to eighty or ninety, it is likely also to be able to stand the strain of an exceptional expenditure of energy day by day throughout life. It is absurd to suppose that there can be any physical benefit in the exercise of either body or mind beyond what is required for health. The early riser can have no greater resources to draw upon than the late riser.

Let us now watch what occurs in the case of an early riser who, starting with the same physical and mental equipment, attempts to gain upon a rival by working an hour longer daily. Assume, first, that in lengthening his day he tries to work at the same pressure as before. After a while he discovers that the continued effort tells both upon his own capacity and upon the efficiency of his work. In short, he runs up against the Law of Diminishing Returns, which, long familiar in agriculture, is now found to be a sovereign authority in other provinces also. This law is to-day so clearly recognized in education that research has collected many warning statistics as to the point of fatigue. An excellent illustration of its operation is given in the following extract from a young man's diary: "Got up at five to study; had a headache all day, must n't waste time like this again." An equally sensible conclusion was that of Archbishop Whately. Only once in his life, he said, had he risen early; and then he felt so conceited all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon that he never repeated the experiment. The mischief of a programme which tempts a man to a greater output of energy than his constitution can afford is understood when the calculation deals with larger spaces of time. We all admit the necessity of the annual holiday. We agree with the lawyer who said that he could do a year's work in eleven months but not in twelve. We can appreciate, too, the value of a weekly rest-day. We need also to apply the same considerations on a smaller scale, when we shall discover that a too prolonged exercise of activity may be disastrous both to the worker and to his work.

But it is possible that, when the day is lengthened, the pressure is not kept up to the same level. This happens in many instances where a man begins with a tremendous spurt, finds himself after a while in sight of a breakdown, and slackens to an easier pace. We have, therefore, now to examine the case of the man who, as a re-

sult of earlier rising, works an hour a day longer than his rival, but accomplishes in his $x+1$ hours no more than the other gets through in x. When this happens, early rising, so far from being a virtue, is obviously a vice. It promotes the demoralizing habit of dawdling, and makes it more and more difficult to concentrate the attention. It leads to a slovenly fashion of thinking and acting, and impairs one's capacity of doing quick, clean work. In this situation it is the early, not the late, riser who "loses" or "wastes" his time. He loses one full hour daily, which the late riser can devote to recreation or some other wholesome purpose. And it is to the early riser — the dawdler — that should be addressed the warnings by which the sages, from time immemorial, have endeavored to reform the sluggard.

But it is time to return to my text. The passage from Isaiah with which I headed this little homily is perhaps unfamiliar to many of my readers, and they will probably have looked it up in the Concordance. only to declare me guilty of the offense of garbling my quotations. "The words are actually in the Bible," they will say, "but they should not be torn away from their context." Very well: let us have the whole passage, for it aptly enforces my next point. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink." This denunciation emphasizes the fact that the moral quality of early rising is profoundly affected by its object. Early rising, at its utmost, is only a means to an end, and if the end is evil the use of the means must be blameworthy. This is so evident a truth that it can scarcely escape being called a truism, yet every eulogy of early rising, as in itself a proof of merit, overlooks it. A student of ethics might easily compile a list of variations of the prophetic "Woe," as adapted to the peculiar temptations of twentieth-century America, and his code would startle those who believe that the secret of an upright life lies in the regulation of the alarum-clock.

On the whole, then, early rising is a practice that will not stand unbiased analysis. When it is adopted for the sake of some good end, its advantages are largely illusory, to say the least; and when it is an instrument in the hands of the evil-doer there is reflected upon it something of the immorality of the deed. Yet proverbial philosophy is not utterly to be contemned. The adage which declares eight hours' sleep to be the proper allowance for a fool is wholly commendable. That man must indeed be a fool who is content with eight when he can get nine.

HANDS ACROSS THE FENCE

No orthodox American reader, brought up in the fear of the English novel, can fail to possess a fine healthy set of secondary prejudices in favor of England and the English point of view. He does not quite forget Bunker Hill, and cocks his ear at any rumor of menace to the Monroe Doctrine. Moreover, he prefers wheat and cotton kings to the other kind, and thinks it quite as decent to guess as to fancy. But this is in his daily walk and conversation; he forgets it all when he enters the realm of English fiction. At once his mind contrives a shift of gear, his sympathies automatically adjust themselves to a new set of conditions, and the trick is done. He feels an amiable contempt for Dissent. His judgment is not surprised to find itself coinciding with that of the Lady Alicia, who refuses to let her daughter dance with John Brown because his grandfather was a tradesman. It is not possible to feel that much can be said for such a grandfather. Nor can one fail to sympathize with Lady Alicia's objection to an alliance between her daughter and Algernon, who is only the youngest son of the Earl of Brumleigh. As for Algernon, it is clear that his only course is to take orders, since he has not the figure for a red coat, and stutters too much for a parliamentary career. Moreover the Earl (who, everybody knows, has a record) owns the particu-

larly valuable living of Brumleigh-cum-Castor. The elder brother, to be sure, has disgraced the name by falling in love with the daughter of a Radical, and the Earl has been forced to forbid him the house. But the property is entailed and goes with the title, so that Algernon is no better off for this. He has our sympathy; but we readily agree that entail is a family bulwark which must be protected at any cost to the individual.

It is extraordinary that the brothers should have fared so ill, for we know that they had the best possible bringing up. The first ten years of their lives were spent, with their eight brothers and sisters (most of them fated to be younger children), in the edifying society of nurses, tutors, governesses, and grooms. Not infrequently the good Earl would meet them in the halls or about the stables, when he was inclined to pat them on the heads, to ask them how they got on with their Latin grammar and Euclid, and to end by giving them half-a-crown apiece, or promising them a new pony. As for their lady mother, she sometimes visited them in the schoolroom, when she would question the governess (but not more sharply than she deserved) upon the children's progress and deportment. Once Algernon even woke to find her bending over him, a glorious vision in lace and jewels, such as any boy might be proud to have for a mother. Their second decade was of course spent at public school and university. Young Lord Brumleigh fagged at Eton for the son of a mere baronet, which shows how democratic a place England really is. Algernon's select wine-parties were famous at Oxford; the Earl always insisted on furnishing the wine from his own cellars.

How easily we have slipped into an arm's length sympathy with all this! I for one had come to believe in it devoutly, until our neighbors, the Burden-Smiths, brought the question to close quarters. It is a new experience for us to know an Englishman whose back yard is contiguous. His children and ours quarrel and make up daily, so far as the fence, an indisputable boundary line, will permit. When there is a high wind, his clothes-reel is inclined to impinge upon ours, calling for the international hands-across-the-fence activity of a neat lady in a white cap, whom her mistress calls Hawkins, and our own plain Mary Ann. Mary Ann does not especially care for Hawkins. She thinks her absurdly stuck-up for one who evidently has no share in the family councils; and who reserves her nose for other than conversational purposes. Mary Ann has been with us for seven years, knows all our secrets, and discusses them with us. We can never forget how thoughtful she was when John was born, or her presence of mind when William fell into the water-tank: "Accoutred as she was, she plunged in." She is not precisely the mould of form. One is thankful if she wears any hair on her head; it has not seemed worth while to raise the issue of caps. But we prefer her to a Hawkins.

As for the Burden-Smiths themselves, we do not like their buttery way of speech, or their way of managing servants and children, or their too too affable manner toward the native, or their perambulator. In short, after a year of propinquity, the two families continue to live under two flags. We pay calls, but we do not commune. They think us improbable, and we think them impossible. And we owe them a specific grudge for having reduced a cherished abstraction to the concrete. They have alienated us from a society in which we had long borne a fancied part, exiled us from the land of Thackeray and George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward. I foresee too clearly how we are going to be affected in the future by the disenchanted insularity of Lady Alicia and the Earl of Brumleigh.

OF MARKING BOOKS

Society is curiously organized. I may not force my friendship upon an acquaintance; yet, forsooth, I may without a qualm intrude myself in a far more seri-

ous way upon an utter stranger. If I were to go, day in and day out, to the home of a man I barely knew, I should see but the surface of him, should annoy him doubtless, but only annoy him; while if I mark a library book it were as if I pulled its reader from the very depths of thought, and forced him to regard me, — little trivial me. When one reads Meredith he would not commune with John Smith, — yet here, turning up every few pages, is the indefatigable Smith, with perchance a little comment on the style, or a neatly worded phrase on how much Meredith reminds him of Kipling, with now a correction of spelling in *Diana* and now a pregnant exclamation mark at a typographical error in *Bhauavar the Beautiful*. Oh, the deep-dyed soul of a man that could observe a misspelled word in a fairy tale! Indeed, I often wonder what manner of creature John Smith may be. I picture him as a kind of ghoul, wandering at his red-mouthed leisure through a book, ferreting out dead words, wounded sentences. Methinks I almost hear the cries of the disabled phrases as he pounces ogrelike upon them. Clearly he seeks little flaws (I have not misjudged him in that) for otherwise he would read, not Meredith, but Tarbell's *English Grammar*.

Religiously I erase Mr. John Smith — for he is pretty much always in pencil; still I read only two or three books a week, and there are upwards of half a million volumes in the Boston Public Library!

But, indeed, why mark books at all — even one's own? Mark your books of science all you please; they are chill, lifeless things; but not your own books that you love, for I tell you they have souls, and a vast deal nobler than yours or mine, most likely. After all, what is the use of it? Marking prose is ridiculous; one does not look through a novel for passages he has marked, unless out of sheer pedantry, that he may quote them brilliantly to his friends; for honest quotations are those that stick in your mind willy-nilly, not those that are learned by rote, like *Horatius at the Bridge*. And as for marking verse, is not that equally inane? Surely there is no line or word in your most sacred poems that you cannot turn to instantly without the vulgar aid of pencil-marks?

Alas, I fear that we do not mark books for ourselves, but for others. One marks books, as, were he a bit more naïve in character, he might leave the Bible lying open on the table when the minister called.

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THE UNITED STATES IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND

[Mr. Ireland has been known to readers of the *Atlantic* since 1898 as an authority upon colonial affairs. In 1902 he went to the Far East as a special commissioner of the University of Chicago to collect material for an elaborate report on colonial administration in that part of the world. The present paper embodies some of the more important results of more than two years spent in the study of comparative colonization in the English, French, Dutch, and American colonies in the Far East. It is, perhaps, the first competent and wholly non-partisan treatment of American administration in the Philippines from the comparative point of view. — THE EDITORS.]

I

To the student of comparative colonization the entrance of the United States upon a career of over-sea expansion presents none of the elements of abnormality which chain the attention of those who, while attributing to the institutions of the American government and to the character of the American people peculiar qualities which invalidate every argument based upon the universal experience of other nations, approach the subject from the standpoint of an American history isolated from the general progress of mankind. It is a matter of plain fact that in the whole of recorded history there cannot be found a single instance of a nation which, having reached a certain stage of economic development, has not embarked upon enterprises of territorial expansion, that this phenomenon in the growth of nations has persisted in all climates and under every form of government, that it is common to all races, and that it has been associated with every form of religion, heathen or Christian, of which we have any knowledge. It is not too much to say that no single element in the human character has done more to mould the destinies of mankind than this intimate relation between intellectual and physical vigor and territorial expansion. With these facts in view the impartial observer finds it more natural to link the over-sea expansion of the United States with the continuous chain of human evolution than to regard it as an abnormal sequel to a hundred years of local history.

In order to understand the course of American policy and administration in the Philippines it is necessary to emphasize the perfectly normal character of the undertaking, and to insist that, in so far as the problem of the Philippines concerns the Philippine people, it has presented at no stage a single important feature for which the experience of other nations does not afford a parallel. Those questions which relate to the constitutionality or otherwise of the whole relation between the United States and the Philippine Islands, or of any particular administrative measure, concern the American people alone, and are of no interest whatever to the Philippine natives; and throughout this article the estimate of American action in the Islands is based not upon any adjustment to an American standard of political principle or conduct, in regard to which there appears to be no small conflict of opinion in the United States, but upon its relation to the economic, social, and political welfare of the Philippine Islands.

When Philippine affairs are thus severed from their unnatural connection with American home politics, and are approached as a problem in which the end sought is simply the achievement of the greatest good for the Philippine people, the inquiry is raised from the plane of political bickering to that of national statesmanship, and the discussion loses that quality of acerbity which invariably obscures the point at issue, and, in administrative matters, usually paralyzes the constructive forces of the authority finally left in control.

II

Under the terms of the Peace Protocol of August 12, 1898, the United States was authorized to "occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a Treaty of Peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines;" and under the terms of that Treaty, concluded on December 10, 1898, Spain ceded to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands. But in the interval which elapsed between the battle of Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, and the signing of the Peace Protocol on August 12, American action in the Philippines assumed definite shape, and the occurrences of that period have exerted the most profound influence upon the whole Philippine situation.

I should be content to pass over the events which preceded the Treaty of Peace as *faits accomplis* were it not that the policy pursued by the United States under its rights as a belligerent, and later under the status established by the Peace Protocol, is marked by those very characteristics which are so strikingly apparent in the conduct of affairs after the Treaty of Peace had given the United States full power to proceed in all respects as her statesmen might deem proper. Almost every act of the United States in the Philippines, except those of a purely military nature, from the date of the battle of Manila Bay down to the present time, has been characterized by what may be called from one standpoint independence and originality, or, from another standpoint, blindness to local conditions and contempt for universal experience.

This attitude of detachment, alike from the insular environment and from the historical example of three centuries of the failures and successes of others in a similar field, has been the most influential factor in American relations with the Islands; and in order to make the point clear, and to show the continuity of this element in American policy from the very commencement of the Philippine affair, it is necessary to deal briefly with the earlier phases of the Philippine problem.

At the beginning of the year 1898 it was a matter of common knowledge in the Far East that Aguinaldo and his principal adherents, who had left the Philippines in 1897 under the terms of the Treaty of Biac-na-Bató, had decided that the promises of reform, which constituted the Spanish obligation under the treaty, had not been performed, and that the Philippine Junta had decided to commence another revolution at the earliest favorable moment. Aguinaldo himself never made the slightest attempt to conceal the motive of the proposed revolution, namely, the achievement of political independence for the Philippine Islands; and it is impossible to suppose that the American consuls in Singapore and Hongkong were not fully aware of his intentions in this respect at the time when the former (Mr. Spencer Pratt) "sought him out . . . as the man for the occasion," and sent him to Admiral Dewey, and the latter (Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman) accepted the post of Honorary Treasurer of the Philippine Patriotic League and drafted the Proclamation which Aguinaldo issued on his arrival at Cavite.

Aguinaldo was taken in an American transport to Manila, was given arms by the American authorities, was allowed to seize Spanish arms in Cavite, and was encouraged in every way to start his insurrection; and these things were done *after*

he had publicly issued a proclamation declaring his intention of establishing an independent Philippine Republic. Even if we accept General Anderson's statement (*North American Review*, February, 1900) that as late as July, 1898, Admiral Dewey was not aware that the Americans would hold the Philippines if they were captured, and assume that up to that time the admiral believed that the policy of the United States would be to grant independence to the Philippines, the early treatment of Aguinaldo was a deplorable mistake.

What Admiral Dewey's action amounted to was this, that without any definite information as to what the policy of the United States would be if the war with Spain involved the capture of the Philippines, he conveyed to the Islands, under circumstances which implied an official recognition of the purposes of the insurgents, the one man who could most seriously compromise the situation, and whose declared aim, if successfully carried out, could only have one of two results, either the recognition of Philippine independence or a war between the United States and the new republic.

It is true that neither Admiral Dewey nor any other responsible agent of the American government ever gave Aguinaldo an explicit assurance that the United States would recognize Philippine independence; but in the absence of any declaration of an opposite intention, and in view of the circumstances under which the war with Spain had been undertaken, and having regard to the support and encouragement given to Aguinaldo by high American officials after he had declared in unmistakable terms, and in the most public manner possible, his opinion that the Americans had come to give the Philippines an independent government, it is impossible to accuse Aguinaldo of having put a strained construction upon the attitude of the American officials, or of importing into their acts a significance which could not be fairly attributed to them.

Up to the middle of June, 1898, there appears to have been no official declaration, public or private, of the policy which the United States intended to pursue toward the Philippines; but on June 16, Mr. Day, the Secretary of State in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, wrote a dispatch to the United States consul in Singapore which contained a definite statement of the views of the administration on the subject of Philippine independence. In the course of this communication Mr. Day said: "This Government has known the Philippine insurgents only as discontented and rebellious subjects of Spain, and is not acquainted with their purposes. . . . The United States in entering upon the occupation of the islands . . . will expect from the inhabitants, without regard to their former attitude towards the Spanish Government, that obedience which will be lawfully due from them. If, in the course of your conferences with General Aguinaldo, you acted upon the assumption that this Government would coöperate with him for the furtherance of any plan of his own, or that, in accepting his coöperation, it would consider itself pledged to recognize any political claims which he may put forward, your action was unauthorized and cannot be approved."

The first question which naturally arises in regard to this declaration is, was the policy here outlined communicated to the American naval and military commanders in the Philippines or to Aguinaldo himself? I have been unable to find any evidence that Mr. Day's statement received any greater publicity than was afforded by the correspondence files of the American consulate in Singapore; indeed, there is strong presumptive evidence that it never reached the Philippines through any official channel, for throughout the latter part of 1898 Aguinaldo repeatedly sought to obtain a declaration of American policy in regard to independence, and as late as September 8 General Otis informed him, "I have not been instructed as to what policy the United States intends to pursue. . . ."

The relations between Aguinaldo and the American commanders prior to June 16 fall into an entirely different category from those which existed after that date, for the former represented the personal judgment of individual officers acting largely on their own responsibility, whereas the latter rest on the responsibility of the authorities in Washington, who had formulated a definite policy and were in a position to control the action of their local representatives in conformity with it. It is most difficult, therefore, to reconcile the actions of the military commanders in the Philippines after June 16 with the declaration contained in Mr. Day's dispatch to the effect that no recognition of any kind would be given to the political ambitions of Aguinaldo. I have space only to give two instances of the extraordinary nature of the attitude of the military authorities toward an insurgent general whom the United States had decided not to recognize.

On August 8, 1898, General Anderson wrote, "General Emilio Aguinaldo, Commanding Filipino Forces: Will Your Excellency consent to my occupation of the intrenchments facing Blockhouse No. 14?" . . . On October 14 General Otis wrote, "General Emilio Aguinaldo, Commanding Filipino Revolutionary Forces: General, it is my desire to place it [a convalescent camp] at a locality which would not inconvenience any organization connected with your forces . . . and to the emergency of this anticipated proceeding I respectfully invite your consideration and ask your assistance should execution become necessary."

The Philippine situation developed rapidly during the latter half of 1898, and in February of the following year the political aspect of affairs, which had been marked by steadfast progress on the part of Aguinaldo in strengthening his military position and in extending his government in Luzon and in several other islands, and by a constant repetition on the part of the Americans of vague assurances that the intentions of the United States were highly benevolent, and a careful avoidance of any act or declaration definitely favorable or adverse to the specific question of Philippine independence, was completely changed by the outbreak of war between the two armies. This eventuality had been foreseen for some weeks by each side, and the most ingenious devices were resorted to by the Filipinos to throw the responsibility of the first act of hostility on the shoulders of the Americans. As a matter of fact the war was commenced by the Filipinos, but only after the American soldiers had submitted, with a self-restraint that cannot be too highly praised, to every indignity and insult which could be expected to provoke an attack on their part, and it had consequently become clear that if the Filipinos were to get the war started before large reinforcements arrived from the United States, they themselves would have to assume the offensive.

The determination of Aguinaldo to fight the Americans was perfectly natural in view of what had taken place since the battle of Manila Bay. The confidence which he had at first reposed in the Americans had given way, as months passed without any recognition of his republic, to suspicion and distrust; and by the beginning of 1899 it was realized by the Filipino leaders that whatever the intentions of the Americans were, they were not such as to encourage the hope for an independent native government. The only thing lacking to establish completely this view was a definite statement from the United States, and this was forthcoming on January 4, 1899, in the form of a proclamation from General Otis (his amended version of the President's instructions to the Secretary of War) which finally disposed of Aguinaldo's government by announcing the assumption of the governing power by the United States. After the publication of this proclamation war was inevitable; and the fact that the Filipinos commenced the fighting has no special significance.

The salient feature of American policy

up to this point is the apparent neglect of the government to regard Aguinaldo and his revolutionary programme from the only point of view which could promise any guidance in the circumstances. In dealing with Aguinaldo, after his arrival in the Islands had placed him in touch with his supporters, the question which should have presented itself to the American authorities was not whether his actions justified a belief that he was incapable of maintaining an independent government, not whether his political mistakes or inefficient administration would afford a good argument *ex post facto* for the American assumption of the government, but whether, in view of the determination arrived at on June 16, as set forth in Mr. Day's dispatch, that the insurrectionary movement was not to be recognized, Aguinaldo was or was not capable of offering substantial resistance to the American plans. But notwithstanding the frequent reports forwarded to Washington by the military commanders to the effect that Aguinaldo was actually in control of practically the whole of the Islands, and that he had not only placed himself in a strong military position, but had established a civil government which was in fact administering the affairs of the Islands, there is no evidence in the material thus far made public that any attempt was made to negotiate with the insurgents or to discover whether an arrangement could not be arrived at which would yield to each party so large a proportion of its extreme objects as to afford a basis for common action.

It is known now, and might easily have been known at the time, that there was a conservative element amongst Aguinaldo's advisers sufficiently powerful to have counteracted the influence of the war party if the United States had given it any sort of encouragement prior to the outbreak of hostilities. Nothing of the kind was done, and the policy which was pursued was to disregard the obvious facts in regard to Aguinaldo's ability to offer a serious resistance to the American assumption of the government, to take an entirely independent course of action, and to allow a similar privilege to the revolutionary government.

That the war in the Philippines could have been avoided by the exercise of the most ordinary prudence, that it could have been avoided if the advice of any British, French, or Dutch colonial governor in the Far East had been asked and acted upon, there can be no possible doubt; and it is not less certain that if the Philippine Commission which arrived in Manila shortly after the commencement of the war had been given the power to act, instead of only the power to talk, the war need not have lasted three months. Considerations of space prevent me from dealing with the conduct of the war; and I must dismiss the subject by saying that if in its political aspects it was little but a long succession of errors, in its practical operations it disclosed a devotion and heroism on the part of the American officers and troops which place the campaign on a level with the most striking achievements of the white races in tropical warfare.

III

The American government in the Philippine Islands was wholly military until September 1, 1900, when the military Governor was relieved of the legislative power, which was transferred to the Philippine Commission of which the Hon. William H. Taft was president. On September 1, 1901, the civil executive power was also transferred to the Commission, and that body was enlarged by the addition to it of three Filipino members.

As it is obviously impossible in the present article to go over the whole field of the administrative policy of the Philippine Commission, I select for treatment two of the more important questions which have arisen in regard to the control and development of the Islands,—the structure and working of the government, and the economic condition of the Islands.

But before passing to a consideration of these questions I wish to make clear a point which is of some importance in relation to any adverse criticism of the American Philippine administration.

During the time I was in the Islands in the early part of this year I met a great number of American officials, and in my intercourse with them, an intercourse which was marked throughout by the greatest courtesy and frankness on their part, I was constantly brought face to face with two facts, — one, that with very few exceptions the members of the civil service were animated by an honest and sincere desire to do the best thing for the general welfare of the Islands; the other, that side by side with this excellent intention there existed an ignorance of the broad established facts in relation to tropical administration, and an absence of information as to the work of the European nations in the neighboring colonies, which could scarcely fail to impair most seriously the usefulness of the most conscientious and hard-working official.

The effect of this mental condition of practically a whole government has been twofold. On the one hand it has involved a groping about for satisfactory solutions of the most elementary problems of administration, which have finally been solved, after great waste of time and energy, along lines already laid down by other nations; and on the other hand, and this is a far more serious matter, it has deprived the government of any standard of comparison for its work. To give a single example: I was shown in the Philippines some of the most wretched roads I have seen in fifteen years of colonial travel, and was asked with pride whether the English had ever done anything like that for the benefit of their colonial subjects; and when I replied that you could travel a thousand miles in an automobile in the Federated Malay States on roads as good as the Massachusetts state roads, my statement was met, if not with absolute incredulity, at least with the last degree of surprise. It was the same thing in a hundred matters. Had any nation except the United States ever given the natives of a colony any voice in their own government, or given them an honest judiciary, or a good water-supply, or an efficient police force, or ever governed a colony with any other object than deriving revenue from it? And so on through the whole range of colonial administration! It is obvious that if a body of men, from lack of comparative knowledge, honestly believe that the work they are doing is better than that of all others in the same field, the prospect of improvement originating within the administrative hierarchy is reduced to a minimum.

The evil is one which could easily be removed in the case of men as intelligent and quick-witted as the average American in the Philippines. If, instead of going straight from San Francisco to Manila, the higher officials were ordered to go out by way of Suez, taking a trip through Egypt, Ceylon, and the Malay Peninsula on the way, they would arrive in the Philippines better equipped for useful work than they now are even after some years of residence in the Islands. The experience would not only help toward that breadth of view which is so essential in approaching questions of administration in the tropics, but would give them a sufficient knowledge of the conditions of other colonies to serve as a standard of comparison for their own work. Nearly all the faults of administration in the Philippines are due to one of two causes, — either the pernicious influence of American home politics on Philippine legislation, or the narrow vision of the local officials. It is perhaps too much to hope that the former can be removed, but with the elimination of the latter element the evil effects of the former would be greatly lessened.

IV

The present structure of the Philippine government differs in some material respects from that of any other tropical dependency of either of the great Powers.

Although at first sight it appears to afford a larger measure of participation to the people of the Islands than can be found elsewhere, the local conditions under which the government operates, which are inflexible to a degree that can scarcely be appreciated by any one who has not visited the Islands, give the practical working of the administration a fairly close resemblance to that of a British crown colony government shorn of some of its most important advantages.

The Philippines belong to a clearly defined type of tropical countries. They have a high mean annual temperature and a low social and economic development; their internal trade is insignificant; they depend for their economic welfare on an export trade resting on agricultural industries; nearly all the manufactured articles used in the Islands are imported; the native labor is entirely inadequate for the development of the natural resources of the country; the great majority of the people are of the usual lazy, indolent, and thriftless character which distinguishes the native of the tropics; there is a small educated class, but ninety per cent of the population can neither read nor write.

As the industry of a people bears a very close relation to their political condition — effective political institutions of an advanced type being found only in countries of advanced industrial development: a low economic condition being invariably accompanied by a low political status — the following figures supply a rough standard by which to measure directly the economic position and indirectly the present political capacity of the Philippines in relation to countries possessing a climate, commerce, and population sufficiently similar in a general way to afford a fair basis for comparison.

It must be borne in mind that in tropical countries, where the internal trade is always insignificant, the value of exports gives a very accurate index to the industry of the people. Basing my calculations on the latest available statistics, the following figures are approximately correct: Value of exports per annum per capita of population in the Philippines $5, in Ceylon $8.50, in Porto Rico $12, in Sierra Leone $19, in the British West Indies $20, in Mauritius $24, in Java $25, in British Guiana $30, in the Federated Malay States $44.

It is seen from the above figures, which disclose the economic efficiency of nine tropical areas dependent on one or another of the great Powers, that the Philippines are in a very low stage of economic development. The inference might naturally be drawn that the Philippine people are less able to direct their political and administrative affairs than are the inhabitants of any of the colonies included in the comparison; and such an inference would, in fact, be correct. But this view has not commended itself to the United States; and in a country which is poorer, chiefly from lack of industry in the people, than almost any other tropical country not under purely native rule, inhabited by people certainly not more intelligent than those of the other tropical dependencies referred to above, there has been established a government more expensive than any other colonial government in the tropics, and much more dependent for its efficiency on the coöperation of the natives.

Broadly speaking, the American policy in regard to the control and development of the Philippines is the exact opposite of that adopted by every other nation, in that political development has been taken as the standard of attainment instead of industrial development, in opposition to the universal experience of mankind, that the latter has always preceded the former.

It may be true that it has been advisable from the standpoint of American home politics to place the cart before the horse in this manner, but the consequences will be disastrous to the welfare of the Islands. Lord Curzon, in a recent speech on Indian affairs, has put the matter in a nutshell: "I do not think," he said, "that the salvation of India is to be sought on the field of politics at the pre-

sent stage of her development; and it is not my conception of statesmanship to earn a cheap applause by offering so-called boons for which the country is not ready, and for which my successors, and not I, would have to pay the price."

I propose now to compare the structure of the Philippine government with that of some of the British colonies and dependencies in the Far East. The government of the Philippine Islands rests with the following bodies,— the Municipal Councils, the Provincial Governments, the Philippine Commission, and the Congress of the United States. The Philippine Municipality corresponds to the New England township, and there are in the Islands 623 municipalities, and in connection with them about 3600 presidents, secretaries, treasurers, and clerks, and about 8000 councilors. All the municipal officials are elected by the people; and any male person of twenty-three years or over, having six months' residence in the municipality, may vote, provided he held prior to August 13, 1898, any one of certain offices under the Spaniards, or owns five hundred pesos' worth of real estate, or pays thirty pesos or more in taxes, or speaks, reads, and writes English or Spanish.

The Philippine Municipality is simply an advanced type of the village government in Burma, Indo-China, and other Eastern countries, and represents an adjustment to the new conditions of the old Spanish municipal organization. These municipalities would be admirably suited to the needs of the country if the people possessed any political capacity, for, in theory, they raise and disburse money locally for local purposes connected with the daily life of the natives. But the account given of their work in the Philippine Commission's Report for 1903 is most discouraging. The Hon. William H. Taft, writing as Civil Governor, says: "By law the council of a municipality is obliged to devote a certain part of the income of the towns to schools, but in too many instances it has developed that, in the anxiety to secure his own salary, the president has induced the council and the municipal treasurer to appropriate from what are properly school funds to pay the salaries of municipal officials. The truth is that the municipal governments have not been as satisfactory in their operations as could be wished. By the misuse of the school funds, already referred to, the native school teachers have been compelled to go without their salaries. The municipal police have also gone unpaid, and in many instances had not been made efficient because they were used as the personal servants of the municipal presidents."

It is when we turn to the provincial governments in the Philippines that we find the first radical and important difference between American methods and those of other countries. Under the Provincial Government Act provision is made for the formation of provincial boards consisting of a provincial governor, elected for a two years' term by the municipal councilors of the province in joint convention, and the provincial supervisor, and the provincial treasurer, appointed by the Philippine Commission. At the present time there are forty provincial governments in the Islands. The principal duties of these governments are to levy taxes within certain limitations, to collect all taxes due in the province, whether on account of municipal, provincial, or insular levy, to direct the provincial public works, and to supervise the municipal administration.

It is clear that the provincial government affords no real representation of the people, since two out of the three members of the provincial board are appointed by the Commission; and in this respect the provincial government embodies the central principle of crown colony government, namely, that the control of affairs rests with appointed, and not with elected officials. But while the system, owing to its non-representative character, does nothing toward educating the people in self-government, it sacrifices the

two great advantages of crown colony government, for the element of personal influence is lost where a biennial election regulates the office of governor, and the administrative authority is weakened when it resides in an official trinity instead of in the person of one man. There is thus change where permanence is most needed, and division of power where efficiency is best promoted by its concentration.

The existence of the provincial governments cannot be defended on political grounds, for they possess no political attributes; and in so far as they are administrative machines they perform functions which could be more efficiently and more economically discharged by a single government official with powers similar to those of a deputy-commissioner in Burma. The difference between the duties performed by that official and those of the provincial boards in the Philippines lies in two points only. The deputy-commissioner is vested with judicial and magisterial powers, neither of which pertain to the provincial boards; and in regard to public works, he is relieved by the Public Works Department of the general government of such duties as fall in that matter to the provincial boards. In each respect the advantage lies with the Burmese system.

In a country in a stage of development as low as that of the Philippines or Burma, where the political and administrative capacity of the people, if it can ever reach a useful proportion, must take many generations to develop, the addition of magisterial and judicial powers to the authority of the administrator facilitates the work of government by simplifying the settlement of small civil disputes and the punishment of lesser crime, and serves a most useful purpose by bringing the chief official in charge of each district into close touch with the daily affairs of the people. As all the judicial and magisterial acts of the deputy-commissioner are subject to the review of his administrative superiors, and may be made the subject of appeal to the higher courts, there is little danger of an abuse of power. In the matter of public works it is obvious that the central government, from its wider knowledge of the general plans for the opening up of the country and from the greater resources at its command, is better able than a provincial board to control and direct public works in conformity with some scheme of development laid down by a body of experts which the provincial governments could not afford to employ.

But it is in the higher branches of the administration that the structure of the Philippine Government exhibits its greatest weakness and its sharpest contrast to other dependent tropical governments. It is a universally recognized trait of tropical peoples that they yield their truest loyalty and their best aid in governmental matters when there is at the head of affairs one man in supreme power, whether he be King, Sultan, or Governor. This characteristic, so far from being due to the growth of white domination, is the product of uncounted centuries of native development, before white men ever came into contact with the native governments; and in attempting to build a tropical government on the theory that so-called "popular" institutions can ever recommend themselves as an ideal to the natives of a tropical country, the fact is overlooked or ignored that, in the thousands of years during which the natives of the tropics were left to themselves, to develop whatever political institutions appeared best suited to them, there was never established a single government which was not purely autocratic in character.

When we attempt to force democratic institutions or corporate government upon tropical peoples we simply assume, without any warrant whatever, that we know better than they do what form of government is best for them. Now not only does the government of the Philippines by a Commission violate the very first principle of successful administration in the tropics by dividing into seven

parts the prestige and authority which the natives expect and desire to find in one man; but, owing to the dependence of the Commission upon a Legislature thousands of miles away, already overburdened with its own affairs, and composed of men who, however able they may be, have neither the time nor the opportunity of gaining any first-hand information in regard to problems of tropical administration, that confidence which should exist between a people and their government is noticeably lacking in the Philippines, where it is perfectly well understood by all intelligent people that the Commission governs the Islands only in so far as it is allowed to do so by Congress.

Shorn of any real authority to determine independently the measures best suited to the needs of the Islands, compelled to legislate with one eye on the American public and the other on Congress, driven to adopt an apologetic tone in regard to all measures which are likely to arouse public sentiment in the States, the Philippine Commission can neither command the respect of the people nor carry on its own work according to the plain needs of the situation. It has been stated very frequently that as a matter of fact Congress has sanctioned every Act submitted to it by the Philippine Commission. This is perfectly true; but it is not due to Congress adjusting its mind to Philippine legislation, but to the Philippine Commission adjusting its legislation to the mind of Congress.

It is not easy to discern the motives which led to the adoption of a Commission as the governing power in the Philippines. In Cuba General Leonard Wood, as a one-man government, had achieved one of the most brilliant administrative feats of which the history of white rule in the tropics bears record. It was a piece of work which can only be appreciated at its true value by those who are familiar with the extraordinary difficulties with which General Wood was confronted — difficulties immeasurably greater than those which have been encountered in the Philippines — and with the statesmanlike manner in which they were met and overcome.

With this striking success before it, it is difficult to understand why the Government of the United States should have afflicted the Philippine Islands with a government which, in its structure, violates every principle that led to such excellent results in Cuba.

The Reports of the Philippine Commission show very clearly the evil effects which result from the Congressional control over Philippine affairs. I select two typical instances, — one affecting the relations between the Islands and the United States, the other referring to a question of local internal policy. In the Commission's Report for 1901 occurs the following passage: "If Congress reduce by fifty per cent the United States duty on tobacco, hemp, and sugar . . . such generosity would much strengthen the bonds between the Filipino and American people, and it is earnestly recommended." In their Report dated November 20, 1902, the Commissioners say: "We respectfully urge the reduction of at least seventy-five per cent of the Dingley rate of duties upon goods imported into the United States from the Philippine Islands." Finally, on December 23, 1903, the Commission recommends that Congress enact "legislation which shall reduce the tariff on sugar and tobacco imported from the Philippine Islands to not more than twenty-five per cent of the present Dingley rates on tobacco and sugar imported from foreign countries." Notwithstanding these repeated appeals on a matter of the most vital importance to the Islands, Congress has neglected to relieve Philippine commerce of its most oppressive burden.

One of the most serious obstacles to the development of the Philippine Islands is the law passed by Congress in 1902 limiting the area of public land which may be sold to a corporation to 2500 acres. With a limit of this kind it is impossible to

attract capital for investment in agricultural enterprises, for, with the disadvantages of the country in the matter of transportation facilities and labor supply, it is only by operating on a large scale that any one can hope to secure a fair interest on his investment. The Commission has clearly recognized the necessity of greatly increasing the area of land that may be sold to corporations; and in their Report of November, 1902, and again in their Report of 1903, the Commissioners urge that the maximum be raised to 25,000 acres. This has not been done, and the facts represent a pernicious interference in a matter which is of purely local interest, which should be left to the discretion of those on the spot who are familiar with the local conditions.

The question of the authority of Congress to control the affairs of the Philippine Islands, and the use to which that authority is put, bring me to the last point I am able to discuss in this article in regard to the structure of the Philippine Government. The reference of every Act of the Commission back to Congress is in itself a serious defect in the Philippine Government, for it hampers the Commission in its legislative work by introducing considerations other than those which relate to the simple need or efficacy of any particular measure; but the fact that Congress directs legislation affecting many of the internal affairs of the Islands is a much greater evil.

The practice of other nations is radically different in this respect from that of the United States. I may take a British tropical colony as a typical instance. In the Straits Settlements, for example, all measures for the government and administration of the Colony are passed by the Governor and his Council, and become law when approved by the Crown. This approval of the Crown is, in fact, a reference to the Colonial Office in London, the Crown always acting on the advice of its Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies. It is evident that the reference of Colonial laws to a Colonial Office rests on a principle exactly opposite to that on which they are referred to Congress, for the Colonial Office staff is made up of men who are specialists in matters of Colonial administration, and the law is thus passed upon, not by men who have no knowledge of or interest in Colonial affairs, but by men who have devoted themselves for years to the study of the very questions with which Colonial legislation is concerned. Not only does this system insure a consideration of the law from the standpoint of Colonial interests alone, but it enables the Governor to frame his laws in full security that they will be passed upon without any reference to home politics in the sovereign State.

V

An examination of the present economic condition of the Philippines discloses a number of facts of the highest importance in relation to the general questions of government and development of the Islands.

The value of merchandise exported from the Islands in the calendar year 1903 was $32,000,000, gold, as compared with an average during the five-year period 1892–96 of $22,000,000. These figures represent a substantial increase, and, if allowed to stand without analysis, they constitute a very effective reply to the widespread complaints that the Islands are in a deplorable state of commercial depression.

If, however, these figures are subjected to a close scrutiny their significance is entirely changed. With an export trade of $32,000,000 the Philippine Islands are called upon to pay $12,500,000 for the expenses of the insular government: in other words, for every $100 worth of produce exported from the Islands the general government costs $39. If to this we add $2,500,000 collected in the Islands for municipal and provincial government, the ratio of expenditure on government account to value of exports is raised to forty-six per cent.

That a country should have to pay forty-six per cent of the value of its total industrial product for the privilege of being governed is obviously absurd; and although a dependent tropical government is always expensive, from the fact that the administration is very much better than could arise naturally as a product of native activity, that of the Philippines is much more expensive than it should be.

Comparing the cost of government, on the basis adopted above, with that of five British dependencies in various parts of the tropics — Ceylon, Barbados, British Guiana, Trinidad, and the Federated Malay States — the average is twenty-seven per cent as against forty-six per cent in the Philippines.

But this does not close the comparison. In the British dependencies every charge connected with the government, whether of a civil or a military nature, is paid by the local government; in the Philippines all military expenses are paid by the United States; and the Islands do not even pay for their own police, for the 5000 scouts who do police work, as a body supplementary to the Philippine Constabulary, are on the Army pay roll. The fact is that if we add together the sums paid by the people of the Philippines and by the people of the United States in connection with the control and administration of the Philippine Islands, the total reaches a sum greater than that of the whole value of the export trade of the Islands.

The $32,000,000 worth of exports from the Philippine Islands in 1903 was made up of $22,000,000 worth of hemp, $4,000,000 worth of copra, $3,000,000 worth of sugar, and $2,000,000 worth of tobacco and cigars, leaving only $1,000,000 to cover the value of all other exports. Hemp and copra show a great increase during the past few years; tobacco and sugar a decrease, the exports of the latter having fallen from an average of 493,000,000 pounds for the five-year period 1891–95 to 188,000,000 pounds for 1903. Hemp and copra are crude products which do not require high cultivation or steady labor for their production, while sugar and tobacco need constant attention during their cultivation and the most careful treatment during their manufacture.

The growth of the Philippine export trade during the past few years is thus seen to have rested entirely on those products which are least dependent on labor conditions, and it is clear that the falling off in sugar and tobacco production, though due to some extent to other causes, is attributable chiefly to the unsatisfactory state of native labor.

The whole future of the Islands lies in the solution of the labor problem; and the outlook is not encouraging. A great deal has been written about the Filipino as a laborer, and the widest divergence of views exists as to whether he is a tolerably good workman, as tropical labor goes, or is an utterly unreliable and worthless creature as far as any development of the Islands is to rest on his efforts.

An examination of these conflicting opinions shows that, with very few exceptions, all favorable comments on Philippine labor come from the towns, the unfavorable ones from the country; and the fact is of great importance, for it lies at the root of the whole labor question in the Islands. In the towns, Philippine labor is chiefly employed by the Government, the Army, and transportation concerns, that is to say, by persons who are not engaged in producing anything for sale; and in the country districts the employment is agricultural. It is clear that the former class of employers is placed in an entirely different relation to Philippine labor from the latter class. The Government and the Army can afford to pay an absurdly high rate of wages because the money wherewith to pay the laborers is the product of taxation and not of the labor itself; the transportation concerns, like the Manila-Dagupen Railway and the transfer companies, can pay very high wages because

they can adjust their rates to meet their expenses.

But the agriculturalist is in a very different position. He is producing something for sale in the European or American market in competition with other producers of similar commodities; and any considerable rise in the rate of wages makes it impossible for him to conduct his business at a profit, for the price obtained for his product is not regulated by the labor rates of the Philippines, but by the general rate of wages in all countries producing the same class of commodities. It is clearly impossible for a sugar or tobacco grower in the Philippines, who must pay from thirty to fifty cents as daily wages for his labor, to compete successfully with the planter of Java or Sumatra, who pays from fifteen to twenty-five cents a day. The effect of the high wages paid by the non-producing employers in the Philippines has not only raised the rate for agricultural labor to an impossible figure, but it has absolutely drained the country districts of their best labor, for in the Philippines, as elsewhere, the average laborer would rather work in or near a town than in the country for the same rate of pay.

The present labor position is this, that of the total population of the Islands there may be found, perhaps, five per cent who are fairly good laborers; but these laborers have been drawn into the service of the non-producing employers by the attraction of high wages and town life, leaving in the country districts only a very small number of very poor laborers who demand a higher rate of wages than could have been obtained a few years ago by the best labor in the Islands.

The suggestion that unskilled Chinese labor should be introduced into the Islands has met with violent opposition in the United States; and native opinion in the Philippines is divided on the question. It is quite useless in this place to go into the subject on its merits, for there is no evidence in any of the documents issued by those people in the States who are opposed to the measure, that any knowledge of Chinese labor or of the Philippine Islands is considered an essential to the formulation and expression of very decided opinions on the subject.

Although the Philippine Commission officially declares against the importation of unskilled Chinese labor, two native members of the Commission and one American member assured me that they were convinced that Chinese immigration was the only hope for any development of the Islands; that they were in favor of it; but that the utter futility of expressing an official view in an opposite sense was so well appreciated that they made no stand in the matter.

That the natural resources of the Philippine Islands can never be made accessible for the use of mankind without the aid of imported labor is a simple fact which rests on the universal experience of centuries of work in the tropics; the contrary view, in so far as it rests on anything that has any bearing whatever on the welfare of the Philippine Islands, is based on a fantastic estimate of what a Filipino could do if he were something which he is not, but which, it is hoped without a shred of reason, he may some day become, — a steady - working, industrious citizen.

The probable effects of the introduction of unskilled Chinese labor are concisely presented in Professor Jenks's admirable Report to the Secretary of War, dated 1902: "It is believed that such a measure would result, with here and there an individual exception, not at all to the disadvantage of the Filipino, but in the long run decidedly to his benefit through improved business conditions in the Islands, which would furnish to him not merely a better market for his produce, but also a better opportunity for engaging in the kind of work for which he is best fitted and which most closely accords with his tastes."

In regard to the admission of skilled Chinese labor, the Philippine Commission has placed itself on record as being in

favor of its admission under proper restrictions. It is perhaps needless to add that Congress has not given the Commission the authority which it asked for in this matter.

I may illustrate the effect of Chinese exclusion in the Philippines by relating an occurrence which was described to me by one of the Philippine Commissioners. A capitalist came some time ago to Manila and approached the Commission under the following circumstances: he wished to establish at Manila a great shipbuilding and repairing industry. He wanted to build a dry dock capable of taking the largest ship afloat, and to erect an extensive plant for all kinds of marine engineering. As there are very few skilled workmen in the Philippines capable of doing the work which this man required, he asked permission to bring in several thousand Chinamen, giving a bond that he would take them out of the country after a certain time. He promised to employ a Filipino to work with each Chinaman, and to dismiss the latter and take him out of the country as soon as the Filipino was able to do the Chinaman's work.

He pointed out that at the end of a few years a great industry would have been established and some thousands of Filipinos trained as skilled mechanics.

He was informed that the law would not allow him to bring in his Chinamen; and he accordingly betook himself and his capital elsewhere.

Incredible as this appears to be, if one is asked to believe that the United States has the welfare of the Philippines at heart, it is only in keeping with the whole attitude of the Government in regard to the development of the Islands.

Since the American occupation many hundreds of people have been to the Philippines, anxious to invest capital there in mining, timber, or other industries. To-day there are not half-a-dozen such persons to be found in the Islands. They have been driven away either by the existence of laws which, to use the expression of the Philippine Commission itself, are "practically prohibitory upon such enterprises," or else by the cry that in seeking to invest capital in the Islands and give employment to such Filipinos as care to work they are trying to exploit the Islands.

The question is a very much wider one than the mere development of the Islands. It amounts practically to this, that unless foreign capital is encouraged to come to the country to build up industries, one of two things must happen: either the whole scale of government expenditure must be cut down until the cost of administration is somewhere near the capacity of the natives in their present state of industry to pay, or else a considerable proportion of the cost of government must be borne by the United States, for it is impossible for the country to continue to bear the rate of taxation which it is now called on to support unless a great increase takes place in the industrial output of the Islands.

One may argue round and round a situation of this kind and predict all manner of evil from the introduction of a thrifty and hard-working population, and all manner of good from the imminent translation of the Filipino, through education, into a sturdy, industrious person, but nothing can obscure the fact that if the Filipino is to be given good government some one must pay for it, and that there are no indications whatever that under the present policy the Islands can find the money under any system of taxation which stops short of extortion.

From the standpoint of an investigator who desires to inform himself accurately of the condition of the Philippines and of their government the Reports of the Philippine Commission, on which he must depend for much of his information, are in some respects most unsatisfactory. The Report for 1903 covers about 3000 pages. It does not contain any general itemized statement of the whole cost of the government, showing the amounts spent on Public Works, and other important items of expenditure. There is,

indeed, a "Recapitulation of Disbursements," but even after one has reduced its various items to a common currency (some being given in United States currency, some in Mexican), and added together the disbursements on account of the fiscal year 1903 and those on account of previous fiscal years (which are given separately), very little is disclosed as to the real nature of the expenditure.

If one refers back to the original tables on which the Recapitulation is based, it is only to be confronted with a four-column statement in two currencies, and to find that an unexplained item, "Contingent Expenses," conceals everything which the student is most anxious to discover. For instance, under the heading "U. S. Philippine Commission" (Report for 1903, part 3, page 431), it is seen that $21,067 United States currency and $189,924 Mexican currency were disbursed in 1903 on account of the fiscal year 1903, and $26,-184 United States currency and $156 Mexican currency on account of prior fiscal years, or a total of $47,251 United States currency and $190,080 Mexican currency. But of these sums no less than $24,096 United States currency and $60,-022 Mexican currency are lumped under the heading "Contingent Expenses."

On the following page of the Report, under the heading "Bureau of the Insular Treasurer," the total expenditure appears as $26,338 United States currency and $229,795 Mexican currency, and of these sums $25,253 United States currency and $103,623 Mexican currency have no other explanation than "Contingent Expenses." This continues through the whole of the financial statement, and reduces the Report in this matter to a mere burlesque of an account of the government expenditures.

I cannot go into the character of the Reports at greater length at present; suffice it to say that in a long familiarity with the Reports of many governments I have never seen one which says so much and tells so little as that of the Auditor of the Philippine Islands.

VI

Before passing to the concluding section of this article I wish to say a word about the excellent work which is being done in the Philippines by the scientific departments of the administration.

No colonial government of which I have any knowledge is better served than that of the Philippine Islands in the matter of the public health; and the greatest credit is due to Major E. C. Carter, the Commissioner of Public Health, and to his subordinates, for the admirable work they have carried out in the face of the almost incredible difficulties placed in their way by the ingrained objection of the natives to all sanitary measures.

It is true that much remains to be done before the Islands can be considered as even moderately equipped in the matter of hospitals, water-supply, and a staff of district medical officers; and it seems a pity that some of the lavish expenditure on education should not have been diverted to those most essential needs of a tropical country; but with the means at its disposal the Public Health Department has done excellent work.

The same may be said of the Bureaus of Mining, Forestry, Agriculture, Government Laboratories, and of the Ethnological Survey, which are performing excellent service in their several spheres of activity.

The only criticism which can be made of these Bureaus is that their efforts can be of little practical use to the Islands unless the policy of the Government in regard to the development of the Islands is radically changed, and an industrial activity arises which will be fostered and aided by their work.

Although the departmental heads on the Commission are grossly overburdened with work, owing to the faulty structure of the Government, the office of the Executive Secretary is perhaps more deplorably rushed than that of any other official of the administration, and I cannot withhold the expression of my appreciation of

the abilities of the Executive Secretary, Mr. A. W. Fergusson, without whose extraordinary energy and complete mastery of the Spanish language it is difficult to see how the administration could have carried on its work during the early stages of its existence.

VII

If a disinterested critic of political and administrative measures confines himself to a destructive analysis of his material, he lays himself open to the charge of having accomplished an easy, useless, and offensive task; if, on the other hand, he proceeds to a constructive review of his facts he may scarcely hope to avoid the appearance of assuming an unwarrantable authority in affairs which concern him only as an observer.

It appears to me that it is the duty of the critic to accept the latter alternative; for, although no purely destructive criticism, however well founded, however well expressed, can serve any useful purpose, constructive criticism possesses this pleasing characteristic, that, even in its most mediocre form, it may contain the germ of improvement.

Whilst claiming no greater authority for my opinion than is commonly accorded to any one who has spent a number of years in the close study of any subject, I venture to add the following paragraphs as a proper sequel to what has gone before.

With the destruction of the Spanish authority in the Philippine Islands the responsibility for the protection of the Islands and for the establishment of a stable internal government devolved upon the United States.

That neither of these responsibilities could have been discharged by handing over the Islands to Aguinaldo and his masters is perfectly clear to almost everybody who has the most ordinary familiarity with Far Eastern affairs in general, and with the conditions of the Philippines in particular.

The only kind of government which Aguinaldo could have established would have been a military despotism masquerading under the guise of a republic; and for a large proportion of the population it would have been as much a foreign domination as the government of the Islands by the United States. That such a government would have been corrupt and inefficient, notwithstanding the presence of a small number of brilliant and well-educated men, can scarcely be doubted in view of what is now known of the political capacity of the Philippine people.

The significance of this lies not in the disorder and suffering which would have followed the establishment of a purely native government, but in the fact that the certain failure to protect foreign interests in the Islands would have involved the Government in disputes with the great Powers, which would have made it impossible to maintain the territorial integrity of the republic.

It has been suggested that this danger could have been overcome by the assumption by the United States of a protectorate over the Islands. But if the protectorate was to mean anything beyond an impossible guarantee of irresponsibility for the acts of the republic, whether or not they involved serious breaches of international law, it would have to mean that the United States should enjoy, in return for its own assumption of the responsibility, so large a measure of control as would assure the avoidance of international complications; but this would raise the protectorate as a mere guarantee of territorial integrity into a protectorate of internal control, and the object of giving the Filipinos the effective management of their own affairs would be defeated.

The demand which has been made in some quarters in the United States for immediate Philippine independence is based upon several serious misconceptions, easily accounted for in the case of persons who are prepared to decide the fate of a country without any first-hand knowledge of it or of its inhabitants.

It has been assumed that the people of the Philippine Islands, as a whole, desired independence at the time of Aguinaldo's insurrection, and that they still desire it. This is not the case. Ninety-five per cent of the people of the Islands have never had the smallest wish for independence, and the fact that they fought under leaders who used "Independence" for their battle cry simply means that the small body of men who engineered the revolution exercised over the mass of the people that control which in the circumstances led to the creation of an army, and would have led in the event of success to the establishment of a despotic rule based upon the immemorial habit of the tropical native to do what he is told by his own native bosses.

The cry of "Independence" which was raised in the Islands after Aguinaldo landed in 1898 was largely of American manufacture, and it rests to-day on an American propaganda. I was unable to find that it had any hold whatever upon the people at large, and it appears to be confined to a small number of persons who are as representative of the Filipino people at large as the occasional man who would make the United States a monarchy, or the United Kingdom a republic, is representative of American and British sentiment.

In regard to the fitness of the Filipinos for self-government there appears to be an opinion in some quarters, if I may judge from the mass of material which has passed under my hand, that because the Islands have produced, entirely through foreign influence and education, a few men of high intellectual capacity, and because many of the native employees of the Insular Government show themselves capable of good work under American direction, the element thus known to exist could carry on a government if left to itself.

Nothing could be farther from a true interpretation of the facts. Efficient government does not rest upon intellect but upon character, and it is in the high qualities of responsibility, unselfish devotion to the common interest, and executive ability that the Filipino is most lamentably deficient.

Writing without any reference to the attitude of political parties in the United States, the measures which appear to me to be immediately necessary to insure the welfare of the Philippines are these: —

1. The free entry of all Philippine products into the United States.

2. The importation into the Islands, under proper restrictions and safeguards, of such numbers of Chinese and Japanese skilled and unskilled laborers as may be desired by the Government or by responsible private parties.

3. The opening up of the country by means of good roads.

4. The encouragement of American capital by granting liberal terms to miners, planters, and others willing to invest their money in industrial enterprises.

5. The abolition of the Philippine Commission and the Provincial Governments, and the substitution in their place of a Governor-General, who, with the aid of an appointed council composed of Americans and Filipinos, should be empowered to legislate for all the internal affairs of the Islands, subject to the veto of some authority in the United States.

6. The creation of an Insular Office in Washington, which should be run on non-political lines similar to those of the Army and Navy Departments.

7. The transference of the control of all public works, except such as fall to the municipalities, to the Insular Government.

Nature has done all she can to make the Philippine Islands one of the most fertile spots in the world, one full of the richest possibilities. Until their natural resources are developed, until a healthy activity takes the place of the prevailing lethargy of their people, the Islands can never hope to have any political growth.

It is impossible to confer independence on a people as one would present them

with a public library or a drinking fountain. If the ground is not prepared, if the people are not fit for self-government, the gift of independence simply means the handing over of the country to the despotic rule of a small coterie of picked men, who, from their foreign education and training and their race identity with the natives, would find it easy to establish an ascendency over the masses, which would keep them in a state of political and economic slavery.

Whatever the future may hold for the Filipinos, it is certain that to-day they have scarcely taken the first step on that long road of industry and self-discipline which alone leads to a sane and wholesome national life.

COUNTRY LIFE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

"COUNTRY LIFE" was the opening lecture of a course given by Mr. Emerson at the Freeman Place Chapel in Boston, in March, 1858. It was followed by "Works and Days" (printed in *Society and Solitude*), "Powers of the Mind," "Natural Method of Mental Philosophy," "Memory" (the matter of these three mostly now found in *Natural History of Intellect*), and "Self-Possession." "Concord Walks," which will be printed in connection with "Country Life" in the last volume of the Centenary Edition of Mr. Emerson's works, was originally a part of the lecture, as given by him to his neighbors in the village Lyceum. — EDWARD W. EMERSON.

The Teutonic race have been marked in all ages by a trait which has received the name of Earth-hunger, a love of possessing land. It is not less visible in that branch of the family which inhabits America. Nor is it confined to farmers, speculators, and filibusters, or conquerors. The land, the care of land, seems to be the calling of the people of this new country, of those, at least, who have not some decided bias, driving them to a particular craft, as a born sailor or machinist. The capable and generous, let them spend their talent on the land. Plant it, adorn it, study it, — it will develop in the cultivator the talent it requires.

The avarice of real estate, native to us all, covers instincts of great generosity, namely, all that is called the love of nature, comprising the largest use and the whole beauty of a farm or landed estate. Travel and walking have this apology, that nature has impressed on savage men periodical or secular impulses to emigrate, as upon lemmings, rats and birds. The Indians go in summer to the coast for fishing; in winter, to the woods. The nomads wander over vast territory, to find their pasture. Other impulses hold us to other habits. As the increasing population finds new values in the ground, the nomad life is given up for settled homes. But the necessity of exercise and the nomadic instinct are always stirring the wish to travel, and in the spring and summer it commonly gets the victory. Chaucer notes of the month of April,

> Than longen folk to goon on pilgrymages,
> And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,
> To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes.

And, in the country, nature is always inviting to the compromise of walking as soon as we are released from severe labor. Linnæus, early in life, read a discourse at the University of Upsala *On the necessity of travelling in one's own country*, based on the conviction that nature was inexhaust-

ibly rich, and that in every district were swamps, or beaches, or rocks, or mountains, which were now nuisances, but, if explored, and turned to account, were capable of yielding immense benefit. At Upsala, therefore, he instituted what were called *herborizations:* he summoned his class to go with him on excursions on foot into the country, to collect plants, and insects, birds, and eggs. These parties started at seven in the morning, and stayed out till nine in the evening; the Professor was generally attended by two hundred students, and, when they returned, they marched through the streets of Upsala in a festive procession, with flowers in their hats, to the music of drums and trumpets, and with loads of natural productions collected on the way.

Let me remind you what this walker found in his walks. He went into Oland, and found that the farms on the shore were perpetually encroached on by the sea, and ruined by blowing sand. He discovered that the *arundo arenaris*, or beach grass, had long firm roots, and he taught them to plant it for the protection of their shores. In Tornea, he found the people suffering every spring from the loss of their cattle, which died by some frightful distemper, to the number of fifty or a hundred in a year. Linnæus walked out to examine the meadow into which they were first turned out to grass, and found it a bog, where the water-hemlock grew in abundance, and had evidently been cropped plentifully by the animals in feeding. He found the plant also dried in their cut hay. He showed them that the whole evil might be prevented by employing a woman for a month to eradicate the noxious plants. When the shipyards were infested with rot, Linnæus was sent to provide some remedy. He studied the insects that infested the timber, and found that they laid their eggs in the logs within certain days in April, and he directed that during ten days, at that time of the year, the logs should be immersed under the water, which being done, the timber was found to be uninjured.

He found that the gout, to which he was subject, was cured by wood-strawberries. He had other remedies. When Kalm returned from America, Linnæus was laid up with severe gout. But the joy in his return, and the curiosity to see his plants, restored him instantly, and he found an old friend as good as the treatment by wood-strawberries. He learned the secret of making pearls in the river-pearl mussel. He found out that a terrible distemper which sometimes proves fatal in the North of Europe, was occasioned by an animalcule, which he called *Furia infernalis*, which falls from the air on the face, or hand, or other uncovered part, burrows into it, multiplies, and kills the sufferer. By timely attention, it is easily extracted.

He examined eight thousand plants; and examined fishes, insects, birds, quadrupeds; and distributed the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. And if, instead of running about in the hotels and theatres of Europe, we would manlike see what grows, or might grow, in Massachusetts, stock its gardens, drain its bogs, plant its miles and miles of barren waste with oak and pine; and following what is usually the natural suggestion of these pursuits, ponder the moral secrets which, in her solitudes, Nature has to whisper to us, we were better patriots and happier men.

We have the finest climate in the world, for this purpose, in Massachusetts. If we have coarse days, and dogdays, and white days, and days that are like ice-blinks, we have also yellow days, and crystal days, — days which are neither hot nor cold, but the perfection of temperature. New England has a good climate,— yet, in choosing a farm, we like a Southern exposure, whilst Massachusetts, it must be owned, is on the Northern slope, towards the Arctic circle, and the Pole. Our climate is a series of surprises, and among our many prognostics of the weather, the only trustworthy one that I know is, that, when it is warm, it is a sign that it is going to be cold. The climate needs, therefore, to be corrected by

a little anthracite coal, — a little coal indoors, during much of the year, and thick coats and shoes must be recommended to walkers. I own I prefer the solar to the polar climates. "I have no enthusiasm for nature," said a French writer, "which the slightest chill will not instantly destroy."

But we cannot overpraise the comfort and the beauty of the climate in the best days of the year. In summer, we have for weeks a sky of Calcutta, yielding the richest growth, maturing plants which require strongest sunshine, and scores of days when the heat is so rich, and yet so tempered, that it is delicious to live.

The importance to the intellect of exposing the body and brain to the fine mineral and imponderable agents of the air makes the chief interest in the subject. "So exquisite is the structure of the cortical glands," said the old physiologist Malpighi, "that when the atmosphere is ever so slightly vitiated or altered, the brain is the first part to sympathize and to undergo a change of state." We are very sensible of this, when, in midsummer, we go to the seashore, or to mountains, or when, after much confinement to the house, we go abroad into the landscape, with any leisure to attend to its soothing and expanding influences. The power of the air was the first explanation offered by the early philosophers of the mutual understanding that men have. "The air," said Anaximenes, "is the soul, and the essence of life. By breathing it, we become intelligent, and, because we breathe the same air, understand one another." Plutarch thought it contained the knowledge of the future. "If it be true, that souls are naturally endowed with the faculty of prediction, and that the chief cause that excites that faculty is a certain temperature of air and winds," etc. Even Lord Bacon said, "The Stars inject their imagination or influence into the air."

The air that we breathe is an exhalation of all the solid material of the globe. . . . It is the last finish of the work of the Creator. We might say, the Rock of Ages dissolves himself into the mineral air to build up their mystic constitution of man's mind and body.

Walking has the best value as gymnastics for the mind. "You shall never break down in a speech," said Sydney Smith, "on the day on which you have walked twelve miles." In the English universities, the reading men are daily performing their punctual training in the boat-clubs, or a long gallop of many miles in the saddle, or taking their famed "constitutionals," walks of eight and ten miles. "Walking," said Rousseau, "has something which animates and vivifies my ideas." And Plato said of exercise, that, "it would almost cure a guilty conscience." "For the living out of doors, and simple fare, and gymnastic exercises, and the morals of companions, produce the greatest effect on the way of virtue and of vice."

Few men know how to take a walk. The qualifications of a professor are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. If a man tells me that he has an intense love of nature, I know, of course, that he has none. Good observers have the manners of trees and animals, their patient good sense, and if they add words, 't is only when words are better than silence. But a loud singer, or a story-teller, or a vain talker profanes the river and the forest, and is nothing like so good company as a dog.

There is also an effect on beauty. . . . De Quincey said, "I have seen Wordsworth's eyes sometimes affected powerfully in this respect. His eyes are not under any circumstances bright, lustrous, or piercing, but, after a long day's toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear. The light which resides in them is at no time a superficial light, but, under favorable accidents, it is a light which seems to come from depths below all depths; in fact, it is more truly entitled to

be held 'the light that never was on land or sea,' a light radiating from some far spiritual world, than any that can be named." But De Quincey prefixes to this description of Wordsworth a little piece of advice, which I wonder has not attracted more attention. "The depth and subtlety of the eyes varies exceedingly with the state of the stomach, and, if young ladies were aware of the magical transformations which can be wrought in the depth and sweetness of the eye, by a few weeks' exercise, I fancy we should see their habits in this point altered greatly for the better."

For walking, you must have a broken country. In Illinois, everybody rides. There is no good walk in that State. The reason is, a square yard of it is as good as a hundred miles. You can distinguish from the cows a horse feeding, at the distance of five miles, with the naked eye. Hence, you have the monotony of Holland, and when you step out of the door, can see all that you will have seen when you come home. In Massachusetts, our land is agreeably broken, and is permeable like a park, and not like some towns in the more broken country of New Hampshire, built on three or four hills having each one side at forty-five degrees, and the other side perpendicular: so that if you go a mile, you have only the choice whether you will climb the hill on your way out, or on your way back. The more reason we have to be content with the felicity of our slopes in Massachusetts, undulating, rocky, broken and surprising, but without this alpine inconveniency. Twenty years ago in Northern Wisconsin the pinery was composed of trees so big, and so many of them, that it was impossible to walk in the country, and the traveller had nothing for it, but to wade in the streams. One more inconveniency, I remember, they showed me in Illinois, that, in the bottom lands, the grass was fourteen feet high. We may well enumerate what compensating advantages we have over that country, for 't is a commonplace, which I have frequently heard spoken in Illinois, that it was a manifest leading of the Divine Providence, that the New England States should have been first settled before the western country was known, or they would never have been settled at all.

The privilege of the countryman is the culture of the land, the laying out of grounds and gardens, the orchard, and the forest. The Rosaceous tribe in botany, including the apple, pear, peach and cherry, are coeval with man. The apple is our national fruit. In October, the country is covered with its ornamental harvests. The American sun paints itself in these glowing balls amid the green leaves, — the social fruit, in which Nature has deposited every possible flavor; whole zones and climates she has concentrated into apples. I am afraid you do not understand values. Look over the fence at the farmer who stands there. He makes every cloud in the sky, and every beam of the sun, serve him. His trees are full of brandy. He saves every drop of sap, as if it were wine. A few years ago, those trees were whipsticks. Now, every one of them is worth a hundred dollars. Observe their form; not a branch nor a twig is to spare. They look as if they were arms and fingers, holding out to you balls of fire and gold. One tree yields the rent of an acre of land. Yonder pear has every property which should belong to a tree. It is hardy, and almost immortal. It accepts every species of nourishment, and yet could live, like an Arab, on air and water. It grows like the ash Ygdrasil. It seems to me much that I have brought a skilful chemist into my ground, and keep him there overnight, all day, all summer, for an art he has, out of all kinds of refuse rubbish, to manufacture Virgaliens, Bergamots, and Seckels, in a manner which no confectioner can approach; and his method of working is no less beautiful than the result.

In old towns, there are always certain paradises known to the pedestrian, old and deserted farms, where the neglected orchard has been left to itself, and whilst

some of its trees decay, the hardier have held their own. I know a whole district, Estabrook Farm, made up of wide straggling orchards, where the apple-trees strive with and hold their ground against the native forest trees: the apple growing with profusion that mocks the pains taken by careful cockneys, who come out into the country, plant young trees, and watch them dwindling. Here, no hedges are wanted; the wide distance from any population is fence enough: the fence is a mile wide. Here are varieties of apple not found in Downing or Loudon. The "Tartaric" variety, and "Cow apple," and the "Bite me if you dare," the "Beware of this." Apples of a kind which I remember in boyhood, each containing a barrel of wind and half a barrel of cider. But there was a contest between the old orchard and the invading forest trees, for the possession of the ground, of the whites against the Pequots, and if the handsome savages win, we shall not be losers.[1] . . .

According to the common estimate of farmers, the woodlot yields its gentle rent of six per cent, without any care or thought, when the owner sleeps or travels, and it is subject to no enemy but fire. Evelyn quotes Lord Caernavon's saying, "Wood is an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts." Lord Abercorn, when some one praised the rapid growth of his trees, replied, "Sir, they have nothing else to do."

When Nero advertised for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'T is one of the secrets for dodging old age. For Nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. Then I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will. A man in that predicament, if he stands before a mirror, or among young people, is made quite too sensible of the fact; but the forest awakes in him the same feeling it did when he was a boy, and he may draw a moral from the fact that 't is the old trees that have all the beauty and grandeur. I admire the taste which makes the avenue to a house, were the house never so small, through a wood; besides the beauty, it has a positive effect on manners, as it disposes the mind of the inhabitant and of his guests to the deference due to each. Some English reformers[2] thought the cattle made all this wide space necessary between house and house, and that, if there were no cows to pasture, less land would suffice. But a cow does not need so much land as the owner's eyes require between him and his neighbor.

Our Aryan progenitors in Asia celebrated the winds as the conveying Maruts, "traversers of places difficult of access. Stable is their birthplace in the sky, but they are agitators of heaven and earth, who shake all around like the top of a tree. Because they drive the clouds, they have harnessed the spotted deer to their chariot; they are coming with weapons, war-cries, and decorations. I hear the cracking of the whips in their hands. I praise their sportive resistless strength. They are the generators of speech. They drive before them in their course the long, vast, uninjurable, rain-retaining cloud. Wherever they pass, they fill the way with clamor. Every one hears their noise. The lightning roars like a parent cow that bellows for its calf, and the rain is set free by the Maruts. Maruts, as you have vigor, invigorate mankind! Aswins (Waters), long-armed, good-looking Aswins! bearers of wealth, guides of men, harness your car! Ambrosia is in you, in you are medicinal herbs." The Hindoos called fire Agni, born in the woods, bearer of oblations, smoke-bannered and light-shedding, lord of red coursers; the guest of

[1] Here followed the passage about trees which appears in "The Address at the Consecration of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery" printed in the *Miscellanies* (Centenary Edition).

[2] These were Mr. Lane and Mr. Wright, the companions of Mr. Alcott in the unsuccessful Fruitlands Community at Harvard, Mass. Oxen and cows were dispensed with there, on the ground that it was wrong to enslave these animals, rob the calf of his food and the creatures of their lives; also the defiling of the ground with manure seemed offensive.

man; protector of people in villages; the sacrificer visible to all, thousand-eyed, all-beholding, of graceful form, and whose countenance is turned on all sides.

What uses that we know belong to the forest, and what countless uses that we know not! How an Indian helps himself with fibre of milkweed, or withe-bush, or wild hemp, or root of spruce, black or white, for strings; making his bow of hickory, birch, or even a fir-bough, at a pinch; hemlock bark for his roof, hair-moss or fern for his bed. He goes to a white birch-tree, and can fit his leg with a seamless boot, or a hat for his head. He can draw sugar from the maple, food and antidotes from a hundred plants. He knows his way in a straight line from watercourse to watercourse, and you cannot lose him in the woods. He consults by way of natural compass, when he travels: (1) large pine-trees, which bear more numerous branches on their southern side; (2) ant-hills, which have grass on their south and whortle-berries on the north; (3) aspens, whose bark is rough on the north, and smooth on the south side. All his knowledge is for use, and it only appears in use, whilst white men have theirs also for talking purposes.

I am a very indifferent botanist, but I admire that perennial four-petalled flower, which has one grey petal, one green, one red, and one white. I think sometimes how many days could Methuselah go out and find something new. In January the new snow has changed the woods so that he does not know them; has built sudden cathedrals in a night. In the familiar forest he finds Norway and Russia in the masses of overloading snow which break all that they cannot bend. In March, the thaw, and the sounding of the south wind, and the splendor of the icicles. On the pond there is a cannonade of a hundred guns, but it is not in honor of election of any President. He went forth again after the rain; in the cold swamp, the buds were swollen, the *ictodes* prepares its flower, and the mallows and mouse-ear. The mallows the Greeks held sacred as giving the first sign of the sympathy of the earth with the celestial influences. The next day the hylas were piping in every pool, and a new activity among the hardy birds, the premature arrival of the bluebird, and the first northward flight of the geese, who cannot keep their joy to themselves, and fly low over the farms. In May, the bursting of the leaf, — the oak and maple are red with the same colors on the new leaf which they will resume in Autumn when it is ripe. In June the miracle works faster,[1] —

> "Painting with white and red the moors
> To draw the nations out of doors."

Man feels the blood of thousands in his body, and pumps the sap of all this forest through his arteries, the loquacity of all birds in the morning; and the immensity of life seems to make the world deep and wide. In August when the corn is grown to be a resort and protection to woodcocks and small birds, and when the leaves whisper to each other in the wind, we observe already that the leaf is sere, that a change has passed on the landscape. The world has nothing to offer more rich or entertaining than the days which October always brings us, when, after the first frosts, a steady shower of gold falls in the strong southwind from the chestnuts, maples and hickories: all the trees are windharps, filling the air with music; and all men become poets, and walk to the measure of rhymes they make or remember. The dullest churl begins to quaver. The forest in its coat of many colors reflects its varied splendor through the softest haze. The witch-hazel blooms to mark the last hour arrived, and that nature has played out her summer score. The dry leaves rustle so loud, as we go rummaging through them, that we can hear nothing else. The leaf in our dry climate gets fully ripe, and, like the fruit when fully ripe, acquires fine color, whilst, in Europe, the damper climate decomposes it too soon.

[1] These descriptions of the advance from Winter to Spring recall the first part of the poem *May-Day*.

But the pleasures of garden, orchard and wood must be alternated. We know the healing effect on the sick of change of air, — the action of new scenery on the mind is not less fruitful. We must remember that man is a natural nomad, and his old propensities will stir at midsummer, and send him, like an Indian, to the sea. The influence of the ocean on the love of liberty I have mentioned elsewhere. Its power on the mind in sharpening the perceptions has made the sea the famous educator of our race. The history of the world, — what is it, but the doings about the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and the Atlantic? . . .

What freedom of grace has the sea with all this might! . . . The freedom makes the observer feel as a slave. Our expression is so thin and cramped! Can we not learn here a generous eloquence? This was the lesson our starving poverty wanted. . . . At Niagara, I have noticed, that, as quick as I got out of the wetting of the Fall, all the grandeur changed into beauty. You cannot keep it grand, 't is so quickly beautiful; and the sea gave me the same experience. 'T is great and formidable, when you lie down in it, among the rocks. But, on the shore, at one rod's distance, 't is changed into a beauty as of gems and clouds. Shores in sight of each other in a warm climate, make boat-builders; and whenever we find a coast broken up into bays and harbors, we find an instant effect on the intellect and industry of the people.[1]

On the seashore the play of the Atlantic with the coast! What wealth is here! Every wave is a fortune, one thinks of Etzlers and great projectors who will yet turn all this waste strength to account: what strength and fecundity, from the sea-monsters, hugest of animals, to the primary forms of which it is the immense cradle, and the phosphorescent infusories; — it is one vast rolling bed of life, and every sparkle is a fish. What freedom and grace with all this might! The seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate to the mind that all imaginable good shall yet be realized. The sea is the chemist that dissolves the mountain and the rock; pulverises old continents, and builds new, — forever redistributing the solid matter of the globe; and performs an analogous office in perpetual new transplanting of the races of men over the surface, the Exodus of nations. We may well yield us for a time to its lessons. But the nomad instinct, as I said, persists to drive us to fresh fields and pastures new. Indeed the variety of our moods has an answering variety in the face of the world, and the sea drives us back to the hills.

Dr. Johnson said of the Scotch mountains, "The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or usefulness, dismissed by nature from her care." The poor blear-eyed doctor was no poet. Like Charles Lamb, he loved the sweet security of streets. It was said of him that "he preferred the Strand to the Garden of the Hesperides." But this is not the experience of imaginative men, nor of men with good eyes, and susceptible organizations. "For my own part," says Linnæus, "I have enjoyed good health, except a slight languor, — but as soon as I got upon the Norway Alps, I seemed to have acquired a new existence. I felt as if relieved from a heavy burden. Then, spending a few days in the low country of Norway, though without committing the least excess, my languor or heaviness returned. When I again ascended the Alps, I revived as before." And he celebrates the health and performance of the Laps as the best walkers of Europe. "Not without admiration, I have watched my two Lap companions, in my journey to Finmark, one my conductor, the other my interpreter. For after having climbed the Alps, whilst I, a youth of twenty-five years, was spent and tired, like one dead, and lay down as if to die in those ends of the world, these two old men, one fifty, one

[1] Here followed the description of the sea written by Mr. Emerson as he sat on the rocks of Pigeon Cove, which he found so metrical that it needed but a few verbal changes to become the poem *Sea-Shore*.

seventy years, running and playing like boys, felt none of the inconveniences of the road, although they were both loaded heavily enough with my baggage. I saw men more than seventy years old put their heel on their own neck, without any exertion. O holy simplicity of diet, past all praise!"[1]

But beside their sanitary and gymnastic benefit, mountains are silent poets, and a view from a cliff over a wide country undoes a good deal of prose, and re-instates us wronged men in our rights. The imagination is touched. There is some pinch and narrowness to us, and we are glad to see the world, and what amplitudes it has, of meadow, stream, upland, forest and sea, which yet are lanes and crevices to the great space in which the world shines like a cockboat in the sea.

Of the finer influences, I shall say, that they are not less positive, if they are indescribable. If you wish to know the shortcomings of poetry and language, try to reproduce the October picture to a city company, — and see what you make of it. There is somewhat finer in the sky than we have senses to appreciate. It escapes us, and yet is only just beyond our reach. Is all this beauty to perish? Where is he who is to save the perfect moment, and cause that this beauty shall not be lost? Where is he who has senses fine enough to catch the inspiration of the landscape? The mountains in the horizon acquaint us with finer relations to our friends than any we sustain.

I think 't is the best of humanity that goes out to walk. In happy hours, I think all affairs may be wisely postponed for this walking. Can you hear what the morning says to you, and believe *that?* Can you bring home the summits of Wachusett, Greylock, and the New Hampshire hills? the savin groves of Middlesex? the sedgy ripples of the old Colony ponds? the sunny shores of your own bay, and the low Indian hills of Rhode Island? the savageness of pine-woods? Can you bottle the efflux of a June noon, and bring home the tops of Uncanoonuc? The landscape is vast, complete, alive. We step about, dibble, and dot, and attempt in poor linear ways to hobble after those angelic radiations. The gulf between our seeing and our doing is a symbol of that between faith and experience. . . .

Our schools and colleges strangely neglect the general education of the eye. Every acquisition we make in the science of beauty is so sweet, that I think it is cheaply paid for by what accompanies it, of course, the prating and affectation of connoisseurship. The facts disclosed by Winkelmann, Goethe, Bell, Greenough, Ruskin, Garbett, Penrose, are joyful possessions, which we cannot spare, and which we rank close beside the disclosures of natural history. There are probably many in this audience who have tried the experiment on a hill-top, and many who have not, of bending the head so as to look at the landscape with your eyes upside down. What new softness in the picture! It changes the landscape from November into June. My companion and I remarked from the hill-top the prevailing sobriety of color, and agreed that russet was the hue of Massachusetts, but on trying this experiment of inverting the view he said, "There is the Campagna! and Italy is Massachusetts upside down." The effect is remarkable, and perhaps is not explained. An ingenious friend of mine suggested that it was because the upper part of the eye is little used, and therefore retains more susceptibility than the lower, and returns more delicate impressions.

Dr. Johnson said, "Few men know how to take a walk," and it is certain that Dr. Johnson was not one of the few. It is a fine art, requiring rare gifts and much experience. No man is suddenly a good walker. Many men begin with good resolution, but they do not hold out, and I have sometimes thought it would be well to publish an *Art of Walking, with Easy*

[1] From *Flora Laplandica*, translated by Pultenay.

Lessons for Beginners. These we call apprentices. Those who persist from year to year, and obtain at last an intimacy with the country, and know all the good points within ten miles, with the seasons for visiting each, know the lakes, the hills, where grapes, berries and nuts, where the rare plants are; where the best botanic ground; and where the noblest landscapes are seen, and are learning all the time; — these we call professors. . . .

Nature kills egotism and conceit; deals strictly with us; and gives sanity; so that it was the practice of the Orientals, especially of the Persians, to let insane persons wander at their own will out of the towns, into the desert, and, if they liked, to associate with wild animals. In their belief, wild beasts, especially gazelles, collect around an insane person, and live with him on a friendly footing. The patient found something curative in that intercourse, by which he was quieted, and sometimes restored. But there are more insane persons than are called so, or are under treatment in hospitals. The crowd in the cities, at the hotels, theatres, card-tables, the speculators who rush for investment, at ten per cent, twenty per cent, cent per cent, are all more or less mad, — I need not say it now in the crash of bankruptcy, — these point the moral, and persuade us to seek in the fields the health of the mind.

I hold all these opinions on the power of the air to be substantially true. The poet affirms them; the religious man, going abroad, affirms them; the patriot on his mountains or his prairie affirms them; the contemplative man affirms them.

Nature tells everything once. Our microscopes are not necessary. She shows every fact in large bodies somewhere. On the seashore, she reveals to the eye, by the sea-line, the true curve of the globe. It does not need a barometer to find the height of mountains. The line of snow is surer than the barometer: and the zones of plants, the savin, the pine, vernal gentian, plum, linnæa and the various lichens and grapes are all thermometers which cannot be deceived, and will not lie. They are instruments by the best maker. The earthquake is the first chemist, goldsmith and brazier: he wrought to purpose in craters, and we borrowed the hint in crucibles. When I look at natural structures, as at a tree, or the teeth of a shark, or the anatomy of an elephant, I know that I am seeing an architecture and carpentry which has no sham, is solid and conscientious, which perfectly answers its end, and has nothing to spare. But in all works of human art there is deduction to be made for blunder and falsehood. Therefore Goethe, whose whole life was a study of the theory of art, said, No man should be admitted to his Republic, who was not versed in Natural History.

The college is not so wise as the mechanic's shop, nor the quarter-deck as the forecastle. Witness the insatiable interest of the white man about the Indian, the trapper, the hunter and sailor. In a water-party in which many scholars joined, I noted that the skipper of the boat was much the best companion. The scholars made puns. The skipper saw instructive facts on every side, and there was no trifle to him. How startling are the hints of wit we detect in the horse and dog, and in the wild animals! By what compass the geese steer, and the herring migrate, we would so gladly know. What the dog knows, and how he knows it, piques us more than all we heard from the chair of metaphysics.

Is it not an eminent convenience to have in your town a person who knows where arnica grows, or sassafras, or pennyroyal, and the mints, or the scented goldenrod, or punk for slow match; or the slippery-elm, or wild cherries, or wild pears? Where are the best hazel-nuts, chestnuts and shagbarks? Where the white grapes? Where are the choice apple-trees? And what are the poisons? Where is the Norway pine, where the beech, where the epigæa, the linnæa, or sanguinaria, or orchis pulcherrima, or sundew, or laurus benzoin, or pink huckleberry? Where trout, woodcocks, wild

bees, pigeons; where the bittern (stake driver) can be seen and heard; where the Wilson's plover can be seen and heard?

The true naturalist can go wherever woods or waters go; almost where a squirrel or a bee can go, he can; and no man is asked for leave. Sometimes the farmer withstands him in crossing his lots, but 't is to no purpose; the farmer could as well hope to prevent the sparrows or tortoises. It was their land, before it was his, and their title was precedent. My naturalist knew what was on his land, and the farmer did not, and sometimes he brought them ostentatiously gifts of flowers, fruits, or rare shrubs they would gladly have paid a price for, and did not tell them that he gathered them in their own woods. Moreover the very time at which he used their land and water (for his boat glided like a trout everywhere unseen), was in hours when they were sound asleep. Before the sun was up he went up and down to survey his possessions, and passed onward, and left them, before the second owners, as he called them, were awake.[1]

If we should now say a few words on the advantages that belong to the conversation with Nature, I might set them so high as to make it a religious duty. 'T is the greatest use and the greatest beauty. 'T is the lesson we were put hither to learn. What truth and what elegance belong to every fact of Nature we know. And the study of them awakens the like truth and elegance in the student. One thing, the lover of nature cannot tell the best thing he knows. . . .

What alone possesses interest for us is the *naturel* of each man. This is that which is the saliency, or principle of levity, the antagonist of matter and gravitation, and as good as they. This is forever a surprise, and engaging, and lovely. We can't be satiated with knowing it, and about it. It is related to the purest of the world, to gravity, the growth of grass, and the angles of crystals. Nature speaks to the imagination; first, through her grand style, — the hint of immense force and unity which her works convey; second, because her visible productions and changes are the nouns of language, and our only means of uttering the invisible thought. Every new perception of the method and beauty of nature gives a new shock of surprise and pleasure; and always for this double reason: first because they are so excellent in their primary fact, as frost, or cloud, or fire, or animal; and, secondly, because we have an instinct that they express a grander law.

'T is not easy to say again what Nature says to us. But it is the best part of poetry, merely to name natural objects well. A farmer's boy finds delight in reading the verses under the Zodiacal vignettes in the Almanac. What is the merit of Thomson's *Seasons* but copying a few of the pictures out of this vast book into words, without a hint of what they signify, and the best passages of great poets, old and new, are often simple enumerations of some features of landscape. And, as man is the object of nature, what we study in nature is man. 'T is true, that man only interests us. We are not to be imposed upon by the apparatus and the nomenclature of the physiologist. Agassiz studies year after year fishes and fossil anatomy of saurian, and lizard, and pterodactyl. But whatever he says, we know very well what he means. He pretends to be only busy with the foldings of the yolk of a turtle's egg. I can see very well what he is driving at; he means men and women. He talks about lizard, shell-fish and squid; he means John and Mary, Thomas and Ann. For nature is only a mirror in which man is reflected colossally. Swedenborg or Behmen or Plato tried to decipher this hieroglyphic, and explain what rock, what sand, what wood, what fire signified in regard to man.

They may have been right or wrong in any particulars of their interpretation, but it is only our ineradicable belief that

[1] As Thoreau was still living, Mr. Emerson did not name in these paragraphs his invaluable guide and friend.

the world answers to man, and part to part, that gives any interest in the subject. If we believed that nature was foreign and unrelated, — some rock on which souls wandering in the Universe were shipwrecked, we should think all exploration of it frivolous waste of time. No, it is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, made of us, as we of it. External nature is only a half. The geology, the astronomy, the anatomy, are all good, but 't is all a half, and — enlarge it by astronomy never so far — remains a half. It requires a will as perfectly organized, — requires man. Astronomy is a cold, desert science, with all its pompous figures, — depends a little too much on the glass-grinder, too little on the mind. 'T is of no use to show us more planets and systems. We know already what matter is, and more or less of it does not signify. He can dispose in his thought of more worlds, just as readily as of few, or one. It is his relation to one, to the first, that imports. Nay, I will say, of the two facts, the world and man, man is by much the largest half.

I know that the imagination . . . is a coy, capricious power, and does not impart its secret to inquisitive persons. Sometimes a parlor in which fine persons are found, with beauty, culture, and sensibility, answers our purpose still better, striking the electric chain with which we are darkly bound, — but that again is nature, and there we have again the charm which landscape gives us, in a finer form; but the persons must have had the influence of nature, must know her simple, cheap pleasures, must know what Pindar means when he says that "water is the best of things," and have manners that speak of reality and great elements, or we shall know no Olympus.

Matter, how immensely soever enlarged by the telescope, remains the lesser half. The very science by which it is shown to you argues the force of man. Nature is vast and strong, but as soon as man knows himself as its interpreter, knows that nature and he are from one source, and that he, when humble and obedient, is nearer to the source, then all things fly into place, then is there a rider to the horse, an organized will, then nature has a lord.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

Not far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,
A lovely memory-haunted hamlet lies,
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go —
Their backs too used to stoop, and patient sow
The harvest which a narrow want supplies, —
Even as when, Earth's pathos in his eyes,
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe.

Ah, Barbizon! With thorns, not laurels, crowned,
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found —
Vital as seed warm nestled in the sod —
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain, —
At home with Nature, and at one with God!

ISIDRO[1]

BY MARY AUSTIN

XI

THE QUEST OF JUAN RUIZ

In the orchard closes of San Carlos Isidro had been smitten with a sense of the sufficiency of the Mission Fathers as men. Now he was to have a revelation of the men as priests. The Brothers of St. Francis, who admitted no material hindrance, who dug, hewed, and planted, unbound all considerations of want and toil, were themselves in bondage. Men who made themselves masters of a raw land and unkempt thousands of its people were overmastered by their own vows. If they loosed others, themselves they could not loose.

Vicente Saavedra was a man of parts, great in dignities, honored in place, but before all a priest in orders and a servant of God. His great work as Father President of Missions was not set before his greater service in the cure of souls. Within his province he could plot to use the Escobar connection to the advantage of the Missions, and be commended for the contrivance by the measure of its success; but he could not, to further that design, abrogate his position as spiritual father to a filthy shepherd with a stain of murder on his soul. Except by the greatness of his determination, in the present trouble he was no greater than the meanest of his priests. He had the whole tale of suspicion from the shepherd Ramon, the whole business of Noé and Reina Maria from Escobar, and the confession of Juan Ruiz to make all straight. As for the robbery, he took no account of it, not being able to lay it to either party. What he knew to be truth was that Mariana, not Ruiz, lay out in the unblessed grave on the Mesa Buena Vista, and Ruiz, not Isidro, was the murderer, but knew it by such means as made his surety impotent. Not for any of the considerations entering here might the seal of the confessional be broken. What he must do was to find Ruiz, and by the sword of the Spirit bring him to open confession; and now that prompting of the Spirit that had secured from the penitent the right to seek him out in the interest of one unjustly accused in his stead, assumed in the Padre's devout mind the proportions of Divine Intervention. Saavedra might not declare Isidro's innocence, but Juan Ruiz was pledged to it could he be found. Forthwith the good father set about it. He visited Isidro in the calabozo at Monterey and comforted him. "God," he said, "permits his people to be vexed for no light purpose. Do you, therefore, my son, set yourself to discover the meaning of God behind this visitation of humiliation, and so nourish yourself in the wisdom of the Spirit. Meanwhile, I go to bring that which will serve you this turn." So having made the best disposition that he might of present affairs, Saavedra set off with an Indian tracker, and very light of baggage, upon the trail of Juan Ruiz.

It was, after all, though tedious, an affair of no great magnitude to follow and find the vanished shepherd of Mariana. There were not at that time above two thousand souls in Alta California not of the native races, — *gentes de razon* they were called, and of these was Juan Ruiz. His mother was a Mexican; his father might have been Mariana as well as any other. He was well known to hunters and trappers and the riffraff of population that floats into new lands; within a fortnight he had been heard of at Santa Cruz hearing mass at the Church of the Holy Cross.

[1] Copyright, 1904, by MARY AUSTIN.

This business of the mass had stripped him of all his poor earnings, and left him bare to the purpose that lay all this while at the back of his mind like a stone in a pool,—not revealed because of the troubling of the waters. Rid of the witnesses and the fear of dead men walking on his trail, the thoughts of Ruiz began to turn toward the strong box at the head of Mariana's bed in the hut at the place called The Reed. It was not for that he had killed Mariana, but the Portuguese being dead, and Ruiz impoverished for the good of his soul, it was fitting that Mariana should pay. By now the sweat of fear began to leave him, and Ruiz recovered the low cunning which was the habit of his mind. So, on the day that Isidro and El Zarzo rode into Santa Cruz, Ruiz went out, telling no man, with no baggage but his shepherd's staff and a parcel of bread and meat, bound for the place of The Reed.

He went south all day by piney wood and open slope, meeting no one, walked on into the night as long as the moon lasted, and slept under an oak. He supped next night at an Indian rancheria, where they shared with him what fare they had, and asked no questions. The third day brought him early to the place of The Reed, having made good time; for ever as he trudged there grew in him the lust of gold,—the touch and sight of it, the clink of bright pieces falling together. He ate very little, feeding on the pleasures he would buy with Mariana's coin, the bustle and change, fine clothes, the lusting, the feasting, the drink — Ah, well, not so much of that, perhaps; the Padre had forbidden it; but there must be money enough in that strong box to buy indulgence for such small transgressions without curtailing them. Oh, the golden coins, the golden days! Then from glowing hot he grew cold to think of his treasure — *his!* It had come to that with him now,—lying there in the tenantless hut for any wandering thief to take. Who knew if Mariana had made fast the door, seeing, when he went out of it last, he had no notion of being so long away? Suppose Nicolas and Ramon had been there before him, scurvy rogues both. So he hurried his going, ready to do killing again for the sake of the slain man's treasure, until he came to the place of The Reed, where he was brought up again by the fear of Mariana.

The hut looked low and menacing in the evening light, shut and barred, weathered and soiled and mean. The pool, reflecting all the light waning from the concave heaven, glimmered palely at him like an eye. He heard the reeds whispering above it all night long. Ruiz had not dared to come into the hut in the dark, but lay out near it, watching, watching, lest any come out of it to surprise him where he lay in long pauses of strained wakefulness and snatches of haunted sleep. But when earth and sky had cleared to a cool gray, and rabbits began to stir in the long grass, he was up and had broken the lock with a stone. He found the box at the bed's head, as he had known it, but bound with iron, studded with nails, double-locked, a weary piece of work. He tried the lock with his stone, tried the wood with his knife, fumbling and hurried; bethought himself at last to stumble about the dark and filthy corners of the room for a mattock. The clank and thud of it upon the chest rolled out and scared the rabbits from the pool; it jarred Ruiz to a fury of haste and fear. So between pounding and running to the door to see if any one spied upon him, he wrestled with the chest in the darkling hut until the gold poured out of the riven wood, and he knew himself shepherd no longer, but his own man, and rich. He was quieter after that, looked about him, found a bag for his coin, found food, and remembering that Mariana would have wine—he felt the want of it by now—looked for it until he found it in a kind of crypt under the bed, and carried away as much as he could handle. Then, being laden and wearied, he turned south slowly to fetch up with the place

where he had left Mariana. Father Saavedra, you will remember, had bidden him bury the man, and, in fact, Ruiz would hardly have any peace until he had seen the sod upon him.

On this business, chiefly because of great fatigue, he was three days more, meeting no one but Indians, and reached the Mesa Buena Vista shortly after Mascado had visited it. Here he fell into a new terror, greater than all, for he found the fresh dug grave sunken to the shape under it. Here was discovery hot upon his track; Mariana's death known, himself, no doubt, guessed as the murderer. Sick, shaken, he went back to where he had covered his gold, for he would not come into the presence of Mariana with it, and drew together his wit which had gone all abroad with fancying himself cunning and rich and altogether a fine fellow. But because his wit was slow, he went on a day and a half in his old course before he was able to shape a new one. First, his plan had been to work down to Santa Barbara to take ship there and away; to live well, and to take pains never to confess to the theft of the money until after he had spent it. Now he thought best that he should turn north, skirt the vast, dim valley of the San Joaquin, cross the river, and so make the Russian colony out of the bounds of Alta California. So he planned, and, returning by the end of the Mesa Buena Vista, was in time to see Nicolas and Ramon, with Noé and Reina Maria, digging up what remained of Mariana. By this time he was clean daft with terror, and lay out in the scrub for a day, drinking Mariana's wine. He took to the trail again while the drink was still in him, and so had a fall in a stony place, wrenching his foot. Then he began to want food, being afraid now even of Indians. In a day or so the need sobered him even of the drunkenness of fear; the habit of his shepherd life began to assert itself. He began to study the land, to lay the shortest course, to find roots and fruits, contriving that he should fall in with the bands of renegade Indians who, under Urbano, laired like beasts in the Tulares. But Urbano at that time had other affairs in hand. Ruiz kept to the border of the hill country; eastward lay the lineless valley, full of a brooding mist, formless and blue; dark and low on the horizon lay the Tulares and the river in the midst of them maundering down to the bay.

Meantime, Father Saavedra, with Saco the tracker questing like a hound, followed the shepherd's trail. Learning at what time he had left Santa Cruz, and guessing his errand in part, they had turned directly toward the Mesa Buena Vista, since it seemed likely Ruiz had not heard that any one had been before him with the burial. They pushed the way very shrewdly, and before long had trace of him. Among the Indians whom Ruiz met was a woman to whom he had given a gold piece, thinking himself a man of means and able to requite favors handsomely. The woman made a hole in the coin and strung it about her neck, having, in fact, no other use for it. This Saco spied, questioned, and reported. So the robbery was accounted for, and Father Saavedra went with his head sunken on his breast for the space of several hours. He could not escape the conclusion that Ruiz must have gone fresh from the confessional and the sacrament to this new transgression. Approaching Buena Vista, Saco found the place where Ruiz had hidden his treasure while he went to look his last on Mariana, and found the newer trail going from it; later they found an empty bottle where he had cast it from him, and a coin in the grass where the shepherd had dropped it in his drunken walk. Finally, they struck into his very path and the print of his limping foot.

Riding out from the Mission the Father President had sat his horse cheerfully, resting the issue of the affair, as his habit was, on God. He had in him that spirit of delighted service which informed the labors of Junip'ero Serra, craving whatever circumstance of labor or sorrow that brought him into touch with the

Divine Will. Come what might of this business of Juan Ruiz, Padre Vicente had no doubts; he was still able to interrogate every anguish, What lesson hast Thou? A little as a lover rides into the garden of his mistress, expecting sight or reminder of her at every turn, so rode the Padre upon his errand to surprise the purposes of God. Thus at first, but the long journey wearied him. The evidence of the shepherd's fresh crime, following closely on the sacrament, gave him heart-sickness. The lust of man-hunting, which glowed in Saco as he pricked forward on the freshening trail, oppressed his soul. Lastly, he began to be troubled for the physical distress of the fugitive himself; the dragging foot, the rag of torn clothing by the brook where he had bound it up, the holes where he had dug feverishly for the roots of wild hyacinths, the wavering of the course which betokened unease of mind, gave the good father concern. In the beginning, he had ridden this quest for the sake of justice and Isidro; at the end, he pushed it hard for the sake of mercy and Juan Ruiz.

XII

THE PLACE OF WOLVES

Between the hills and the Tulares is a treeless space, rolling, shrubby,—herding-place of deer what time they run together. Transversely across it frothy winter floods gouge out furrows, sharp and deep near the cañon mouths, running out shallowly valleywards at the limit of waters. Here run turbid streams in wet weather, two or three months of the year; for the rest, they lie void, bone-dry water-scars, and wild beasts dig their lairs in the banks of them. Hereabouts is the Place of Wolves, *El Poso de los Lobos*. Here are stinking holes where the lean-flanked mothers with heavy dugs go in and out to the whimpering cubs; here are foxes' covers and stale old lairs of the dogs of the wilderness, sunken caves, weathered niches all a-litter of old bones; earthy hollows where a hunted man might safely lie. It was a place known to trappers, guides, wanderers for any profit of the hills or for no profit at all, and to Juan Ruiz.

The reminder of the lair is strong in a stricken man,—to draw to cover, lie close, keep dark; to have the sense and nearness of the earth. Juan Ruiz, knowing the place of old, lame, a-hungered, feverish, hugging his gold, crooning over it to comfort himself for his pains, steered his course for the broken lairs of the *Poso de los Lobos*. In his mind he designed to shelter there and recover from the sickness of terror and fatigue, but the shuddering soul of him purposed more than that. Unawares, it drove him with the last instinct of the burrowing beast, the while he thought himself following a clever plan. A man who commits a crime without first taking his own measure is likely to find himself in such a case as this. He must be brute enough to have it lie wholly without his sensibilities, or his determination must be greater than all these; otherwise the thin wall of reason cracks. In the fifth night of his flight from Mesa Buena Vista Ruiz slept under a thicket of buck-thorn on a forward sloping hill. The night was soft dark, warm and sweet; no coyote howled nor bird awoke; the tormented soul departed into the borderland between death and sleep and found an interval of rest. About the mid-hour he started up, warned by the wolf sense of pursuit. It seemed such a sense watched in him while he slept. Often keeping the flock of Mariana he had roused at night before the unease of the dogs made him aware of danger; now he trusted that sense as he had been wont to do, and, in fact, the warning was true. Father Saavedra and Saco camped on his trail not a day behind him. Ruiz got up and shook off the stiffness of his limbs; huddling as the air began to chill toward morning, stooping as the weight of his treasure told on his shaken frame, dragging his swollen foot, he worked his way down the hill front. He followed a dry wash as long

as it served him, then struck across a clear space of knee-high, shrubby herbs and grass. He had no light but star shine and the candle at the back of his brain, that burned brighter as his vital force waned in him. So he forged northward, and the day widened and shut him in like the hollow of a bell. Back on his trail followed Padre Vicente, pitiful and prayerful, and Saco, the hair of his neck pricking like a dog's as the trail freshened.

By mid-morning Ruiz was out on the plain beyond the limit of small waters. Rain had fallen scantily on the eastern slopes that year, and few streams ran beyond the foothills. So, as the day advanced, he began to add to the fever of his flight the fever of thirst, the more severe because of his oblivion of delirium. It would come over him while he rested in the short shade of the scrub, and ease him of his pains and terrors until the brute warning of pursuit urged him forward. He made as straight a course as the land and his fuddled wit permitted for the *Poso de los Lobos*, to hide his gold and himself. Saco and Saavedra had sighted him, a moving speck in the haze, about the second hour of afternoon, and though they lost him again in the rolling land, expected confidently to come up with him before night.

By this time Ruiz had forgotten about the priest and Mariana. He was hardly conscious of much beside the bag of gold which he huddled in his bosom; in his disorder he conceived that some one followed on his trail for the sake of it. Therefore, as he neared the *Poso de los Lobos* he began to go very cunningly, trod as much as possible upon the stones to leave no trail, and went back and forth upon his tracks. Stooping from the top of the bank, he fixed upon a bobcat's lair, high up above the possible reach of waters. Leaning above it he kissed his treasure, half in tears to put it from him, half laughing with the pleasure of his cunning, made a long arm, and dropped it out of sight. Then, wallowing in the loose soil of the bank to leave no trace of hands or feet, he contrived to push down a quantity of gravel and loose stones until he had blotted out the mouth of the lair. That was the last flicker of the cunning mind. He had hidden Mariana's money from those walking on his trail, and hidden it so securely that come another day he would not be able to find it himself.

There was a niche in the north bank of the wash that must have been left there first by the falling away of a great boulder the size of a wine cask; behind it the earth was a little damp from some blind water source that in a rainy country might have been a spring, and the coyotes had scented it in a dry season, pawing deeply into the bank. Now and then in hot weather they returned, drawn by the water smell to dig for it and cool their hairy flanks in the cool dampness. The opening had thus grown larger than any lair, and smelled of beasts. The displaced boulder lay not far from the mouth of it, and loose soil from above had piled about it, making a barrier that screened it from the unaccustomed eye. Here Juan Ruiz hid himself, clean gone out of his natural mind, lacking food and drink, but glad of the darkness and the cool damp of the clay, to which he bared his aching foot, and in his gladness of relief and the sense of the solid earth about him, babbled foolishly as a child. Here, when the sun was not quite down, Saco found him singing in a feeble, merry voice the old nursery rhyme which begins

> "Señora Santa Ana,
> Why does the baby cry?"

Saco, starting out from San Carlos knew nothing whatever of the Ruiz affair except that he was a man the Padre wished to find, and his trail was to be picked up somewhere about the Mesa Buena Vista. There, having found and followed it to this conclusion, although he was as pleased with his skill as a hound that has brought the fox to earth, his Indian breeding forbade him any expression of it. He squatted on his haunches by the lair, rolled a cigarette, and appeared to dismiss the whole matter from

his mind. He looked now for Padre Saavedra to take up the turn, and the Padre had forgotten for the moment that he followed Ruiz for any other purpose than the man's own relief. If he had remembered it at this juncture it must have been a sharp jog to his faith to find Ruiz brought to a pass so little likely to serve his purpose.

The Padres had always the means by them for bodily relief as well as for spiritual remedy. They were never lacking simples nor the materials for the sacrament, christening, marriage, and burial. Saavedra sent the Indian up the wash with the horses for water, and himself turned nurse. By the light of a brushwood fire and a few hours of the moon he bound up the shepherd's foot and covered him from the night chill with his own blankets. As often as the Padre came near him to handle and relieve him, Ruiz remembered Mariana and the tortures of his soul; when they let him lie, his mind wandered off foolishly on the trail of the nursery song.

"Señora Santa Ana,
Porque llora el niño ?"

he sang as he lay stark on the earth, and then, as the Padre lifted him, "Ha, Hell litter, you will leave me, will you? Take that! and that!" — and then failed for weakness, and feeling the comfort of the blankets began again presently piping and thin, —

"Por una manzana ?"

"Rest, rest, my son," said the Padre tenderly, and the raucous voice of the shepherd answered him with curses intolerably obscene. It fell off in obscure mutterings that clarified after an interval to the gentle air

"Que se le ha perdido
Venga V. a me casa
Yo le dare dos,
Una par el niño y otro para vos."

So it went on mournful and sweet in the shadows until the clink of horses' feet on the boulders, as Saco returned with the water, roused him to present memories.

"Cursed be the wood of which it is made, thrice cursed the iron that binds it! Will it never come open?" cried Ruiz, rising up in his place. "Faugh, what a filthy house for a rich man to live in! Ah, the pretty pieces, ah, so round, so bright! all mine, *mine*, MINE!" His voice rose to a scream, the Padre's hand was on his breast pressing him back upon the blankets.

"Drink, my son," said Saavedra, holding water to his lips.

"Ay, drink, Mariana," said Ruiz. "Good wine, excellent wine, and a pretty price, eh? Another bottle;" then as the water cooled him he was minded to sing again, —

"Señora Santa Ana,
Porque llora el niño ?"

"In nomine Patris, — per Christum Dominum," breathed the Padre above him.

"Beast — Devil's spawn!" gurgled Ruiz from the Padre's bed.

So it wore on for the greater part of the night, but about the ebb of dark, when there was a smell of morning in the air, he woke out of his delirium tolerably sane. The presence of the Padre seemed not to surprise him; he was stricken with death, and knew it as the earth-born know, as the coyotes that dug this lair might have known before him.

He had come out of his stupor clear of the fear of men, knowing his end near; but the sight of Saavedra signing the cross above him put him in a greater terror of hell fire. He clutched a fold of the Padre's gown and fell to whimpering, but was too far spent for tears. This was the Padre's hour; tenderly and by all priestly contrivances, he lifted the poor soul through his agony, and for the ease of his conscience, to the point of open confession. The Padre wrote it out for him by the flare of the brushwood fire he had called Saco out of deep sleep to light, and held it carefully for the fidging hand to mark with a cross over the name he had written. Saavedra had signed it Juan Ruiz. The dying man gave back the quill,

speaking more at ease, as the troubled will after open confession.

"I'm not sure that it is right," he said; "Ruiz is not my name. It is the name of a man my mother married at the pueblo San José. I am not sure what my father's name might have been; my mother was not married to him. She died years ago; she was Maria Lopez."

"What," cried the Padre, "was she, indeed, Maria Lopez, daughter of Manuel Lopez of San José? And are you her son born out of wedlock? May God be merciful to you a sinner! Your father was Mariana the Portuguese."

That was a time when the consideration of the pangs of hell was potent to drive souls to salvation, and men were keen to pronounce judgment. What deeper pit was there than that reserved for the parricide? The groan which was forced out of the Padre at the sudden revelation, his starting back, the horror of his countenance, smote upon the poor shaking soul like the judgment of God. With a great broken cry Ruiz threw himself upon the Padre's breast, clawed him, clung to him, wrestled with him as a man might on the edge of the pit to win back out of it, with hoarse bestial breathings, a wide mouth of terror, and staring eyes. Saavedra, wrenched free, forced him back upon the bed, and trembling laid the blessed wafer between stretched lips from which the soul had departed.

They buried Juan Ruiz in the place where he lay, in a beast's lair, after the Father President had blessed the ground. Saco rolled stones across the mouth of it and made a little cross of withes. All his life after Saavedra had moments of self-accusing, in that he supposed he might, by the better control of his countenance in that crisis, have given the poor soul a larger assurance of the mercy of God.

They spent a day looking for the gold of Mariana, but got nothing for their pains; Juan Ruiz had not been very clear in his account of how he had hidden it. There, no doubt, it lies to this day, high up in the bank of the wash in the bobcat's lair in the *Poso de los Lobos*.

Then, with the confession under his belt, the good Father President of Missions set back by the shortest route to the Presidio of Monterey. He had been gone just a week.

XIII

DELFINA

There was a woman in Monterey of a mischievous and biting humor, but not wanting in generous impulses, curious above all, a great lover of gossip and affairs. This Delfina had wit and traces of beauty, and, along with great formality of outward behavior, considerable reputation for impropriety. She had come into the country ten years since with the family of the, at that time, governor of Alta California, as a sort of companion or upper servant, on a footing of friendly intimacy, which she maintained, by report, with the governor at the expense of the governor's lady. At any rate, she had found it convenient to break off that connection and establish herself in a little house just beyond the plaza in company with an elderly woman who was called by courtesy Tia Juana. The house had a high wall of adobe about it, and a heap of wild vines riding the rooftree and spreading down to the outer wall, affording, so she was accustomed to say, great sense of security to her solitary way of life.

It was not possible in so small a community as Monterey to quite overlook a lady of such conspicuous claims to consideration as Delfina, for that she possessed them there was no one heard to deny; and, indeed, she was not lacking friends willing to affirm that she was most infamously put upon, and possessed of as many virtues as accomplishments. She was the repository of all possible patterns and combinations for the drawn-thread work which occupied the leisure of that time; she was a competent seam-

stress; invaluable at weddings, christenings, and *bailes*, in the way of decorations and confections, and an industrious and impartial purveyor of news. Among the most judicious and surely the most disinterested of her supporters was Fray Demetrio Fages, who visited her frequently in the interest of her Christian salvation, as he was heard to affirm; and was made the vehicle of liberal donations to the Church, which she was accustomed to bestow out of an ostensibly slender income. Since he was so often at her house it is to be supposed that he found no company there not to his liking, and no behavior not suited to so godly a churchman; but even upon this there were those disposed to wink the eye.

In one way, however, the friendliness of Fray Demetrio gave Delfina better countenance among the matrons of the town, as it gave greater weight to any news of hers which related to the affairs of the Missions, since none so likely to know the facts as the Father President's secretary, and none more apt in the distribution than the secretary's friend. If Delfina had been kindly received before, judge how it was in the month which brought Valentin Delgardo and the younger son of the Escobars to the Presidio of Monterey. Both these events in the bearing they had upon the Church gave a new fillip to the absorbing topic of the imminent secularization of the Missions, the probable distribution of the great wealth of herds and silver which they had, and the greater wealth with which report credited them, and the possible effect upon the settlements of removing from the authority of the Padres some thousands of Indians who required very little scratching to show the native savage under the mission gilding. Then there was the old story of Ysabel and Jesus Castro revived with new and fascinating particulars, for there were several people in Monterey who held a remembrance of the beautiful and unhappy woman. Along with this was the arrival of two pretty gentlemen of excellent manners and good blood, — one from the capital in search of a wife and a fortune, the other from Las Plumas, ready to renounce all these in favor of the priesthood. You will perceive that Delgardo had let some hints of his purpose be known, and, indeed, so obvious a conclusion as marrying the heiress when he had found her would have been tacked on to any account of his proceedings whether he had declared it or not. And to crown all this, when gossip was at its best, came the arrest of Isidro on a double charge of murder and robbery, and the departure of the Father President on some mysterious errand of justification or disproval.

Delfina, who had seen Don Valentin and entertained him in her house behind the wall, had the most to say of the first affair; but of Isidro, who had not cared, or had been too much under the supervision of the Father President, to make her acquaintance, — Delfina herself inclined to the latter opinion, — she knew only what Fages could tell her, and that, beyond a shrewd guess or two and some malice, was very little. Both her vanity and curiosity, therefore, were set upon the trail of the mystery behind the bare fact of the arrest. She began to cast about for some plausible ground for invention or explanation, and this led her in the course of a week to the servant of Escobar, who was still in Carmelo in the house of Marta. From Fages Delfina had learned, almost by accident, that the boy had not accompanied Isidro from Las Plumas, but had been picked up by the way. This seemed a very pregnant piece of news; to point to an accomplice or at least an accessory after the fact. Delfina set herself to fall in with the lad and have it out of him by cajolery or whatever means. It happened that her instincts led her soon into the proper juxtaposition for that very business.

Since Isidro's arrest she had been in the habit of taking her evening walk in the neighborhood of the calabozo, as, indeed, how could any lady of sensibility help being drawn in that direction by the

pitiful case of this handsome youth cast into prison on so heinous a charge, which must, no doubt, prove unfounded, or at least justifiable. And being so employed she observed on more than one occasion the lad, called the Briar, lurking about with a great air of disconsolateness, and the assumption of having no particular business. It was her instant conclusion that he walked there for the purpose of some secret communication with his master, and it wanted but the right moment of quiet and the absence of other observers; and Delfina concluded she might bring about a conjunction which would serve her ends.

In fact, the lad had no such purpose as the woman credited him with, having reached that point where he would have sold himself to the devil without parley to have quieted his hunger for a sight of Escobar, sound of him, print of his foot in the earth, or any indubitable sign of his living presence. And that he might have had if he had known enough to apply through Padre Salazar to the proper authorities. As the servant of Escobar he might have had free access to his person, but he was too little used to the ways of men to have known that, and, perhaps, too shy to have used it if he had known; so he hung frequently about the walls that inclosed Isidro, fevered with desire, but maintaining a tolerable appearance of having no interest there. This was that wild lad called the Briar who had come up to Monterey with Señor Escobar charged with a packet from Peter Lebecque, having instructions to deliver it and himself into the hands of the Father President. He had parted from the trapper with little compunction, for, though the old man stood in the place of a father to him, he showed little of fatherliness, accepted him as a member of his household, neither to be greatly considered nor denied. Since the death of the Indian woman Zarzito had called mother, the lad had known loneliness and the desire to mix with his own kind which stirs in the blood of the young, and had ridden this adventure with Escobar by instinct as a bird of passage attempts its initial flight. For the first time he had tasted companionship, faring forth in the royal spring, young blood timing to young blood, and the world all singing and awake. But the lad was most a creature of the wood. He had, one might say, the wit and the will to be tame, but kept the native caution of wild things. Therefore, had no other reason arisen, he would have gone slowly about the business of resigning himself to the disposal of the grave President of Missions. But another obstacle had arisen: love, forsooth. The love of young lads for older, — the love of the companionable for gay companions, love of the dawn soul for the soul of morning, — love, in short, — but of this you shall presently be better instructed. It was no great wonder that the hill-grown lad should love Escobar, so wise and merry and cool, and of such adorable and exasperating gentleness that it irked him to see thieves whipped and wild eagles get their food. It seemed to Zarzito that he could devise no better way of life than to serve Escobar, and follow him even into the cloister, of which you may be sure he had no very clear idea. But in the meantime the packet troubled him, for Lebecque's instructions had been plain upon the point that it should be turned over to Saavedra, and his intimation that the Padre would thereupon put him in the way of good fortune. It appeared that El Zarzo desired no better fortune than following Escobar. But the real point of his difficulty was this, — he did not in the least know what the packet contained. The lad had not known much of priests or men, but he had learned rapidly, — from the Indian woman Marta, from walks and talks with Escobar, from mere seeing; he had sucked up information as the young sage of the mesa sucks up rain, filling out and erecting visibly. So he knew there was one fact hid from the Father President which, if it became known, would put an end to following his

heart's desire. The question was, did the packet give notice of it?

On a day when Isidro had been about a week in prison, the day before the Father President returned from the quest of Juan Ruiz, El Zarzo sat a long time under an oak and considered the matter, turning the packet over and over. It was long and thin, wrapped in a black silk kerchief, wound about many times with thread, and sealed up with gum. It showed no sign nor superscription, — apparently nothing to connect it with Peter Lebecque's lad or the servant of Escobar. Zarzito concluded that if it could be placed in the Father President's hands without his agency he would be quit of his obligation at the least possible risk. Accordingly, in an unwatched moment he dropped it in the alms-box at the door of the church. It was part of his newly gained information that whatever went in at that opening found its way eventually to the priests.

It was close upon dark when El Zarzo came that evening with the light foot of his Indian training around the corner of the calabozo of Monterey. A bank of fog-built mountain hid the meeting of the sea and sky; a kind of whiteness, reflected from the near-by water and the level beaches, lightened the air. Across the plaza came the thrum of guitars, and the voice of singing mixed with children's laughter, and the cheerful bark of dogs.

On the side of the prison away from the town was a window high up in the wall; between the bars fanned out the pale yellow ray of a candle. The wall was all of adobe, plastered smoothly up, and whitewashed. Below the window two or three cracks, which could be widened out with a toe or the fingers, afforded slight and crumbling holds. Within the wall all was still; no sound or motion from the prisoner or the guard. The candle rayed out steadily toward the sea that broke whisperingly along the beaches. El Zarzo's heart beat loudly in his bosom, stirred by the nearness of the well beloved. He reached up the wall for a finger hold, put one toe in a crack and raised himself a foot or two nearer, clinging and climbing like a worm on an orchard wall. Delfina at that moment came mincingly around the corner on her errand of curiosity, and caught him there. The lady, who was as quick in execution as in design, made no outcry to have aroused the guard, but went and plucked him swiftly from behind, and dropped her arms about his as he came tumbling from the wall. The lad was but a slender armful for a person of her build, and though he writhed and wrung himself, he could neither get at her to do her hurt nor to set himself free.

"Be still," said the lady, "I want but a word with you;" but the lad struggled the more.

"Be still, you brat," she said again; "do you want to bring the guard upon us?" But though El Zarzo had his own reasons for not wishing it, he did not or would not understand, and while she struggled and fretted with him Delfina made a discovery.

"What, what!" she cried, and her note was changed to one of amazement and smothered laughter; "so the rabbit has jumped out of the bag! — What, what, my lady," she said again, continuing her investigations with chucklings of mischievous delight; "and he a priest! And you his body servant! Fie, oh, fie!" Her voice quavered with the burden of offensive mirth. "Be still, you little" — But the word will not bear repeating. El Zarzo grew sick to feel her hands fumbling about him, and limp and quiet more at the insult of her tones than at any word.

Behind them they heard the sudden stir of the guard.

"Come away," cried the Briar, panting and shaking. Delfina wished nothing so much as to get to the bottom of this affair uninterrupted. Holding fast by the lad's shoulder she ran her prisoner down the open road toward the bay, and out where their running left a wet trail on the sand. The tide was low and quiet.

Few lights showed on the seaward side of the town. Nothing moved in sight but the shape of a solitary horseman on the road above the beaches. It seemed a safe and silent hour for all confidences.

"Confess; you are a woman," said Delfina.

"I am a maid," said the other in a dry whisper.

"Oh, yes now, a maid," said the older woman, mischief beginning to stir in her; "no doubt a maid, and he a priest."

"I will hear nothing evil of him," flashed the Briar.

"Why, to be sure," bubbled Delfina; "and he, I dare say, will accredit you with all the virtues of Santa Cecilia. All priests are alike. I also could tell you" — But it was plain the girl did not hear; she had begun to twist and wring her hands, with a kind of breathy moan, as one in great distress and unaccustomed to the use of tears.

"You will never betray me, señora," she begged; "you will not?"

"Why, as to that," began Delfina, moved greatly by curiosity and a little by the girl's evident distress, "that remains to be determined. Let us hear your story."

But the girl continued to wring her hands and cry brokenly without tears.

"I will tell you," she said, "yes, I will tell you," but made no beginning. The horseman on the upper road had passed on behind them; they did not see him wheel his horse and return upon the sand.

"Oh, I meant no harm, señora, and no harm must come to Señor Escobar because of me, — ah, yes, I will tell you," began the girl again, moving her lips dryly. Delfina shook her to quiet her own impatience and the other's quaking sobs. At once there came a hiss and hurtling through the air, a wind of whirling flight, a tang of tightening cord. The girl gave a gasp and staggered, began to cry out chokingly, threw up her hands, shook and struggled as with an invisible wrestler, and at the same time began to move with extraordinary rapid stumbling toward the horseman who had appeared opposite them on the sand. He drew toward the girl as she drew to him and showed dimly a naked Indian through the dusk.

Delfina saw him approach the girl, lift her to the horse in front of him, and choke out her cries and the beating of her hands upon his breast. Delfina, too much astounded to cry out, was running heavily up the sand toward him, but only rapidly enough to see the Indian riding at a gallop toward the mainland, reeling in his riata, as he rode, about the body of the girl, who seemed still to twist and struggle in his grasp without outcry. A very little such pursuit warned the older woman of its futility; she stood at last staring and panting as she watched the man and his burden ride away into the soft dark.

XIV

LAS CHIMINEAS

Nights of early summer along the coast of Monterey are damp and heavy with sea-dew. It hangs on the blossom tops in the wild pastures, and drips down the fine brown needles of the pines. Swift passage among the close thickets of the hillslopes shakes out the moisture with a sound of rain. If the moon rides in the seaward sky it will be dim and ghostly white with mist, or wholly quenched in a floating bank of fog. A night rider through the wood wakes querulous jays in the oaks and deer from the deep fern. He must pass by sea marsh and spongy meadow to stony ridges, and thin, dark clumps of pine, and in an earlier time of scant and ill-kept trails must have had great faith in his horse and his luck. So rode Mascado on a line that led directly inland from the peninsula. He drove hard and wildly, careless of the trail he left; keen whips of the underbrush slapped against his bare legs as he rode. He was all bent on holding fast what he had got, and making the shortest going. As he rode he felt what the woman Del-

fina had felt,—the young budding breasts crushed against his bosom, and thrilled to the passion of the primal man, double joy of the huntsman and lover.

He rode east, leaving the Mission to the right, labored through a stretch of rolling dunes, lifted his horse carefully from the bog of back sea water, passed the wild pastures, and struck on to rising ground. At every shift of the rider the girl struggled shrewdly, but neither wept nor cried out. Once he spoke to his horse and she grew instantly quiet. He trembled through all his naked body at the sudden loosening of the tension of hers. Had she recognized his voice? was this the quiescence of submission? They rode; he felt her breast heave and fill under his hand; the weight of her body was sweet upon his arm. The sea wind blew about his face; wet, pungent-smelling leaves brushed against his horse's sides. He had expected protest, had been led on and advised to this point by the effort of his spirit to match with hers. Now the cessation of struggle daunted him. His passion had reached that state where it was necessary for his ease to know how she stood toward it. Cautiously he loosened the blanket with which her head was covered and met the girl's level, unfluttered gaze.

"I wish to sit up," she said; there was hardly a shade of interest in her tone. Mechanically the man raised her until she rode more at ease. "Unbind the rope, it cuts me," she said again, with a terrible matter-of-factness that sent his passion receding from him like a wave from a rock. He fumbled at the rope a little, and got no thanks for it. The girl looked about her quietly by the dim watery moon. "Where do you go?" she said at last, but not at all as if she supposed she was going with him.

"Far enough from Monterey."

"But where?"

"Las Chimineas."

"And what will you do there?"

"Keep you." There was a sudden tightening of the arm about her slim young form; it met with no answering movement of repulsion or complaisance. Mascado saw he had still to deal with Peter Lebecque's graceless boy. Many a time in the last year at the hut of the Grapevine he had tried to betray her into some consciousness of himself as a lover through her consciousness of herself as a maid, and had been beaten back by the incorrigible boyishness of her behavior. He had begun by allowing the child to brow-beat and revile him, and afterwards found himself in no case to deal with the woman, being swamped by the embarrassment of his own passion and Lebecque's contemptuous perception of its futility. His desire throve best in absence, and suffered a check in the moment of personal contact. He had hours of doubting whether he should ever be able to take her, not being able to put her on the defensive, and he was savage enough to need a hint of fleeing to whet the courage of pursuit. Vaguely, though he had resented the hand of Escobar upon her, he expected that experience to have made a short cut to his desire, for he had believed the most concerning that relation; Lebecque had seen to that out of a rascally humor to pay the mestizo for his presumption, and, believing the girl gone quite out of the range of the half-breed's life, had not spared innuendo. And Mascado without the old Frenchman's hint would have come to the same conclusion, seeing that the girl passed everywhere as a lad and the servant of Escobar, slept at his door, and companioned his solitary hours. Probably no other conjunction would have braved Mascado for the capture and the sally at dusk, for he had a servile taint of his mission upbringing, and the girl's spirit was imperious. But greatly as his passion had exalted her, the passion of Escobar, for so Mascado understood their relation, had brought her down. There was even an appeal to his savage sense in bearing off what had been the prize of another, and he suffered a check in her unconsciousness of the situation. She sat in-

differently under the pressure of his arm, drew even breaths, and looked about her. Half in response to her unconscious carriage Mascado relaxed his hold.

"The corporal of the guard looks for you in yonder hills," she said at last.

"He will look far and long without finding me," said Mascado.

"So you said once before, I remember," remarked the girl.

Mascado had no answer to that.

"At Carmelo they showed me many things," she went on; "among other things the whipping-post;" she laughed low and amusedly.

The mestizo felt his gorge rise. "And among other things," he said, "you saw also the prison, you and your fine gentleman. He will see a rope, doubtless, before all is done, with his killing of silly shepherds and stealing of sheep."

"That is a lie, Mascado," said the girl simply, but she also shivered. "It is cold," she said; "put the blanket about me."

Mascado drew it clumsily across her shoulders. They were traveling slowly now, stooping under trees and picking the way on stony ground. Once they forded a stream where the water came gurgling to the horse's thighs. The girl fidgeted and made fretful noises of fatigue. Presently Mascado felt her weight sag against his arm; by gentle constraint he forced her head back upon his shoulder and saw that she slept. Mother of Saints! here was a girl torn from one lover by another, who had come against her will from a delicate-mannered gentleman to be ravished by a renegade mestizo in the hills, and she slept, — by God and His Saints, she slept!

The moon had come free of the belt of fog that hangs about sea borders, and poured clear and light on the shut lids and drooping mouth. Mascado looked, and, though he had no words for these things and believed otherwise, suffered a remote perception of unassailable virginity. He passed on, wondering through the night. Two hours later the girl was roused by having a fold of the blanket drawn tightly across her mouth. Mascado bent over her and threatened with his eyes. He held the rein with the hand that constrained her, and with the other pressed the point of his knife against her breast. A little way ahead she saw a glow ruddier than the moon on the scrub. They had nearly stumbled on a camp in the dark. An Indian had risen up at the disturbance, and thrown fresh fuel on a dying fire, — stood listening and intent. The girl could see by the dress that he was of the Mission. She thought for a moment that it might be the corporal and his men, but as Mascado, guiding chiefly by the pressure of his knees, backed his horse away, she saw by the glow the face of the Father President, as he lay sleeping, turned toward Carmelo. Slowly, almost noiselessly, they backed away and around the camp; she could see the Indian still watching as long as the camp fire served for a light. The glimpse of Saavedra set her thoughts back toward Monterey and Isidro; she slept no more that night. At moon-set Mascado drew up under an oak, and lifted her from the horse under the canopy of thick dark.

"What is it?" she said; "it is not Las Chimineas?"

"Here we rest," said Mascado; "there is no further going in the dark." Not the smallest star-beam showed through the close tent of the oak; the air under it was heavy and damp. Mascado heaped up leaves for her, and spread over them the folded pad of coarse woven stuff taken from his horse, all the saddle he used. She sat down, and he sat opposite her, holding the stake rope of his horse. So they sat for a space of two hours; the first gray dawning showed them watching each other with wide, regardful eyes.

Mascado took the trail again as soon as it was light enough to be moving, and by sunrise had come to the place of the Chimneys. Heading east among the highest peaks of the Monterey coast is a broad, shallow gorge, having in its middle a pleasant open glade, nearly treeless, walled in by a slaty formation weather-

ing in huge upright pillars and nodules, standing singly, or in files; or higher up tumbled and falling athwart one another, affording tunnels and draughty caves of shade. Among the standing boulders trickle clear, warmish springs to water the cañon floor. Here, from time to time, had harbored more than one distressed clan, the smoke of whose hearth fires had blackened the bases of Las Chimineas. It was clear morning when Mascado rode into the cañon; wet shadows lay on the grass between bars of yellow light. The mid-meadow was succulently green and white with flower and leaf of *yerba mansa*. Its rosy pointed buds floated in the tops of the grass, dipped and bobbled with the motion of it in a rippling wind. Cool gray shadow spread among the caves, and small water chuckled on the stones. It was such a place and weather as might have served for a bridal morn. Mascado and the girl brought no bridal mood to it. Mascado was sure of nothing except that the girl seemed to have no hint of his purpose, which he should have to convey to her, and had no notion how he should begin. It seemed that he still held Peter Lebecque's boy within the circle of his arm, riding as unconcernedly as she had ridden in a bygone spring, — before he had known her for a maid, — and presently she might insist upon climbing up on his shoulders, as she had once done, to look at a hawk's nest in a blasted pine. And, in fact, the girl was farther from him in spirit than the child had been, panoplied by her love for Escobar, — though she did not call it by that name, — wrapt in it above the sense of all offense, so that if he had accomplished his intent upon her person in that exalted mood he could have left no stain upon her mind. He had expected protest and tears; rather counted on it to spur his lagging desire, always a little confounded by her cool assumption, now increased as she measured him by Escobar, whom she judged as far removed from him as the order of archangels or other blessed personages.

She had, in fact, very little thought to spare for Mascado at that moment, thinking that by now Father Saavedra would be moving toward Carmelo with the promised relief, and a few hours later, say by the time the shadow had gone up from the floor of Las Chimineas, he would be at Monterey. Comforted in that, though wearied of her bonds and hard riding, she was able to respond a little to the morning note of freshness and delight, and keep the ascendency over Mascado as she had done in the hut of the Grapevine, flooding him with lover's delight at the nimbleness of her wit, with embarrassment at her jibes, and secret fuming that he made no better way with her.

"Your mother at Carmelo prays for your soul," she said, as he went about to prepare a meal of food he had brought, "but I shall tell her to pray for your wits; you have burned all the cakes."

And again, "Mend your fire, Mascado; it smokes like a lazy mahala's." But when he brought a fagot on his shoulders for its plenishing, "Oh, spare your back, Mascado, you will need it when the corporal of the guard comes up with you."

"Where now, Mascado?" she said with the greatest cheerfulness when the meal was done, and she sat loosely bound against a broken tree.

"Here," said Mascado; "it is safe enough. Did you think your fine gallant would be looking for you?"

"Why should he?" said the girl coolly; "he has better things to do than looking for stray serving lads."

"For a serving lad, yes," said Mascado with a secret and insulting air. "But a wife" —

"What talk is this?" said she, yawning in his face; "here are no wives, unless you have a fancy yourself for turning mahala, as seems likely."

"But there will be one," he said, ignoring the taunt with deep insinuation.

"Big talk," she said; "but where there is no bride and no priest how will there be a wedding?"

"I have never heard that there was any lack of weddings among my people be-

fore the priests came," said Mascado, with something of a grin. "As for a bride"— He stopped full, and let his desire burn upon her from his eyes.

"Mascado, you are a fool, and Peter Lebecque will kill you," said the girl.

"I am a free man. What will Peter Lebecque know of my doings?"

"All that I can tell him," said she.

Mascado let his gaze wander pointedly along her bonds.

"And is it your purpose to keep me tied up forever and a day that you may cook and clean for me, like *el cojo viejo* in the Mission, scouring pots and tending a tame squirrel in a cage? For look you, do you so much as slip the knots of my rope and turn your back, and you have seen the last of me. Do you remember the time I sent you and Peter Lebecque seeking and crying through half the day and night while I lay in a crypt of the vines almost under your noses? Eh, you are a fool for your pains, Mascado."

The girl had him there: she had the tricks of an Indian for making her way in the hills; but she was no Indian, who, once the subjection of her body was accomplished, would bring her mind into accord, sit by the fire, and follow at the back of him who had made himself her man and the father of her young. Mascado's notions of the married state partook of the earth, but, such as he was, he wanted no prisoner, but a wife. There would be small satisfaction in keeping her bound, and no safety in letting her go free.

"Well," said the girl, much as if she had disposed of the whole matter, "if we travel not, I sleep, though the bed is none of the softest." Stolidly, to hide a certain shamefacedness, he brought her an armful of leaves and young boughs, which she took indifferently enough with her face turned away. Mascado staked his horse in the wet meadow, and set snares to catch quail and rabbits for their food. His mission training had lost him the familiar use of the bow, and he had no gun.

The girl spent most of the day upon her bed of leaves, her head hidden in her arms to hide the quivering of her face. She felt herself in desperate need of succor, but knew not from what quarter it could come. Supposing the Father President to have brought Isidro his freedom, would he be of a mind to follow his errant lad? and who but the woman Delfina should tell him that El Zarzo had gone against his will? and if Delfina told him that would she not tell all? Ah, never all, never tell him all! Better Mascado should have his will of her at present, and trust to finding some better shift at the last. For she had no thought of marriage with Escobar,—was he not dedicated to God and His Church? All that she asked for herself was to stand at his door and serve.

Then seeing no better issue of her affairs she would fall a-trembling with nameless dread, and feeling safe for that day, resolve to sleep, the better to wake and watch against the terrors of the night. She could trust to holding Mascado in check for a time, but there must come an hour of weakness, of fatigue, a moment of darkness and surprise,— she grew sick to think of it. And then across it all would come the dream of ineffable sweetness,—the joyous road to Monterey, the strolls on the beaches, the sea music and the sea air, Escobar walking with his hand upon her shoulder, the vesper hour when, kneeling on the bare tile flooring, she had leave and liking to watch Escobar through the changes of the hour's devotion. Little looks, little ways, a trick of tossing back his hair, a gentle irony of laughter, the way his fine hand lay on the bridle rein —all these came back and pierced her with seductive pain. So the day wore on warm and still into the afternoon.

XV

THE RESCUE

Saavedra, working back toward Carmelo with the confession of Juan Ruiz in his wallet, had lost time on the last day's

travel by reason of over-full creeks and flooding fords from recent rains on the seaward slope of the hills, and camped for the night several hours out on the trail. Saco, who knew every foot of that region as a man knows his own dwelling, would have pushed on through the dark, but the Padre fancied the horses too much fagged, and managed to do with one more night away from his own bed.

He was up and stirring with the dove's first call to dawn, and got in to the Mission for the eight o'clock breakfast with Padres Gomez and Salazar. The table was set in the corridor looking toward the bay, and white drift from the pear trees blew in on the morning air. Leisurely, as concerned their several jurisdictions, the Brothers of St. Francis gave him news of flock and folk, of a death in Monterey, and a christening set for Wednesday of that week, of a sail sighted off the Point of Pines, and much small talk of the garden and field.

"And yesterday," concluded Padre Salazar, sipping his chocolate comfortably, "I found in the alms-box this packet, which, as it bore no name or superscription, I judged best left to your reverence's disposal."

Saavedra took the thin, oblong packet of black silk and turned it over absently. "Quite right, brother," he said, "quite right. I cannot at this moment conjecture what it may contain, but I will make the earliest occasion to examine its contents, when I have this affair of Escobar off my mind. As for the calves, Brother Pablo, I always say you know more of that matter than myself, and I will be pleased if you will continue to follow your own excellent judgment. I will look at the garden, Ignacio, on my return from Monterey, where I must be almost immediately in the interest of this young man whose affairs I trust presently to put in better shape."

It was a piece of the Father President's humility that he never rode on any affair of the Mission when he could walk, and in that he patterned after the sainted Serra; but this morning toward the Presidio of Monterey he rode at a smart pace, with Fages cantering at his back, very keen to know, but not daring to ask, what the journey promised Escobar. It had occurred to him that the youth was too forward in the Father President's favor for his — Fray Demetrio's — good. He had experienced a pious glee in Isidro's arrest, which it now appeared was ill timed. The Padre was too cheerful and too much in haste not to be the bearer of good news.

They rode at once to the alcalde, whom they found at breakfast, very well disposed toward the Father President now that he conceived himself to have the upper hand, and toward the family of Escobar, which he esteemed discreetly. He had had his fill of puffing and importance in the week past, and answered expansively to the tactful courtesy which Saavedra, in any affair not directly impugning his authority, knew well how to display, and between them they made a very pleasant occasion. The alcalde was charmed, overjoyed in fact, to learn that the young man, of whom, except in his capacity as magistrate, he had never a suspicion, should have come so handsomely off. But an affair of the state, you understand, my dear Padre, — it could not be dropped, dismissed as one might say the word. There were formalities — the circumstance had been noised abroad — it was due to himself as the civil authority, — a mere servant of the Republic, my dear Padre, — and to the young man, to give the fullest publicity to his justification. But under the circumstances he saw no reason why the youth — truly a most admirable young man — should not go at large. He would see to it, — if the Padre Presidente would excuse him until he put on his street-going clothes? Yes, and in the meantime try a glass of wine which had come around the Horn?

The alcalde bustled himself into the house, the Padre sat in the gallery and sipped his wine, and having a quarter of an hour of undisposed leisure, took out

Padre Ignacio's packet from the bosom of his gown, and broke the confining threads. When the silk kerchief was unwrapped there fell out of it two folded papers, the merest glance at which gave the Padre as near to a shock as was possible to his well-ordered mind. They were the marriage certificate of Jesus and Ysabel Castro and the baptismal certificate of Jacintha Concepcion their child.

Saavedra stood up suddenly, betraying his years as he did in any sudden tide of excitement, and called to Fray Demetrio. The secretary came running and agog, hoping for news. "Do you, brother," said Saavedra, "do me the kindness to remain here and wait upon the alcalde — this packet — I have business with the Commandante. Neglect nothing which may be for the Señor Escobar's relief, and bid him wait for me presently. I will be with Castro." With that he gathered up the papers and the skirt of his cassock, and made hastily across the plaza, at that hour beginning to fill with children and dogs and a detachment of soldiery turned out to drill. The secretary managed the release of Isidro to the alcalde's satisfaction and his own, each swelling with authority and disposed to yield to the other's pretensions to save the more credit for his own; they were, in fact, a pair. Within another quarter of an hour Isidro had walked out into the morning, and shaken off both those worthies, who seemed disposed to bestow upon him their company. He walked seaward, and watched the fisher boats beat in across the bright, blue stillness of the bay. He wished that Saavedra might be speedily done with this business of the Commandante's. The week of incarceration made the strange town and strange folk seem more strange. He was hankering for the company of his horse, which he had raised from a colt, and the lad Zarzito, whom he had known quite four days longer than any one in Monterey. He wondered that the boy had not visited him in prison; now that he thought of it, it might have been arranged; but of course El Zarzo would have been too shy to have put himself forward, — shy and, no doubt, lonely in his turn. Isidro walked down to the sea border, and strolled in the wet track of the retreating tide, which was the place Delfina had elected for her morning walk.

There is no doubt Delfina had a nose for affairs; she had scented something going forward at the alcalde's, and had come out with her shoe-laces untied, and a *manta* covering the inadequacies of her morning toilet, with all the mincing airs of a woman wishing to inaugurate an acquaintance with a young man to whom she has not been properly introduced. You can guess that Isidro, notwithstanding his vocation, made no great difficulty at this juncture.

"It is the Señor Escobar, is it not? Yes, — you must pardon my forwardness; it is impossible not to take an interest in one so estimably regarded and so grossly accused." To the natural insinuation of manner Delfina added the play of her fine eyes.

"There is no pardon — rather cause for gratitude," said Isidro, making her a bow and a compliment after the fashion of the time. "You add to my freedom the contemplation of beauty and the society of the graciously inclined." He fell into a certain familiarity of exaggerated deference with remarkable ease for a man who was to become a priest.

"But, no doubt," Delfina watched him sidewise through dropped lids, "there are others — one other — whom the Señor Escobar would have wished to see."

"On my soul, señora, not one."

"Oh, the men, the men!" fluttered Delfina; "oh, the faithless ones! and the poor girl in such straits, too!"

"If it pleases you to jest, señora" —

Delfina assumed a grave and monitory air. "It is no jest to her, I'll warrant, señor. Indeed, I am not one to cry down my own sex; she was most faithful, Don Isidro, visited the prison every day in hopes to have sight of you, and went not away except by force, and most unwillingly, — that I can testify."

"But she, señora, *she*," — cried Isidro; — "what the devil does the woman mean!"

"Ah, if the señor wishes to preserve the incognito," said Delfina, beginning to be mischievous and amused, — "but with *me*, señor? Well, then, the wild Briar that keeps its roses for secret plucking, the mestizo lad, — or is she Indian? — whom you brought out of the hills, — El Zarzo."

"El Zarzo, — what of him?"

"She is gone, señor," cried Delfina, with a sweeping air, — "seized, stolen, ravished, murdered and buried by now for all I know."

"But how? When?" cried Isidro.

"Last night, by an Indian, I think; at least he had no clothing. We were walking here on the beach, but up at the prison I had just discovered — I wished to know — she was about to tell me, and we heard the guard coming."

"But she, *she!*" cried Isidro.

Delfina looked at him in a momentary blankness. "Does the man mean to say that he does not know?" she said, and then dismissing it as wholly absurd, returned to her gurgle of secret amusedness.

"Oh, the men, the men!" she said. "We were walking here, Don Isidro, where we now stand, and it was just the edge of dark; suddenly there came a hissing through the air, — a riata, I think, — and I saw a rider draw up to her and she drew to him, but she went unwillingly enough, — and in a moment he had her in front of him and was away."

"El Zarzo?"

"El Zarzo, so called."

If Isidro appeared cool at that moment it was because he was too much confounded. Delfina was too circumstantial to be greatly doubted. She put him through all the steps of the evening's performance; showed him the evidence of struggle, the galloping hoof prints that began where the shoe prints ended. The horse she judged to be a pinto pony, the man an Indian. Isidro quested forward on the trail, Delfina panted beside him.

"Arnaldo," she said, "is the best tracker in Monterey."

"Send him to me," said Isidro curtly. He had all the woman could give and wished to be rid of her. Delfina took her dismissal cheerfully; she needed the rest of the morning to spread her news abroad. She had mixed herself with what might prove a most interesting scandal, and stumbled on a hint of a really untenable situation. "For suppose," she said to herself, "the man really did *not* know!" and she dwelt upon that point until she was back in her house behind the wall.

Arnaldo the tracker, a short, keen man, came on his horse; in those days, in that land, a man saddled and bridled to go the length of his own dooryard. Isidro sent a boy to bring his own horse from the pastures of Carmelo. Arnaldo made a detour of half an hour to fetch necessaries for the day; together they worked on over the cold trail. There seemed a promise of mischief in the rider's haste, — in the broken bushes, deep hoof scars, flakes of black loam cast up by running.

"It might be Mascado," said the tracker; "he has been seen lately in this quarter. He has a pinto of about that stride, and he rides like the devil."

"On the devil's errand," said Isidro; but the name, which he remembered only as the name of a renegade wanted at Carmelo, carried no information. He was in great confusion of mind which found no relief except in haste, though he could scarcely have told to what end he hurried the tracker on the open trail. He would say that the lad El Zarzo was in peril. But why? Why? A lad by his own account half Indian carried off by another. But if he believed his own judgment the lad was no Indian, and if he believed the woman Delfina, no lad. Well, then, if a maid, peril enough and reason enough. He began to recount occasions and circumstances, — the lad's personal reticence, a certain avoidance of innuendo and embarrassing incident too constant, now that he recalled it, not to imply an

intention; and, on the other side, a certain fearless matter-of-factness, an impertinence, as it were, directed to no person but to events, to destiny, endearing in a boy, but hardly to be looked for in a girl. But the lad was a good lad, — well a girl, then, if it must be, — so no doubt a good girl. Here Delfina's amused insinuating gurgle recurred to him; it brought a hot flush and certain sickly prickings of shamefacedness.

"Sacred Name of a Name!" what was the woman doing now but spreading her news in Monterey, — excellent gossip about an Escobar who set out to be a priest. In his hurry he had neglected to stop her mouth, as he reflected he might have done with a compliment and silver.

Isidro was, first of all, a clean and honorable youth. If he regarded the priesthood as an opportunity rather than a renunciation, he was not single in his time, and though he purposed a discreet use of its prerogatives, he meant sincerely to keep within its restrictions. He had respect to its orders, and as a man and priest he wished to stand well with the Father President, and he had all the high and formal breeding which runs with pure Castilian blood; the finikin hospitality, and that exaggerated punctiliousness toward women which often consists with no very high estimate of the possibility of feminine virtue. If Delfina said truth, — and, though he rejected it, he found his mind working around toward conviction as fast as the tracker worked over the trail, — if it were true that the boy was no boy, then he had set a pretty snare for his reputation to fall into. Peace he might make with Saavedra through the confessional, but his father, the old Don, would be furious to have him so far forget the manners of an Escobar as to take a mistress, in the guise of a servant, under the Father President's roof, and having so conducted his journey to Monterey as to have himself accused of murder and suspected of theft, had no sooner come free of that taint than he was off hot-foot after the girl and her Indian lover. That was the construction that would be put upon his behavior, and Isidro owned that he would probably have believed it in the case of any other. As for the girl, she was quite ruined in reputation, and any explanation of his would add a touch of ridicule to reproach. If these considerations had occurred to him earlier it is probable Isidro would have waited to take counsel with Saavedra before committing himself to the trail; but by the woman's account there was the lad, whom he loved for his endearing boyishness and clean, companionable talk, ahead of him on that road at the expense of who knew what indignity; and though the fact of El Zarzo's being a maid had not possessed his consciousness, it stirred in him an apprehension of unnamable disaster. As often as he thought of her it was of the nimble and teachable lad who had come through the wood with him in golden weather, or of the pleasant companion he had promised himself on a pilgrimage through Alta California, — but a maid — Oh, a pest on it! Escobar felt himself aggrieved that his servant had not stayed a boy.

The sun beat upon them, and the trail stretched out mile by mile. Arnaldo hung above it from his saddle, finding it too plain for dismounting. By noon they arrived where Mascado had stumbled on Saavedra's camp, and Arnaldo chuckled to see how nearly the mestizo's haste had been his undoing.

"If it were Mascado he would sooner see the devil than his reverence," said the tracker.

After that it seemed the rider had taken a craftier way among the hills, concealing his trail more, and pursuit lagged through a hot, breathless afternoon. Later they came to where Mascado had kept the dark watch under the oak. Here Isidro looked for some signs of a struggle, not assured but relieved to find none. Here El Zarzo had sat, and here Mascado; here the horse cropped at the end of the rope. Isidro by this time fumed with impatience and saddle weariness. He rode

after a week's inaction and his breakfast had been prison fare.

"Caramba! but I could eat," he said.

Arnaldo swung the food bag forward on the saddle.

"Eat," he said; "the trail freshens."

"And where," cried Isidro, "do you think we shall come up with him?"

"*Dios sabe*, but it leads toward Las Chimineas. That is the refuge of many a hunted one. We should be there in an hour," said the tracker.

"We must find him before night." Isidro bore forward in his saddle with eagerness; as if some impalpable thread of intelligence ran between him and the girl, his sense of urgency lengthened with the shadows. They had made good time, almost as good as Mascado, saving the dark hours. It appeared the mestizo had ridden without fear of pursuit, and ridden, moreover, in the night, while they had the day for following. It was four o'clock when Arnaldo pointed out from a knoll the tall, single stones of Las Chimineas.

"From here we go cautiously," he said.

Meanwhile Saavedra had finished his talk with the Commandante. They had taken a long time to it, beating through all the possibilities that the appearance of the two certificates at this juncture implied. Finding no thoroughfare they came back to suck such comfort as they could from the mere fact of the papers spread out on the Commandante's desk. Castro was trembling, expectant, and confused; the Padre hopeful and confounded. The question was, from what source had the packet come? By all accounts no strangers or suspicious persons had come or gone about the Mission or Monterey that week past. Then could it have been dropped by any one resident in the capital or at Carmelo? At this suggestion, that one who had knowledge of Ysabel's child might walk within daily sight of him, Castro shook as with an ague. Padre Vicente sighed; he thought to have known the hearts of his people. Padres Pablo and Ignacio had been warned if the matter came up in confession to use all permissible means to bring it to light. As yet from this source nothing had transpired. It had not been possible to keep the affair out of common talk, perhaps not advisable. It appeared the flood of gossip had floated this packet out of the backwater of an unconscienceable mind, — gossip, and not the searching sword of the Church. Therefore the good Padre sighed; therefore the Commandante fell sick. The word of each ran with power in their several provinces, but they could not compel a favorable issue of their own affairs. But why had the packet come to light and not the heiress? why the evidence and not the claimant? and why this concealment of the source? who held the information that would connect the papers with Ysabel's daughter? Ah, who, who? Was this flotsam all that was to come up out of the depth? Was it fear that kept the informant in the background, or was it simply that the child was not? Here Saavedra came to the surface with a practical suggestion, — a paper pinned to the church door offering a reward for knowledge of Castro's heir. The pride of the Castros demurred. Well, then, for information concerning the packet found in the alms-box on such a date? This was better, and was so agreed. Then, for sheer unwillingness to leave the conference with so little accomplished, they fell to talking of other things. Of this affair of Escobar, which the Padre wished put in the best countenance; of the report, founded on nods and winks and suspicions, that Indians on the eastern border along the Sacramento and the Tulares, under Urbano, fomented disturbances. The Padres had never pushed their labors very far from the coast. Inland the unregenerate lived in native savagery, and gathering to themselves malcontents and deserters from among the neophytes, became a menace to the peaceful establishments of the Mission. From Solano and San José came news of cattle carried off, and mutterings, and restlessness.

Father Saavedra was as loath to report these matters as to believe them, but felt something due to the Commandante. Urbano was rumored to be massing his followers in the wooded regions to the east.

"Saw you any such intimations on your journey, Padre?" asked Castro.

"None," answered Saavedra. "Now I think of it I saw not a dozen Indians this week past, nor came upon more than one camp which was not at least three days cold. It is surprising, I think, considering the report."

"Not surprising, Padre, but ominous," replied the Commandante, "considering what we know of their habits. At this season they should be spread abroad by clans and families. That you saw none is proof positive that they are gathering together in some other place and for some purpose."

"I trust not of mischief," said Saavedra.

"I hope not, but I do not trust where an Indian is concerned," said the Commandante, smiling a little. "But the detachment which was sent out for your fellow Mascado should be in any hour; they were provisioned only for ten days, and they may be able to tell somewhat. In the meantime I advise, Padre, that you let none of the neophytes pass between the Missions on any errands whatever." The Father President acquiesced. He was not the man for affrays; besides, had Urbano descended upon San Carlos, he would have met him in the fashion of the martyred Luis Jayme, saying, "Love God, my children," and as likely have met the same end. By the time he had finished with the Commandante and come out into the plaza again Isidro had been gone an hour.

(*To be continued.*)

A LETTER FROM JAPAN

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

Tōkyō, *August* 1, 1904.

Here, in this quiet suburb, where the green peace is broken only by the voices of children at play and the shrilling of cicadæ, it is difficult to imagine that, a few hundred miles away, there is being carried on one of the most tremendous wars of modern times, between armies aggregating more than half a million of men, or that, on the intervening sea, a hundred ships of war have been battling. This contest, between the mightiest of Western powers and a people that began to study Western science only within the recollection of many persons still in vigorous life, is, on one side at least, a struggle for national existence. It was inevitable, this struggle, — might perhaps have been delayed, but certainly not averted. Japan has boldly challenged an empire capable of threatening simultaneously the civilizations of the East and the West, — a mediæval power that, unless vigorously checked, seems destined to absorb Scandinavia and to dominate China. For all industrial civilization the contest is one of vast moment; — for Japan it is probably the supreme crisis in her national life. As to what her fleets and her armies have been doing, the world is fully informed; but as to what her people are doing at home, little has been written.

To inexperienced observation they would appear to be doing nothing unusual; and this strange calm is worthy of record. At the beginning of hostilities an Imperial mandate was issued, bidding all non-combatants to pursue their avoca-

tions as usual, and to trouble themselves as little as possible about exterior events; — and this command has been obeyed to the letter. It would be natural to suppose that all the sacrifices, tragedies, and uncertainties of the contest had thrown their gloom over the life of the capital in especial; but there is really nothing whatever to indicate a condition of anxiety or depression. On the contrary, one is astonished by the joyous tone of public confidence, and the admirably restrained pride of the nation in its victories. Western tides have strewn the coast with Japanese corpses; regiments have been blown out of existence in the storming of positions defended by wire-entanglements; battleships have been lost: yet at no moment has there been the least public excitement. The people are following their daily occupations just as they did before the war; the cheery aspect of things is just the same; the theatres and flower displays are not less well patronized. The life of Tōkyō has been, to outward seeming, hardly more affected by the events of the war than the life of nature beyond it, where the flowers are blooming and the butterflies hovering as in other summers. Except after the news of some great victory, — celebrated with fireworks and lantern processions, — there are no signs of public emotion; and but for the frequent distribution of newspaper-extras, by runners ringing bells, you could almost persuade yourself that the whole story of the war is an evil dream.

Yet there has been, of necessity, a vast amount of suffering — viewless and voiceless suffering — repressed by that sense of social and patriotic duty which is Japanese religion. As a seventeen-syllable poem of the hour tells us, the news of every victory must bring pain as well as joy: —

Gōgwai no
Tabi teki mikata
Goké ga fué.

"Each time that an extra is circulated the widows of foes and friends have increased in multitude."

The great quiet and the smiling tearlessness testify to the more than Spartan discipline of the race. Anciently the people were trained, not only to conceal their emotions, but to speak in a cheerful voice and to show a pleasant face under any stress of moral suffering; and they are obedient to that teaching to-day. It would still be thought a shame to betray personal sorrow for the loss of those who die for Emperor and fatherland. The public seem to view the events of the war as they would watch the scenes of a popular play. They are interested without being excited; and their extraordinary self-control is particularly shown in various manifestations of the "play-impulse." Everywhere the theatres are producing war dramas (based upon actual fact); the newspapers and magazines are publishing war stories and novels; the cinematograph exhibits the monstrous methods of modern warfare; and numberless industries are turning out objects of art or utility designed to commemorate the Japanese triumphs.

But the present psychological condition, the cheerful and even playful tone of public feeling, can be indicated less by any general statement than by the mention of ordinary facts, — every-day matters recorded in the writer's diary.

Never before were the photographers so busy: it is said that they have not been able to fulfill half of the demands made upon them. The hundreds of thousands of men sent to the war wished to leave photographs with their families, and also to take with them portraits of parents, children, and other beloved persons. The nation was being photographed during the past six months.

A fact of sociological interest is that photography has added something new to the poetry of the domestic faith. From the time of its first introduction, photography became popular in Japan; and none of those superstitions, which inspire fear of the camera among less civilized races, offered any obstacle to the rapid

development of a new industry. It is true that there exist some queer folk-beliefs about photographs, — ideas of mysterious relation between the sun-picture and the person imaged. For example: if, in the photograph of a group, one figure appear indistinct or blurred, that is thought to be an omen of sickness or death. But this superstition has its industrial value: it has compelled photographers to be careful about their work, — especially in these days of war, when everybody wants to have a good clear portrait, because the portrait might be needed for another purpose than preservation in an album.

During the last twenty years there has gradually come into existence the custom of placing the photograph of a dead parent, brother, husband, or child, beside the mortuary tablet kept in the Buddhist household shrine. For this reason, also, the departing soldier wishes to leave at home a good likeness of himself.

The rites of domestic affection, in old samurai families, are not confined to the cult of the dead. On certain occasions, the picture of the absent parent, husband, brother, or betrothed, is placed in the alcove of the guest-room, and a feast laid out before it. The photograph, in such cases, is fixed upon a little stand (*dai*); and the feast is served as if the person were present. This pretty custom of preparing a meal for the absent is probably more ancient than any art of portraiture; but the modern photograph adds to the human poetry of the rite. In feudal time it was the rule to set the repast facing the direction in which the absent person had gone — north, south, east, or west. After a brief interval the covers of the vessels containing the cooked food were lifted and examined. If the lacquered inner surface was thickly beaded with vapor, all was well; but if the surface was dry, that was an omen of death, a sign that the disembodied spirit had returned to absorb the essence of the offerings.

As might have been expected, in a country where the "play-impulse" is stronger, perhaps, than in any other part of the world, the Zeitgeist found manifestation in the flower displays of the year. I visited those in my neighborhood, which is the Quarter of the Gardeners. This quarter is famous for its azaleas (*tsutsuji*); and every spring the azalea gardens attract thousands of visitors, — not only by the wonderful exhibition then made of shrubs which look like solid masses of blossom (ranging up from snowy white, through all shades of pink, to a flamboyant purple), but also by displays of effigies: groups of figures ingeniously formed with living leaves and flowers. These figures, life-size, usually represent famous incidents of history or drama. In many cases — though not in all — the bodies and the costumes are composed of foliage and flowers trained to grow about a framework; while the faces, feet, and hands are represented by some kind of flesh-colored composition.

This year, however, a majority of the displays represented scenes of the war, — such as an engagement between Japanese infantry and mounted Cossacks, a night attack by torpedo boats, the sinking of a battleship. In the last-mentioned display, Russian bluejackets appeared, swimming for their lives in a rough sea; — the pasteboard waves and the swimming figures being made to rise and fall by the pulling of a string; while the crackling of quick-firing guns was imitated by a mechanism contrived with sheets of zinc.

It is said that Admiral Tōgō sent to Tōkyō for some flowering-trees in pots, — inasmuch as his responsibilities allowed him no chance of seeing the cherry-flowers and the plum-blossoms in their season, — and that the gardeners responded even too generously.

Almost immediately after the beginning of hostilities, thousands of "war pictures" — mostly cheap lithographs — were published. The drawing and coloring were better than those of the prints issued at the time of the war with China;

but the details were to a great extent imaginary, — altogether imaginary as to the appearance of Russian troops. Pictures of the engagements with the Russian fleet were effective, despite some lurid exaggeration. The most startling things were pictures of Russian defeats in Korea, published before a single military engagement had taken place; — the artist had "flushed to anticipate the scene." In these prints the Russians were depicted as fleeing in utter rout, leaving their officers — very fine-looking officers — dead upon the field; while the Japanese infantry, with dreadfully determined faces, were coming up at a double. The propriety and the wisdom of thus pictorially predicting victory, and easy victory to boot, may be questioned. But I am told that the custom of so doing is an old one; and it is thought that to realize the common hope thus imaginatively is lucky. At all events, there is no attempt at deception in these pictorial undertakings; — they help to keep up the public courage, and they ought to be pleasing to the gods.

Some of the earlier pictures have now been realized in grim fact. The victories in China had been similarly foreshadowed: they amply justified the faith of the artist. . . . To-day the war pictures continue to multiply; but they have changed character. The inexorable truth of the photograph, and the sketches of the war correspondent, now bring all the vividness and violence of fact to help the artist's imagination. There was something naïve and theatrical in the drawings of anticipation; but the pictures of the hour represent most tragic reality, — always becoming more terrible. At this writing, Japan has yet lost no single battle; but not a few of her victories have been dearly won.

To enumerate even a tenth of the various articles ornamented with designs inspired by the war — articles such as combs, clasps, fans, brooches, cardcases, purses — would require a volume. Even cakes and confectionery are stamped with naval or military designs; and the glass or paper windows of shops — not to mention the signboards — have pictures of Japanese victories painted upon them. At night the shop lanterns proclaim the pride of the nation in its fleets and armies; and a whole chapter might easily be written about the new designs in transparencies and toy lanterns. A new revolving lantern — turned by the air-current which its own flame creates — has become very popular. It represents a charge of Japanese infantry upon Russian defenses; and holes pierced in the colored paper, so as to produce a continuous vivid flashing while the transparency revolves, suggest the exploding of shells and the volleying of machine guns.

Some displays of the art-impulse, as inspired by the war, have been made in directions entirely unfamiliar to Western experience, — in the manufacture, for example, of women's hair ornaments and dress materials. Dress goods decorated with war pictures have actually become a fashion, — especially crêpe silks for underwear, and figured silk linings for cloaks and sleeves. More remarkable than these are the new hairpins; — by hairpins I mean those long double-pronged ornaments of flexible metal which are called *kanzashi*, and are more or less ornamented according to the age of the wearer. (The *kanzashi* made for young girls are highly decorative; those worn by older folk are plain, or adorned only with a ball of coral or polished stone.) The new hairpins might be called commemorative: one, of which the decoration represents a British and a Japanese flag intercrossed, celebrates the Anglo-Japanese alliance; another represents an officer's cap and sword; and the best of all is surmounted by a tiny metal model of a battleship. The battleship-pin is not merely fantastic: it is actually pretty!

As might have been expected, military and naval subjects occupy a large place among the year's designs for toweling. The towel designs celebrating naval victories have been particularly success-

ful: they are mostly in white, on a blue ground; or in black, on a white ground. One of the best — blue and white — represented only a flock of gulls wheeling about the masthead of a sunken ironclad, and, far away, the silhouettes of Japanese battleships passing to the horizon. . . . What especially struck me in this, and in several other designs, was the original manner in which the Japanese artist had seized upon the traits of the modern battleship, — the powerful and sinister lines of its shape, — just as he would have caught for us the typical character of a beetle or a lobster. The lines have been just enough exaggerated to convey, at one glance, the real impression made by the aspect of these iron monsters, — a vague impression of bulk and force and menace, very difficult to express by ordinary methods of drawing.

Besides towels decorated with artistic sketches of this sort, there have been placed upon the market many kinds of towels bearing comic war pictures, — caricatures or cartoons which are amusing without being malignant. It will be remembered that at the time of the first attack made upon the Port Arthur squadron, several of the Russian officers were in the Dalny theatre, — never dreaming that the Japanese would dare to strike the first blow. This incident has been made the subject of a towel design. At one end of the towel is a comic study of the faces of the Russians, delightedly watching the gyrations of a ballet dancer. At the other end is a study of the faces of the same commanders when they find, on returning to the port, only the masts of their battleships above water. Another towel shows a procession of fish in front of a surgeon's office — waiting their turns to be relieved of sundry bayonets, swords, revolvers, and rifles, which have stuck in their throats. A third towel picture represents a Russian diver examining, with a prodigious magnifying-glass, the holes made by torpedoes in the hull of a sunken cruiser. Comic verses or legends, in cursive text, are printed beside these pictures.

The great house of Mitsui, which placed the best of these designs on the market, also produced some beautiful souvenirs of the war, in the shape of *fukusa*. (A *fukusa* is an ornamental silk covering, or wrapper, put over presents sent to friends on certain occasions, and returned after the present has been received.) These are made of the heaviest and costliest silk, and inclosed within appropriately decorated covers. Upon one *fukusa* is a colored picture of the cruisers Nisshin and Kasuga, under full steam; and upon another has been printed, in beautiful Chinese characters, the full text of the Imperial Declaration of War.

But the strangest things that I have seen in this line of production were silk dresses for baby girls, — figured stuffs which, when looked at from a little distance, appeared incomparably pretty, owing to the masterly juxtaposition of tints and colors. On closer inspection the charming design proved to be composed entirely of war pictures, — or, rather, fragments of pictures, blended into one astonishing combination: naval battles; burning warships; submarine mines exploding; torpedo boats attacking; charges of Cossacks repulsed by Japanese infantry; artillery rushing into position; storming of forts; long lines of soldiery advancing through mist. Here were colors of blood and fire, tints of morning haze and evening glow, noon-blue and starred night-purple, sea-gray and field-green, — most wonderful thing! . . . I suppose that the child of a military or naval officer might, without impropriety, be clad in such a robe. But then — the unspeakable pity of things!

The war toys are innumerable: I can attempt to mention only a few of the more remarkable kinds.

Japanese children play many sorts of card games, some of which are old, others quite new. There are poetical card games, for example, played with a pack of which each card bears the text of a poem, or

part of a poem; and the player should be able to remember the name of the author of any quotation in the set. Then there are geographical card games, in which each of the cards used bears the name, and perhaps a little picture, of some famous site, town, or temple; and the player should be able to remember the district and province in which the mentioned place is situated. The latest novelty in this line is a pack of cards with pictures upon them of the Russian war vessels; and the player should be able to state what has become of every vessel named, — whether sunk, disabled, or confined in Port Arthur.

There is another card game in which the battleships, cruisers, and torpedo craft of both Japan and Russia are represented. The winner in this game destroys his "captures" by tearing the cards taken. But the shops keep packages of each class of warship cards in stock; and when all the destroyers or cruisers of one country have been put *hors de combat*, the defeated party can purchase new vessels abroad. One torpedo boat costs about one farthing; but five torpedo boats can be bought for a penny.

The toy-shops are crammed with models of battleships, — in wood, clay, porcelain, lead, and tin, — of many sizes and prices. Some of the larger ones, moved by clockwork, are named after Japanese battleships: Shikishima, Fuji, Mikasa. One mechanical toy represents the sinking of a Russian vessel by a Japanese torpedo boat.

Among cheaper things of this class is a box of colored sand, for the representation of naval engagements. Children arrange the sand so as to resemble waves; and with each box of sand are sold two fleets of tiny leaden vessels. The Japanese ships are white, and the Russian black; and explosions of torpedoes are to be figured by small cuttings of vermilion paper, planted in the sand.

The children of the poorest classes make their own war toys; and I have been wondering whether those ancient feudal laws (translated by Professor Wigmore), which fixed the cost and quality of toys to be given to children, did not help to develop that ingenuity which the little folk display. Recently I saw a group of children in our neighborhood playing at the siege of Port Arthur, with fleets improvised out of scraps of wood and some rusty nails. A tub of water represented Port Arthur. Battleships were figured by bits of plank, into which chopsticks had been fixed to represent masts, and rolls of paper to represent funnels. Little flags, appropriately colored, were fastened to the masts with rice paste. Torpedo boats were imaged by splinters, into each of which a short thick nail had been planted to indicate a smokestack. Stationary submarine mines were represented by small squares of wood, each having one long nail driven into it; and these little things, when dropped into water with the nail-head downwards, would keep up a curious bobbing motion for a long time. Other squares of wood, having clusters of short nails driven into them, represented floating mines; and the mimic battleships were made to drag for these, with lines of thread. The pictures in the Japanese papers had doubtless helped the children to imagine the events of the war with tolerable accuracy.

Naval caps for children have become, of course, more in vogue than ever before. Some of the caps bear, in Chinese characters of burnished metal, the name of a battleship, or the words *Nippon Teikoku* (Empire of Japan), — disposed like the characters upon the cap of a blue-jacket. On some caps, however, the ship's name appears in English letters, — Yashima, Fuji, etc.

The play-impulse, I had almost forgotten to say, is shared by the soldiers themselves, — though most of those called to the front do not expect to return in the body. They ask only to be remembered at the Spirit-Invoking Shrine (*Shōkonsha*), where the shades of all who die for

Emperor and country are believed to gather. The men of the regiments temporarily quartered in our suburb, on their way to the war, found time to play at mimic war with the small folk of the neighborhood. (At all times Japanese soldiers are very kind to children; and the children here march with them, join in their military songs, and correctly salute their officers, feeling sure that the gravest officer will return the salute of a little child.) When the last regiment went away, the men distributed toys among the children assembled at the station to give them a parting cheer, — hairpins, with military symbols for ornament, to the girls; wooden infantry and tin cavalry to the boys. The oddest present was a small clay model of a Russian soldier's head, presented with the jocose promise: "If we come back, we shall bring you some real ones." In the top of the head there is a small wire loop, to which a rubber string can be attached. At the time of the war with China, little clay models of Chinese heads, with very long queues, were favorite toys.

The war has also suggested a variety of new designs for that charming object, the *toko-niwa*. Few of my readers know what a *toko-niwa*, or "alcove-garden," is. It is a miniature garden — perhaps less than two feet square — contrived within an ornamental shallow basin of porcelain or other material, and placed in the alcove of a guest-room by way of decoration. You may see there a tiny pond; a streamlet crossed by humped bridges of Chinese pattern; dwarf trees forming a grove, and shading the model of a Shintō temple; imitations in baked clay of stone lanterns, — perhaps even the appearance of a hamlet of thatched cottages. If the *toko-niwa* be not too small, you may see real fish swimming in the pond, or a pet tortoise crawling among the rockwork. Sometimes the miniature garden represents Hōrai, and the palace of the Dragon-King.

Two new varieties have come into fashion. One is a model of Port Arthur, showing the harbor and the forts; and with the materials for the display there is sold a little map, showing how to place certain tiny battleships, representing the imprisoned and the investing fleets. The other *toko-niwa* represents a Korean or Chinese landscape, with hill ranges and rivers and woods; and the appearance of a battle is created by masses of toy soldiers — cavalry, infantry, and artillery — in all positions of attack and defense. Minute forts of baked clay, bristling with cannon about the size of small pins, occupy elevated positions. When properly arranged the effect is panoramic. The soldiers in the foreground are about an inch long; those a little farther away about half as long; and those upon the hills are no larger than flies.

But the most remarkable novelty of this sort yet produced is a kind of *toko-niwa* recently on display at a famous shop in Ginza. A label bearing the inscription, *Kaï-têi no Ikken* (View of the Ocean-Bed) sufficiently explained the design. The *suïbon*, or "water-tray," containing the display was half filled with rocks and sand so as to resemble a sea-bottom; and little fishes appeared swarming in the foreground. A little farther back, upon an elevation, stood Otohimé, the Dragon-King's daughter, surrounded by her maiden attendants, and gazing, with just the shadow of a smile, at two men in naval uniform who were shaking hands, — dead heroes of the war: Admiral Makaroff and Commander Hirosé! . . . These had esteemed each other in life; and it was a happy thought to thus represent their friendly meeting in the world of Spirits.

Though his name is perhaps unfamiliar to English readers, Commander Takeo Hirosé has become, deservedly, one of Japan's national heroes. On the 27th of March, during the second attempt made to block the entrance to Port Arthur, he was killed while endeavoring to help a comrade, — a comrade who had formerly

saved him from death. For five years Hirosé had been a naval attaché at St. Petersburg, and had made many friends in Russian naval and military circles. From boyhood his life had been devoted to study and duty; and it was commonly said of him that he had no particle of selfishness in his nature. Unlike most of his brother officers he remained unmarried, — holding that no man who might be called on at any moment to lay down his life for his country had a moral right to marry. The only amusements in which he was ever known to indulge were physical exercises; and he was acknowledged one of the best *jūjutsu* (wrestlers) in the empire. The heroism of his death, at the age of thirty-six, had much less to do with the honors paid to his memory than the self-denying heroism of his life.

Now his picture is in thousands of homes, and his name is celebrated in every village. It is celebrated also by the manufacture of various souvenirs, which are sold by myriads. For example, there is a new fashion in sleeve-buttons, called *Kinen-botan*, or "Commemoration-buttons." Each button bears a miniature portrait of the commander, with the inscription, *Shichi-shō hōkoku*, "Even in seven successive lives — for love of country." It is recorded that Hirosé often cited, to friends who criticised his ascetic devotion to duty, the famous utterance of Kusunoki Masashigé, who declared, ere laying down his life for the Emperor Go-Daigo, that he desired to die for his sovereign in seven successive existences.

But the highest honor paid to the memory of Hirosé is of a sort now possible only in the East, though once possible also in the West, when the Greek or Roman patriot-hero might be raised, by the common love of his people, to the place of the Immortals. . . . Wine-cups of porcelain have been made, decorated with his portrait; and beneath the portrait appears, in ideographs of gold, the inscription, *Gunshin Hirosé Chūsa*. The character "*gun*" signifies war; the character "*shin*," a god, — either in the sense of *divus* or *deus*, according to circumstances; and the Chinese text, read in the Japanese way, is *Ikusa no Kami*. Whether that stern and valiant spirit is really invoked by the millions who believe that no brave soul is doomed to extinction, no well-spent life laid down in vain, no heroism cast away, I do not know. But, in any event, human affection and gratitude can go no farther than this; and it must be confessed that Old Japan is still able to confer honors worth dying for.

Boys and girls in all the children's schools are now singing the Song of Hirosé Chūsa, — which is a marching song. The words and the music are published in a little booklet, with a portrait of the late commander upon the cover. Everywhere, and at all hours of the day, one hears this song being sung: —

He whose every word and deed gave to men an example of what the war-folk of the Empire of Nippon should be, — Commander Hirosé: is he really dead?

Though the body die, the spirit dies not. He who wished to be reborn seven times into this world, for the sake of serving his country, for the sake of requiting the Imperial favor, — Commander Hirosé: has he really died?

"Since I am a son of the Country of the Gods, the fire of the evil-hearted Russians cannot touch me!" — The sturdy Takeo who spoke thus: can he really be dead? . . .

Nay! that glorious war-death meant undying fame; — beyond a thousand years the valiant heart shall live; — as to a god of war shall reverence be paid to him. . . .

Observing the playful confidence of this wonderful people in their struggle for existence against the mightiest power of the West, — their perfect trust in the wisdom of their leaders and the valor of their armies, — the good humor of their irony when mocking the enemy's blunders, — their strange capacity to find, in the world-stirring events of the hour, the same amusement that they would find in watching a melodrama, — one is tempted to ask: "What would be the moral consequence of a national defeat?" . . . It would depend, I think, upon circum-

stances. Were Kuropatkin able to fulfill his rash threat of invading Japan, the nation would probably rise as one man. But otherwise the knowledge of any great disaster would be bravely borne. From time unknown Japan has been a land of cataclysms, — earthquakes that ruin cities in the space of a moment; tidal waves, two hundred miles long, sweeping whole coast populations out of existence; floods submerging hundreds of leagues of well-tilled fields; eruptions burying provinces. Calamities like this have disciplined the race in resignation and in patience; and it has been well trained also to bear with courage all the misfortunes of war. Even by the foreign peoples that have been most closely in contact with her, the capacities of Japan remained unguessed. Perhaps her power to resist aggression is far surpassed by her power to endure.

THE RENASCENCE OF SAPPHIRA

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

As Mrs. "Judge" Chouteau laid her handbag on the writing-shelf of the newspaper counting-room and went to work at her glove, going over her fingers successively many times with careful rubs and pulls, she glanced up and down the columns of the advertiser's copy of the paper, looking unconsciously for a department of Not Wanted.

In the Judge's stone front residence, on a street whose name could be spoken with distinction, was a melodeon of that description. Its extensible legs, in days gone by, had lengthened with her own, until one day she was a young lady come into the estate of a piano; and the melodeon needed to grow no more. It had followed her fortunes and been a pensioner of space for years whose number I will forbear to mention. It was allowed to stay in that second-story rear room which was the limbo of unornamental but possibly usable things, stepping aside frequently to make room for another bundle of legal literature. And now, whenever the Judge went there — being in a hurry to find an old record or perplexed with a nebulous remembrance of an article in a back number of the *Green Bag* — the melodeon would be sure to stand in front of the very place it was not wanted. And the Judge would say, when he came downstairs for Sapphira, who always found things as if her arm were a divining-rod, "Sapphira, what are we going to do with that melodeon?"

"Was it in the road again, Cyrus?"

"It was. As an Obstructionist it seems to be sticking to your father's politics."

And that was the last time he had cause to speak of it. She said she would sell it, averring it with conclusiveness because she had often made the claim that it was worth money. And the Judge said "Humph," — which was a mere ditto mark to what he had said aforetime, — that there was nobody who would buy it.

As Mrs. Chouteau picked up the impotent public pen and paused to compose an "ad," she was really — had she but known it — trying to put herself in touch with a certain log residence on the summit of a rounding hill overlooking a sweet and sleepy valley town on the shore of the Missouri. In it there dwelt a family of the same complexion as the rosewood melodeon, and quite as soulful of melody. There were little Forrest and his "Pa" and his Mammy.

If it were permitted me to become edifying and useful on the subject of a melodeon, I would choose for the text some

words from a sermon which I one time heard delivered to a preponderance of ladies, — "Life is mostly a struggle with dirt." And I would expand it with a chemico-philosophical statement, — Dirt is only something out of place. In the Chouteau establishment the melodeon had certainly become dirt. Little Forrest's residence was the place where it would become the fertile soil of melody. Indeed, if Providence were to have a department of Economics its time could well be spent in merely shifting things about, making useful articles out of dirt without the least expenditure. But as this work of finding the affinities of things is left to chance and the newspapers, Mrs. Chouteau had to struggle with the selecting of words that were to be printed and to put forty cents in jeopardy.

While the melodeon had become unwelcome for reasons that are obvious, it belonged otherwhere for reasons esoteric and peculiar. Forrest's "Pa" was a steamboat hand, — a roustabout on a boat that ran from St. Louis. He was one of the trotting file who pour wheat-sacks aboard at landings, who "coon-jine" coal forward to the boilers between landings, and who sit, whenever there is an opportunity, with their feet hanging above the sliding yellow waters, humming melodies and enjoying the sunshine.

The Missouri roustabout, having raised his station from the agricultural class, preserves a tradition in common with the American farmer, not to mention the bee and the bear. He does not work in winter. He has just enough providence that, as winter closes down, when he cannot venture forth for firewood without gunny-sacking around his shoes, he can retire within with a barrel of flour, some sides of bacon, and a modicum of molasses. There he waits for navigation to open up again, having solved the entire American problem of worry and hurry. While the white man's happiness may be only negative, and can safely aspire to nothing more than the absence of evil (if we are to believe what Schopenhauer states and Browning bothers about), the black man has, without doubt, a supply of the positive kind that he has stored up from the sunshine. But he cannot get at it by mere reflection as the bear sucks his paw; he must have pretext to give it voice and shake it out of his feet. A melodeon to pump the hours rhythmically away and instill happiness would cause a winter to lapse without even the effort of turning the back on boredom. Forrest's "Pa" had often thought this; he admitted it on the day that Forrest first yearned for an organ. And now that Forrest was become intellectually bright he should have a musical education. Forrest agreed with him.

One generously heated day, when the "coon-jiners" were sitting along the hogways with their laps turned toward the "largess of the sun," — which, not being in the poetic trade, they spoke of only as "fine wahm weathah," — Forrest's father was lying in the hold on a pile of wheat-sacks, being lulled to rest by the pulsing of the engines and ruminating on the forthcoming winter when there would be no such rhythm unless, perchance, he could get the organ. He reached out and drew toward him a copy of the *Globe-Democrat* which had fluttered from above. He looked at the typographic pictures of steamboats on the time-tables and the names of the packets printed in larger letters, which he recognized by having seen them on the boats themselves rather than by any ability to spell things out. When he had gone through all these pictures of names, with a flattering sense that he was somewhat of a reader, his eye fell upon a musical paragraph signalized by a little picture of a piano. He raised his head and looked about for Forrest.

"Fo'est, come heah. What do dis say?"

Forrest could read with a precocity peculiar to little darkies with bulbous foreheads and big eyes. It was because of this amusing ability to scan and sing off the most mysterious words from the almanac or the cookbook that the Captain overlooked his frequent trips on the boat. The

Captain, being himself an agriculturist, was disposed to regard his crew as members of the household; he made no objection to Forrest so long as he kept out of the way at landings and made his meals from the superfluity which his father heaped on his own tin plate. And at times he served for amusement.

"Read dis off chile — what it say 'bout de piano."

And Forrest, who had mastered all the circus posters in St. Louis, and was, therefore, not to be daunted by language, read:

"*For Sale* — A rosewood melodeon in excellent condition. Keys slightly discolored. Has extensible legs; suitable for child or grown person. Cheap."

The melodeon had been polished and brought downstairs into the hall and set so far forward on its way out that the street door would barely clear it as it swung open. It was on her way home from the newspaper office that Sapphira, pondering the fate of her moquette carpet at the feet of a troop of applicants, calculated this arrangement. And foreseeing that because of the door it would be necessary for such callers to come in one step in order to decide, she sorted over the storeroom in her mind, and saw that there was not a rug or other covering suitable for the invaders' pathway and still presentable to social callers. It was necessary for her to stop in at the draper's and order two yards of linen at forty cents the yard.

About a month afterward — it being a Tuesday morning — the Judge was sitting in the bow-window reading. The melodeon was still pausing at the threshold. The Judge suddenly straightened up in his chair and looked out over his glasses, dropping the *Green Bag* on the floor. When he had peered out for some time he called Sapphira.

"Sapphira, what do you suppose that little negro can be walking up and down in front of our house for? It is the third Tuesday I have noticed him. There he is again. He has been doing that for ten minutes."

Now any one who had taken a moment's notice of Forrest could not thenceforth be mistaken in his identity. He was one of the species in a general way, but differentiated, with eyes that were, if possible, more all-seeing, forehead more prominent, and legs a great deal more spindle-shanked. His stockingless legs were very thin and flat, and his calves were put on in a chunk; his underpinning seemed the purely mechanical contrivance of some ingenious designer of light and efficient machinery for working a large pair of shoes. And when his ankles worked back and forth in the yawning mouth of his man's pair of gaiters they seemed all the thinner and flatter and more purely mechanical.

He walked up and down with his eyeballs rolled in the direction of the house. At times he would sit down on the carriage block and jingle on it an iron ring which he took from his pocket as if to divert his mind from too constant vigil. Again he would stroll up and down, variegating his progress with an occasional fantastic step, periodically looking up at the big black door, and never going beyond the length of the iron fence. Sapphira drew the curtain aside and looked out.

"Why, that's the little darky!" she exclaimed; "the one that came with his father to look at the melodeon."

As Forrest caught her eye he ventured a look of half recognition. Then, as if her countenance had brought him out of a state of irresolution, he idled his way up the flight of scoured stone steps. There was an interval of hesitation; then the bell rang, and Mrs. Chouteau went to the door.

"Good-morning," she said.

"How do," said Forrest. He regarded her furtively, and then gazed fixedly at the silver-plated bell-knob. Evidently he was at a loss for an explanation as to why he rang the bell.

"Was there anything you came to tell me?" asked Sapphira.

"Has somebody done bought yo' m'lo-

deon?" Forrest leaned sideways and tried to see past her into the hall.

"No. We still have it." She opened the door wide and pointed to it. "Has your father decided that he wants it?"

"Yes, mom. He done 'cided."

"And is he going to come and get it?"

"No, mom; he nevah gwine come and get it."

"But I thought you said he decided that he wanted it."

"Yes, mom; he done 'cided. But e'vy time he come neah gettin' de seben dollahs he gwine loss it shootin' craps, — tryin' fo' to get de res'. He done 'cided long 'go we wants it. I'se gwine fo' to take lessons on it."

Sapphira, seeing from this answer that she was not going to arrive immediately at the nature of his errand, got the door shut by telling him to come in. And the door being shut, Forrest's countenance became of one piece with the darkness, so that she could not see him. In order to converse satisfactorily she invited him into the parlor; and there she asked him to explain how he expected to take lessons on a melodeon that he was not going to get.

"No, mom; he ain't nevah gwine get de money. Ah's 'cided Ah's gwine fo' to get dat m'lodeon mase'f."

"Why, have *you* seven dollars!" exclaimed Sapphira.

"Yes, mom. Ah knows wha Ah k'n get seben dollahs. Ah's gwine fo' to get it wif dis ring."

Forrest produced the iron ring and held it forth by way of evidence. "Ah k'n tell yo' how Ah's gwine fo' to get it."

He awaited an invitation to tell, with the air of one who has ventured an important proposition, and possibly a presuming one. If, as he hoped, she should volunteer to listen, he would feel that she had committed herself to an interest in his affairs and become so far a party to the scheme. But the Judge, who had been taking a mere foreign interest after he found that he was being interrupted on behalf of the melodeon, now scented something in the way of a gambling enterprise; and he immediately became arbiter of the interview.

"How do you propose to get seven dollars with that?" he interrogated, suddenly inspirited with his official person, regarding Forrest over his spectacles with the judicial scrutiny.

"Ah's gwine get it pushin' de co'ncobs froo de ring."

"What for?" asked Sapphira.

"Ah's gwine sell 'em to make de co'ncob pipes at de big factory. Dey gives away de rings to mos' anybody 'cause all de cobs what won't go froo, dey gives a cent fo' 'em. Ah went an' ast 'em fo' to give me one. Ah know wha da's lots o' co'ncobs. One time de boat went 'way up de ribba wha we nebba been befo'. An' Ah seed a pile o' co'ncobs bigga 'n a chicken-coop." At this Forrest's eyes opened wide, giving a vivid impression of size. "Ah ast de white boy how much he took fo' 'em. An' he say fo' bits. Ef Ah had de cobs Ah could get de money fo' de m'lodeon."

Forrest's eyes now took a moment of liberty to wander about the parlor, making a general survey of its grandeur. As they came and rested finally on the oil painting of the Judge above the square piano, he said, as if he were addressing the portrait and drawing the words out in the abstraction of one who is contemplating an ideal being, "But Ah ain't got no fo' bits."

"Why, Cyrus, can he get a cent for a corncob?" asked Sapphira, laying the case before him. And the Judge, who had relapsed into a domestic being again when he perceived it was a legitimate transaction, informed her that the statement was founded on fact.

"Yes, mom," said Forrest. "Ah seed 'em get hansfuls o' money. Ah k'n get 'leben o' fo'teen dollahs fo' 'em." After a spell of encouraging silence he ventured to say, "Ah doan s'pose yo' got fo' bits yo' could lemme take till Ah gets de money fo' de m'lodeon?"

"Do they, Cyrus?" asked Sapphira.

"I should regard it as a very fair proposition," replied the Judge, leaning back in the rôle of consulting attorney, with his finger-tips placed together. "A very plain proposition. He has struck a mine of corncobs. And Missouri bottom corncobs ought to assay quite well according to this monetary standard." He examined the ring and handed it back to Forrest.

"And will you bring back the fifty cents next Tuesday?" asked Sapphira, not so much concerned for the money as for her responsibility in his possible temptation and demoralization.

"Yes, mom."

"Very well." She opened the handbag and gave him a half dollar. She preceded him to the door and held it open.

But Forrest, seeing the melodeon in the full light of day, had to tarry and feast his eyes upon it. He even ventured to give the treadle a push with his foot. With a quick touch of his finger he filched just a taste of melody — a mere *soupçon* of sound — from Sapphira's melodeon. Then he was satisfied.

But he paused on the threshold.

"An' will yo' sho' give me de m'lodeon fo' de money what Ah gets?"

"Yes, I will. And if you should not have quite enough I will let you have it. And if you get *more*, why, it will be *your* money."

Forrest turned and went down the stairs more nimbly than he had ascended them.

Sapphira waited "for her ship to come in," — this being the way the Judge expressed it in a sub-jovial moment. On the two occasions when he reverted to the matter his remarks were interjected in such foreign and unrelated topics, that she began to mistrust that her little prospect of triumph in her contention that the melodeon was worth money had become the whole undercurrent of the Judge's concerns.

On the next Tuesday morning the Judge ensconced himself in the bow-window, and set himself to weighing and ruling on certain points in the case of Black *versus* White. At last the doorbell rang. Sapphira, who was somewhere about, having really forgotten what day it was, went to the door. She escorted the little darky into the parlor again. Forrest stood with his hat in his hands and rolled his eyes about, this time more by way of evasion than observation.

"Did you put the corncobs through the ring?" asked Sapphira.

"Yes, mom."

"And did you bring them down on the boat and sell them?"

"Yes, mom."

Forrest buried half an arm in his pocket and rummaged about in the leg of his trousers. Presently he drew forth his closed fist and hesitatingly opened it.

"Ah spose de free cents b'longs to you," he said.

After a moment of suspense, in which his eyes became vividly fixed, he added, "De white boy was a *liah*. He tol' me de big ones done shook down to de bottom."

The Judge rustled over three or four pages and set himself to considering a point. Sapphira smiled.

"Yes, mom," continued Forrest, "Ah done push 'em froo. Dey was mo' 'n anybody kin count. I got off de boat at de place. Ah give de big white boy de fo' bits an' Ah sit down an' staht right away. De fust one I get was a big one what would n't go froo, an' Ah put it 'way off to one side fo' to staht a big pile. Ah wo'ked all day an' Ah got just de big one. An' at night, 'fo Ah went to sleep in de bahn, de big white boy fotch me some bread an' butta in hees pocket. He tell me, 'What's yo' gwine to do a-doin' dat way wif 'em?' An' Ah say to him, Ah say, '*Ah* know what Ah's gwine fo' to do wif 'em.' Ah staht again when de daylight come, 'cause I had n't pushed mo' 'n half de pile froo, an' de boat was comin' down de ribba again at night. Ah got tiahed. But Ah pushed 'n' pushed till de sun was goin' down an' de boat comin' roun' de bend. An' when de boat was stahtin' 'way de big white boy holla how many did Ah get. Ah hel' de cobs up 'n' showed him. Den Ah heah him tellin'

how he done pushed 'em froo hese'f an' got nine dollahs fo' 'em. Ah only got free cents."

After a pause he added, "Ah could 'a' pushed one ob dem froo ef Ah pushed *hahd*."

Forrest stood rubbing his outspread fingers on his kinky poll, utterly nonplussed by the complicated state of affairs in which he had become involved. He looked at the Judge with the air of a culprit whose private disappointments have made him so incapable of further trouble that he is only interested in the perplexity of the court toward his case. The Judge had seen such. Forrest looked at the court as though he, too, were peering over a pair of spectacles, his countenance passive and his eyes wondering. Then, as if to help the verdict along, he said, "De white boy was a liah."

"A bargain's a bargain," said the Judge.

"Yes, suh," replied Forrest, admitting the point.

"Well, then, give her the three cents for the melodeon. She said she'd give it to you for the money you got for the cobs."

Forrest turned his gaze on Sapphira. Like Zacharias, who could not believe the angel who came to announce the very thing he had been praying for, Forrest was a hopeful unbeliever who must also have a sign to attest a miracle.

Sapphira gave the sign; she held out her hand. And as she drew it from the handbag, where she had deposited the three cents, she brought forth a half dollar which she placed in Forrest's palm.

"Is yo' gwine fo' to give me de m'lodeon?"

"No; I'm selling it to you for nine dollars, — the money the white boy cheated me out of. Now you run and get an expressman to take it to the boat for you."

Sapphira looked at the Judge with the sweet consciousness of one who has triumphed on a technicality. The question as to whether she *might* have sold the melodeon would henceforth be confronted by the fact that she lost it in speculation. She again led the way through the hall and held the door open.

But Forrest could not go out straightway; the melodeon caused him to swerve and drew him toward it. Now that it was his melodeon he pumped the bellows carefully and listened to the doings of each of his separate fingers. He looked curiously at the bellows palpitating beneath; his countenance bloomed in full beatitude.

"Ah would jes' lak fo' to heah a tune on dat m'lodeon. Does yo' know how to play tunes?"

Sapphira was about to tell him to make haste, but she paused. Then she shut the door softly.

The Judge suddenly straightened up in his chair and listened.

From the twilight of the hall there came forth half-familiar chords, — experimental strains that gradually found themselves, formed one another's acquaintance, and then fell into company in swinging cadence.

> Come all young men with tender hearts,
> Pray take advice from me;
> And never, never fall in love
> With every girl you see.

The Judge slowly arose. He tiptoed his way across the parlor and stood in the doorway.

> For if you do you 'll surely find
> That you have loved in vain;
> So never, never fall in love
> A Swingin' in the Lane.

He stepped softly across the hall and sat down on the staircase, his elbows on his knees. Athwart the gloom of the hall a belt of subdued light fell from the transom, touching into familiar outline Sapphira at the melodeon. The melody gathered rhythm and feeling; then it came forth in a way that was something more than mere playing, — it was as if the melodeon found voice and began to sing again the songs that Sapphira had taught it — long ago. As the final strain departed — as if it had marched away and been hushed by the distant years — Sapphira rose and disappeared. The door

opened and closed as the little darky was ushered out. The Judge saw her reach out her hand to close the case.

"Sapphira."

"What is it, Cyrus?"

"Let us hear you play the rest of that."

"The rest of it is the same as that."

"But there used to be more verses than that. Do you remember *D. C.* — what that used to mean?"

"Why, yes. *Da capo* — repeat."

Again she sat down. The Judge came and stood near her, with his hands behind his back. She could hear him at times humming the air, lagging behind with sweetness too prolonged.

"There," she said as she ended and again laid her hand on the case, "that was all there was to it."

"Ahem — A-h-h, Sapphira," said the Judge.

"Yes, Cyrus."

"Now, Sapphira, the — the — melodeon is in better *condition* than I supposed it to be. You 'd better think it over, — maybe we ought n't to let it *go* like that. In fact, Sapphira, I — I — I" —

Ting-a-ling went the doorbell. The ring was followed by the thumping of an able fist on the panel. Sapphira opened the door. It was the expressman, red-shirted and bare-armed. He trod in assertively, smiling from a face plethoric with health. He gave his sleeve another turn above the elbow, and then, perceiving the melodeon, — which seemed to have dwindled in size in comparison with the physique that was to transport it, — he pointed down from the raised arm and inquired, "Is *that* it?"

"Yes, suh; dat's ma m'lodeon," replied Forrest promptly.

The expressman hoisted it to his shoulder. And Sapphira's melodeon took that one step necessary — out of the door and into the world. Sapphira stood out on the steps to take leave of Forrest. The Judge, in a moment of vacillation, went into the parlor again and took his seat in the bow-window. He picked up the papers and sat staring into the vacuous *Green Bag*.

After a time — how long he could not have borne witness — the voice of the melodeon struck his ear again. He rose and looked out of the side window. Forrest was standing up in the wagon trying the keys of the instrument as it clattered away and disappeared around the corner. He listened until the voice faded away in the distance.

The Judge stood in the window for some time, meditating.

"Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen" — he mused, counting up the years. Eighteen years since he supposed Sapphira had forgotten how to play. It was when daughter Edith was finishing her first lessons that Sapphira began to make excuse, saying that she had lost her practice. And now since Edith was gone — these four years — the piano had been closed. Eighteen years — And she could play like that!

Suddenly he went to the door and looked up and down the hall.

"Oh, Sapphira," he called.

"Here I am, Cyrus." She came from upstairs and entered the parlor.

"Sapphira," said he, "I thought you said you had forgotten your music." He said it as one who has discovered something that needs to be explained away.

"And so I have."

"Don't you call that playing? Sapphira, I would call that *playing*."

As she stood and took the compliment, Sapphira's heart sent out a tribute by way of her eyes; something that would have been coyness and a blush — thirty years agone. But now it was infinitely finer; too fine for any one to see but Cyrus. And into Sapphira's face, pallid almost as her hair and patrician in its mould, there arose from out the vanity of her girlhood that which all the world had lost its power to touch, excepting him.

"You did n't suppose that I had forgotten everything, Cyrus — everything I used to play so much? But really I thought my fingers had forgotten more of that piece until after I started."

"And you knew it all the time," mused the Judge.

"But you would n't have wanted me to sit up to the piano and play such tunes before company, would you? Why, it would be *perfectly ridiculous*. They would n't listen to them, nowadays."

"Well, you'd better play them when there *is n't* company, Sapphira. I'll listen. There used to be a tune that went something like — Let's see if I can remember it." The Judge pursed his lips and tried to recall it, half whistling and half blowing.

"Why, don't you remember that, Cyrus?"

She opened the piano and sat down. She felt softly for the chords here and there, finding her music in the yellow keys.

Presently the strains awoke and gathered together. And then, as if the time and rhythm had taken hold of her fingers, they glided with the melody.

It was the piano-playing Sapphira.

The Judge raised his hand and rested it upon her shoulder — as that tune had made him do to Sapphira Varden one evening thirty-five years ago. Sapphira raised her eyes to the painting; and as she played she looked into the eyes of the young attorney, whose hand was now resting fondly upon her. She could hear him sing that evening as she played, — that evening before he marched away with Company H.

The simple air took form and color, and became a rhapsody. She went from tune to tune, — *O Susanna* — *Captain Jinks* — *Anna Lyle* — *Swinging in the Lane*. Every change took hold of the amazed Cyrus and gave his mind a new turn. They hurried him through things of birth and death, love-making, marching, and fighting. Now he was dreaming years in moments.

> Wave willows, murmur waters,
> Golden sunbeams smile;
> All your music cannot waken
> Lovely Anna Lyle.

That was daughter Edith — to him. His eye moistened and his hand began to tremble. Now the music again merged into that other melody, — the one they sang that evening when its words were rife in North and South, — *Lorena*.

As a drowning man sees life in a vivid instant he had visions of it all. He lost his grasp on the present and sank — into a chair and into the past.

> 'T was flowery May
> When up the hilly slope we climbed,
> To watch the dying of the day
> And hear the distant church bells chimed.

The Judge sat with his fingers in his white hair — listening.

THE AMERICAN COUP D'ETAT OF 1961

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

Now that a generation has passed since the disturbed time of which I write, and that most of the actors therein have died, it is possible to sketch the circumstances under which the present Imperial Dynasty mounted the throne of The Americas with an impartiality that would have been well-nigh impossible heretofore. Some men still regard the final acts of the drama as so many parricidal thrusts, whereas others heap praises on praises upon the great protagonist. My purpose is to give a brief account of the facts as accurately as I can, not extenuating, not exaggerating, not setting down anything with political bias.

In the ten years from 1950 to 1960 the social and political changes in the United States presaged great events. Scientific discovery was the apparent root of the good or evil. Mr. Phillips and Professor Czerny in their laboratory discovered the marvelous effects upon the chemical constituents of the soil produced by radio-electric discharges. Their most ingenious subsoil batteries in some method, not yet fully understood, affected the properties of sand and gravel to such a degree that they were converted into pseudo-vegetable mould, and with very slight expense land which had been a desert became productive to an extraordinary extent. The desert lands of Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah brought forth crops that the banks of the Nile could not rival. The application of these wonderful scientific discoveries was due entirely to the will and energy of the man who at that time was plain Robert Campbell.

Campbell was born in Ohio, of Scotch-Irish parentage. He was educated at the public schools, and when a lad of fourteen was employed by Mr. Phillips in his laboratory as an assistant. The boy learned far more quickly than his master the value of the discoveries. He left the laboratory, returned at the end of three years with a few thousand dollars, bought the apparently valueless patents, and put them to use in some land in Arizona bought at fifty cents an acre. The history of the next ten years of his life is the story of the development of the arid region in the southwestern parts of the country. The desert bloomed like a rose. Immigrants swarmed from every country in Europe. The population of Arizona increased a million a year; men who had earned twenty cents a day found themselves rich. Wheat, corn, rice, and potatoes grew as if by magic in an abundance sufficient to feed the world. Citizenship was granted within a month after declaration of an intention to renounce the old allegiance, and a vast number of immigrants were admitted to citizenship without any knowledge of republican institutions or any interest in them. Mr. Campbell acquired fabulous wealth. Wherever land was barren, there he was besought to bring his healing touch, and in payment of fruitfulness he always took a mortgage upon the land. In seven states his political power was despotic; he controlled conventions; he selected members of Congress; he named the Senators. He was the idol of the small proprietors, their savior from the oppression of the great eastern capitalists; he had found them degenerate and on the way to becoming peasants; he raised them to the most compact and important class in the country.

It was about this time that our war with England broke out. President Schmidt hated the English, and did all in his power to provoke war; he persuaded Congress to make discrimination in the tariff to the injury of England and in favor of Germany; and with no color

of excuse he closed the Panama Canal to all vessels flying the British flag; he violated the rules of neutrality in the revolt of South Africa, known as the second Boer war, and insulted the British Ambassador at a reception in the White House. It is supposed that Schmidt provoked the war for the aggrandizement of himself and his family. Our ships, it was officially said, excelled the British in every particular, and outnumbered them three to two; but the successful termination of the war was due, not to our naval victories, for by some mischance we were vanquished in the two engagements off Long Island, but to the fact that England was put on starving rations the day war was declared. This country, with its marvelous development under the Campbell-Czerny patents, had become England's butcher and greengrocer; and the moment supplies were stopped the prices of food there went up sixty-fold. The result of the war was that Great Britain ceded to us her Chinese provinces, while we, on our part, agreed once again not to discriminate against her either in tariff or in the Panama Canal. These Chinese provinces added to our own made an empire of four hundred millions of people, and as the President under decisions of the Supreme Court had, by virtue of the authority appertaining to him as *Parens Patriae*, complete control, he appointed Campbell, then believed to be in his interest, governor general. It seemed that China had always affected Campbell's imagination, and he wished very much to go there. From his memoirs, however, we know that he believed that China would be the battlefield in the great international struggle for the domination of the world, and therefore he wished to study the country himself. He went there in 1958, and remained nearly two years. As usual the country where he went bourgeoned and bloomed. His administration was admirable, efficiency was established, dishonesty stopped; he ruled despotically, but with absolute justice. The Chinese revenues doubled in the first year; Campbell's personal popularity was immense, and rumor accused him of an ambition to become Emperor of China.

At this time, however, matters were going ill in America. At the end of ten years the wonderful richness imparted to the soil by the radio-electric treatment departed as mysteriously as it had begun. The great fabric of prosperity fell with its foundation. Half the farmers in the country, and all those in the so-called Campbell states, became bankrupt. Distress spread from the farmers to the manufacturing interests. Railroads fell off in their dividends, factories closed, failure succeeded failure. Of the great cities San Francisco suffered most, as it was the port of shipment for all the grain exported to Asia; but Chicago and New York shared in the losses. The trouble was increased by the fact that, after the war with England, all Europe succeeded in making treaties establishing a common tariff against the United States. The respective European governments at last understood that it was a struggle between continents, their mutual jealousies were laid aside, and a commercial compact was made between them.

The financial crisis in the United States was reached in October, 1960, shortly before the presidential election. There was division in the ranks of the Republican party, because while President Schmidt, who had served two terms, desired to serve a third term or else have his son, Hugo Schmidt, nominated, several powerful Senators had their own ambitions, and were vigorously opposed, as they declared, to permitting the President's office to become hereditary in the Schmidt family. The Democratic and Socialist parties, though small and broken into petty groups, having dwindled to almost nothing during the ten fat years, began to show their heads. New England had a party of its own, and hinted at secession. The House of Representatives, consisting of course solely of nominees of the Sena-

tors, divided in like manner as the Senate, but as the House had long ceased except in theory to be a coördinate branch of the legislature, its actions were of slight importance. The Republican Convention had been held in the beginning of October. In the last century it used to be held in June or July, but since the time when the election of the President became determined by the action of the Republican Convention, there had been no need for a long political campaign. There was a great struggle between the Schmidts and their adversaries; but the President had used his patronage lavishly, and Wall Street, fearing that a change in the government might add to the business difficulties, spent money with unexampled daring, and Hugo Schmidt was nominated by the convention.

The country had for some thirty years been governed by an oligarchy represented by the Senate. Almost every great combination of capital had its Senator; in fact, it had become the custom for a retiring president of a billionaire corporation to enter the Senate, and continue to watch over its interests. Had it not been for the singular concatenation of events that produced the great panic, the system might have lasted indefinitely. Property was gradually settling in strata; the capitalists coalesced into a natural aristocracy, the professions constituted an upper middle class, the trades-people a lower middle class, and as soon as the agricultural interests had been properly handled the actual farmers would gradually have developed into an American equivalent for a peasantry. But that was not to be. No sooner was Hugo Schmidt nominated than disaffection appeared. Senator Mason of Massachusetts refused to be bound by the action of the convention, and New England acted with him; Senators Brown of Washington, Petersen of Minnesota, and Elkinhorn of Alabama followed his example. The Campbell states held a convention by themselves and declared for Campbell. The Schmidts acted with their usual vigor, — they offered Campbell the office either of Secretary of State or of Vice-Suzerain of South America; they took all possible measures to secure election officers favorable to their interest, throughout the United States; they issued a proclamation depriving Chili of all legal rights, as punishment for its late revolt, and offered its land as public property to all loyal citizens who should receive the proper certificates from Washington. The President sent a mandate to the members of the Supreme Court, then away for the summer recess, to convene in Washington, and ordered various regiments to the chief cities of his opponents. His adversaries were not idle. In New England members of the Republican Convention who had supported Schmidt were indicted for high treason on the charge of attempting to make the office of President hereditary, and bills were filed in the United States Courts to restrain election officers from printing the name of Schmidt's electors on the official ballots. Campbell sailed at once from Hong Kong, and arrived in San Francisco on October 9, after a voyage of four days. There he met his supporters and issued a proclamation to the effect that the action of the Republican Convention was illegal and void for bribery and corruption, that the convention which had nominated him was regular and valid, that he was the only legal candidate in the field, and that he would support and maintain the Constitution cost him what it might. Possession of the vast machinery of the government in all its parts, and the custom of the voters apathetically to vote the Republican ticket, were likely to give the Schmidts victory, but Campbell was fertile in resources. It so happened that on October 13 there was a panic in every stock exchange in the country, railroad bonds fell off twenty to forty points, industrial stocks went up and down like feathers in the wind, but the great blows fell upon government bonds. The issues for the extravagant undertakings of the administration in the years of prosperity, especially for the construction of auto-

mobile roads and for the maintenance of our garrisons in South America and in China, had been enormous. The country had played the prodigal, it was said that every tradesman had a country house, and every gentleman kept his yacht, and now the balloon had burst and everybody was bruised. Government bonds fell on October 13 from 130 to 110, on the 14th to 95, on the 15th to 60. People thought that the country was ruined forever; men lost their heads, and acted as if crazed. America, the envy of the world, seemed to fall like Lucifer. On the morning of the 16th, Robert Campbell entered the clubrooms of the New York Stock Exchange. He was dressed in his undress uniform as governor of the Chinese provinces, — loose white trousers with a purple sash, and a loose white silk shirt with a gold collar, and over it a light purple cloak with a border of peacock feathers. His rugged face, cold and calm, with bushy eyebrows, and deep wrinkles around the mouth, looked like bronze. It was one minute before eleven o'clock, the hour of opening the Exchange, and the brokers were all gathered together. Everybody was there, eleven Senators, and two hundred and forty Representatives, who were accustomed to make the New York Stock Exchange their headquarters when Congress was not in session, also many distinguished citizens. Campbell's entrance was the signal for great excitement; reporters crowded about, hindering the Senators in their attempts to greet him. "What will he do, what will he do?" buzzed through the hall. Campbell, who always had a touch of the theatrical in his temperament, motioned the reporters aside, and bowing somewhat coldly to the Senators, asked for his broker. Sonnenschein rushed up, and began to whisper. "There is no need for whispers, Mr. Sonnenschein," said Campbell in a voice loud enough to be heard through the hall, "Robert Campbell is ready to sacrifice his private fortune for his country. You will buy government bonds till my last dollar shall be spent." A cheer went up; the reporters rushed off to telegraph the news over the world; the clock struck eleven, and Sonnenschein's firm bought government bonds as fast as they could buy. The price rose to 70, to 90, to 110; Campbell bought and bought for immediate delivery; the great bank, known as the "Senate's Own," honored his checks for millions of dollars. The news spread abroad; crowds besieged the Exchange; everybody tried to buy government bonds, and the whole market rallied and rose; bonds and stocks got up like sick men from their beds; the scene outdoes description; merchants who were ready for bankruptcy became rich men again; savings banks which had closed the day before, opened their doors, paying and receiving thousands of deposits. At the close of business hours the whole country smiled, like a withered land after a rain. How Campbell was able to pay for the vast amounts of bonds which he had purchased, whether he had used the Chinese funds, as his enemies said, whether he bought and then sold again to himself as the market rose, or whether he and his friends had managed to put their money together for this great political stroke, are questions that everybody asked and Campbell never publicly answered. However it was, the panic had ended, and Robert Campbell had won the reputation of being the ablest and most patriotic man in the land.

The next day the public learned that he was closeted with the district attorney for New York County and the governor. These men belonged to the Schmidt faction, but rumor said that Campbell had saved them both from beggary, for they were speculators. The day after, a special court of Oyer and Terminer was held, a special grand jury summoned, and that same night the two Senators of New York, the two of Pennsylvania, and one of Connecticut, together with the president and half the board of directors of the New York Stock Exchange (all of Schmidt's party), were indicted for conspiracy with

the intent fraudulently to injure and destroy certain railroad properties, largely affected by the late panic. Excitement was raised to fever point when the judge refused bail and the alleged conspirators were locked up in the city prison. The Schmidt partisans were very angry; they obtained a decree from the United States Circuit Court quashing the indictments, but the state courts refused to acknowledge its authority; then they applied to the governor, who answered that the law must take its course. The President instructed the United States Marshal to release the prisoners; the marshal took a posse, but the city police prevented them from approaching the jail; the marshal telegraphed to the President for soldiers, and the President ordered five regiments to the city. The governor called out the militia. There was every prospect of civil war; the country turned instinctively to Campbell. The next day news was radiographed from the Atlantic to the Pacific that Campbell had gone to the state court and offered himself as bail for the prisoners; his bail was accepted, and they were released.

Election day drew near, attended by excitement without parallel. Campbell went all over the country, showering money in gifts to persons whom he was pleased to call his "indigent fellow citizens," as a slight endeavor on his part to repair the great wrongs done to them and the country by the "New York conspirators." The election was at last held on November 6; there were riots in all the great cities; many voting machines were smashed, and thousands of voters deprived of their votes, but the automatic official count returned Schmidt first, Campbell second, and Elkinhorn of Alabama third. The newspapers resounded with cries of fraud, Elkinhorn mustered out the militia in the Gulf states to support his claim, but Campbell announced that, though he had been deprived of the high office by gross fraud, he would seek no redress, in the fear lest his country might suffer. To the general surprise he returned to China. Those friends who were not in his inner counsels could not understand his action except on the ground of true patriotism, and his popularity with them became almost a passion. Campbell's course made Elkinhorn's movement ridiculous; the militia disbanded, Elkinhorn was arrested on the charge of high treason, but was soon released, as the country plainly showed its desire to avoid internal troubles and return to business, for industry everywhere felt the disastrous effects of the panic.

Affairs remained in this condition till the end of February, when preparations for the inauguration of Hugo Schmidt (Schmidt the Second, as his enemies called him) were being made. Campbell was invited to be present, and accepted; he landed in San Francisco on February 24, and proceeded to Washington. His friends hailed him as a hero returned from exile, and he spoke at every town on the road, briefly alleging that the first duty of an American was to obey the law, that only in this way would the country be enabled to fulfill its great duties toward God and civilization in the manner in which it had so gloriously done theretofore. On the morning of the 2d of March, a beautiful sunny day, everything seemed as placid as a village Sabbath. That morning the newspapers announced decrees by the United States Circuit Courts in the first, second, fifth, seventh, and thirteenth districts, according to the redistricting of 1952, annulling the presidential election on the grounds of bribery and fraud. There was further news of equal importance: indictments had been found in some forty courts all over the country, state and national, against thirty-three Senators and three hundred and forty-seven Representatives, all of the Schmidt faction. Besides this the so-called "New York conspirators" had been rearrested, as their bail suddenly declined further responsibility, and had been carried forcibly and secretly to New York. The commo-

tion was immense; the President tried to summon soldiers to the capital, but the railroad companies in most cases refused to let their cars be used, and ran their locomotives out of reach of seizure. On the next day it was announced that the United States Circuit Court in Arizona had tried and convicted Hugo Schmidt, President-elect, for a violation of the election laws. His notices of the charge and summons to attend his trial had come by radiograph at eight o'clock the night before, and of course he had not paid any heed to them. The Schmidts, on their side, hurried on preparations for the inauguration. They had provided for great ecclesiastical processions, as part of their strength lay in their religious pose, and they evidently relied on the presence of the clergy to help maintain order. Large forces of the President's guard, as the National Constabulary was called, were under arms day and night. On the morning of the 4th of March Washington was crowded; never had the city worn such a gala aspect. Blue and red, the Schmidt colors, floated under the stars and stripes from every flagpole, and the troops of constables and the uniformed bands of employees of the great trusts, all displayed blue and red. Among the ladies, however, green and white, the Campbell colors, were as frequent as the blue and red, and the contrast made a very gay and splendid sight as the carriages moved slowly down the new boulevard. It was remarked that several regiments from Arizona had secured positions near the Capitol, and that the uniformed bands of the Copper Syndicate, of the Great Central Railroad, of the Farmers' Union, of the Coal Trust, of the Compressed Air Trust, and of the Combined Radiograph Company, the most powerful corporations in the world, all largely owned by the capitalists of the Campbell faction, occupied the approaches to the Capitol; they, however, all showed the blue and red colors. Afterwards it was learned that they had taken their stations at midnight. By half-past eleven the President-elect and his party came to the steps of the Capitol amid tumultuous cheering. Campbell and a group of Senators were close behind him, so that it was difficult to say whether the cheers were all meant for the President or not. The great bells of the New Belfry rang out; the vast crowd became wonderfully still, it seemed to have fallen asleep. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in his robes, stepped out bare-headed into the vacant space at the top of the steps, and picking up a copy of the Constitution from the gold table, in a clear, ringing voice bade the President-elect step forward and take the official oath. Hugo Schmidt stepped forth, but one of the Campbell Senators pushed by, and, pressing to the Chief Justice, handed him a sealed document. The crowd was as still as death, the breaking of the seal was distinctly heard fifty yards away. The Chief Justice glanced at the document, read it over carefully, and then said deliberately in his most resonant tones: "The ceremony cannot proceed. I am enjoined by the Circuit Court of this district from administering the oath, on the ground that Hugo Schmidt, alleged President-elect, procured his alleged election by fraud and bribery." The elder Schmidt, turning to Campbell, cried out: "This is your dirty trick!" Then, facing the Chief Justice, he said: "As President of the United States I command you to administer the oath to my successor." The Chief Justice replied: "In this country not even the President is above the law. I am enjoined. I cannot administer the oath." A great cheer burst forth from every side, and green and white cockades suddenly replaced blue and red down all the lines of the uniformed bands and of the Arizona regiments. The elder Schmidt glanced over the multitude and whispered to his son: "If there is no election, the choice of President falls on Congress under the law of 1936." "Ay," answered Campbell, "Congress must elect." Cries of "Congress!" and "To the House! To the Senate Chamber!" rose on all sides. There was great confusion. Senators and

Representatives tried to force their way into the Capitol; slowly, one by one, pushing, shoving, shouting, and swearing, they reached the chambers, only to find them filled with armed men, who called themselves special constables, and would let no man enter without proof satisfactory to themselves that he was a duly authorized member of Congress. Outside the crowds knew nothing of what was going on; it was impossible to move, the crush was so dense; men talked and shouted and cheered; women chattered and giggled and fainted; the uniformed bands and the Arizona regiments stood firm under arms and let nobody pass except upon a countersign. Hours went by; the multitude became hungry; the crowding became more dangerous; many men were knocked down and injured by exploding automobiles; people flocked in from everywhere, lured by the extraordinary rumors. Accidents became frequent; the constables and soldiers tried to disperse the newcomers and relieve the pressure, but with no success. Five thousand and eighty people were killed or seriously injured. At four o'clock the great bells of the New Belfry rang out; under the stars and stripes on the Capitol a great green and white banner was displayed. The two Houses had chosen Campbell President. It appeared that there was a majority of the two Houses present, but owing to the previous arrests of some supporters of the administration, and the inability of others to prove their identity to the guardians of the two chambers, the Campbell men outnumbered their opponents more than two to one. The election was certified to the Chief Justice, who proceeded to administer the oath to Campbell. There was then a rush for the steps by the blue and red constabulary, but they were in a small minority, and after twenty minutes of a rough and tough fight, peace was sufficiently restored to allow the ceremony to proceed. The streets were then cleared by the Arizona regiments, the two Schmidts were arrested on the charge of levying war against their country, and a proclamation issued that the proceedings had of necessity been somewhat unusual, if not, strictly speaking, irregular, but that every question would be submitted to the courts, and that the newly elected President would spare not even his life in the preservation of the Constitution.

The next few weeks were comparatively calm, except in New York, where the only acts of violence were committed. Nothing has astonished foreigners more than that these great political events took place, not only without civil war, but practically without any bloodshed. The truth is that Americans have always had an immense love of law and order, and are immensely proud of their Constitution, which has been a guide and stay in all troublous times, and yet has proved itself sufficiently elastic to suit the empire as well as the republic. This elasticity of the Constitution is mainly due, not to the forefathers who framed it, but to those greater interpreters of the last century who have realized that law is founded upon policy, and that policy must keep watchful eye upon the material prosperity of the citizens of this noble country, the freest, the most just, the most spiritual, the most beautiful fabric of civilization ever known.

In New York the governor was shot from a window as he was driving down the street; the lieutenant governor who succeeded him was a Schmidt man, and immediately reversed his predecessor's policy. He released the "New York conspirators," ordered out the militia, refused to acknowledge Campbell's election, attempted to draw Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania into a league for the recovery of state rights; but the country showed such plain signs of acquiescence in Campbell's election that the revolt smouldered and died out. Business revived, everybody believed in the Midas touch of that remarkable man; he immediately made friendly overtures to the European nations, dispatched special envoys to every South American

state, asking it to make known any grievances and promising immediate redress. He courted property owners by holding levees open to all whose incomes exceeded a million dollars a year; he offered state aid to multitudinous corporations; he repressed an extensive strike among the laborers of the Combined Radiograph Company on the ground that it interfered with the public utilities of transportation and light, and more and more strengthened the rights of property against the proletariat. He pardoned the Schmidts, who were found guilty of high treason, and rewarded his enemies as well as his friends with positions in high places; it was remarked afterwards that most of his enemies were not confirmed by the Senate, but the nominations helped to break down all immediate opposition.

The next steps were, — to reduce meetings of the House from a session every year to one every third year, then every fifth year, while the Senate sat permanently; to regulate the calendar of the Supreme Court in such a way that no causes should be heard except on permission received from the Secretary of the Interior; to limit by law the right of election to the Senate to persons who should produce a certificate signed by the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Each of these measures was approved by a judgment of the Supreme Court. The last step was begun by the Attorney General, who filed a bill in the Supreme Court temporarily to enjoin the meeting of both Houses; the case was elaborately argued and the President invited all Bar Associations throughout the country to file briefs on either side. The Court decided that the President's obligation "to preserve, support and defend the Constitution of the United States" was, in the intention of the contracting states, paramount to all other provisions, and that if in his judgment it became necessary to act alone in order to fulfill that duty laid upon him, then it became his duty to certify that fact to his Attorney General, who in his turn should file a bill setting forth that fact, and thereupon the Court had no choice but to enforce the Constitution and enjoin the Senate and House, not only from meeting, but from taking any action.

Since then, however, both Senate and House have met regularly. They have authorized stock transactions in each chamber, and the principal business of the country is now transacted there. The President has assumed the titles of Lord Suzerain of South America, High Protector of China, Chief Ruler of the Pacific Archipelago, and has established the Orders of George, of Abraham, of Ulysses, of William the Good, in honor of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and McKinley; the members are named by him after an examination and sworn inventory of their private fortunes. President Campbell was renominated and reelected every four years, and since his death his son has succeeded to the party nomination. It is thus, as some great lawyer says, "the Constitution is like the skin of a great animal, that stretches, expands and grows with its growth."

A CLIPPER SHIP AND HER COMMANDER

BY FRANK J. MATHER

THE years 1850–55 were the romantic period of the United States Commercial Marine. It was before the days of cables or of transcontinental railroads or of inter-ocean canals. Iron was but little used in marine constructions, and steam vessels were employed mainly in coastwise service. The discovery of gold in California in 1849, and in Australia in 1851, created a demand for vessels of increased size and strength, and, especially, speed. There was a rapid evolution in shipbuilding to meet these requirements, resulting in the famous extreme clippers which greatly abridged the long passages around "the Capes," — especially important for passengers and mails, — made our country renowned for nautical achievements, and created a general public interest and excitement similar to that shown over the present International yacht-racing. There are many living who can recall the enthusiasm with which were greeted the exploits of the Flying Cloud, the Hurricane, the Sea Serpent, the Sovereign of the Seas, the Nightingale, the Flying Fish, the Westward Ho, the Comet, the Lightning, the British Challenger, and others of similar class.

My purpose is to tell the story of a passage in the Nightingale. She was an extreme clipper, built at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1850, by a Swedish count, for exhibition at the World's Fair, in London, in 1851, and named the Nightingale in honor of his countrywoman, Jenny Lind, then in the zenith of her fame; and the figurehead was a finely carved bust of Jenny Lind, an admirable likeness.

In the construction of the Nightingale only the best materials were used, — live oak and locust and hard pine. In port she wore mahogany belaying pins in her rails, which were replaced at sea by stouter oak. Her rigging was capped with brass, highly polished; her rail was finely carved and gilded; her cabin was finished in mahogany and satinwood; her rigging was a-taunto, and her decks were holystoned, as on a man-of-war. At sea she was equipped with all canvas possible to be carried; including skysails, staysails, outer jibs, and stun'sails in successive suits. In all waters, as she lay in port, she was the object of frequent inspection and admiration. She sat the water like a duck. I remember in London showing Dickie Green over her, clear to her keelson, with a lantern, and the comments he made on her speed. He owned three hundred ships afloat in all waters, and used to say every morning that he did not care which way the wind blew — it was fair for some of his boats.

Her first voyage was on the famous "tea and silk" course, between Shanghai and London, then employing the fastest ships afloat; and a race was arranged between her and the British clipper Challenger, from Shanghai to London, stakes of two thousand pounds being placed by their respective owners on the result. The Nightingale was defeated, and her commander, chagrined at the result, and being somewhat in years, resigned, leaving the ship in London Docks, in charge of the chief officer, and took a Cunarder home. The owners of the Nightingale, Messrs. Sampson and Tappan, Boston, made light of the pecuniary loss, but greatly deplored the lowering of the flag, and immediately arranged another race, for similar stakes, between the same vessels, over the same course. After consultation with Commodore R. B. Forbes and other leading shipowners, Captain Samuel W. Mather — trained and rapidly advanced by Commodore Forbes, who greatly appreciated him, — then about twenty-nine years of age, of

New England birth, and familiar with the China seas, was chosen to command her. Her passage out from London to Angier Point, Java, at the mouth of the China Sea, was by far the fastest ever made. On her return from Shanghai, over the contested course, she beat the Challenger to the English Channel by more than a week. The international maritime competition, now pursued in sport, was then conducted in sober earnest by the largest, fastest merchantmen, along business lines, for nautical supremacy for commercial advantages.

In the spring of 1853 the Nightingale, still commanded by Captain Mather, because of her speed and general record was chartered by the Australian Pioneer Line, R. W. Cameron and Co., to carry mails, passengers, and freights to Melbourne, with the understanding that she was to proceed from there to China ports, where she would load with tea and silk for London. The gold fever in Australia was reaching its height, and the Nightingale's accommodations were speedily taken.

Lieutenant Maury, then in charge of the Hydrographic Bureau, Washington, had projected his "great circle" theory for shortening the Australian passage. The Cape of Good Hope lies in latitude about 35° south, and for generations the China traders, in doubling the Cape, had done so between parallels 37° and 40°. Here the winds and currents are light and baffling, from the east, making the China passage to the eastward proverbially long. Melbourne lies in about 37° south, and it was natural for the Australian traders, in establishing their routes, to do so in the old China "lane," between 37° and 40°, meeting adverse winds and tides while doubling the Cape.

Before the Nightingale's passage, the shortest time made by any vessel under canvas, from any Atlantic port to Australia, was over ninety days, and steamers averaged over seventy. Lieutenant Maury said that that was all wrong; that the true way to reach Australia was to keep clear of the African coast, avoid "the Cape," and make at once for high latitudes, — say, parallels 55° to 60° south; that there the mariner would find strong counter currents of both wind and water, the meridians of longitude short, and instead of delay from light and baffling easterly winds and currents, he would be borne swiftly along by strong, steady westerly winds and currents till he reached the meridians of Australia, and then could make his latitude to Hobson Bay. In short, "the longest way round was the shortest way there." It seems surprising now that, from the very scant materials then available, Lieutenant Maury should have so accurately and confidently laid out his "great circle" route and predicted its success. Only three vessels, I believe, had left any record of passage reaching above 50° south, prior to our time. Commander Wilkes's expedition had made one, and so, also, had one German and one Frenchman, but the materials furnished by them toward any solution of the problem were very slight. Lieutenant Maury and the Department were very solicitous to have the route tried, and they enlisted the Nightingale in the undertaking. Lieutenant Maury personally solicited Captain Mather to try his "great circle" route, and offered him all his works and maps, and the government nautical literature, to aid him in making the projected passage.

The Nightingale left New York harbor, May 19, 1853, with twenty first-class passengers besides myself, over one hundred second-class, mails, and freights of every commodity required by a pioneer civilization, provisions of all kinds, wheelbarrows, wagons, shovels, hoes, clothing, and nearly every kind of general merchandise. She was officered by as able, experienced men in their respective ranks as ever trod a deck. Her captain was considered, by shipowners at least, to have no superior in his profession. The chief officer, who had been in command formerly on other ships, was much older than the captain, had seen much service, and was a typical

"sea dog." The other officers were of similar ability and record. She carried a very full crew. We followed Lieutenant Maury's instructions literally, — avoided the African coast and "the Cape," — and made at once for high latitudes, till we reached parallel 57° south. We were seriously delayed by calms and baffling winds about "the line." After we crossed the 45th parallel south, there was a perceptibly stronger wind and current *from the west*, and after crossing the 50th these greatly increased in strength. At this point, with the temerity of the ship that carried the Ancient Mariner, we plunged into unknown seas, but his epithet "silent" could not be applied to them. On the contrary, to an imaginative mind, the billows, perilous and unexplored as those which menaced Vasco da Gama when he essayed to round southernmost Africa, well might seem to lift up a foreboding voice, and, like the Spirit of the Cape which rose between sea and sky to warn the Adventurer back, to call on us to return.

But, in our case, "unseen hands were pushing us behind," and after crossing the 55th parallel, and all the time we were above it, we had a gale of wind, and a current that alone, as we estimated, sent us ahead at the rate of six knots an hour. The 4th of July I wore a heavy watch-coat and boots; the snow fell on an average over one foot in depth; the air was filled with sleet and snow; the atmosphere was gray, the horizon close, the wind blowing a gale, but steady for days. We carried only the three "courses" and three topsails, the main topgallant sail, spanker, and inner jib. Our speed was terrific. By patent log and reckoning both, we made over sixteen knots — twenty statute miles — an hour, — a mile in three minutes, under short sail.

At an earlier stage of the passage the crew had generally surmised and said that the captain, so young, and looking even younger than he was, must have married the owner's daughter, or he would never have been given, at so early an age, so fine and important a command; but the owners had been prudent enough to surround him with some old sea dogs, for safety.

In parallel 57°, in the dog-watch, four to six P. M., when the chief officer came on deck to relieve the second officer, he swiftly cast his eye toward the horizon in the direction of the wind, then at the struggling canvas, and particularly at the main topgallant sail, which threatened every minute to blow away. As nautical etiquette forbids the officer in charge to alter canvas when the captain is on deck, without his command or consent, the chief officer, after his hurried survey, said, "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is laboring very hard." "It is drawing well, — let it stand, Mr. Bartlett," was the reply. At six o'clock, when the second officer in turn relieved the first, he also gave a rapid glance about, and said, "Captain Mather, that main topgallant sail is struggling hard." "It holds a good full, let it stand, Mr. McFarland," was the reply. Even the old sea dogs among the crew begged the petty officers to send them up to take in sail, while it was held safe to do so. As the helmsman turned his wheel, every turn of a spoke would make the ship jump in the water like a frightened bird. Men were stationed at every belaying pin, holding halyards and clew lines by a single turn "under and over," ready to let go and clew up, at a signal. We were making a record passage, and sail was to be carried to the last minute, the utmost the ship could bear, while every exigence of storm was anticipated. Later in the evening the captain could not help asking if the crew still thought that he had married the owner's daughter. Captain Mather illustrated then, as always, a quality of mind usually exhibited by those who succeed in almost any direction, — an extreme daring and extreme caution running parallel.

The weird atmosphere of such a situation, especially at night, is difficult to be imagined or described. In July to be

clad as in the cold of midwinter; to look out on the steel-gray air, thick with sleet or blinding snow; to look up to a starless sky; to feel shut in by a closely circumscribed dome and horizon; to watch the huge racing waves furiously shaking out their foam and spray; to feel the steady on-bearing impact of the swift rushing current, hurrying unobstructedly like a resistless fate, wide round the globe; to be dinned by the incessant roar of the sustained gale; to see, but not hear, the night-watch, muffled against the rigor of the cold and storm, moving like ghosts; to hear the grinding roar of the cordage and the report like artillery of the bellying sail as it occasionally flapped; to feel the fierce, bodeful, almost human leap of the ship, as she answered to the shifting wheel; to realize that you are in unknown waters, on untried routes; that, in case of disaster, there is not the slightest chance for rescue, — these are sensations, once experienced, never to be forgotten.

On approaching Australian meridians of longitude we changed our course to north by easterly, heading for Cape Otway, which, on the south shore of Australia, a little west of Hobson Bay, corresponds to Melbourne harbor about as Fire Island does to New York harbor. As we emerged from the region of gloom and storm, we ran into longer days, clearer skies, and balmy air, — till we had been out about seventy-five days, — when, at nine o'clock one evening, the captain came down to his cabin, where I happened to be. He seemed in a brown study. Soon he blew his silver call for his boy, and told him to call Mr. McFarland, who was to have the second long watch, twelve to four o'clock, from midnight. When he came, the captain said to him, "Mr. McFarland, I wish to be called at twelve o'clock to-night, — I expect to make Cape Otway Light." It did not vary three minutes from twelve o'clock, chronometer time, when McFarland knocked at the captain's door, and said, "Captain Mather, revolving light two points on port bow." We both rushed on deck, and there was Cape Otway Light, first light, then dark, — and our passage was virtually over.

We had not seen land since we left Sandy Hook, had sailed over twenty-five thousand "sailing miles," over unknown waters, and made our objective point within three minutes of the calculated time. This was only one of many routes pioneered and shortened by the Nightingale, and I have been told by most distinguished naval officers that the routes of the Nightingale are considered classic in the United States Navy, and are now generally adopted for sailing vessels.

From Cape Otway to Hobson Bay was a short run, and we were soon in Melbourne harbor. There were then no docks or wharves at which ocean vessels could land, and we anchored some four or five miles out, forming part of a large fleet of various nationalities swinging at anchor. Our unprecedented passage, over such an unusual route, created great excitement. There was hardly more in New York city on the first successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. The time for passengers and mails from the United States had been reduced from ninety-two days to seventy-five, and our captain was fêted by leading officials and merchants. Except for the delays at the Equator, our time would have been well below seventy days. We had hardly anchored when the entire crew, unable to get ashore as planned, refused duty, mutinied. They had shipped to get a free-paid passage to the gold fields, and their chagrin and anger were great on finding their plans baffled.

Our signal was swiftly raised for the captain of the harbor police, who at once came on board, and learning the situation, summoned the official police tugs, which steamed alongside, and removed the crew to the prison hulks in the harbor, — the only prisons or places of confinement, I believe, which the city then afforded. The ship was then put in the hands of stevedores. Our only means of communication with the shore was by

our own small boats. The captain's gig of the Nightingale soon became known as the fastest boat in the harbor. With six oars — steered by a coxswain — she fairly flew. As I was the youngest, — a boy in the teens, — and the lightest in weight, the tiller was usually given to me, and I remember few more exhilarating experiences than those "pulls" between the Nightingale and the Melbourne shores.

The rude piers were thronged by people of more different nationalities than I have elsewhere seen in any one locality, and the confusion of tongues would have done credit to Babel itself. Not only men from the various European countries were gathered there, but Turks, Greeks, Chinese, East Indians, Malaccese, in varied, picturesque costumes. Melbourne was then very quaint and primitive. I used frequently to go up to the city, passing through "Canvas City" — a city of tents only — on the way, and I recall that I used to pay a dollar and a quarter for a chop and a cup of coffee, very poor and poorly served. The city proper was built mainly in low brick constructions. I do not recall any building of more than two stories in height; nor any, unless two or three public buildings, that in our country would have cost ten thousand dollars. The air was fine, and dry even in the harbor. The activity and excitement generally were characteristic of mining enterprises.

After we were discharged and ballasted with stone, we ran up the signal again for the harbor police. The captain of the police came aboard, and when he learned that he was summoned to return our crew, he remonstrated kindly, but seriously, with the captain. He said, "I beg you, Captain Mather, not to persist in your demand. I have never seen men so angry, bitter, revengeful; — they say, and I believe, that they will never turn to; more than that, they threaten to kill you if compelled to sail." The only reply was, "I want my men; they shipped for the voyage to Australia, China, Europe, and return." To the further earnest protest of the police captain, Captain Mather simply repeated, "I want my men; they are good sailors; I cannot replace them here except at exorbitant rates, and perhaps not at all. I want my men." To the renewed predictions of danger the answer was the same: "I want my men; I will take the risk of my life, and I will risk my ship, — you command the harbor police — I want my men." Seeing that more parley was useless, the police captain sent the men from "the hulks," under charge of the police. They came on board in irons; sullen, angry, bitter. The police captain said: "Here are your men, Captain Mather; what will you do now?" "Fly the signal for the tugs, Mr. Bartlett," was the only response. The tugs came up and took our hawsers. The anchor was raised, a few light kites were unfurled and set, and we were under way for the port of Hong Kong, through the Indian Pacific and the Bashee Channel — separating Luzon from Formosa.

It was a gloomy prospect, putting to sea with a crew in irons. I asked the captain, "Are you really determined to leave harbor, and put out to sea, in this condition?" "Yes," was the answer. "What will you do when we get outside?" "Wait till we get three leagues from land, outside British jurisdiction, and see." The tugs took us outside, and soon the headlands of Hobson Bay were disappearing from sight. Fortunately, a few of the men, finding themselves in open sea and in danger, turned to before getting actually out of sight of land, and in two or three days they were joined by a majority of the crew. In less than a week all but one had returned to duty. One man remained in irons, in confinement between decks, till we reached Hong Kong, where he was handed over to the authorities. After the men had reported for duty, I asked the captain what he would have done if the men had held out. He said, "It would have been mutiny, and probably I should not have had to shoot more than one or two; then the rest would have turned to."

As we reached the northeastern coast of Australia, the phosphorescent effects were wonderful, especially at night. I used to read without difficulty at twelve o'clock midnight, on deck, any ordinary type, unaided by artificial light. From nine to twelve at night we used to play checkers on deck, till sometimes it seemed as if I moved the men in my sleep. Our wake was a broad band of burnished gold, clear to the horizon. I would hang over the bow to watch the golden spangles as they were thrown up by the ship's bow, as she met and parted the waves; and every wave-cap, over all the broad plain of waters, was a diamond point.

After leaving the Australian coast we were in smooth seas and light steady breezes, carrying a cloud of sail — the three "courses," spanker, staysails and jibs, the three topsails, topgallant sails, royals and skysails and stun'sails — alow and aloft. The Nightingale was more like a bird in the air than like a craft afloat. We had only one sharp squall on this passage, and I do not recall a finer sight than watching the captain as he stripped his ship, while he stood on the weather side of the quarter deck, holding with one hand to the mizzen rigging, sweeping with rapid glance the ship, each sail, the furious seas, and driving blasts. His commands were given in swift succession; the helm was shifted at his word; the sails seemed to furl as birds close their wings, while now and then he was blown out, off his feet, horizontally, like a ribbon, still holding by a firm grasp with a single hand to the rigging. With the exception of this squall, our entire passage of nearly forty days was over smooth seas and with steady light winds, making about six knots an hour; floating lazily by day under skies of ever deepening blue; at night, beneath moon and stars of dazzling brilliancy, over seas of burnished gold. We soon reached the Caroline group, and the captain, with characteristic initiative, determined to pioneer a new route between the islands, where, according to the charts, navigable channels ran. During the day, as we neared the islands, we were surrounded by small boats with outriggings — smaller boats suspended from levers extending ten to twelve feet from the main boat, on each of which a man rode to balance the narrow craft. The boats were filled with natives of both sexes, clad only with a tight cloth about the waist. I do not believe that finer forms were ever seen, — such pictures of health, vigor, and alertness. They had fishing tackle, and a variety of fruits and vegetables and of works in coral. Their talk was a peculiar guttural, like the quack-quack of the Malays. They made signs to be taken on board and to trade, but we concluded to keep on and not to let them board us.

At eleven o'clock at night, while the captain and myself were engaged on deck in our usual game, the second officer, Mr. McFarland, came up excitedly, and said, "Captain Mather, there are breakers ahead." The islands had been visible for a day or so, and now were not far distant on either hand. We went to the bow, and looked and listened. The roar of the breakers was as audible as that of the surf on the south shore of Long Island. The night was clear, and the light of the moon and the stars was brilliant. The wind had almost died away, the canvas was full spread; the sails hanging idly, occasionally flapping. We soon found that a very strong current was setting us in rapidly toward the breakers, and that the wind wholly failed to help us counter it. We at once equipped two large boats with stun'sail halyards for tow lines, manned the boats with six oarsmen each, and lowered them from the davits. They instantly took hold of the ship, and the twelve oars were vigorously pulled. With the utmost exertion of the oarsmen for hours, the ship only swung round, head on to the current, and the men could barely hold the ship steady. With the aid of the glass we saw thousands of natives at points on the shores, evidently waiting for our approach, and expecting disaster. They were reputed to be cannibals, and

our chances were discussed with considerable interest. The captain, then in reduced flesh, assured the chief officer, unusually plump and fleshy, that he (the chief officer) would be roasted and carved first, and that he (the captain) would be kept a while at least till they could fatten him. We generously passed down good Jamaica rum to the oarsmen and encouraged every exertion. After several hours of toil and tension, a breeze — a blessed breeze, a favoring breeze — sprang up, filled our sails, and enabled us to claw off, and slowly round the southern islands of the group.

Some thirty days had passed before we sighted Luzon, the northernmost island of the Philippines, and the Bashee Islands, through which we sailed into the China Sea. We soon made the Limoon Channel, and sailing through it was gliding through fairyland. The bold, wooded, mountainous shores, opened up by the tortuous channel, afforded continuous surprises, and, as we came from open sea, a bewilderingly magnificent prospect. Our pilot was a Chinaman in full Chinese costume, wearing his pigtail; and to hear and see him give orders on such a craft, to such experienced seamen, was a novel experience. The port and city of Hong Kong are too widely known to justify detailed description. Its selection and seizure were characteristic of English sagacity and not excessive scrupulousness, when, as William Black says, "England was young and healthy. If she wanted anything she simply took it. Now she is getting old and nervous, and asking if this is right."

It was a far cry from Melbourne to Hong Kong in 1853–54, — somewhat like going in earlier days from Omaha or Denver to Boston. Hong Kong was the most highly developed of all British foreign ports. The fleet at anchor was unusually numerous, and represented the finest ships of the commercial marine of all civilized nations. It was the port of entry, and of distribution, which brought to it the "racers" of all nationalities, to draw the prizes on the famous tea and silk routes. The army was well represented; so was the navy. Hong Kong's bishops were palatially housed; the Chinese service was silent, efficient, and automatic. The foreign captains, every day in fresh white linen suits, the brilliant uniforms of army and navy, the picturesque native costumes, all presented an animated spectacle.

Orders arrived at Hong Kong, after several weeks' delay, for the Nightingale to proceed to Whampoa and take a cargo of Chinese merchandise from there to Shanghai; and accordingly we sailed for that port. Whampoa is about thirty miles below Canton, and is really the port of entry for the latter city, — the nearest approach that commercial vessels can make to Canton. Our comprador kept us supplied with choice fruits, fine vegetables, and rare flowers. There I first learned the great difference in quality and flavor between tropical fruits served in northern climates and those served in the climate where such fruits are raised and ripened. We were always surrounded by acres of "sampans," — small square-bowed boats, with bamboo-arched coverings that telescoped into one another, expanding or contracting the roof as desired. On these large boats families lived the year round. I soon observed that among the multitude of children playing on and about the boat practically one half wore gourds upon their backs between the shoulders and secured by bands. I asked one of the laundresses, who came on board frequently, why the distinction was made. She answered that those who did not wear gourds were girls; those who did were boys; thus the latter could be rescued when they fell overboard. The girls were not considered worth the trouble.

One early morning I joined a party of American captains, who were invited to make the trip to Canton on a small United States steamer, the Tiger, in command of Lieutenant Perry, a son of Commodore Perry, as I remember. We sailed

between miles of boats, lining the banks, occupied by whole families, often from birth to death, who seldom went ashore, and then only to exchange fish for tea and dungaree. On landing at about eight A.M. we went to the factory of Nye Brothers and Co., and found Mr. Gideon Nye, Jr., in his counting-room, which was fitted up like a room in a palace. There were eighteen of us, and we had hardly entered before a Chinese servant appeared, silently ran his eye over the company, apparently counting us, and disappeared. In about thirty minutes he returned and announced that breakfast was ready, and led the party to one of the most elegantly furnished rooms and one of the best appointed tables that it has been my lot to see. No inquiry had been made whether we had had breakfast, and no invitation to one had been extended. On the whole, among all the men I have met in many lands and in various stations in life, Mr. Gideon Nye, Jr., remains in my memory as one of the most finished, yet natural, native gentlemen I have ever known. He was a counting-room king.

We loaded at Whampoa with a miscellaneous cargo, largely of raw sugar, for Shanghai, and took a number of native Chinese merchants as passengers. It seemed strange to see Chinamen wearing the heaviest, costliest furs, and attended by a retinue of servants, one in each retinue kept constantly employed in preparing opium for his master, and manipulating a small piece for hours.

Our experience at Shanghai rectified our ideas as to the climate of China. I had supposed it was generally warm all through China, but I never suffered more from cold than at Shanghai. Our first point of approach was Woosung, corresponding to Shanghai much as Whampoa does to Canton. At Shanghai, after discharging, we loaded with tea and silk for London. We made a fast passage through the China Sea to Angier Point, then the western extremity of the island of Java, which extremity was afterward submerged by submarine seismic action. Angier Point was the last place we touched at, — the last port made either going from China or sailing to it. There mails were left, supplies of fresh provisions taken, and reports entered by each ship, — its name, commander, destination, where from, and date of entry. Angier Point was the most luxuriously tropical land in verdure and in display of fruits, flowers, and bird life I have ever seen. There was no road, not even a beaten path; the rank growth of grass defeating the attempt to make one. The grass reached nearly to the shoulders, and to thrid it was like walking through a field of high grain. The orange trees were at once in blossom and ripened fruit; the bananas hung in huge clusters; the tall cocoa palms bore large cocoanuts, which the monkeys threw about. On the branches of the trees were perched cockatoos, Java sparrows, and birds of the most brilliant plumage in countless numbers, and the monkeys jabbered and gamboled, but the climate was deadly. The Dutch maintained a large fort there, but it was garrisoned only by native troops gathered from Sumatra, China, and on the island. Two or three Dutch officers were kept there, and they were relieved every few months. I saw one of the officers, but he looked more coffee-colored than even the natives.

We doubled the Cape of Good Hope on our return, between latitudes 37° and 40°, to catch the light but favoring easterly current and breeze. Off Lagullas Banks, southeast of the Cape, we were caught in a tremendous gale, and were hove to for nearly twenty-four hours. The sea pounded us mercilessly, the shallow waters there affording a leverage for seas of unusual height and severity. In writing up the log, the captain held himself firmly to the cabin table with his left hand, while he wrote with his right. I gripped the table opposite him with my left hand, while I held the inkstand in my right, shifting its level to suit the motion of the ship; otherwise the ink would have been thrown out and spilled over the cabin. I suppose my face must have

expressed some annoyance, which the captain noticed, as he said: "A great deal better than a calm, Mr. Frank, a great deal better than a calm."

It is more of a science than is commonly supposed to conquer currents and storms. Many a ship is never heard from simply because she was hove to on the wrong tack, — against, instead of with, the cyclonic wind currents. It is the nautical genius utilizing nautical science that differentiates the thoroughbred from the ordinary commander, who lumbers along and occasionally loses his ship. Captain Mather had an unusually full library of nautical literature, of which Reid's *Law of Storms* was most frequently consulted. He was well read in all of Maury's very extensive nautical literature. Maury's works greatly interested me, and I am firmly of the opinion that no other man has ever so subtly explored, and so accurately, sympathetically, and interestingly reported, the mystery of the sea.

The sight of St. Mary's Island, the most southeasterly of the Azores, with its mountain shapes rich with verdure, — the red-tiled roofs, — the indented shores, — broke with a charm upon eyes long fasting for a sight of land. It is a unique experience sighting islands at sea from a sailing vessel, particularly in or near tropical latitudes. First, the loom of the land, — the appearance of land, projected by refraction into the sky, — then the land itself, gradually enlarging in area, and continuously disclosing fresh allurement. First "sighting a sail" is an occasion of great interest, the bare tip of the mainmast, less in height than the length of a walking-stick, slowly rising, showing one sail after another, till finally the whole hull is raised.

Soon we were in London, among the clipper queens. But I must not spin this yarn longer. A ship has a history, and many a history that would make a thrilling story. The Nightingale was sold to Nye Brothers and Co., Canton, under whose ownership Captain Mather continued in command. During one of her passages to New York from Shanghai the firm became embarrassed. The daily papers, brought on board by the pilot, published the fact. The captain anchored off Staten Island, in the waters of Richmond County. The ship was hardly anchored before the officers of the law had libeled her and her cargo for one million of dollars. Unfortunately for the first comers, the processes had been made out for the County of New York. The late comers, observing this, had libeled the ship as in Richmond County; the first were last, the last first. After lying two or three days at anchor, the impatient officers who had domiciled themselves on board, and the more impatient counsel whom they represented, inquired of the captain why he delayed and when he proposed to weigh anchor. The captain replied: "The laws secure every man, except the master, the payment of his just dues. I am not secured, but I am very comfortable here, and expect to remain quite a while." "Well, then, captain, we shall have to try to make you take the ship up," they rejoined. "That is just what I would like to see tried," was the captain's reply. "My voyage is not up; not only marshals and judges are powerless, but if the President of the United States were to presume to come on board and give orders, he would be passed swiftly over the ship's side." As interest, costs, and expenses were running rapidly, the captain was invited to make out his account, and was paid in gold. The voyage was resumed, and in a few hours the Nightingale was alongside her pier in New York city.

The Nightingale, so famous for speed, was purchased by parties who engaged in the slave trade. When the civil war broke out, she was taken by the navy for government use. I wonder where she is now, if still afloat, and what she is doing.

The career of her commander was renowned. When the civil war broke out in '61, the Union Defense Committee, consisting of the leading merchants, capitalists, and other eminent citizens in New

York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and organized as auxiliary to the navy in its then helpless condition, concerned themselves with selecting and suggesting to the government the ablest men as commanders, and the most desirable craft available. The first name sent up by the committee was that of Captain Mather, then in his thirty-sixth year, and he was the first man commissioned by the Department. The first vessel, the steamship Quaker City, noted for speed and strength, was taken from the Havana line, and included in Commodore Stringham's squadron blockading Chesapeake Bay. Captain Mather was placed in command of her, and in spite of much jealousy, retained it for about one year, in which time the number of captures of the Quaker City, I am informed, exceeded those of any other vessel. The captain was transferred at his request to active service, under Commodore Dupont. While under detail to the coast of Florida — landing with a party of marines — he was shot with three balls, and instantly killed, in March, '62, before one of the Confederate forts near Fernandina. He was reported to have slain many men before he fell, and the traditions of his courage remain to this day. His body and accoutrements were returned by the Confederates under a flag of truce, with honor, as they said, because he had fought them so bravely. Commodore Dupont wrote me a long personal letter of eulogy of him and affection for him. Secretary Welles, in his general orders, among other strong expressions of commendation, said, "Captain Mather had no superior among those patriotic commanders who have been transferred to the Navy from the Mercantile Marine."

> The good knights are dust,
> Their good swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

CLOSE ELECTION CONTESTS

BY JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT

An examination of the names on the voting list in any district must always disclose the fact that most of the voters have at an early stage in the canvass made up their minds on one side or the other of the issue of the day. For instance, in the years from 1884 to 1892 the two great parties in the United States were struggling over the tariff, and at the time of the autumn elections of 1890 most of the adherents of tariff reform, calling themselves Democrats, and those of protection, calling themselves Republicans, were well known to the politicians on both sides in every close Congressional district in the United States.

It is evident that in such a district the Republican mass of voters was paired against the Democratic, leaving a comparatively small body of men having minds at all open to any argument. It has long been admitted that in all legislative bodies, arguments do not change votes on any question in which the party line is drawn, and it seems to be equally true that the speeches and documents issued by a political party make very few converts among those who have allied themselves in the past with the rival party.

The field for any work which will bear fruit must be among the names which cannot be checked as mortgaged to the existing parties. Adherents of the smaller parties throw away their votes, so far as the decision of the issue is concerned. The members of these parties must, however, be known by the party managers, so that the latter may have a proper chart for

guidance upon election day. After all this elimination there remain the names of the voters who are to decide the result of the election.

Many of these are the young men who have attained the age of twenty-one since the last election. If we imagine the voting list to be a pyramid of layers of voters, the bottom layer of the youngest voters must be the largest in numbers. It is probable that the number of men on the voting list in the United States to-day who voted for Hayes or Tilden in 1876 is very small, and that the great majority of the voters are young men under thirty. The new voters are wont to vote the same tickets as their fathers, but there is always a certain number of young men who do not follow family precedent in politics, and as a voter gets older, he begins to think more for himself, and to be influenced by his own experience of life.

In communities to which there is little immigration almost all of the new voters are descendants of the old electors, and in the ordinary course of events the old proportion of parties tends to be maintained, particularly in sparsely settled districts, removed from the current of trade and of national life. The towns on Cape Cod, for instance, were Democratic during the years before the war, when the Republican party was gaining fast in the rest of the state. By the convulsion of the civil war they became Republican, and since then have remained steadily with that party, being little impressed by the arguments of the Democratic party during the time when it was making gains in the rest of the Bay State.

On the other hand, communities where there are a large number of foreigners, of other newcomers, of natives, and of educated people, such as Greater New York, show great fluctuations in the parties at frequent intervals.

The balance of power lies with two classes of voters, — the least and the most intelligent. The former are the "floaters," — men not influenced by argument or by ideals, but by the desire to vote with the winners, by foolish catch words or by humbug, or, it may be, by purchase. If the contest is carried on by both parties with equal vigor and ability, the vote of these men is likely to be evenly divided. It is in this struggle to gain this unintelligent vote that most of the money and effort is expended by political committees in this country. In the cities the "floaters" are more numerous in proportion to the whole vote, and are duly aware of their own importance. Two or three of them will gather together to organize a political club, commonly placing the word "Independent" somewhere in its title. A president is duly elected, an executive committee, and a treasurer. The latter office is at first a sinecure. The reason for the formation of the club is that it shall cease to be one.

The president and treasurer are, in the language of the politicians, "professional strikers." These officials, in company, usually wait upon a manager to make preposterous claims as to the importance of their club. They represent that it consists of a large number of voters who are all anxious not only to vote, but to work zealously for the candidate; but they declare that they are poor and that the club needs suitable headquarters, that a certain amount of money is needed to furnish these headquarters and to pay the rent and the janitor, and last, but not least, for the valuable services of the president and treasurer in doing missionary work.

Or, it may be, the callers upon the political manager represent a torchlight batallion. The opportunities for spending money on torches, uniforms, bands, railway fares, and refreshments, are dazzling, and a candidate would much better have a sacred white elephant on his hands than an army of light-bearers.

Among other callers at headquarters are men who declare that they "represent" certain votes, such as the Labor, German, Italian, Colored, etc.

There is such a thing as the "Colored vote," and it is cast at every election

almost unanimously for the Republican party, and the Democratic manager may always be sure that a Democratic negro, like a Republican Irishman, is such a rare bird that he may be dismissed from any political reckoning. This well-known fact does not prevent our colored brothers from being very skillful in "pulling the legs" of Democratic managers. It is not uncommon, even, for a clergyman of a colored church, accompanied by a leading deacon, to request employment from a Democratic committee. But as to the other votes, it cannot be truthfully said that they are ever represented in a block by anybody.

The so-called "Labor vote" does not, I think, exist. Men belonging to labor organizations vote according to their personal predilections; yet so-called representatives of labor organizations are insistent and clamorous about election time, claiming from managers compensation for the publication of articles in the labor organs. With them come the proprietors of newspapers published in the foreign languages for the German, Italian, and other colonies in the large cities; but the foreign colonies do not vote *en masse* for any political party, and they must be canvassed like the rest of the community, although the task is much more difficult. The recently naturalized voter generally votes at first with the party which has taken the trouble to have him made a citizen.

Political meetings, or "rallies," as their latter name indicates, are held to fire the heart of the party adherents and to attract the attention of the hesitating or careless voter. The party workers are supplied with plausible arguments by skillful stump speeches, delivered in the intervals of patriotic music from a brass band.

These rallies are also an advertisement for the local candidates, whose personalities thus become known to their constituents. Under the "Australian" ballot, shrewd, well-directed advertising is of great service to a candidate. The average person is apt to look upon a man as being distinguished if his name be familiar, and even the most ignorant or careless voter likes to cast his vote for a candidate of distinction.

One of the most effective methods of advertising adopted is to publish widely in the newspapers an address of recommendation and approval, signed by names of men well known and respected in the community.

If in some controversy in the contest your candidate has confounded his opponent, it is well worth while to bring this fact home to the whole constituency, through the newspapers and circular letters, for the voters follow a candidate who is shrewd and successful.

The man who seeks to defeat a candidate of a majority party must gain a personal following; it is easier to gain votes for an individual than for the whole "ticket." It is of the greatest importance that the candidate of the minority party should be an effective public speaker, and that his manners should be agreeable, and, best of all, his interest in his fellow men genuine. The simulation of good-fellowship, and a forced interest in others, never deceives.

When the managers on both sides have got through spending time and money on this floating vote, the chances are that it has been divided evenly between the two parties.

In the deciding balance, the old voters loosely attached to party, "mugwumps," independents, leaders of thought, form the most important element. The number of these independents in any community is small, even in a district where there are many people of leisure, education, and public spirit. In the country districts the careful canvasses made in the state of Massachusetts from 1889 to 1892 disclosed a very small percentage of such men. Yet they possess an influence all out of proportion to their number, since they are usually enthusiasts, willing to give their time and their money to the side which convinces them.

It is observed that men in active life

are usually allied to some party, and when a man, from retirement or from his calling, is removed from close contact with affairs, his tendency is to become critical, and he is not easily satisfied with the half truths which every active politician must sometimes be compelled to tell in political fights. The party speaker is necessarily the advocate of his side, and must be true to his brief, and when it happens that his party has taken up a wrong position, he must sometimes even be driven to "abusing his opponent." Like a barrister, he must put his best foot foremost and take advantage of every incident and accident in the hope of carrying through a desperate cause, but he is not likely to persuade the most intelligent voters.

The influence of these few leading independents, as they are men of position and weight in the community, decides a close election. If sufficiently aroused, they may be relied upon to contribute the money which a party manager must have to put his sure men on the voting list and bring them to the polls on election day. If the manager has not this money, and is not backed by the enthusiasm of the workers, so that he is able to do these two things, his predicament is like that of the coach of a football team who has the misfortune to have a weak line, and all his skill and development of the balancing vote will go for nothing if he cannot bring up his solid phalanx to match that of his opponents.

The side, then, which gains in a close district a majority of the known independents, however small may be their numbers, will probably gain the victory, since it seems to be the fact that if a small number of clear-headed and important men, picked out more or less at random in a community, think in one way upon a question, the same mental processes which brought them to their conclusion are working the same result with thoughtful men throughout the whole mass of the voters, and will bring those among them who have the same point of view and mental characteristics to the same conclusion.

It is a curious fact, well known to newspaper men, that the total vote of a state, Congressional district, or large city may be accurately calculated at the moment when the returns from, say, forty per cent of the voting precincts have come in as they happen to be completed. The ratio established by these returns between the two parties is always found to continue through the rest of the vote. This shows that the current of public opinion which is to decide the election operates according to some law evenly throughout the community, and that while there are many men of many minds, yet there are many of the same kind of mind, which will be influenced to the same result by the same arguments. The arguments which would win with the impartial elder voter, loosely attached to a party, will be almost sure to influence the younger voters who are impartial and unattached.

It is usually found that when once the movement of these men toward a party is started, it progresses until it is checked by some political convulsion. From 1884 to 1892 this movement was in favor of the Democratic party in this country. During these years, William E. Russell, a young and able man, presented the issue of tariff reform in the annual contests in Massachusetts. He had from the beginning a following outside of his party, for his youth and eloquence appealed at once to the young voters. He was first a candidate in 1888. He had in every contest a plurality of votes in Boston, a Democratic city, as follows: —

1888,	8,264	in a total vote[1] of	69,120
1889,	4,670	" " " " "	54,768
1890,	13,358	" " " " "	56,793
1891,	12,812	" " " " "	64,416
1892,	13,617	" " " " "	78,569

In the rest of the state the Republican candidate had a plurality of

1888,	37,311	in a total vote[1] of	264,509
1889,	12,129	" " " " "	196,877

[1] Of the two great parties.

1890, 4,295 in a total vote of 219,351
1891, 7,091 " " " " " 249,935
1892, 10,083 " " " " " 291,651

The above election returns show that in 1890 there was a "landslide" to the Democratic party. The larger party in any section should, in ordinary times, when there is an increased vote, increase its plurality, since the reserve vote must always be divided between the two parties in somewhat the same proportion as the vote which went to the polls; but in 1890, a year of political convulsion, we find that in the state, outside of Boston, where the Republicans were in a large preponderance, though there was an increase in the total vote of both parties of 22,474, over the same vote for 1889, the Republican plurality was actually decreased by 7834. The converts made that year continued to vote for Russell as long as he was a candidate. His large plurality in Boston in each of these three elections outweighed the Republican pluralities in the rest of the state. He had a hold upon the voters of Massachusetts much greater than had any other man of his party. It is calculated that in 1891, 8000 Republicans voted for him.

Harrison carried the state in 1892 by 26,000. The normal Republican plurality for the rest of the ticket, excepting Russell, was, in 1891, about 10,000 votes. The increased vote of the presidential year was brought up to 26,000; 69,127 more men voted the Republican and Democratic tickets than in 1891. The reserve vote of Massachusetts in that year came out, 42,560 Republican, 26,560 Democratic, in the voting for President. The Republican reserve was somewhat greater in proportion to the Democratic than was to have been expected by the vote of the previous year. This showed that the minority party had in the previous year put out greater exertions to bring its sure vote to the polls than had the Republican. The election of Russell by a plurality of over 2000, in face of the fact that his party was in the same year in a minority of 26,000, was a remarkable personal triumph. It was due to his hold upon the voters under thirty years of age, who were proud of him as a representative of their generation.

Since 1894 the movement of independent voters has been toward the Republican party, and in close districts Democratic success has been the rare exception when national issues were involved. In 1896 another political convulsion took place. In that year the Democratic party leaders, seeing that it was impossible to carry for any candidate the great conservative states of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, abandoned the conservative programme which had, on the whole, been approved for eight years by the independent voters in these states, and sought to retain their party in power by an appeal to those sections of the United States where "frontier finance" was believed in. Ever since this country was settled, people living on the frontier, removed from banking facilities, have been led astray by the will-o'-the-wisp of the advantage of a depreciated standard of value. Agricultural communities, where the assets of the people are not readily received by any financial institution, and where rates of interest are high, are always a good field for the operations of the financial crank. A "Land Bank" received the hearty support of English country gentlemen in the last decade of the seventeenth century; and a few years later a like institution was wished for by the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

It was to these communities that the Democratic party in 1896 decided to appeal, and by so doing, it of necessity forfeited the confidence of the independent voters, which it had retained for so many years; and not only did it do this, but it dislodged from its great mass, its "rush line," hundreds of thousands of voters who either voted for the Republican candidate or threw away their votes. The Republican majorities in the conservative states in 1896 were enormous. The Democratic party threw away the sub-

stance for the shadow, gaining a few insignificant sage-brush states, while it lost New York and the other close states.

Democratic institutions work best when the parties are evenly balanced, and where there are many voters loosely tied to any party. The machine on each side must be kept upon its good behavior, and it must be forced to put forward its best men, to be conservative in its party measures and management, when it has the responsibilities of government. It is of the greatest importance that there should be an intelligent opposition party ready to take over at any time the responsibilities of government. Both in England and America to-day the opposition parties are disorganized, and though there are signs in each country that they are being more firmly knit together, yet much remains to be done before a proper balance is established. In each country a great opposition leader is needed. And with the leader must come a definite programme, in which he sincerely believes, which will appeal to those intelligent voters who decide elections, and in whom all the hope of successful popular government must rest.

THE SCANTY PLOT

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

"In sundry moods 't was pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground." — WORDSWORTH.

BACK from inclement moor, from rugged steep,
From desultory wanderings far and near,
I come to thee, my scanty plot, so dear,
So narrow, so familiar! If I keep
The weeds down here with diligence, I reap
Small harvest, but sufficient for my cheer.
From one such little garden at Grasmere
What fragrance steals! Where Avon's waters creep
Another flames with roses. From a third
A woman gleaned more glory than from all
Her broad outlying acres. And if powers
That were ordained the boundary, may a bird
Not sing within the hedgerow? or the wall
Be gracious in its thick disguise of flowers?

WAS SIR WALTER SCOTT A POET?

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

Scott was twenty-six, the age of Keats at his death, before he wrote any original verse. He then wrote two poems to two ladies: one out of a bitter personal feeling, the other as a passing courtesy; neither out of any instinct for poetry. At twenty-four he had translated the fashionable *Lenore* of Bürger; afterwards he translated Goethe's youthful play, *Goetz von Berlichingen*. In 1802 he brought out the first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in which the resurrection of the old ballad literature, begun in 1765 by Percy's *Reliques*, was carried on, and brought nearer to the interest of ordinary readers, who, in Scott's admirable introductions and notes, could find almost a suggestion of what was to come in the Waverley Novels. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was begun in 1802, and published, when Scott was thirty-four, in 1805. It was begun at the suggestion of the Duchess of Buccleugh, and continued to please her. Lockhart tells us: "Sir John Stoddart's casual recitation of Coleridge's unfinished *Christabel* had fixed the music of that noble fragment in his memory; and it occurred to him that, by throwing the story of Gilpin Horner into somewhat similar cadence, he might produce such an echo of the later metrical romances as would seem to connect his conclusion of the primitive *Sir Tristrem* with the imitation of the popular ballad in the *Grey Brother* and the *Eve of St. John*." Its success was immediate, and for seven years Scott was the most popular poet in England. When the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* appeared in 1812, there was a more popular poet in England, and Scott gave up writing verse, and, in the summer of 1814, took up and finished a story which he had begun in 1805, simultaneously with the publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,—the story of *Waverley*. The novelist died eleven years later, in 1825; but the poet committed suicide, with *Harold the Dauntless*, in 1817.

Until he was thirty-one Scott was unconscious that he had any vocation except to be a "half-lawyer, half-sportsman." At forty-three he discovered, sooner than all the world, that he had mistaken his vocation; and with that discovery came the other one, that he had a vocation, which he promptly adopted, and in which, with his genius for success, he succeeded, as instantaneously, and more permanently. He was always able to carry the world with him, as he carried with him his little world of friends, servants, dogs, and horses. And how deeply rooted in the work itself was this persuasive and overcoming power is proved by the fact that *Waverley* was published anonymously, and that the other novels were only known, for many years, as by the author of *Waverley*. None of the prestige of the poet was handed over to the novelist. Scott attacked the public twice over, quite independently, and conquered it both times easily.

Success with the public of one's own day is, of course, no fixed test of a man's work; and, while it is indeed surprising that the same man could be, first the most popular poet and then the most popular novelist of his generation, almost of his century, there is no cause for surprise that the public should have judged, in the one case, justly, and in the other unjustly. The voice of the people, the voice of the gods of the gallery, howls for or against qualities which are never qualities of literature; and the admirers of Scott have invariably spoken of his verse in praise that would be justified if the qualities for which they praise it were

qualities supplementary to the essentially poetic qualities: they form no substitute. First Scott, and then Byron, partly in imitation of Scott, appealed to the public of their day with poems which sold as only novels have sold before or since, and partly because they were so like novels. They were, what every publisher still wants, "stories with plenty of action;" and the public either forgave their being in verse, or for some reason was readier than usual, just then, to welcome verse. It was Scott himself who was to give the novel a popularity which it had never had, even with Fielding and Richardson; and thus the novel had not yet flooded all other forms of literature for the average reader. Young ladies still cultivated ideals between their embroidery frames and their gilt harps. An intellectual democracy had not yet set up its own standards, and affected to submit art to its own tastes. This poetry, so like the most interesting, the most exciting prose, came at once on the wave of a fashion: the fashion of German ballads and "tales of wonder" and of the more genuine early ballads of England and Scotland; and also with a new, spontaneous energy all its own. And it was largely Scott himself who had helped to make the fashion by which he profited.

The metrical romance, as it was written by Scott, was avowedly derived from the metrical romances of the Middle Ages, one of which Scott had edited and even concluded in the original metre: the *Sir Tristrem* which he attributed to Thomas of Ercildoune. This *Sir Tristrem* is but one among many fragmentary versions of a lost original, giving the greatest of all legends of chivalry, the legend of Tristan and Iseult. The most complete and the finest version which we have is the poem in octosyllabic couplets written in German by Gottfried of Strassburg at the beginning of 1200. In this poem we see what a metrical romance can be, and it is no injustice to Scott if we put it for a moment beside his attempts to continue that heroic lineage.

A friend of mine, an Irish poet, was telling me the other day that he had found himself, not long ago, in a small town in the West of Ireland, Athenry, a little lonely place, with its ruined castle; and having to wait there, because he had taken the wrong train, he took out of his pocket a prose version of Gottfried's poem, and sat reading it for some hours. And suddenly a pang went through him, with an acute sense of personal loss, as he said to himself: "I shall never know the man who wrote that; I have never known any man who was such a gentleman." The poem, with all its lengthy adventures, its lengthy comments, is full of the passion of beauty; the love of Tristan and Iseult is a grave thing, coming to them in one cup with death. "Love," says the poet, "she who turneth the honey to gall, sweet to sour, and dew to flame, had laid her burden on Tristan and Iseult, and as they looked on each other their colour changed from white to red and from red to white, even as it pleased Love to paint them. Each knew the mind of the other, yet was their speech of other things." And, at their last parting, Iseult can say: "We two have loved and sorrowed in such true-fellowship unto this time, we should not find it over-hard to keep the same faith even to death. . . . Whatever land thou seekest, have a care for thyself — *my* life; for if I be robbed of that, then am I, *thy* life, undone. And myself, *thy* life, will I for thy sake, not for mine, guard with all care. For thy body and thy life, that know I well, they rest on me. Now bethink thee well of me, thy body, Iseult." This, remember, is in a metrical romance, written in the metre of the *Lady of the Lake*. Now turn to that poem, and read there: —

> Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
> Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
> Marked she, that fear (affection's proof)
> Still held a graceful youth aloof;
> No! not till Douglas named his name,
> Although that youth was Malcolm Graeme.

Much has been claimed for Scott's poetry because of its appeal to unpoetical

persons, who, in the nature of things, would be likely to take an interest in its subject matter; and it has been thought remarkable that poetry composed, like much of *Marmion*, in the saddle, by one "through whose head a regiment of horse has been exercising since he was five years old," should have seemed genuine to sportsmen and to soldiers. A striking anecdote told by Lockhart allows us to consider the matter very clearly. "In the course of the day, when the *Lady of the Lake* first reached Sir Adam Ferguson, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, somewhere no doubt on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at the head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI, and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank close above them." "It is not often," says Mr. Hutton in his *Life of Scott*, "that martial poetry has been put to such a test." A test of what? Certainly not a test of poetry. An audience less likely to be critical, a situation less likely to induce criticism, can hardly be imagined. The soldiers would look for martial sentiments expressed with clear and matter-of-fact fervor. They would want no more and they would find no more; certainly no such intrusion of poetry as would have rendered the speech of Henry V before the battle of Agincourt but partially intelligible to them, though there Shakespeare is writing for once almost down to his audience. Scott's appeal is the appeal of prose, the thing and the feeling each for its own sake, with only that "pleasurable excitement," which Coleridge saw in the mere fact of metre, to give the illusion that one is listening to poetry.

Let me give an instance from another art. If, on his return to England, you had taken one of Sir Adam Ferguson's soldiers into a picture gallery, and there had been a Botticelli in one corner, and a Titian in another, and between two Bellini altar-pieces there had been a modern daub representing a battle, in which fire and smoke were clearly discernible, and charging horses rolled over on their riders, and sabres were being flourished in a way very like the trooper's way, is there much doubt which picture would go straight home to the soldier? There, it might be said, is a battle-piece, and the soldier goes up to it, examines it, admires it, swears that nothing more natural was ever painted. Is that a "test" of the picture? Are we to say: this picture has been proved to be sincere, natural, approvable by one who has been through the incident which it records, and therefore (in spite of its total lack of every fine quality in painting) a good picture? No one, I think, would take the soldier's word for that: why should we take his word on a battle-piece which is not painted, but written?

A great many of the merits which people have accustomed themselves to see in Scott come from this kind of miscalculation. Thus, for instance, we may admit, with Mr. Palgrave, that Scott "attained eminent success" in "sustained vigour, clearness, and interest in narration." "If we reckon up the poets of the world," continues Mr. Palgrave, "we may be surprised to find how very few (dramatists not included) have accomplished this, and may be hence led to estimate Scott's rank in his art more justly." But is not this rather a begging of the question? Scott wrote in metre, and in some of his metrical narratives attained "sustained vigour, clearness, and interest in narration." But is there anything except the metre to distinguish these stories in verse from what, as Scott himself afterwards showed, might have been much better if they had been told in prose? Until this has been granted, no merit in narration will mean anything at all, in a consideration of poetry as poetry; any more than the noughts which you may add to the left of your figure 1, in the belief that you are adding million to million.

The fact is, that skill in story-telling never made any man a poet, any more

than skill in constructing a drama. Shakespeare is not, in the primary sense, a poet because he is a great dramatist; he is a poet as much in the sonnets as in the plays, but he is a poet who chose to be also a playwright, and in measuring his greatness we measure all that he did as a playwright along with all that he did as a poet; his especial greatness being seen by his complete fusion of the two in one. And it is the same thing in regard to story-telling. Look for a moment at our greatest narrative poet, Chaucer. Chaucer tells his stories much better, much more pointedly, concisely, with much more of the qualities of the best prose narrative, than Scott; who seems to tell his stories rather for boys than for men, with what he very justly called "a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." Chaucer is one of the most masculine of story-tellers, and if you read, not even one of the *Canterbury Tales*, but a book of *Troilus and Cressida*, you will find in it something of the quality which we applaud in Balzac; an enormous interest in life, and an absorption in all its details, because those details go to make up the most absorbing thing in the world. But in Chaucer all this is so much prose quality added to a consummate gift for poetry. Chaucer is first of all a poet; it is almost an accident, the accident of his period, that he wrote tales in verse. In the Elizabethan age he would have been a great dramatist, and he has all the qualities that go to the making of a great lyrical poet. His whole vision of life is the vision of the poet; his language and versification have the magic of poetry; he has wisdom, tenderness, a high gravity, tinged with illuminating humor; no one in our language has said more touching and beautiful things, straight out of his heart, about birds and flowers and grass; he has ecstasy. In addition to all this he can tell stories: that was the new life that he brought into the poetry of his time, rescuing us from "the moral Gower" and much tediousness.

Now look at Scott: I do not say, ask Scott to be another Chaucer; but consider for a moment how much his admirers have to add to that all-important merit of "sustained vigour, clearness, and interest in narration." Well, it has been claimed, first and most emphatically, I think, by Sir Francis Doyle, that his poetry is "Homeric." Sir Francis Doyle says, in one of his lectures on Scott, given when Professor of Poetry at Oxford: "Now, after the immortal ballads of Homer, there are no ballad poems so full of the spirit of Homer as those of Scott." Homer, indeed, wrote of war and warriors, and so did Scott; Homer gives you vivid action, in swiftly moving verse, and so does Scott. But I can see little further resemblance, and I can see an infinite number of differences. No one, I suppose, would compare the pit-a-pat of Scott's octosyllabics with "the deep-mouthed music" of the Homeric hexameter. But Sir Francis Doyle sees in the opening of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and not in this alone, "the simple and energetic style of Homer." Let me, then, take one single sentence from that battle in Canto VI of the *Lady of the Lake*, and set against it a single sentence from one of the battle-pieces in the Iliad, in the prose translation of Mr. Lang. Here is Scott's verse: —

> Forth from the pass, in tumult driven,
> Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
> The archery appear;
> For life! for life! their flight they ply,
> And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
> And plaids and bonnets waving high,
> And broadswords flashing to the sky,
> Are maddening in the rear.

And here is Homer in English prose: "And as the gusts speed on, when shrill winds blow, on a day when dust lies thickest on the roads, even so their battle clashed together, and all were fain of heart to slay each other in the press with the keen bronze." Need I say more than these extracts say for themselves? What commonness and what distinction, what puerility of effort and what repose in energy!

Then there is Scott's feeling for nature. The feeling was deep and genuine, and in a conversation with Washington Irving Scott expressed it more poignantly than he has ever done in his verse. "When," he said, "I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*" There is a great deal of landscape painting in Scott's verse, and it has many good prose qualities: it is very definite, it is written "with the eye on the object," it is always sincere, in a certain sense; it is always felt sincerely. But it is not felt deeply, and it becomes either trite or generalized in its rendering into words. Take the description of Loch Katrine in the third canto of the *Lady of the Lake*, the final passage which Ruskin quotes for special praise in that chapter of *Modern Painters* which is devoted to a eulogy of Scott as the master of "the modern landscape" in verse. It gives a pretty and, no doubt, accurate picture, but with what vagueness, triteness, or conventionality of epithet! We get one line in which there is no more than a statement, but a statement which may have its place in poetry: —

"The grey mist left the mountain side."

In the next line we get a purely conventional rendering of what has evidently been both seen clearly and felt sympathetically: —

"The torrent showed its glistening pride."

How false and insincere that becomes in the mere putting into words! And what a *cliché* is the simile for the first faint shadows on the lake at dawn: —

"In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye."

Even in better landscape work, like the opening of the first introduction to *Marmion*, how entirely without magic is the observation, how superficial a notation of just what every one would notice in the scenery before him! To Ruskin, I know, all this is a part of what he calls Scott's unselfishness and humility, "in consequence of which Scott's enjoyment of Nature is incomparably greater than that of any other poet I know." Enjoyment, perhaps; but we are concerned, in poetry, with what a poet has made out of his enjoyment. Scott puts down in words exactly what the average person feels. Now it is the poet's business to interpret, illuminate, or at the least to evoke in a more exquisite form, all that the ordinary person is capable of feeling vaguely, by way of enjoyment. Until the poet has transformed enjoyment into ecstasy there can be no poetry. Scott's genuine love of nature, so profound in feeling, as his words to Washington Irving testify, was never able to translate itself into poetry; it seemed to become tongue-tied in metre.

And, also, there was in Scott a love of locality, which was perhaps more deeply rooted in him than his love of nature, just as his love of castles and armor and the bricabrac of mediævalism which filled his brain and his house was more deeply rooted than his love of the Middle Ages. "If," said Coleridge to Payne Collier, "I were called upon to form an opinion of Mr. Scott's poetry, the first thing I would do would be to take away all his names of old castles, which rhyme very prettily, and read very picturesquely; next, I would exclude the mention of all nunneries, abbeys, and priories, and I should then see what would be the residuum — how much poetry would remain." In all these things there was personal sincerity; Scott was following his feeling, his bias; but it has to be determined how far, and in how many instances, when he said nature he meant locality, and when he said chivalry or romance, he meant that "procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets, and lances made a very conspicuous show," on the way to Abbotsford.

Ruskin's special praise of Scott, in his attitude toward nature, is that Scott did not indulge in "the pathetic fallacy" of reading one's own feelings into the aspect

of natural things. This, in the main, is true, in spite of those little morals which Scott attaches to what he sees. But it is hardly more than a negative merit, at the best; and it is accompanied by no intimacy of insight, no revealing passion; aspects are described truthfully, and with sympathy, and that is all.

Throughout the whole of his long poems, and throughout almost the whole of his work in verse, Scott remains an improviser in rhyme, not a poet. But in a few of the songs contained in the novels, songs written after he had practically given up writing verse, flickering touches of something very like poetry are from time to time seen. In one song of four stanzas, *Proud Maisie*, published in 1818 in the *Heart of Midlothian*, Scott seems to me to have become a poet. In this poem, which is like nothing else he ever wrote, some divine accident has brought all the diffused poetical feeling of his nature to a successful birth. Landor, who seems to have overlooked this perfect lyric, thought there was one line of genuine poetry in Scott's verse, which he quotes from an early poem on Helvellyn. But I cannot feel that this line is more than a pathetic form of rhetoric. In *Proud Maisie* we get, for once, poetry.

For the rest, all Scott's verse is written for boys, and boys, generation after generation, will love it with the same freshness of response. It has adventure, manliness, bright landscape, fighting, the obvious emotions; it is like a gallop across the moors in a blithe wind; it has plenty of story, and is almost as easily read as if it were prose. The taste for it may well be outgrown with the first realization of why Shakespeare is looked upon as the supreme poet. Byron usually follows Scott in the boy's head, and drives out Scott, as that infinitely greater, though imperfect, force may well do. Shelley often completes the disillusion. But it is well, perhaps, that there should be a poet for boys, and for those grown-up people who are most like boys; for those, that is, to whom poetry appeals by something in it which is not the poetry.

WORK AND PLAY

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

THAT more people know how to work than how to play seems to be a defect of education. All the punishments of childhood are for lawlessly following the impulse to play; and nearly all the rewards are for aptitude and industry in work. In some respects there has been a relaxation; the interest taken by most pedagogues in the sports of their pupils and the semi-official recognition of athletic prowess in schools are signs of a partial reaction. But it is only partial; the spirit of play is often suppressed before it becomes articulate; the spirit of work is from the first fostered and stimulated. To nearly all is it emphasized that on work their very being depends; but to only a few is it made clear that on play depends their well-being.

As a nation, we are, it is true, devoted to sports and games, and therefore it would appear on the surface quite needless to point out the advantages of play. There is too much play already, in the opinion of many not illiberal persons; they say that our young men at college play more than they work, and they instance the general and often unhealthy interest in racing and bridge. Certainly it is but natural that the instinct for diversion, so often cowed and stunted by drastic measures in childhood, or perhaps given an

equally unwise license, should be a groping or an unbalanced instinct, prolific of injudicious excesses. The unfortunate persons who commit these bring discredit on the art of play. For it is an art, of which games, even at their best, are only a crude and imperfect expression. They have their value; but play that requires for itself — as games do require — a special machinery and knowledge is not of the kind most readily available, is not the most cunning, and in that way most satisfying resource. The man who is dependent on his racket or his bat or his pack of cards for his amusement is doomed to pass many dull hours. Too few of us have learned how to play when we are alone; too few of us have learned how to play with people who cannot use a racket or a bat or a pack of cards. The woman tending the plants in her garden is playing more profitably, it may be, than the admired pitcher on the local ball nine, who strikes out three men in an inning. She does not experience his sensational moments, but she is gayly occupied in a creative process, and that is play of the most soul-expanding kind. Moreover, it is play that is not dependent on youth and activity, but may continue to serve one in feebleness and age.

The idea is current that action is the essence of play. Hence the extreme misery of the tennis enthusiast, who with racket and court is ready to amuse himself, but has no worthy foeman; of the automobilist whose machine is laid by for repairs; of the house party of athletes on a rainy afternoon. The general failure to perceive that there may be a very satisfactory return in the exercise of observation, in the practice of imagination, or even in the loosening of one's reluctant speech is excusable, for it is just the tendency to do these things that was so impressively punished when we were small. What is it that leads children to truancy from school, and to the other most heinous childish breaches? In nine cases out of ten it is not any imperative call to action, but merely a desire to See. A paltry and commonplace hill becomes a height beckoning with romance; and the child is not contented until he has scaled it and ascertained what the world is beyond. Nearly always this desire to see unites with it a belief in strange happenings and adventures, if one could only slip outside of the prescribed and familiar round; or, again, perhaps there is the conviction that in violating the law, even though it is only to sneak away and hide in a dark cellar, there is glorious heroism or martyrdom. To See and to Imagine, these natural faculties of man may be converted into a means of play, even as the child is trying always to convert them. If early experience and tradition had not taught us to associate a penalty with the employment of these faculties, we should not be so often at a loss for resources.

Mere idleness opens up for any one who has eyes to see and a mind to dream a playground of infinite variety. To sit, for instance, in a garden and watch a bumblebee despoiling the flowers, blundering tentatively from this to that, at last grappling one with fierce ardor, bending it on its stem and showering down the gathered dew, climbing up and into the very heart of it, and then after a brief moment emerging and spurning from him the petals that he had embraced so amorously, — this, to him who observes it with a mind attentive to nothing else, is play. It may be play to stroll along a city pavement, to cling to a strap in a crowded car, to talk to one's neighbor on a stool at a lunch counter. And to watch a man laying bricks, or to lounge upon a fence and observe the ploughman driving his horses in the field, or to inspect any sort of manual labor, should always entertain one who is at leisure, and in whose personal experience such labor has never been more than a diversion. If a child's eye rests upon a carpenter at work, it is held in fascination. It is unreasonable and wrong that we should outgrow this interest of the child; the objects or occupations may become more familiar to us, but they should not seem

stale; our interest in them, instead of declining, should only become the more expert. We should be detecting characteristics and comparing methods and gaining knowledge of a variety of men.

The disposition toward this sort of play is put down in early childhood with the frequent reminder, "You must learn not to stare at people," or, "It is n't polite to point." It is repressed even more at the later period of school, when the boy is left no choice between close attention to books in the schoolroom and devotion to bodily exercise out of doors. The fact that the education of girls is generally so much more lax in both these respects accounts, no doubt, for the feminine "handiness" and flexibility at play; ten women for one man know how to amuse themselves with trifles, to find sport in an idea, delight in a conversation, and contentment in solitude. It is probably true that to attain their excellent frivolity they passed through a less wholesome and healthy period than the corresponding period in the life of the normal boy; so far as a man can judge, the typical schoolgirl is a capricious, vain, egotistical, and snobbish creature. Few things are more unsavory or depressing than the literature — fortunately not extensive — of girls' school life; nine tenths of the stories which undertake to describe it deal with the inhuman treatment of schoolmates who are poorly dressed or "of inferior social position." A precocious faculty of observation seems usually to be of the detective sort, — quick to fasten upon unattractive and suspicious details. It grows charitable and broad with years, the biting comments of youth are gradually tempered, and sarcasm, which it had been a joy to wield, is reserved as a weapon to be but rarely used. The woman is equipped for the gentle, genial play of life by the sharpness of wits and eyes that she learned as a girl.

But the boy on emerging from school, where he has been so single-minded in his pursuits, soon finds that he is deficient in the faculty of observation. The acknowledgment is tacitly made to him by the advisory elder world that in this one vital respect it was necessary to bring him up wrong; and he is recommended now to remedy by his own efforts the deficiency that education imposed upon him. There are not many harder tasks. He has been so bred to think of the main chance, to concentrate his thoughts upon his personal work and business, to be energetic, brisk, and active along one line, that he is unable to waste time to advantage; and when he is idle, it is with an unhappy and unprofitable restlessness. He cannot grasp the point of view, the whimsical, detached, casual, and inconsequent point of view that makes out of mere observation an amusement and a play.

Thus, in the matter of training the outward eye, education in a puzzled, half-apologetic way submits a tardy acknowledgment of failure. But of its failure to provide exercise for the inward eye before which passes the panorama of the unreal, the fanciful, it makes a boast. It deplores as much in man as in boy the tendency to dream; unsympathetic with the inward eye, it declares the day-dreamer to have a mind untrained, if not indeed diseased. Coeval with the admonition not to stare and not to point the finger is the precept not to let the thoughts go wool-gathering. How smartly comes down the pedagogue's rule for inattention in the class! How despairing is the mother's look when Johnny gapes with open mouth and meat on fork, stricken all forgetful of his food! There is, I am sure, in the scientific spirit now prevailing among parents and nurses less encouragement than there used to be to the pleasant delusions of infancy. Have you not been a child and insisted on hollowing out your mashed potato and making a lake of gravy in the crater? And was not the potato spoiled if the lake prematurely burst its banks? Also, when you had your oatmeal, could you bear it if it was not a perfect island, — dry on top and entirely surrounded by cream? My most intense antipathy was conceived at the age of seven for a kind

lady whom I visited, and who arranged my oatmeal for me, diligently drenching its surface. Nowadays, I observe, children seem unfamiliar with the simple diversions that I remember so pleasantly. It is partly, perhaps, that they are exposed to new-fashioned breakfast cereals which soak up cream before imagination can draw breath; it is partly that they are so repeatedly warned by their nurses and mammas not to play with their food.

The atmosphere of discouragement that surrounds the play of children is not abated with the years. The enjoyment of dreams, the building of castles in the air, the escaping from the facts of life, especially from the unpleasant facts, to beguile one's self upon fancy and dalliance are disapproved and despised; and I raise up my voice in protest. What a real and blameless pleasure, I exclaim, it is for the most of us to imagine ourselves greater, braver, finer than we are or than we shall ever be! Entering a shop to buy a necktie, one may perhaps be interrupting the meditation of the salesman on how he should act if he were President, — how gracious he would be, and benign and lovable, and withal how inflexibly independent and in crises stern. This use of his imagination doubtless gives him great pleasure, and it need not at all incapacitate him for selling neckties. The factory girl, watching her threads, dreams of being the mill-owner's daughter, driving in her carriage, and living in the big house on the hill. And she guides her threads as unerringly, as steadfastly, as if she felt the eyes of the foreman upon her. Perhaps it would be nearer the usual truth to think of her standing thus and dreaming, not of a bright future in which she is the centre, but of one that holds rest and ease and pleasure for her tired mother and gayety and promise for little brothers and sisters. And is one to be chidden for dreaming such dreams?

The habit is pernicious, I grant, if it seizes and delays one upon the brink of action. Yet truly it appears to me that those who are excessively fond of imagining great and improbable prospects for themselves would achieve just as little were their love of these visions forever set at rest. There are some men by birth and temperament fit only for dreams, some by like circumstance fit only for action, and many more normally composed in whom the capacity for each exercise might, if it were permitted, serve to offset and refresh the other. But it is thought feeble or unmanly to avail one's self of any such means of rehabilitation; we Americans, after our day's work is done, take our rest in further action, our relaxation in excitement. Yet were the many thousands for whom the theatre furnishes the most frequent evening's amusement to stroll or sit out under the stars, entertaining such thoughts and dreams as come, they would put their souls and minds into better order for the slumber of the night and for the work of the next day.

Perhaps the utterance seems inconsistent in one who contends that we do not play enough. Indeed, the popularity of the theatre at the present time would no doubt be the first fact advanced to refute the criticism. The point is made that everybody goes to the theatre nowadays; the people who in a past generation would have been shocked by the suggestion sit now in the front row. Even the clergy have acquired a habit of recommending plays to their congregations. To be sure, these are generally the poorest possible plays; nevertheless, it is an indication of the yielding on every side to the universal imperative demand for amusement. Such are the comfortable sophistries that one may hear.

Yet it seems to me that there is no other institution so lethal to the spirit of play as the theatre. Never has it been more popular or more depraved. I do not mean in a moral sense; but as offering a spectacle which may incite or divert the mind, and, besides captivating the eye, appeal to the imagination, it is surely in its lowest decadence. Thousands of flexible dancing girls with shrill voices, thou-

sands of effeminate, capering young men, pass in review each season before a city's audience, and go twirling and grimacing on. The performances of these constitute the main interest in possibly half the productions designed to give theatre-goers an evening's pleasure. Feeble wit, clumsy and shabby humor, meretricious music, are impudently combined; and the audience, convinced by the tinsel of the stage, titters and listens and applauds.

The audience is amused; we must face that fact. And nothing could more eloquently demonstrate the helplessness of the ordinary American when withdrawn from his games or his sports and confronted with the problem of amusing himself. His eyes can be diverted only by the abnormal, the bizarre; the natural processes of life are dull and tedious to his failing imagination. Hence the theatre is the resort, the amusement, of the wholly unimaginative, of those who need to have the picture spread before them in all its details, so that they may comprehend it with merely the automatic effort of the senses. Unimaginative, they have no pleasure in reading, unless it is a flat-footed kind of fiction, over which they may drowse with no danger of losing the thread. They cannot call up clear visions in their own minds, nor can they grasp them from the picturesque and vivid page. A mental sluggishness besets them. Removed from the excitement of games and sports, they are more often stultified than stimulated by play.

There is this to be said of Americans, however; because they have been well trained in methods of work, they get perhaps as much enjoyment as any people out of the periods of play that work itself affords. In purely mechanical labor there are no such periods, and that is why all those engaged in it should be permitted and encouraged to occupy their minds with dreams, and their eyes with what is characteristic and interesting in the ordinary movement of life. But in any work demanding mental initiative or action there are sure to be times of pure delight. This comes partly from the consciousness of success in solving the problem on which one has been engaged; the attitude of genial congratulation and special affection which one assumes then toward one's self holds a histrionic quality akin to play. Yet this is unimportant compared with the hopefulness and zest of the actual performance, when for very interest one cannot have success or failure too closely in view. The plotting of a large financial scheme and the putting it into execution, the writing at a man's best power of a dramatic climax, the grasping of the feature that will give a picture its subtle, notable distinction, and the painting it in with a few creative strokes, the first clear view to the end in an architectural problem, and the instant leaping to achieve out of commonplace and mere convenience beauty, — these and the like experiences are for thinking and active men the most incomparable play. Detained from finishing or from beginning the work that beckons joyously, one chafes with the impatience of the boy in the schoolroom on the day of his championship game; released, one plunges into the toil with the thrill and elation of the boy rushing to the strife.

The pathetic and yet the eternally cheerful and assuring paradox is this, — that delight in performance by no means guarantees excellence of work. One may humbly imagine how Shakespeare exulted in Mark Antony's funeral address, striking it off perhaps in a couple of glorious immortal hours, now dipping his quill with a leisurely smile at his own cunning, now writing with a concentrated passion. Yet it is our privilege to know that Alberta Smitherson — spoken of as the coming authoress — made similar demonstrations, and felt something of the same emotion, when she composed the story that has just been rejected by the *Boudoir Magazine*. It is certainly a bountiful provision of nature that in the capacity of men for enjoyment and delight there is no such wide disparity as in their power for creation and achievement.

Unquestionably, the nobler the work, the more refreshing must be its aspects to him whom it engrosses. It strengthens a man to feel that, whether he wins or loses, his labor is not undertaken simply for his own profit, and that the question is a far greater one than merely that of success or failure. The old English astronomer, Halley, was one of the sublime among the world's workers, yet exceptional as is his story, it is only typical of the true men of science of every age. He was born in 1656; the last transit of Venus had taken place in 1639, the next would not occur until 1761. Yet it was this phenomenon that engaged his attention; he sought to ascertain what astronomers might learn from the celestial happening that he had never seen and could never see. As the result of his study he left accurate calculations and directions which should enable the skilled observer of a transit of Venus to deduce from that brief event the distance of the earth from the sun, the magnitudes of the planetary orbits, indeed, the scale of the whole solar system, — of all which matters the world was then in ignorance. And when the transit occurred, astronomers who had stationed themselves for it in Otaheite and in Europe followed the instructions that Halley had bequeathed them, and hence were able to make a contribution to human knowledge impressive enough to rank with the discoveries of Newton and Kepler and Galileo. The man whose fertile mind had prepared the way, and who knew that he would be silent in his grave years before his theory could be put to the test, had busied himself gayly and happily in the unfinishable task; no doubt, when he perceived whither his investigations were leading him, he could not have been more excited, more eager, had there been a transit of Venus scheduled for the next morning. And let us make mention, too, of those worthy followers who spent years preparing for the rare happening of a few hours, taking practice observations of a fictitious sun and a fictitious Venus, living and working, it might seem, to see the transit once, and again eight years later, with the overshadowing dread that cloudy weather might set all at naught and the phenomenon be unseen of mortal eyes for more than another century.

Life is both a usurer and a spendthrift. The weak, the maimed, the toilers under crushing burdens of poverty, disease, and despair, who are held to the most exacting interest on the loan of their few troubled earthly years, often meet the obligation with a more abiding conscience and honor than those dowered at their birth, and attended always by a lavish fortune. We may not seek for the equity in an arrangement which imposes upon one man work that is all drudgery, and on another, who has the implements of play at command, work that is, much of it, play. There is no cant so unthinking and false as that which urges every man to work for the joy of working, — and which is cant even though it be uttered in stirring verse. In a city building there are seven men employed whose work is this: on Monday morning they begin on the ground floor, swabbing corridors, washing windows, polishing brass and iron; and it takes them precisely till Saturday night to progress in this cleansing manner — literally on their knees — to the top of the building. Then on Monday morning again they begin on the ground floor, each one with a fresh cake of soap and with no variation in the week's task before him. It does not seem to me possible for a man to work thus for the joy of working.

Yet it is just this kind of dull, necessary obedience to an order or a routine that constitutes the work of nearly all humanity. Under such conditions, any message to man that urges upon him the pure joy of labor must have a very complacent and superior sound. If ever there lived a bootblack whose chief happiness was in producing the most lustrous possible shine on the shoe of his patron, what a poor-spirited little prig he must have been! how unworthy beside his confrères who

rejoiced to gamble away their pennies in the alley! It is, of course, not wrong for the bootblack to take pleasure in the lustre of his shine, or for the clerk to have pride in the neatness of his page; but if life holds for them no other pleasure quite so keen, they have lost the vital spark of manhood. And therefore it should be urged upon all those who perform the somnolent, mechanical labor of long hours, day after day, listlessly and well, as most of the world's work is performed, to dream dreams and see visions and hearken even in the midst of their tasks for some passing whisper from the spirit of play.

OUR FATHERS' FRIENDS

BY RICHARD BURTON

[In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, may be seen a memorial monument, set on a tree-shaded knoll overlooking a beautiful reach of meadow. It bears the inscription: "The ancient burial place of the Stockbridge Indians, the friends of our Fathers."]

HERE, in this pleasant meadow-place,
  By trees o'erhung and with the breath
Of summer fragrant, for a space
  I linger, to recall the death

Of the red men of yore, whose worth
  Is here recorded; they were friends
Unto our fathers, and their earth
  Is honored thus; their memory blends

Benignant with the tales of years
  When red and white lived brotherly;
From tokenings of blood and tears
  These cool, gray stones seem strangely free.

What word, what deed, made peace prevail?
  Why did they share the ancient good
Of wood and sky and river-dale,
  Sealing a pact of brotherhood?

We have not learned the lesson yet;
  The generations still arise
And smite and plunder, and forget
  The other teaching of the skies.

. . . . . .

The elms, o'erarching, answer naught,
  But still the scene compels the gaze:
Beneath this shaft, in kindness wrought,
  Rest the red friends of older days.

A CASE OF INTELLECTUALITY

BY EMERY POTTLE

I

It had been a "Byron afternoon." Mrs. G. M. Higginbotham had given a somewhat shy and embarrassed account of the poet's early life. The shyness was a family trait; the embarrassment arose from the distressing indelicacy attached to the recounting of certain incidents which to her were not — as she put it — *nice*, great though the poet might be. There had been a reading by Miss Ellen Thorpe, — she had breathed out, with much expressive curving of her white fingers, *The Isles of Greece*. Her elocution came out especially effectively in her reference to "bur-r-r-ning Sappho." Mrs. Hiram Coleman's nervous and abashed efforts had gone to the illumination of *Byron, the Poet*. She read with lightning speed, and stumblingly, glancing up occasionally, more to beseech, with her meek eyes, clemency than to accentuate any Byronic point. When she sat relievedly down, she whispered to Miss Ellen Thorpe that she got it all from the encyclopædia, because it seemed so much better than anything she could do. And, as a finality, Mrs. Nelson — the president of the "Fisherville Literary Circle" — had read a long and excellently constructed paper on *The Power of Conscience as Displayed in Byron's Poetry*. Mrs. Kitchell and the Thorpe girls — all the unmarried women in Fisherville were *girls* — had yawned at least twenty times during the reading, though, to be sure, at the end, they had been alert with "My dear, how clever;" and "You do those profound things so well, Mrs. Nelson."

There was a rustle of consummation, — of things done and accomplished. The Circle, with the exception of Mrs. Nelson, felt, not unnaturally, that, as individuals and as a body, they had put a footprint on the sands of culture. Therefore, for a fortnight, they could, comparatively, take their ease and not worry lest the march of female progress should escape them. Mrs. Kitchell, the hostess, retired to the pantry to see that her daughter Mattie got the cream from the freezer without getting rock salt in it. During the "refreshments" the Circle talked with gossipy animation of topics somewhat more local in character than Byron, the Poet.

Mrs. Nelson felt a restless dissatisfaction over the afternoon. It had been the result of her long, eagerly hopeful labor that the Literary Circle had been established; she had gone about from house to house, fairly, to interest her fellow townswomen in this idea of a little group of cultured women really desirous of "knowing good things," as she put it to them. They had, on the instant, responded with easy alacrity, and at the initial meeting had turned out to the number of twenty-five. The Presbyterian minister, Dr. Hackett, had come in and given them a little talk, that first day, on the duty of Christian Womanhood toward the things that make for Broad Culture. Later in the year the number had dwindled, for one reason or another, to a variable seven. And all this had undermined Mrs. Nelson's enthusiasm.

Well, it was disheartening. It was bad enough, Mrs. Nelson thought, to live in Fisherville, Wisconsin, but so to disregard utterly one's *brain* —

Mrs. Nelson frowned wearily. She was very tired. She had worked tremendously on her paper, — and, after all, what was the use — in Fisherville? She dropped down into a chair, — apart from the others, — resentful of a life so barren, so enervating. Mattie, Mrs. Kitchell's daughter, inquired of Mrs. Nelson, as she passed the fig cake, why Paula did not come, too.

Her tone was slightly acid. Mrs. Nelson flushed guiltily.

"She was detained at home," she replied quietly.

"I guess Paula does n't care much about books and things, does she?" returned Mattie triumphantly. It gratified her to see Mrs. Nelson's effort at a dignified hedging of the subject of Paula's taste. Mattie tossed her head.

"You're not going?" presently said Mrs. Kitchell to Mrs. Nelson with loud regret. "Oh, don't; why, I thought that just as soon as the refreshments were out of the way we could play euchre for the rest of the afternoon. Now that the programme is over," she added with a slightly deprecating accent. Fisherville always stood a little in awe of Mrs. Nelson and her intellectuality. Though James Nelson, a Fisherville boy, in the pride of his young Eastern wife, had brought her to them fully fifteen years ago, they still felt deferential to her brains.

"I must," Mrs. Nelson returned a little hurriedly. She felt she must get away to be alone with herself, — the long walk home in the dusk suddenly attracted her. "You know," she added, by way of explanation, "the young man I spoke to you about — my brother-in-law's young friend, Mr. Risley, the one who has been ill with nervous prostration — is coming to-night. He's to stay with us till he gets entirely rested out."

"It'll be fine for Paula," Mrs. Kitchell said half enviously, her eyes on Mattie, "to have a nice young man around."

"Oh," said Mrs. Nelson helplessly. "Oh, — I don't — Well, good-by. The Circle meets with Mrs. Coleman next time, you know. It's Matthew Arnold then, is n't it?"

Paula met her at the door — pretty, slender, appealing little Paula — in a fresh white blouse, her curling yellow hair escaping from its elaborate pompadour arrangement in alluring little tendrils.

"Come in, lady. Are n't you almost dead with your old literary circle? Did Mattie Kitchell say, 'Why did n't Paula come to-day?'" — she mimicked the nasal tones of Mattie so accurately that her mother laughed in spite of herself, — "and did you have 'refreshments'?"

"Paula — stop. I wish you" —

"Now, mother, don't be tiresome. I would n't belong to the old thing for anything in the world! He's come," she added, nodding toward the stairway. "He's in his room."

"Not Mr. Risley!" Mrs. Nelson was dismayed.

Paula nodded. "He got here sooner than he expected. He's very tired, he says, and went to his room. — Oh yes, I gave him clean towels, and his fire is lighted. Really, he's not bad looking, but he's frightfully serious."

"Seriousness, my dear, is a good quality in young men," Mrs. Nelson responded with reproof.

II

Egbert Risley was wont to say to a listener — usually a married woman of sympathies — that he seemed to himself destined to work out, agonizingly, in his own soul, every phase of belief and disbelief that had vexed human nature for ages. This largeness of conception undeniably excited in his confidantes a kind of domestic awe freely infused with maternal pity. They felt, not unnaturally, in the face of so exalted and so tremendous a destiny, a desire to succor.

His arrival at the Nelsons' — after the wretchedness of his prostration — was coincident with the period in which Risley was inclined to regard marriage as the white man's burden, and to consider a life of celibacy best suited to lofty intellectual attainment. It was natural, therefore, that he should regard Paula with very little more than an absent, preoccupied eye. Indeed, the first evening after tea with the Nelsons, while Paula played excellent rag-time in the parlor, Risley sat with her mother, gratefully, in

the living-room and induced the talk to the point of declaration that all passion and fire had been burned out of him long ago. Risley, it must be confessed, was twenty-seven.

In spite of herself Mrs. Nelson was impressed, for Risley was not a man to be taken lightly.

"Oh, Mr. Risley — I'm — I'm sure you are exaggerating." She attempted — for Paula had pointed out to her often the position of the true mother — a slight maternal pleasantry: "Some day some charming girl will appear and steal your heart, and then" —

But he regarded her soberly. "My dear Mrs. Nelson, I would not have you imagine that I am not in sympathy with marriage for others, but you must know that, for myself, I believe the highest mentality would not be served by an alliance with a wife!"

It was a wedge. Mrs. Nelson's emancipation had not compassed intellectual celibacy. She was inclined to argue the point from an honest, old-fashioned conception of marriageable young men. In the midst of a discussion that forced her mind as never before to its full pace she remembered her duty as Paula's mother. She had a guilty feeling of doing Paula out of her recreations. The piano-playing was growing irritable, too.

"Paula will want — Would n't you care to go into the parlor and let Paula play for you?" she hesitated.

Afterward she felt a brief sense of shame for the interruption. Risley was courteous enough in his refusal, and, now that she had broken the thread of their talk, he went to his room.

"What on earth," demanded Paula later, "were you and Mr. Risley talking about so confidentially?" Mrs. Nelson imagined she detected resentment, and answered with hasty apology.

"He was talking about" — she decided hastily to omit particulars — "about some of his plans. He spoke of you, too, — how pretty and alive you were, Paula; he's an unusual young man."

"Unusual because he says I am pretty? — *Oh, no*, mamma! But you mean he's got brains, I suppose. Is n't it a pity, dear, that I'm not intellectual, too?" and Paula departed, singing.

Mrs. Nelson sighed.

That evening was the beginning of a community of mental interests between Risley and Mrs. Nelson. It was not arrived at simply on her part; for there was always Paula and her duty. Not since the years before her marriage, when, as a girl, she had the freedom of a great author's house, had she felt so in the atmosphere of things worth while. The impetus of it all brought a new light into her eyes — still good after forty-eight years — and a responsiveness into her carriage. Paula noticed it curiously; and Ellen Thorpe admitted to Mrs. Kitchell that Mrs. Nelson was certainly looking a good deal better than she had since she'd known her. The flat little blue bonnet that had successfully defied the fashions for ten years was sent to the milliner's for an aigrette and a bit of lace. She spoke shyly to Paula of the matter of renovating her gray poplin, her wedding gown. It *was* a period for Mrs. Nelson.

For the first week Mrs. Nelson made it easy for Risley to escape, and warmed to his good breeding when he did not profit by her unselfishness. She offered up Paula as a topic, but, after a courteous interval, Risley turned firmly to the abstract. They talked, brain to brain, for hours, Mrs. Nelson letting out the repressed thought of years, and Risley expanding under his own power to stimulate. This was the real tournament, — not that callow game of sighs and glances to which the unthinking world gave first place. They were differentiated man and woman by point of view, by subtle differences of attitude toward art and life: that was sufficient for piquancy. Her age to Risley only gave her the advantage.

In the thick of this talk Mrs. Nelson was wont at first, conscience-stricken at the youthful attention she was monopolizing, to retreat with something like, "I

am sorry my daughter is not here; she would so like to hear what you have said about Wagner's music."

"He was very kind to an elderly woman," she made herself say afterwards, when some unsubdued remnant of vanity would have suggested that she had indeed appeared well.

Risley came more and more frequently to sit with her. Sometimes Paula monopolized him, but more often she was content to have him talk to her mother while she amused herself otherwise, — very much as she used to give her nurse the big doll to hold while she played with the little dolls. But he was always "my Mr. Risley" to Mattie Kitchell and the Thorpe girls, even if she obviously cared more for him as a fact than as a companion.

Once, after Paula had insisted on dragging Risley out for a walk, she was generous enough to explain to her mother: "And he likes you, mamma; he thinks you are quite unusual. And he was n't saying it just to please me, either."

Mrs. Nelson took the crumb gratefully. Life with Paula tended to subdue fastidiousness in the matter of praise.

When Risley did talk with Paula it was with a manner that suggested a half smile. He grew in time to have a pleasant feeling for her in the geniality of his surroundings, and spoke of her to her mother as "the child."

In such manner the beautiful intimacy grew.

Nothing could exceed Mrs. Nelson's pride in the afternoon at the Circle when Risley — he had consented delightfully — read a paper on *Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Times*. Its erudition and its diction were immensely impressive. And the full instant came when she overheard Risley telling Mattie Kitchell that he had rarely met a finer or more original brain than Mrs. Nelson's.

At the tea-table that night Paula opened fire.

"Mother, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to drag poor Mr. Risley up to that awful literary thing of yours. Poor man, he looks fairly plucked. How can you do it? You know perfectly well that Mrs. Kitchell and Mattie and the Thorpe girls are just about intelligent enough to" —

"Paula," besought Mrs. Nelson, flushing.

"Indeed, Miss Paula" — began Risley.

"Now, Mr. Risley, I know you were just bored to death. I went once, and I give you my word that I nearly died. Ellen Thorpe recited Tennyson while Mattie Kitchell tried to count the tucks in my shirt waist, and the rest slept."

"Paula, dear, Mr. Risley himself read a charming paper on Arnold. I regret that you did not hear it; it was one of the best meetings we ever had. I wish" —

"My dear Miss Paula, it seems to me, really, that the Circle, which your mother has spent so much labor on, is a wonderful witness to her great worth. I think one ought to take advantage of every opportunity of culture. Fisherville is fortunate in having your mother."

Paula laughed, unabashed.

Mrs. Nelson gave Risley a glance warm with humility and pleasure. So it was not strange, when they were alone that evening, — for Paula had gone to a dancing party, — that they two should revert to the subject of Paula.

It came out, after hesitation and maternal shame, — Mrs. Nelson's confession.

"I don't know how to say it," she began.

Risley was kind. "You can say anything, Mrs. Nelson, that is in your mind. I never knew a woman more gifted with the power of expression. Tell me — I shall understand."

"Yes, I think you will," she said emboldened. "Oh, it is wicked to think it, even. But — but — it's Paula. She — she is such a disappointment to me."

He nodded gravely, and she continued, uplifted by the opportunity to open her gates.

"She disappoints me. *She irritates*

me. You'll think I'm an unnatural mother. I am, perhaps. But she has failed me at every turn. Her father — my husband — was a man of wonderful kindness and great physical charm. I loved him as a girl, but later — when he brought me here — it — my love — vanished slowly. We were never mentally akin. Never read together, or talked, really talked, together. It was enough that I was his wife. When Paula came I hoped so much, — I wanted her to be my kind. I dreamed about the days to come when we should be more than mother and child, when we should be friends. I gave her all myself, — read to her, put myself into her life, tried to give her a point of view, — yet little by little I saw it all coming, — just as it is now. We've nothing in common, nothing. Oh, how I have shrunk from it!"

Risley's rather prominent blue eyes were moist; his loose childish mouth curved with sympathy.

"My dear Mrs. Nelson!"

"It's silly of me to cry out like this. But sometimes — Fisherville is trying at best — when Paula breaks out, as she did to-night, I can't bear it. It seems to me that since you have been in the house living has doubled its value. You've been like a rain on a dry garden. Oh, I've starved so long, — you can't think the joy it is to have some one to talk to, some one who does n't think I'm old — and — and foolish." She stopped with a pathetic little laugh.

Risley's sympathy was grateful as he reassured and calmed and encouraged.

"But surely Paula will marry?" he said at length.

"It is my only hope. She's so pretty. Yes, she'll marry. I hope she'll marry a man of her own kind, — some one who will love her and care for her and think she is perfect — Some one without brains," she finished slowly.

He smiled at her. He gave her, in his gentle regard, such a sense of her possession of him. She felt almost girlishly elated over his acceptance of her secret. Whatever happened, now he understood her, and was not ashamed.

"Yes," he responded, "preferably some one without brains."

Mrs. Nelson added with a smile that was rueful: "If the man that Paula marries ever found out what I have said to you of myself, my feeling toward her, how he would hate me, — even though he might begin with a certain affection for Paula's mother."

"It would be a brute that hated you, dear Mrs. Nelson."

She loved him for his sense of her little tragedy.

III

It was late in the dinner; the fairy lamps on either end of the table had begun to flicker. The Thorpe girls were wondering whether Mrs. Kitchell would actually be so stylish as to have black coffee, and if so, whether they would have to drink it without cream. The occasion — in honor of Risley — was eventful, for evening dinners in Fisherville were a little precious; and it was, too, rather bewildering. Mrs. Nelson and Risley had assumed control early; they had talked, to be sure, over the head of Fisherville, yet Fisherville admitted their unquestionable superiority, — all save Paula. She resented being, as she put it to herself, shut out in the cold. Besides, Mattie Kitchell had observed the kindly snubs that Risley had unwittingly administered to Paula.

After all, it was black coffee; and during the leisurely elegance of it, Paula took matters into her own hands. She spoke with a confiding air of ownership.

"Mr. Risley, Mattie and I have been thinking that it would be lovely to give a little dance at Fisher's Hall on the tenth. It's leap year, you know, and so we girls are going to invite the men. Will you go with me?"

It was daring; Fisherville gasped.

Risley's eyes sought Mrs. Nelson with a light of understanding. That lady was

between shame and confidence. He smiled gently as he shook his head.

"Indeed, Miss Paula, you honor me exceedingly, but, unfortunately, I am obliged to decline the gracious invitation. For the truth is, your mother and I have made a delightful little plan of our own for that very date."

Fisherville rubbed its hands in secret joy. Competition between mother and daughter was excitingly new; but for the mother to win, — well, that was scandalously worth hearing. Nor did it fail to note Paula's angry red face.

It was like Mrs. Nelson on the way home to say with an eager humility: "Please, Mr. Risley, don't think of me in this matter. I'm an old woman, and I must n't assume too much. If Paula — you understand — our little plan" —

His courtly response was the best thing in the world.

"My dear Mrs. Nelson, I assure you that nothing could come up to make me prefer any pleasure to our hearing of the *Merchant of Venice*."

Not in years had anything so appealed as Risley's suggestion that the two of them go to Chicago on the tenth, hear a famous pair of actors in the *Merchant*, and return late that night to Fisherville. In the succeeding fortnight Mrs. Nelson was buoyant. The gray poplin was indeed beautifully reconstructed. The forgotten sound of orchestras was in her ears; she heard the stir of the crowd, the gasp at the rising curtain. It had been so long since she had seen a Shakespeare play. And now to go, almost like a girl, with Risley, — it was everything to her, she acknowledged joyously. Not even sullen little Paula must spoil it.

And then Paula airily departed, having tossed aside the dance, for a visit out of town, — that was a relief, too. Mrs. Nelson's mind had a really big clear space.

The day before their expedition — always a day of foreboding to those of few pleasures — Paula's telegram came. She was returning home that night. But that, in the long run, did not matter; the Kitchells would look out for her in Mrs. Nelson's absence.

Risley was good enough to meet Paula at the station. They walked home together in the crisp air. The confidence of her hand on his arm, the gayety of her, her triviality of chattering talk, her acceptance of him as friendly fact, — it all made for a patronizing geniality toward her.

"You're awfully nice and strong," she said as he helped her along over the icy places. "So you and the lady are going off junketing, and are going to leave poor little Paula all alone?" she pouted plaintively. Risley admitted it smilingly.

"Indeed, Miss Paula" —

"Oh, I know. Mamma's splendid, she has brains. I'm a terrible disappointment to her, I know. She thinks I don't understand that I tire her and disappoint her and annoy her, — but I do. Poor mamma; she's had an awfully mean time of it always; and then to have me thrust on her! She bears it like an angel; you both do. Even though you think me silly — and foolish, and stupid."

Her face, in the chance glow of a street lamp, was tremendously pathetic and appealing. She was a tiny little sheep — out of the fold of culture.

Paula sighed.

Risley felt a glow of good-natured protection.

When they reached the Nelson gate Paula loosened her hold on Risley. Suddenly he heard her fall, and turning apprehensively found her lying there unconscious, deadly still. . . .

So when Paula came home it was in Risley's arms.

Mrs. Nelson, meeting them at the door, saw him stalk by her — with a terrified word of explanation — and carry his burden bravely up the stairs to her bed.

The outcome of the accident had nothing of seriousness in it. As Risley and Mrs. Nelson sat before the fire late — Paula had gone to sleep like a pretty child — the older woman was conscious of a new restraint in him, a restraint he could not have confessed.

His eyes, at least, were utterly absent and turned, inadvertently, to the upper room; the gleam in them was not of mentality.

She spoke presently: "We must give up our excursion to-morrow." The dignity of her motherhood put any regret out of her voice.

"Oh yes, — you are right. Poor little Paula, — she is all right, you think?" His variation of inflection was a study.

"You understand so. Oh yes, she is all right, — a little jarred, but quite all right," she answered quietly.

To Risley Mrs. Nelson's response was curiously apathetic and cold; he resented her. Her own thoughts were busy over the kindness of the man and the irritation that he must feel at having his plans go awry. She hid him in the cloud of her affection.

Her sense of the situation prevented her from saying the things that inevitably she had to feel, — things that had to do with her helpless disappointment, her little resentment, her regret for his disquietude. She could not but notice, however, that he suggested no future carrying out of their plans.

Presently she left him by the fire, where he sat afterward, alone. She wondered, in her own room, what his meditations were, and felt a strange, ill-at-ease consciousness of something gone wrong. If she had but guessed the truth!

Egbert Risley was alive with the wonderful memory of little Paula. Not the old little Paula, — but a new little Paula whom even now he held in his arms, tingling with the joy of it.

He had lifted her, out at the gate, at first with fear and misgiving; then as he felt her in his arms, deadly still, unconscious, her pretty hair loosened about her face, he held her close and strong, wonderingly, with awe. The warm touch of her skin sent his head reeling; the dark line of her lashes on the colorless perfection of her cheeks made him suddenly breathless. It seemed to him, on the instant, that she must never go out of his arms again, the old masculine primitive protection like a little flame in him; and then, she seemed too frail, too wonderfully, perfectly fashioned for the coarseness and meanness of his touch, he dared not hold her longer. For the first time in his twenty-seven burned-out years, Risley held a girl in his arms — and tumultuously knew it. He did not question the elemental fact.

And if, in the beautiful impulse of it, he had kissed little Paula's closed eyes, that was a matter between himself and —

Before the fire, crumbling and charring into glowing ashen heaps, it was just Paula for him. Everything had fled from him but the glory of the burden he had borne up the stairs.

The room, in its placid silence, became but a haze, the world was a haze; he stared hypnotically into the point of light before him, entranced.

For hours and hours Risley sat before the fire, and always little Paula was in his arms.

The pale face of a new day — such a new day! — peered wanly in at the windows. Vaguely he guessed the truth that this day was to tell him, and Paula, — and Paula's mother.

ON IMPROVING THE STYLE OF THE BIBLE

BY J. H. GARDINER

In recent times we have heard much of new versions of the Bible which shall freshen its message and restore the vivifying power of its great truths. It has been discovered that there is something deadening in the old division into verses, and a hidden but magical virtue in the restoration of paragraphs; and that new light clothes the poetical passages when they are printed in broken lines. In somewhat the same spirit there are writers who look on a preference for the King James Version over the Revised as a willful choice of darkness rather than light, and a sign of blind mediævalism; and who hold that the language of the old version, not being the language of the street and of the newspaper to-day, is unintelligible and repellent to our modern babes and sucklings; so that ministers and Sunday-school teachers must translate it laboriously into commonplace words in order to make clear that the book is inspired.

One need not go far afield for examples of this spirit, nor to such extravagant examples of this spirit as the following, from an article in the *Biblical World* of the University of Chicago: —

"As a people Israel followed a zigzag pathway down through antiquity. It was also beset by unnumbered difficulties of various kinds. It led through daring and danger, through woes and foes, through knavery and slavery, through water, waste and war into the promised land. Once here, Canaan on the right of them, on the left of them, in front of them, and among them rallied and plundered."

In a tempered and intelligently considered form the love of paraphrase appears in many Scripture histories. Here is an example from a recent work of scholarly importance; it is a paraphrase of the stirring account of the murder of Jezebel in 2 Kings ix: —

"Jehu had not followed Ahaziah, but, giving command to his adjutant to throw the body of Joram into the vineyard of Naboth, he himself proceeded to secure the palace. Jezebel, as queen-mother, had continued to rule the kingdom after the death of Ahab. Her death was even more necessary than the death of her son. She was not ignorant of what was going on and was doubtless aware that the hearts of her people were estranged from her. Nothing was left her except to meet death as a queen should meet it. So she arrayed herself in her royal robes, and from a window that commanded the palace gate, saluted the entering enemy. 'Hail, thou Zimri, thou assassin!' was the cry that uttered all her scorn. Jehu could only reply: 'Who are you, to bandy words with me?' Then, as he saw the servants near her, he commanded them to pitch her headlong from the window. None seemed able to resist his will, and the eunuchs threw her down. Her blood spattered the wall, and her body was mangled by the hoofs of the plunging horses. Such was the end of the imperious Jezebel, daughter of kings, wife of a king, mother of kings. Her unscrupulous acts brought destruction upon herself and upon her children, but we can hardly refuse our tribute of admiration to the right royal way in which she met her fate."

So strong is this feeling that the old language of the English version has lost its virtue, that a body of anonymous scholars has set forth a *Twentieth Century New Testament*, whose origin, as they declare, lay in "the discovery that the English of the Authorized Version (closely followed in that of the Revised Version), though valued by the more educated reader for its antique charm, is in many passages difficult for those who are less educated, or is even unintelligible to them.

The retention, too, of a form of English no longer in common use not only gives the impression that the contents of the Bible have little to do with the life of our own day, but also requires the expenditure of much time and labor on the part of those who wish to understand or explain it." Here are some examples of their labors. From Matthew xxiii: —

"The Rabbis and Pharisees now occupy the chair of Moses. Therefore practice and lay to heart everything they tell you, but do not follow their example, for they preach but do not practice. While they make up heavy loads and pile them on other people's shoulders, they decline, themselves, to lift a finger to remove them. Indeed, all their actions are done to attract attention. They widen the texts which they wear as charms, and increase the size of their tassels, and like having the place of honour at dinners, and the front seats in the Synagogues, and being greeted in the streets with respect, and being called Rabbi by everybody."

And from Luke xii: —

"Think of the lilies, how they grow! they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his grandeur was not robed like one of them. If then God dressed in this way the very wild-flowers, which are living to-day and will be used for the oven to-morrow, how much more will he do the same for you, you men of small faith! And so in your case, do not be eager about what you can get to eat or what you can get to drink, and do not live in a state of suspense."

Concerning such results, of which I shall presently quote some more examples, one must admit that they attain the level of style of the daily newspaper. They certainly do not cloud the meaning by any glamour of literary distinction.

Still further examples of this desire to put meaning into the words of the Bible may be found in the studies in "Comparative Translation" set forth in the *Biblical World* in each number since January, 1903, in which the authors present a short passage in the original language, followed by the rendering of the Authorized and the Revised Versions, and then by a number of modern renderings, ending with "a translation of the editors, which will seek to express the idea as one would now express it if the idea were quite new, and he wished to tell it to some one else." Here are two examples of their results: In Ecclesiastes xi, 1: For the "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days," of the Authorized, they suggest: "Do good even to those from whom you may expect no gratitude and no return: after years of waiting you will find your reward." The second is from 1 Peter i, 17–21, where the Authorized reads: —

"And if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear:

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers:

"But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot:

"Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you,

"Who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."

Here these clarifiers and improvers of the text offer us the following: —

"God your Father requires of you, as of all men, a holy life. He has lifted you from your pagan ideals and practices to this higher plane of living, not by an ordinary commercial transaction, but by the giving of his own perfect Son. This supreme blessing to men, which God planned before he created them, has now been bestowed in Christ, whom he raised from the dead and exalted to heaven. You therefore have the best reason to trust God and to hope through his assistance to live aright."

The spirit of which these quotations are crass examples is tolerably widespread, as may be seen from the number and variety of modern renderings quoted by the *Biblical World*. The advance of scholarship has made possible the many corrections of the old text which are set forth in the Revised Version; and in technical works scholars are apt to cut entirely loose from the old phrasing in order to reach a higher degree of accuracy. For all such efforts there is undoubtedly a call and a need; otherwise scholarly and earnest men, who give their lives to the spread of the Gospel, — Good News, as the *Twentieth Century New Testament* translates the word, — would hardly have spent so much time on the task. Forms of words which are familiar tend to lose their hold on the attention; and in the case of the Bible there is an especial danger that the words may pass through the mind without making much articulate impression, since many of us have first known them through church services or family reading in the earlier days of childhood. At that age many words must be heard without understanding; so that afterwards, we may for a long time listen to them without ever clearly realizing their actual meaning and implications. For this vague and unapprehending kind of reading the modern paraphrases are a correction. The very unfamiliarity of the phrasing pricks the mind to attention; and a flagrant and ugly incongruousness between the thought and its form forbids the diffused, half-dreaming enjoyment which sometimes veils for us the precise meaning of a passage in the Authorized Version.

Moreover, it is also true that in many cases the words which to the scholar of the sixteenth century were natural and true renderings of the Hebrew and Greek, to-day are either somewhat archaic or have been found to be inaccurate. *Thou* or *ye* for *you*, *swine* for *pigs*, *sore afraid*, all being no longer in familiar use, have a somewhat different connotation for us than they had for Tindale and his successors. So, on the other hand, modern historians are probably right in holding that it gives us a clearer notion of the real facts, to call Barak the Sheikh of Naphtali, and David, in the days of his alliance with the Philistines, the Emir of Ziklag. Nevertheless, one may doubt whether strangeness or inaccuracy in such minutiæ ever produced any serious misunderstanding. To children many more words are unfamiliar than their elders suspect; as the teacher in Minnesota would testify, who, in reading the *Wreck of the Hesperus* with her class, discovered that to some of them the word "schooner" meant only a vessel to hold beer; or as was the case with the child who, hearing Sunday after Sunday the lines of the hymn, "The lambs He in His arms doth hold, and in His bosom bears," pictured to herself a mingled burden of white lambs and woolly black cubs. Teachers of children must be resigned to "the expenditure of much time and labour," not to speak of quick and sympathetic imagination, if they are always to keep the imaginations of their charges from ever roving in strange directions. And even a grown-up reader must put up with some inaccuracy of understanding in details if his reading has much range, since he can keep himself posted only in the larger results of current scholarship.

Nevertheless, as I have said, one must recognize the good service paraphrases and fresh translations may do by correcting and vivifying impressions of meanings when they are become either vague and inaccurate or else dulled through easy familiarity. It is well that we should be made to realize the Oriental setting of the Old Testament, and the homely simplicity of Jesus' intercourse with his disciples; and in so far as the language of the Authorized Version obscures such facts it needs correction.

On the other hand, when paraphrase or retranslation shows such unskillfulness in the use of language as characterizes the *Twentieth Century New Testament* or the renderings of the *Biblical World*, the ac-

tual loss of meaning is greater than the gain. Translation calls for a thorough and sensitive knowledge of two languages and high skill in the use of one; and skill in the use of a language means not only a nice feeling for the distinctions between synonyms, but also a feeling for the associations which give the color to words, and for the rhythm which gives life to connected discourse. One may easily attain novelty by disregarding such matters in a translation of the Bible, but neither full expressiveness nor universal acceptance and permanence.

Mere literary ineptitude, however, needs no serious discussion. What I wish to consider here is rather the diminished power of expression that one notices in reading even the best of modern translations and paraphrases; and in the second place the special source of power which lies in the sensuous form of style, over and above the meaning of the words. Thus we may arrive at a definition or indication of some of the attributes which are essential, over and above literal accuracy, to an adequate translation of the Scriptures. Some comparison of modern versions or paraphrases with the corresponding passages of the Authorized will provide us a favorable base for such a study, since the substance is the same, and the difference in power of expression therefore lies almost entirely in the less tangible elements of the style.

In this discussion one must not neglect the fact that the hold of the old version on our feelings is due in part to long familiarity; for in such matters mere strangeness creates dislike. The intimacy with which the Bible is woven into English literature is, without doubt, in considerable degree a result of the absorption of our fathers in the stories and teachings of the book. On the other hand, if the view which I shall here set forth be sound, this close and affectionate acquaintance with the book is in itself partly due to the musical attributes of the style; and we can point to the slight hold which the French Bible, which is inferior in just these respects, has gained on the French people, contrasted with the strong and deep hold of the German and English versions, each of them masterpieces of style, as a partial confirmation of this view.

In secular writings we call the special power of style to move the feelings eloquence, and recognize its potency without question. Only in matters which fall under the sway of scholarship is it commonly neglected. In no case is it susceptible of any thorough analysis and definition, for it is bound up with the deeper emotions and feelings of mankind, which cannot be reasoned about. Nevertheless one can point out, on the one hand, some aspects of the fundamental truths which can be expressed only by these non-rational and indefinable qualities of style; and, on the other hand, can name some, at any rate, of the attributes or qualities which a style must possess if it is to express such truths.

In the first place we may point out that the deeper and more elemental truths come to us by intuition rather than by reasoning: and that truths thus intuitively apprehended have an especial and coercive power of conviction. Faith, whether in the power of the Gospel or in the present and future dominance of science, is more compelling than reason. Moreover, in almost all our active life, we arrive at our conclusions by intuition or feeling; we judge of our acquaintances, we buy or sell, we choose our books or our occupations, because of causes which we can never exhaustively explain even to ourselves. Much more is this true of our apprehension of the underlying truths and principles which determine the set and tendency of our thought. We give elaborate and ingenious reasons why we are idealists or rationalists, believers or agnostics; and all the time the real cause lies far below the soundings of analysis in temperamental feelings too vague and diffused to be brought within the limits of a definition, too impalpable to be drawn into any process of abstraction. The per-

ennial failure of metaphysicians to catch one another by the most cunningly and strongly woven arguments is the standing example of the prepotence of intuition, even in what we call our intellectual life.

This helplessness of reason and logic is much more obvious in the field of religion, where of necessity, if God is infinite and the soul is immortal, we must be content in this life to see through a glass darkly. Here the most that we can hope for is to have glimpses of the truth; for the truth itself, being infinite, must transcend finite powers of apprehension and definition. In the matters, therefore, with which the Bible is concerned intuition is our only means of grasping the truth; and forms of speech which have been invented to express reasoning by analysis and abstraction are of no service. Our intuition of such truths can at best be only shadowed forth, and then only by that inspired use of language which we call eloquence.

In the second place, as all men recognize, the element of emotion, which is inseparable from intuition, is even less separable from religion. How large a part it plays in any given case depends on temperament: in those churches where music and a luxuriant ritual are the chief constituents of worship emotion is the largest part of the force that moves to a pure and charitable life; and even in the extreme forms of Puritanism the minister in his prayers aims to inform both his audience and his Maker of the emotion welling up within his soul that makes for righteousness. But whether warm and dominant, or cool and restrained, this emotion is the essential characteristic of religion.

We may say, therefore, that any translation of the Bible which shall be at all adequate to its task must be able to express those deep truths which we can reach only by intuition, and those large and noble emotions which make religion an active force in the world.

The language of such a translation will, as I have said, have little to do with the expression of abstract reasoning, for there is none such in the Bible; and it will therefore need few of the abstract and general words in which philosophers and theologians delight. But in proportion as abstract words of a precise denotation are less important, the connotation of concrete words, and the expressive power of rhythm become a larger and pressing necessity. It is a fundamental truth in rhetoric that those overtones of meaning which we call connotation inhere in the concrete word, and fade out as a vocabulary becomes abstract; and that the expression of feeling is through this connotation, which includes all those emotional associations and implications of a word which elude the makers of dictionaries. Mr. Kipling's fine lines from *The Five Nations* —

> "The solemn firmament marches,
> And the hosts of heaven rise" —

express more of the feelings which fill one when out at night under the great field of the stars than all the terms of scientific precision by which the nebular hypothesis must be expounded. Feeling and emotion cannot be expressed by abstract and general words.

Now this is one point in which modern translations and paraphrases of the Bible tend to fail. Let us begin with a piece of simple narrative, and compare with the modern historian's account of the death of Jezebel, quoted above, the following from the Authorized Version: —

"And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window.

"And as Jehu entered in at the gate, she said, Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?

"And he lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? who? And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs.

"And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down: and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses: and he trode her under foot."

Apart from the loss of swiftness and

compactness in the modern paraphrase, it will be noticed that the words are far more general. "So she arrayed herself in her royal robes" for "she painted her face and tired her head" is the most striking example. Even if the latter words do convey to us to-day a somewhat wrong impression, yet they have a vividness which has fixed the popular idea of Jezebel for all time. A more instructive example we may find by comparing a verse from 1 Corinthians xiii, in the accepted version, with the rendering of the same verse in the *Twentieth Century New Testament*. In the former it is (I quote from the Revised Version in order to avoid the contrast between "love" and "charity"): "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." In the latter it is: "Love is long-suffering and kind. Love is never envious, never boastful, never conceited, never behaves unbecomingly." Here the difference between "suffereth long" and "is long-suffering," and still more that between "is not puffed up" and "never conceited," is the difference between a concrete, figurative phrase, in which the burden of the meaning is in the connotation, and a more abstract and general expression, in which the feeling is paler. The mere physical figure of speech in "is not puffed up" expresses an emotion in the only way that emotion can be expressed, that is, by naming the bodily sensations from which, as the psychologists tell us, emotions are inseparable and indistinguishable. In this special case any one can find a striking proof of the psychologists' theory in the vivid response of his own consciousness to the figure. Here the modern version, by substituting the paler phrase "is never conceited," loses in force of connotation, and therefore in the power of expressing and arousing emotion. Some more striking examples of this inseparable dependence of any appeal to the feelings on concreteness of phrasing may be found in the declaration of God's omnipotence in the answer of the Almighty from the whirlwind, in Job xxxviii, and in St. Paul's triumphant declaration of immortality, in 1 Corinthians xv. No poetry is more highly figurative — or, in other words, more concrete — than these passages; and their expressive power — apart from the rhythm, which I shall consider later — lies chiefly in this concreteness of the words; for the full contents of such splendid declarations of faith cannot be expressed through the denotation of abstract words. Here style, if it is to be in any way adequate to its task, must fall back on its power of connotation, which can lift the imagination to regions which the intellect, proceeding soberly by the measuring staff of definition, can never attain.

In general, one may say that this cooler and paler tone is the almost inevitable tendency of all modern translations. Since the sixteenth century the English language has been enriched chiefly in the abstract and general words which have been adapted, mostly from the Latin and Greek, to express the constantly enlarging range of scientific and philosophical thought: and we write naturally and necessarily nowadays in these abstract terms from which the figurative force has long since faded out. Where Tindale wrote "suck out the sweet pith of the Scriptures," we should say "extract the essence;" and thereby, with what is to us the quaintness, lose also the eagerness and delight which color his words with their halo of feeling. Even when we take into account the love of picturesque phrases which effervesced into the affectations of euphuism in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and clothed itself in soberer colors in the quaintness of Thomas Fuller a couple of generations later, we must still recognize that King James's companies of revisers in 1611 must sometimes have adopted concrete and even figurative forms of expression for the reason that the abstract word had not yet been assimilated in the language. The same change in the character of the language shows in the richer colors of

Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, as compared with Langhorne's or Clough's, in the liveliness of Shelton's *Don Quixote*, and in general in the warmth and life of all the translations of the period. The difference lies in the emotional richness of the expression: and that goes back directly to the greater or less degree of concreteness in the vocabulary.

There is still another fact to take into account here. Along with the enrichment of the language through the constant acquisition of new abstract words, and the consequent gain in range and precision of thought, there has gone a considerable increase in the number of words which are used vaguely and lazily. Every general word will for an indolent thinker take the place of several specific words: *move*, for example, in an abstract but vague way, covers the meaning of *run*, *hop*, *slide*, *roll*, *tumble*, and a host of other specific words. In many cases these abstract words are hardly more definite than gestures: we use such counters of speech as *element*, *relation*, *result*, *effect*, without ever stopping to come to close quarters with their meaning. For several years I have set a class of sophomores in Harvard College to study a textbook in which *elements of style*, *principles of style*, and *qualities of style* are used as technical terms; and not three students in a hundred get them straight in their minds on the first reading. This is no doubt an extreme case: but it is safe to say that the general careless use of common abstract terms has largely dulled their expressiveness. Our modern use of language, therefore, tends not only to be less concrete, but also to be vaguer and duller than that of our fathers. This danger obviously makes more difficult the task of modern revisers of the Bible. Unless their scholarship is mated to a keen sense of the expressiveness of words, their revisions will lose both in color and in precision; and even where a writer himself uses these commoner abstract words with entire precision, he cannot always forestall laziness of attention in his readers.

We may conclude, therefore, that in so far as any modern version tends to substitute abstract and general words for concrete, that version tends to lose its power of communicating an essential and invaluable part of the message which the Bible has to bring to us. Such abstract and colorless renderings as I have quoted above are as translations neither adequate nor accurate.

It is not only in the connotation of words and phrases, however, that the power inheres to express the deep and noble feelings which are so large a part of religion; it lies also in the rhythm and other purely sensuous attributes of the style. Here we approach the realm of music; and we are therefore dealing with a power of expression which appeals to various people in very different degrees; and just as there are people to whom music means nothing at all, so there will be many for whom these musical qualities of style do not exist. We should not argue from the case of Darwin that the temperament of such people lacks the emotional depths in which religious feelings find their scope. Nor, on the other hand, should such people argue that since they themselves are not sensitive to the musical expression of language, therefore such expression is either non-existent or of little value. Here we are in a field where the blind must have as much charity for the sight of the seeing as the seeing have for their blindness.

At the same time it must be clearly recognized that in dealing with the expressive power of rhythm and assonance, even more than in the case of connotation, one must never try to define: here we are entirely in the realms of feeling, where one cannot even begin to explain. All I shall try to do here is to suggest and to make somewhat more tangible the mode of expression of forces which must always hover beyond the limits of man's comprehension. That style has this special power of expression inherent in its pure sound would seem to be too much a truism to need expounding: yet scholars in their

absorption with the tasks which are within the power of learning seem continually in danger of ignoring those things which lie beyond.

The power of music to express and arouse feelings and moods by pure sound is generally recognized. Even the man to whom a symphony orchestra makes only wearisome noises will find himself stirred by the blare and beat of a good brass band; and in this crasser form one can almost recognize in the thrilling of the flesh the responsive sensations which are the excitement. As music rises to higher forms, to subtler rhythms and harmonies and mingling of tones, it gains in the power to body forth those deeper, more diffused moods which for lack of more exact expression we call stirrings of the soul. Now since the symbols of style are in the first place symbols for the sounds of the human voice, style shares to some degree this power of music to body forth by direct appeal to the ear these feelings which must always elude articulate expression through the meaning of the words. How far this power of music and of the musical sound of language lies in the qualities and successions of the sound, and how far in the beat of the rhythm, one cannot say, even if it were necessary for our present purpose to know. All that we need recognize here is that the sensuous forms of style are in themselves an expression of some part of man's consciousness.

One may go somewhat farther, and declare that in these sensuous attributes style finds much of its power to express those deep and noble emotions which, as we have seen, are so large a part of religion. The case of the Authorized Version of the Bible cannot be cited here without seeming to beg the question. Perhaps the best example outside the Bible lies in the prayers and collects of the Book of Common Prayer. These prayers and collects, which were first translated into English by Cranmer and his associates before the middle of the sixteenth century, maintain their hold today on the affections of the Church of England and of the Episcopal Church of America; and the tendency of other churches to the adoption of a liturgy points perhaps to a wider place for them in the future. In the special aspect of their expression with which I am now dealing one may carry this appeal much farther back and to a much wider field. For Cranmer took over most of these collects and prayers from the old service books of the Roman Church, which in turn had gathered them from the writings of the ancient fathers of the church back to the time of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Chrysostom. With the genius of the sixteenth century for translation Cranmer transferred to the English not only the meaning of the words, but also the rich sound and rhythm of the mediæval Latin; and that without the use of Latinate words. Here are two examples, — the first the collect for the Fifth Sunday after Easter, the other that for the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. I give first the English, then the Latin of each.

"O Lord, from whom all good things do come; Grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that are good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same."

"Deus, a quo bona cuncta procedunt, largire supplicibus tuis, ut cogitemus te inspirante quae recta sunt et te gubernante eadem faciamus."

"Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may by thee be plenteously rewarded."

"Excita, quaesumus, Domine, tuorum fidelium voluntates ut, divini operis fructum propensius exequentes, pietatis tuae remedia majora percipiant."

In these cases, as in so many others in the book, one notices the small number of obviously Latinate words, and yet at the same time cannot help being struck by the similarity of the rhythm and coloring of the English to the Latin. This achievement in translation by which

Cranmer clothed a non-Latinate style with the organ-like richness of his Latin originals has not been surpassed in English.

It will undoubtedly be objected here that the example is of little force, since these prayers are known in this country to a very small number of people; and that the great mass of Americans, as well as a considerable percentage of English people, being descendants in religion of the Puritans and other protestants against the established church of England, find no comfort in a liturgy, and therefore no sympathetic expression in these prayers. The objection is sound and valid, but only within limits; for as we pointed out above, the bigotry of dissent is no less ignorant than the bigotry of response. I am here trying to deal with facts; and it is a fact that these collects and prayers are to great numbers of earnest people the most satisfying expression which they can find of deep religious feelings. This lasting power of appeal we may ascribe in part to the insight of the original writers into the spiritual needs of the soul; in part to the rich musical qualities which have been brought over with so little loss of color and fullness to the English. And we may think that, just as a cheerful frame of mind sometimes betrays the most unmusical and sedate of men into strange attempts at the whistling or humming of tunes, so here, in the case of these noblest and most searching of all emotions, the strong coloring of the sounds is at least as important a part of the power of expression as is the choice of the single words. Even the Ethical Society makes music a part of its cool and sober proceedings: and when we turn to religion we find music a spontaneous and almost universal part of worship. We may conclude, therefore, that the power of language to express religious feeling is inseparably bound up with rich coloring of tone and strong pulsation of the rhythm.

These same qualities of sound — the subdued richness, the strong beat of the rhythm and all the other subtler attributes which clothe the style with its simple and unconscious earnestness — are found likewise in the Authorized Version of the Bible. These qualities we owe chiefly to Tindale, the first translator. He set the style of our English version; his scholarship, his genius for language, fused by the heat of devotion to his mission and his deep piety, and guided by his passionate desire to bring the Gospel into the hands of the common people, wrought out a style which was worthy of the message which it was to carry. Though he did not complete the translation of the Old Testament, yet the New Testament and the historical books of the Old Testament which came from him needed only revision in details: and it is the crowning merit of the line of revisers down to and including King James's companies that they were wise enough not to try to renovate the style. They all instinctively recognized and respected not only the simplicity and the concreteness of the words, but also the rich possibilities of expression in the unaffected rhythm and the warm tones of the sound. In the sensuous qualities of the style, as well as in the literal accuracy of the words, they made constant slight improvements. A striking instance of this instinct for the expressive power of pure sound is in the splendid climax to St. Paul's declaration of immortality. In the verse "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" the two sonorous O's were first inserted by the revisers of 1611; and the eloquence of the passage thus lifted to its final height. We must hold ourselves fortunate that the work of Tindale was completed by men who united to the best scholarship of the day such sensitiveness of ear and genius for expression; and that the authoritative revision of their work in the nineteenth century fell into the hands of men who in perfecting the literal accuracy were not insensible to the spiritual expression of their text.

It is in the neglect of these possibilities of expression that one sees the second weakness of most modern revisions and

paraphrases. We must count almost among the lost arts the wonderful power which all writers of the sixteenth century had of clothing their words with the strong and varied coloring of emotion. Writing is drier and cooler to-day; and besides, students of the Bible must nowadays carry too heavy a burden of learning to the consideration of each single word to give to their style the strong flow which alone can create rhythm. Unfortunately, in too many cases they seem to have lost not only the command for these subtler capacities of style, but even the respect for them; so that despising them as matters of mere literary sweetness and charm, they leave their revisions bare, rough, and jolting. But bare and jolting language cannot express deep feeling: and unless modern translators and revisers of the Bible recognize that much of its meaning can be brought to expression only through these impalpable overtones of style, their labors, though perhaps necessary, can be only partial and ephemeral in result.

When we go back to the real value of the Bible we shall see how important are these considerations. The book has not survived through so many generations of men merely because it contains a national literature of extreme interest or because it is a fascinating mine for archæologists. It is treasured because it communicates great truths and arouses in men the deepest and most ennobling emotions. If it be set before us in words which have none of the stimulating power of connotation, and therefore no capacity to set the imagination soaring, it may set forth the views of theologians about the truth, but it cannot give glimpses of those truths which pass human understanding. And if the rhythm of its language be flattened out and the rich coloring of its tones be laboriously dulled, it loses its power to suffuse the workaday fields of life with deep and noble emotion. If modern scholars are to improve on the established versions they must not forget the fact that the definable meaning of words is only a part, and not necessarily the chief part, of the power of language to body forth the great truths which stir men's souls.

THE FERTILE HAND

BY EDITH RICKERT

If you knew Deirdre, you would understand what I am going to tell you of her. As it is — no, you cannot scoff; explain it as you will, the thing is true.

She has her name from the splendid heroic woman of Irish saga; but there is about her no breath of the divinity of the ancient Blessed Ones; she is rather of the "little people of the hills," who are all that is left to the world in place of those glorious spirits of old. Deirdre is frail of look, and moves like a reed in the wind, and you hear scarcely more of her footstep. Her hair is like corn frosted before the harvest, and her eyes are like the water of clear streams running over gray shale. And although she is no longer young, there is always upon her face the light of one who has known the fairies.

We often sit over the fire together — two lonely women in London; and sometimes she speaks of the strange things that befell her when she was still at home in Ireland. One evening, when she was in the mood, she told me of the Fertile Hand.

"I have it myself," says she, and glances keenly to see whether I must be numbered among the unbelievers.

"Well?" I saved myself.

"Yes, and it brings blessings to other people all the time, but to myself — I never mind that at all! I can't remember the beginning of it. I know I had it when we went to live at Killemara, dad and I. There was a shabby old house, and a garden that made you shiver — it was so full of decay. The first thing I saw in it was a fat grinning toad; and if it had n't been Ireland, you would have known there were adders among the stones of the rockery. The weeds were simply mobbing all the beds, — stinging nettles and docks and ugly, speckly things that were strange to me. There were some broken vases and a statue that had been blown over; and the ground everywhere had a settled mouldy look, as if nobody had turned it up for generations, and it had been quite given over to the dark things of the earth. . . .

"We could n't afford a gardener, and dad was too lame to hobble about much. He had just his pension then. He sat among his books and smoked; and I, when old Biddy-Bid was cross, — I would n't stay in the stuffy house where I was afraid of my own footsteps in the passages, — I went out into the garden and dug."

She stopped and reddened her slender little fingers against the flame, while I had a brief vision of a spidery, spindly child, bathed in yellow hair, struggling with a nettle-bed.

"You won't believe me," she continued serenely, "but at the end of the summer that garden was a village wonder. And I was just nine years old. I could n't have done much; but all the old things that had lain in the earth forgotten for years cropped up and blossomed."

"The ground needed a stirring," quoth I.

"No doubt," she assented, with a dim smile.

"You planted seeds?"

"They all grew. And others were there that I had not sown. The village people used to come in and look; and when they saw me they always shook their heads.

"It was Pat Ryan, I think, who first asked if I might come to help him with his sowing. I walked up and down the furrows, and I scattered some of the grain. He was talking all the while, but it was in the Irish, and I cannot tell what he said. Anyway, he had the biggest crop of any farmer for miles around, — such a crop as nobody had seen the like of for seven years.

"After that I went to many a sowing, and I planted the praties weeks without end. And all the people in Killemara were running after me to bring the luck upon them, till at the last, when even the hens would not lay, 't was I must go and touch them all to bring the blessing. And once, when Molly O'Shane had lost her baby that she and Tim had prayed seven years to get — I was walking along the road when I heard the crying of women from the house, and one of them came out and brought me in, though I was frightened and drew back. But they took me up to Molly, where she sat turning over her apron with never a word nor a tear, and I — I touched her."

"And was it lucky?" I asked, as Deirdre sank into a dream.

"Lucky? What? Who?" she exclaimed, starting up; and then she remembered what she had been saying. "Oh, Molly! She screamed and pushed me so hard that I fell and scraped my knee on the mud floor; I walked lame all the way home, I remember. And she cried out that it would never be the same at all, at all; but then she fell a-sobbing and it was better with her. And nine months after — to a day, mind you — there came another baby. It was a wonder — just; but I cannot tell you how it happened."

There fell a silence between us; but at length I asked: "And was that the only time you ever touched a woman?"

She turned her face away, and I felt rather than saw that the tears were falling as softly and swiftly and silently as one of her own Irish showers.

"No," she whispered, and while I

mentally cursed my blundering tongue, she added: "I will tell you about it."

"Not if you" — I protested.

"I do want to. There's no reason why it should always be kept sealed — least of all from you. I — besides — I was happy in it — I am happy — as happy as only an old woman can be."

She leaned forward and the firelight touched rosily all the frosted hairs in the yellow web.

"He — you must not ask his name, because — well, you can see his pictures in the Academy every year, and the nation has bought two. I — we used to go sketching together. He came to Killemara when I was a slip of a girl, dreaming dreams of how I was to go out into the world and do great things. I painted then. My father said I had a sense of color, but — I could not draw. And he said I had vision. Perhaps I had, but it did not take the place of technique when I came over to London and tried to sell my pictures. While he was there, I liked better to let him do all the painting, while I told him my visions. They sold well — some of them — afterwards: there was the Lake-Fairy on a Water Lily and the Sphinx of the Pool of Killemara, and there was the Ring of Monks that danced round an apple tree, tipped with the flames of hell, that grew in their cloister."

"Oh," said I, "that means" —

"Don't guess," says she, "and don't ask. It was so long ago. What does it matter? . . . Well, he went away to London, and the winter was long; and then in the summer he came, and the days were on wings. For three years he came and went — and we were very good friends. Then, one day — it was wet and he was painting me, just me by the old kitchen fireplace at home — he suddenly told me that he would be married within a little while.

"I sat perfectly still — he was doing my face just then — and when I was allowed to speak I told him how glad I was.

"And then he said, 'Next week she is coming with her mother to see my dear Killemara. Will you be kind to her?'

"I tried — I tried to be kind to her, but I have never hated any one so much. She was beautiful, as I never was, and she dressed always as she should, while I, in my patched cotton frocks, had to cover up the holes in the carpet with old rugs, and to count out whether there were enough cups and saucers that matched for tea. It was bitter, for she was rich.

"I could understand, oh so easily, how he came to love her. She had all the pretty ways that make men mad; and even though they were engaged, she still drew him on, and held him off, and made believe with others and all, until he was fairly out of his wits with love for her. But she did not trouble much about me, and I sometimes wondered . . . He asked me once for praise for her, and I said — truly — that I had never seen such a woman.

"It was the second summer after they were married that my father died. Then, you know, I came to London to do — oh, what is it that we will do when we are young? Do we ever really know?"

"But" — I protested. She was getting very far from the Fertile Hand.

"I — I'm coming to it. It is n't altogether easy to tell. After my seven years or so of hope and despair, I settled down on my little income just to be a contented old maid. Yes, I — I went early to see him in his studio; and once or twice he painted me. Not often. I could not go too often. And by degrees I found out that they were unhappy. His face told me at once, though he said never a word of it, or against her. Then, one day, I found them together quarreling, and he could not hide it from me. And another time she was angry and spoke bitterly against him. How I hated her! I used to shut my eyes sometimes just to fancy the joy of stabbing her to death. I could have done it, too; but I remembered him in time and how he would suffer by the scandal and all . . .

"Though I hated her so, I could not even then think her a wicked woman

exactly. She was only spoiled, exacting, and jealous and selfish, — not such terrible sins in the eyes of the world. She could not understand his love for his art. To her, painting was nothing more than a livelihood, and she thought that while she had the money and was willing to supply it — Well, she hindered him all she could. The two years that they had been married when I came to London he had done no good work at all, — only silly little decorative pieces. As I watched from week to week how it was going, how he grew more and more discouraged and pessimistic, I was fairly wild. I would have given everything I had or hoped to have to save him, but I could find no way. The woman was so abominably healthy and she gave him no legal cause for a divorce. One can't long be as miserable as I was then — not long and live. . . .

"But there was no way, dear; there really was none. I had just to stand by and see him go down — down . . . and his splendid gift shriveling up — through her fault.

"I could not be sorry for her — not even one day when I came into the studio and found her alone in a passion of tears. I don't know why she — told me — except that it was too late to conceal her unhappiness. All the while I hated every word she spoke; only — that did not mend his case.

"I sat down and tried to reason with her. Poor thing! — I can say it now. Then I had only contempt for the folly that was spoiling both their lives. I talked for him — for his career; and when I had no more breath, I knew that I was just where I began. She did not see. I don't think she even listened. So many women come to shipwreck there. Ah, when love is all the world to them, they cannot understand. . . .

"I found my hand upon her forehead. I did n't mean to put it there. I did not know — I hated her — and yet somehow the thing was done. We sat very still, and she presently fell asleep; so he came in upon us."

I thought she had lost the thread of her story altogether; but at last she said softly, —

"It was just a miracle."

"Do you mean" — I sat up in my chair.

She nodded. "It came. I did not mean to do it, but it came. It was the way."

I shook my head, an unwilling skeptic.

"You do not believe me?" she said, smiling. "Well, I suppose nobody would. But it's true."

I pondered, knowing her to be wholly honest.

"It was not that she herself changed so much; but now that she has children, the dear things keep the peace. And soon — soon he began to paint again. He is a great man. Not wasted. And she is still abominably healthy; but — I don't mind."

"And you think you wrought the miracle?" I could not help asking.

"Not I," she said at once. "The way of *It* is just to bring the blessing unawares."

The Fertile Hand — her faith in it was unshakable. . . .

She answered my thought: "There are some people who think they understand the world. I find it hard. But some things I know without any telling."

"But you yourself, Deirdre?" I began to urge.

"Ah, that's the way of the gift," she laughed. "He that hath it, lacks. His joy must come of the giving."

"And yours" —

She would not let me finish. "Just," she said quietly, and went away from me to stand at my table by the window.

"Oh, don't look at those shriveled roses!" I exclaimed. "I forgot to throw them away this morning."

"Poor things!" says she, and touches them with light and loving fingers. "You should see my room now, dear; it's a perfect hospital for decrepit and disabled plants, collected from my neighbors. But the patients are all doing nicely, thank you. As for Mrs. Bateson's ferns, on the

top floor, I have to keep them two months out of every quarter. At the end of the odd month regularly they come down looking sick to death; but in a day or two they brighten up and look almost happy. . . . I must be going. Please don't remember about my hand, since you can't believe. I don't want to think of you among the scoffers."

I had no intention of scoffing, be sure. When she had gone, I went over to my table to write. Really, the roses were not so bad, — what had she been doing? I bent over and touched them; the petals were almost fresh and — and, yes — fragrant!

Then I took up my pen and wrote this. Do you scoff?

ABIDING LONDON

BY DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY

THE dirge over Vanishing London which was raised in a recent *Atlantic* is one which must find an echo in the heart of every London-lover. And yet in the regret over each change, the sense of loss with which we wander in the *selva oscura* of hoardings and scaffoldings, missing our familiar nooks and byways, do we not lose sight of London's most mysterious power? For indeed London does not vanish, but abides. By some magic of its own the great city holds inviolate through all its changes the very atmosphere of the past, subduing the stones which yesterday saw hewn and piled to a semblance of the ancientry they have invaded. It is hard, truly, to find that "London small and white and clean" of the poet's vision; but the London of Stowe's Survey — with walls yet unbroken, Holy Well running clear, and youthful citizens playing at quintain upon Cornhill — may still be seen by whoso looks for it aright. And the London of old Pepys may still be traced in scenes which would be strange enough to the quick-eyed, small-souled chronicler. Or, pacing the new embankment to-day, past the gray bulk of the Temple, one may catch the vagrant scent and defiant colors of Shakespeare's roses, Yorkist and Lancastrian, across the space of mist-veiled green. The very ground is new, reclaimed but lately from the reluctant river, yet all the place is touched by the sense of far-off things, till it grows harmonious with that innermost sanctuary, the round Temple Church, where the crusaders sleep in basalt.

London cannot be disinherited of its memories and its dreams; more than any other city it has the secret of holding permanent shadows amid crumbling brick and evanescent stone. Perhaps it is the fog, forever unbuilding and rebuilding, or the vague half-effacements of mist, which work the magic; or again, those mystic suffusions of light in which near and familiar outlines are blurred and some far space is etched on a molten sky, remote and dominant. Certain it is that ghosts walk unabashed in London, not only when the tragic sunsets turn one's thoughts toward Tower Hill, but in quite an accustomed and friendly fashion; and their London has not really vanished, though the Strand be a wilderness of "improvements," and Booksellers' Row a thing of the past.

Let those desirous of finding how impregnably London holds its dreams — let them track those dreams through the thickest of the turmoil of change. The Strand, indeed, is laid waste; Holywell Street, dear resort of the booklover, is gone, and Wych Street with its gray, leaning gables. But, turning aside from that

highway where once grave John Evelyn stood and blessed God to see Charles II return to his own, there close at hand lies that other highway of the river, with all its freightage of dreams. Changed, indeed, is the river bank, but there, stranded and forgotten, very driftwood of the past, lifts the beautiful water-gate of York House, to whose steps no waves may wash nor any barge come gliding. The greensward is at its base in place of the green-gray water; but look for a while on the exquisite lines of it up to the curving shell which crests its archway, and the estranged river bears to those deserted steps the pomp of half-remembered pageants. Vanishing London? It is Charing Cross railway station and the embankment which vanish. Inigo Jones gate with the Villiers motto, that curious confession of faith, *Fedei Coticula Crux*, is real, and real no less the palace which is dust and memories, and the regal procession on the glimmering water, drawing toward these very stairs. See the tapestries brushing the current; the banners blown softly aslant; and hark, across the rush of the river and the rhythm of the oars, how the sound of music floats! One of Sedley's lightest lyrics, is it, or that dirge over "the glories of our birth and state" which the Merry Monarch loved?

Leaving that gateway into the past, it is easy, even in this new world of steam and iron, to find the ancient city, the brilliant fugitive court of other days. Tracing the highway of the Thames, that highway so abandoned, as fallen from all its statelier and more festive uses, what does it matter that the actual masonry about us is but of yesterday? Up sweeps the river mist, blurring the further bank till hospital, warehouse, what you will, is unbuilt, rebuilt to its former semblance. And the river remembers; steel-gray, steel-keen under rare winter sunlight, rippling to every nameless tint of jade, agate, and amber, touched sombrely by a sullen westering sun, it is forever the river of remembrance. And to one who glances suddenly from that current, dim or gleaming, to the gray, imperturbable Abbey, Westminster is to-day the spot of olden triumphs and tragedies more august. The superbly assertive tower of the House of Parliament subdues itself into inconsequent harmony with the spire of St. Peter's and the solemn Hall of Judgment; its late piled stones are the inheritors of those which echoed Eliot's clarion note for freedom, and they hold the dignity of their inheritance.

It may be protested that the Thames and Westminster Hall could dominate any scene, but it is not only in such consecrated spots that London exerts her wizardry. A few turns and not many steps, and the dreamer of dreams may pass from the busy streets to space and silentness in St. James Park. They are planning a new road through the park now, are enlarging the Admiralty, and doing a number of irrelevant things. Nevertheless, St. James Park remains itself, loitering place once of kings, now of vagabonds, and always and in especial of one vagabond king. Among all the other doubtful improvements, one very desirable reinstatement has come to pass. James II has returned to the haunts which he knew so well. The noble bronze of the last Stuart king was removed from its place near Whitehall some time ago, and now it is set up between the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, looking across toward the pond. There he stands, — James, by the Grace of God, King, a stately figure in his Roman armor, with an arrogant, melancholy countenance. And the strange thing is that there is no strangeness in his surroundings, though no stone remains of all that he once looked upon. At his right hand bulks the Admiralty; its red flag, with the symbolic anchor, strikes a clear note of color against the sky. James of York was a good sailor and fighter once. The world forgets it, remembering his later forlorn frustration, but the Admiralty, modern building though it is, makes a fitting background for him. Linger a while by the statue, watch the brave flash of scarlet and steel

from the Horseguards, look across the green reaches of the park: and the newness fades from stone and brick. James might step down from his pedestal and enter the Admiralty, there to confer with his cousin and fellow admiral Prince Rupert. With the thought of that valiant leader of forlorn hopes come earlier, more tragic memories. Across St. James Park the White King walked to his death. But the statue and the park belong to the Restoration, and so characteristically put aside those darker visions. The Admiralty, doubtless, is concerned about the Dutch war: it was of Rupert's victory, not James's, that Dryden wrote those sounding lines which tell how

"Their navy still a stiff stretched cord did show,
Till you bore in and bent them into flight."

A fine tense image of strife.

But the soldiers and their work keep somewhat disdainfully in the background. In the foreground, — why, the trim walks and green spaces would even now make a fair setting for those seekers of pleasure of whom Pepys and Grammont wrote. Yonder whisks my Lady Castlemaine's much bepraised lace petticoat; and there by the pond leans the black-a-vized gentleman with the sardonic smile, Charles II himself. Most companionable of ghosts is the Merry Monarch, not averse from passing light comments on men and things as he tosses bread to his waterfowl. The waterfowl are still there in actual fact, lineal descendants, it is claimed, of the king's pets, and help more than the bronze statue to hold past and present together. The fleets of Rupert and James of York sail no more the narrow seas; the dynasty which they served is no less driftwood; the vane of Whitehall has been set two centuries and more to the "protestant wind" which wafted William to England and James from his throne. But London preserves its essentials. King Charles's waterfowl quack and gobble happily in the pond, and James Stuart looks toward them from his pedestal. Charles himself could not hit on a comment more ironic.

But not alone in palace and pleasaunce does London hold itself inviolable. Out beyond the Horseguards lies the great Square of the Column, and Charles I rides in bronze on the spot where once the Regicides sealed the "good cause" with atoning blood. The royal statue and Nelson's column must settle matters as they can with the church, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, whose name babbles o' green fields indeed, and conjures back the time when wild roses grew along the Strand. Modern of moderns is Trafalgar Square, modern as the poet Henley who sang its praises; its swiftly passing crowds, its traffic, its quick stir of immediate interests, all glance by, as much things of the moment as the flashing drops of its fountains. And yet there are hours of twilight or of sunset haze when the great square grows remote and visionary, and there seems nothing anachronistic in the wreaths which latter-day Loyalists place beneath the king's statue, as if in homage to a wrong and grief still fresh.

And if Stuart London still abides in vanishing, — and let none doubt it who has ever recreated a bygone society from the sight of one link-holder in St. James Square, — even more tenacious is that elder London of priest and knight and burgess which holds its fastness in the city. Business enterprise may cut new streets and pile one story on another, but nothing serves to efface the "dread endearing stain of time," or to obliterate that little ancient town whose walls and gates and treasured fountains Stowe counts over with civic pride. In any keener air, in any light less lingering and reminiscent, the distinction between old and new would be sharply marked, and London's contrasts would not resolve themselves into harmony. As it is, the smoke with which we are all so fain to quarrel touches the new stones into delicate accord with the ancient buildings, and the sun-shot haze or spectral grayness which softens every vista is the right medium for ghost-seeing. Judged by harsh fact, Shoe Lane is irretrievably modernized,

not like Fetter Lane, which still boasts its jutting gables, but the dingy street declines to forego its antiquity to such purpose that the gallant, forlorn figure of the chivalric poet Lovelace may even now be seen, irrelevant and debonair, beneath the office of the *Standard*.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,"

sang Lovelace, nor does the crumbling of stone walls unmake the citadel of our memories. And so to this day Whitefriars *is* Whitefrairs, the Alsatia of old disreputable days, though the cutpurses have given place to journalists, and the tiny red danger flags against the grimy walls mean only that the passerby is like to be crushed by a falling bale of paper.

Beyond Whitefriars the Temple — But there, indeed, no spoiler has come, and the past is unperturbed among those echoing courts, where time passes but that it may be measured on their many sundials, and makes no other record. In the city's self what pressure of immediate life, what grapple of contending interests; and yet a stillness below the tumult, a reverie unbroken by all the crash and grind of business life which has yoked Kipling's *Winds of the World*. As one threads the narrow lanes or crowded streets the old life is at every turn, — a scar on the stones, perhaps, an ancient name from which the significance has half slipped. Rood Lane, which lifts no more its sanctifying cross, or Panyer Alley, forsaken of its basket weavers. Always it is there, potent, subduing, and the new buildings take on by its grace a seeming of antiquity. So little is needed to keep that dim, indomitable past bodily with us to-day: the glimpse of a church, say the flowerlike curve of St. Dunstan's portal, or St. Helen's cloistral in its square of green, hinting at the sanctuary of quiet within, where sleep citizens in flowing robe and civic chain, venturers who have made the great ultimate discovery, and warriors, their gauntleted hands long estranged from the swordhilt. Or is it, instead, the hall of one of the city guilds, or of the great trading companies which have borne England's empire to the seven seas? Much, truly, is gone of that London which was praised as "the supreme City of the whole Land, Mother of Authenticke Memory; yes, the very Chamber Royall for Majestie itself and the open Haven for all Merchandise and Commerce, as being the rich Store-house of Peace and Plentie." Yes, but the authenticke memory abides. Is the cornmarket gone from Cornhill, and the giant maypole laid low this many a May day? Yet there St. Andrews Understaft, old Stowe, yet poises his quill, unchanged in a changing world.

Mourners over vanishing London, come sup in a true old coffee-house in Change Alley, — rebuilt from cellar to roof, yet low-ceiled, wide-windowed, decorated with antiquated plans, served by traditional waiters, and looking straight into — no, not into Lloyd's Shipping office, but across to the vanished "Garroways," where perhaps the founders of the Hudson Bay Company are met to witness the first auction of furs. And then, — why, where you will, and in whose company you choose. Cowley, "irrecoverably a poet," may come from reading the *Faerie Queene* to be your guide, or Gower from where he sleeps in St. Saviour's, his beloved books beneath his head. Or if you choose rather a man of substance, why then stout John Philpotts, or Sir Thomas Gresham, or another of the merchant princes who wrought the greatness of their merchant city. In any case be assured your companion will find his London within your own, shorn, though it may be, of pageants, festive and tragic, and whelmed in the monotonous immensity of the latter-day city. So, in the end, you may learn to see it no less; present, unassailable through all changes; a London builded in part of actual and ancient stone, solid as that mighty Tudor gateway of Lincoln's Inn or the fretted front of Crosby Hall, in part of suggestions and memories, transitory as the wheeling glint of the doves' wings which brush the stone in passing. And that London does not vanish, but abides.

THE PACK-MULE

BY BOLTON COIT BROWN

Ages before the birth of the first wheelwright, some prehistoric innovator bound his burden upon a captive ass, while himself went straight-backed and free. The pack-mule, or "sumpter mule" of history, belongs to those times when roads were paths and weapons bows. The flight of time has done for him what it has done for these other things, so that now, except in odd corners where primitive survivals are still found, he is practically extinct.

And yet, to certain of us, perhaps because of ourselves having a primitive turn, and so a natural sympathy for such survivals, this pack-mule has interest, even charm. I, myself, am but an amateur of mules, — a man who, in a few mountain rambles, has developed an interest still lively and not yet dulled by satiety of its object. But experiences that are not long may yet be deep; and at times, when far-penetrating the primeval wilderness, alone with his little bags of food, his conscience and his mule, life is concentrated.

To the majority of the human race a pack-saddle would prove both curious and mysterious. Its form nowise announces its use, its first appearance being that of a small sawbuck entangled among old harness.

To pack, — tie your beast and load half your stuff on either side of him. If one side is heavier his back will get sore. Under the saddle place something soft, porous, and without wrinkles. The little sawbuck set astride his spine you fasten by a broad belly-band called a "cinch-belt." The mule will not like it, but you ignore that. For rough mountaineering we use a breech-strap and breast-band. A second cinch-belt may be placed back of the first. This allows milder cinching, notwithstanding which he especially resents the second belt. You continue to ignore his resentment.

Pack freight with common sense. Neither eggs and ironware, nor paper bags and sharp-cornered boxes go well together. Nor must the load chuck and rattle. Absolute compactness, that will endure to the journey's end, is the aim. The terrible jerking, jerking, jerking that a load gets is far greater than any mortal appreciates until he ropes a pack of assorted valuables to resist it. The load shrinks, the ropes loosen, — and then, if not speedily fixed, catastrophe.

The cinching amazes the tenderfoot. The rope, playing round the cinch-hook, is a power-multiplying device that will pull the belt as tight as you choose, regardless of the size of the mule, — and you do choose. Deaf to his protests you tighten ever tighter, until he humps up and puffs out, at which, bracing your foot against his side, you again tighten viciously. When his third rib cracks, make fast. The mule grunts, but soon goes off nibbling the herbage.

With good packing, after the first stop to retighten cinches, which, with some kinds of loads, is quite unavoidable, you go through any country whatever and so does the mule. At night all is found as it was in the morning. Not a hair has left the mule's back; nor are there any places that hurt him when you poke them with your thumb. Still, even so, it is well to wash his back with cold water.

Sometimes, enticed by the beauty of his sleek wetness, I have been led on to bathe him all over, rejoicing in his bronze-like shine. To a mule, however, all water is an abomination; wherefore my bronze statue generally walked direct to the nearest dust-hole and therein wallowed plentifully upon his back. In some of these respects the mule is a little disappointing.

Packing, however, is but the preface;

traveling is the book. As we travel, through trackless desert and boundless forest, many things are sure to happen. But some are surer than others.

The mule is a faithful beast. He climbs better than the horse, and is less likely to have his judgment biased by that of the man he travels with. Horses trust men; mules don't. Where a mule wills to go he will go willingly; but if he wills not to go, then he will not go at all.

Naturally the mule, like the rest of us, has to get used to things before he fully adjusts himself to them. A mule new under the pack will do things. Such a mule, young, able, vigorous, flinging a succession of vaults and demivaults into space, appearing, like a dolphin from the sea, for an eye-wink above a cloud of dust and instantly disappearing head first into it again, — ah, he is indeed a spectacle! — of woe to the camper whose flour and beans he radiates into the air in recurrent bursts, of delight to the by-stander; and also he himself enjoys it vastly. And he sticks right to it until the pack is no more. Then he stops, winks his gentle eyes, and walks along to where some grass is and eats it.

You come raging up, studying which death will best reward such devilishness. But to rage profiteth not: the creature is now mild as any Mary's lamb and meek as any black slave. So you fix him up, gather your dishes from an eighty-foot circle, scrape up a little baking powder, possibly some sugar, and — but it is too sad: I cannot describe it. And its tragedy outweighs its comedy, for you are ninety miles from anywhere where anything is.

Such doings affright even his own kind. One day in the San Joaquin our Jenny bolted straight at a six-mule freight team, — leaping, bucking, and bawling as she rochetted along. Nothing but the united efforts of three men with powerful vocabularies kept that outfit together a minute.

In the mountains, afterward, this animal left her companions and followed some other wanderers away off into another basin, so that we never saw her any more. Mules do that.

Yes, the disappearing mule is distinctly an institution. He does not go where he gets to because he wants to be there, but simply to accommodate you. He prefers being where he came from, his preferences being about as strong as half-inch rope. If you use a smaller size you will have a mule-hunt on your hands in the morning.

Or you may hobble instead of tethering him; although if he aims to go he will carry the hobbles along. In our first hobbling, we tied his forefeet and waited for the struggle and panic. None came: fairly laughing at us, he bounded down the trail like a giraffe. Said my partner, "It improves his gait."

A mule may be tethered to a dragging log or piece of brush. Once — only — I short-tethered mine to a small log, aiming to impede flight by entangling his legs. One rearward glance, one panic bound, two bumped shins, — and then a pyrotechnic display of expert heel-work. About eighty kicks in forty seconds knocked that log into little bits of bits.

A mule may be hobbled fore and aft also. And then there is the long hobble, which lets him walk but not run. Or a drag-chain may be allowed to trail from his ankle for his hind feet to step on. Or he may be enticed into a place with a narrow entrance, which you block up with poles and things. But a qualified mule will squat, like a lizard, and crawl under a pole knee-high.

In fact, there are quite a good many schemes for keeping your mule. There have to be. Some people feed him salt.

This centrifugal tendency of the mule makes it necessary that you be able to outtravel him in a day by as much as he has got the lead of you the previous night. Which if you fail to do, — give him up. For his rate steadily accelerates as he gets more and more scared to be alone in the woods, and you cannot track him after dark.

Stream-crossings make a man and his

mule more intimate. There are three kinds, — swimming, fording, and walking a log. Once beyond his depth, any mule will swim. Men have tried to coax mules thus far, but they could not. Others have, singly and in groups, tried to push him in. These, too, have failed. The mule, thus approached, is as pushable as a tree.

There are, however, ways. He may be surprised into the river or he may be regularly pulled in. By the first method, you get him as close as possible to where a bank overhangs deep water. Then, *suddenly*, give him a mighty boost: he loses his balance and — makes a splendid splash!

In the second method you tie his lead-rope to a tree on the far side of the stream, when an ingenious multiplying hitch enables just a common man to pull in the stubbornest mule.

A good mule makes no trouble at a ford, though sometimes he can't stay on it. Mine once meandered, pack and all, right off into bottomless deeps, whence we with difficulty saved him alive. At a strong, swift ford one may ride the pack, camel fashion, his weight helping to hold the mule from being washed away.

An expert mule will walk a moderately small log over whatever is below it. What that is does not interest him. One time I led an unladen mule over a bridge of eight-inch poles. To his mind this was a case for log-walking. Selecting the outermost pole, he walked half over when he slipped off. He was swept under the bridge and far down stream before he could scramble out. Another time, with his pack on, he walked to the centre of an eighty-foot log, — round, smooth, and without bark, — over a torrent, then bunched his feet and, turning slowly round, walked back.

Another curious thing about the pack-mule, besides his aversion to water, is his wretched helplessness when once he has fallen. Even when he but loses his balance, he staggers foolishly about when there is ample room and firm footing. He dreads a fall like death, and when he *has* fallen he thinks he *is* dead. Far up a trailless mountain side I led my animal across the face of a chute of loose stuff. Part way over he went heels over head for six revolutions. Again, he went over a fifteen-foot precipice, turned a somersault and struck on his back, or, rather, on his pack, — unhurt. One good thing about a mule is, he is tough.

Mules are so afraid of bears that the mere smell of one will depopulate the country of mules. But of rattlesnakes a mule is so innocent that he will enrage this serpent by smelling of him in an insulting manner, whereby he gets his nose bitten.

Yes, in the course of your travels through desert and forest many things are likely to happen. It should not, however, be judged from the foregoing sketch that they are always happening, that the mule is constantly engaged in bucking, refusing rivers, and falling down mountains. On the contrary, he is generally behaving himself, tramping along behind you, or, where you yourself cannot see the trail, he will confidently lead the way.

The mule is quite all right if only you do not try to take him for a donkey or a man, but always remember that he is just mule. He has a gentle eye, a patient soul, a velvet nose, and he prefers dry grass to green.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

"THE PLAGUE OF NOVELS"

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

A RECENT writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has lifted up his voice in strenuous protest against what he roundly calls "The Plague of Novels." It is a dangerously attractive title to one suffering from the cutaneous irritation produced by compulsory contact with successive swarms of the ubiquitous pest in question. Merely to hear the ordinary twentieth-century romance characterized in terms which are usually reserved for the mosquito and the brown-tailed moth gives a fillip to the sunken spirits of the official reader, and calls up wild visions of some equivalent of the petroleum bath, which might make wholesale havoc with the germs of our torment, or a species of "smudge" potent enough to asphyxiate, at one skillful waft, a million or so of giddy and gauzy little books.

Not that Mr. Cuthbert Haddon — the English writer whom I have quoted — is in the least inclined to take a light or humorous view of the evil which he deprecates. On the contrary, he regards it as one of the worst symptoms in a generally bad situation, and he is nothing if not solemn and statistical. He goes into an elaborate calculation to show that the press of the United Kingdom now issues, upon an average, five new novels and a small fraction on every day of the calendar year — Sundays included; and the bulk of this output he does not hesitate to describe as "distressingly and appallingly bad." Many of these tales, he goes on to say, "are not even written in decent English. The plots are incoherent when they are not hackneyed; the characterization is limp and feeble, the dialogue is imbecile and superficial; — in short, the whole performance is not worth the ink and paper expended upon it." Readers, reviewers, and booksellers, Mr. Haddon assures us, are alike sick of these abortions, and he inquires of men and angels why they are published. Calming himself to his fatal figures once more after this outburst, he presently arrives at the result that, of these eighteen hundred annual romances by known and unknown authors, only about one in fifteen pays the cost of publication. He accounts for the remainder on the theory that, in a large majority of cases, the publisher takes advantage of his petitioner's financial innocence, and agrees to produce his book, if the latter will contribute toward the cost of the venture a specified sum, which, in reality, covers the said cost, leaving a small margin of profit to his astute sponsor. Eighty pounds sterling is named as the average amount required and received from an inexperienced writer.

I am inclined to think, by the way, that this kind of arrangement is much more common in England — where a good many comparatively affluent people write books, novels especially, because they have nothing better to do — than among ourselves, where the wealthy are for the most part naïvely absorbed in the pursuit of a "good time;" while the nameless candidate for literary honors is apt to be distinctly needy, and could no more stake four hundred dollars on the success of his first experiment in fiction than he could buy Lord Acton's library and present it to Mr. John Morley, after the casual fashion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. But the publisher, too, must live, and our present concern is neither with the amount nor the source of his mainly encouraging profits, but with the wares which he offers for our inspection.

Now I am afraid we must admit, at the

outset, — and if we must, let us do it promptly and good-humoredly, — that all the hard things which Mr. Haddon says concerning contemporary fiction in England apply with added force to the American. Ours is quite equal in bulk to the transatlantic product, and, as a whole, it is distinctly inferior both in mechanical craftsmanship and in intrinsic interest. Why else is it that when seeking for an hour's more or less idle diversion at railway bookstall or Tabard Inn, we always, other things being equal, choose an English tale, whether by a famous or an obscure author, in preference to an American one of similar notoriety? The unreflecting patriot will probably reply at random that we do not; and then go on to add, with better show of reason, that other things are not equal. English fiction of the very feeblest order has not, it may be presumed, inherent force enough to cross the Atlantic at all. An English name must have some shadow of prestige, an English work some fairly plausible presumption of merit, before even that disinterested being, the American publisher, will care to undertake its reprint. Consequently our worst is continually brought into comparison with their better, or, at all events, their less bad, on the fly-blown stall and in the public mart. But admitting so much, we must still, I think, yield the palm in this not very noble competition to our elder and more practiced kinsfolk.

Here, however, are the summer novels of both countries lying in heaps all about us, ripe and unripe, fair and speckled, — like the tumbled fruitage of a wind-blown orchard. Let us take a rapid survey of the crop as it lies, and see how our home harvest of this particular season will compare with that grown and gathered upon the ulterior shore.

There are fashions in fiction as in dress, and the prevailing modes will be much the same, at any given period, all over the civilized world. For the moment the historical novel, so called, is in general favor, and we get one specimen of this class from England of an unusually high if not the very highest order. The *Queen's Quair*, by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, has all the literary qualities which have rendered his previous work notable, — terseness of narrative, unhesitating boldness of design, a rapid flow of simple, forceful, and yet perfectly natural dialogue, abundant information about the period he undertakes to portray, and a truly marvelous power of imparting to — one might almost say imposing on — the reader his own often eccentric and startling conception of persons and events in the past. Yet more characteristic of Mr. Hewlett's bold method, and his defiant, almost exaggerated independence of judgment, is a certain calculated coarseness of stroke which often offends the reader's taste or wounds his cherished partialities, but creates an ineffaceable impression, and adds enormously, in the end, to the effect, as seen from a little distance, of the artist's dashing work.

Whether or no the Mary Stuart of the *Queen's Quair* is more like the real woman than any of the widely various portraits which have been drawn of her in the pages of serious history, she has this signal advantage over almost all of them, — that she is consistent with herself. Her temperament enfolds the germ of her deeds; her heritage is clearly seen to imply, at once, the evasive witchery of her person, the lambent brightness of her intelligence, and the strangely arrested development — coexisting as it did with an ardent and heroic form of piety — of her moral sense.

It is a well-known fact, much discussed, as all that pertains to her exciting story has been, that hardly two, even of the painted likenesses of Mary, tell the same tale concerning her personal appearance. We meet her in halls and galleries and private shrines, and each time she seems to wear a new integument, not of serge or velvet merely, but of flesh and blood. The preternaturally white skin is, to the best of my remembrance, always there; but in one frame the young queen is dark-

haired and looks haughtily down on us from under her jeweled cap, out of gray or violet eyes; and in another she has glowing, yet languishing brown orbs, and a rust-colored *chevelure*. Here we find her with the rather short face and sweetly balanced features of the Greek ideal; and there with the elongated oval countenance, and acutely refined lineaments which we know to have been those of so many of her race, and which there seems every antecedent reason to suppose were transmitted to herself as well. But while we continue to doubt concerning the outward semblance of one who confused the brains of men while she stole their hearts away, comes Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and throws his piercing lime-light upon the *svelte* figure of the widow of nineteen, as beheld by her uncle, the Cardinal, when he had forced an entrance into her *chambre de deuil* at Orléans; and something within us involuntarily exclaims that this picture is authentic: —

"A tall slim girl, petted and pettish, pale (yet not unwholesome), chestnut-haired, she looked like a flower of the heat, — lax and delicate. Her skin, but more, the very flesh of her seemed transparent, with colour that warmed it from within, faintly, with a glow of fine rose. They said that when she drank you could see the red wine run like a fire down her throat, and it may partly be believed. . . . The Cardinal, who was no rhapsodist of the sort, admitted her clear skin, admitted her patent royalty, but denied that she was a beautiful girl, even for a queen. Her nose, he judged, was too long, her lips too thin, her eyes too narrow. He detested her trick of the sidelong look. Her lower lids were nearly straight, her upper rather heavy: between them they gave her a sleepy appearance, sometimes a sly appearance when, slowly lifting, they revealed the glimmering hazel of the eyes themselves. Hazel I say, if hazel they were, which sometimes seemed to be yellow and sometimes showed all black. . . . Beautiful she may not have been, though M. de Brantôme would never allow it, but fine, fine she was, all over — sharply, exquisitely cut and modelled; her sweet, smooth chin, her amorous lips, bright red where all else was pale as a tinged rose; her sensitive nose, her broad, high brows, her neck which two hands could hold, her small shoulders and bosom of a child."

There is an equally convincing portrait of Darnley, — too minutely elaborated for reproduction here; and it is thus that Mr. Hewlett allows his flash-beam to waver for a moment over the ominous figure of Bothwell as he first appeared, at Nancy, to the queen and her Maries: —

"She [Mary Livingstone] said that he had a saucy eye — which was not denied — and was too masterful: 'You can tell it by the hateful growth of hair he hath,' she cried. 'When he lifts up his head to laugh, — and he would laugh, mind you, at the crucified Saviour! — you can see the climbing of his red beard, like rooted ivy on an old wall.'"

But it is not merely the detached figures in this dark drama that live again under the spell of Mr. Hewlett's virile imagination. He has achieved a masterly composition as well.

The whole stormy and ferocious mob of mainly evil men who surrounded the royal exile in bleak Scotland is beheld, for one moment, in exact focus through the glass with which he provides us. Knox, Moray, and Ruthven, Lethington and Riccio, no less than Bothwell and the despicable but hapless Henry Darnley, men about whose names such controversies have raged, group themselves here with seeming ease, both in due subordination to the tragic central figure and in inevitable relation to one another. Our author's reading of the long-standing Marian riddle is a painful one, but it is awfully plausible. He answers the central question, over which the queen's devotees and her detractors have been wrangling for centuries, and will doubtless wrangle on, as it must already have been answered, one would think, in the secret depths of most human hearts, —

whether coldly hostile to the soul upon its trial, or keenly compassionate. Was Mary guilty of Darnley's murder? *She knew that Bothwell would compass it.* Even so the indictment is a terrible one, against a brilliant, lovesome, and unhappy being whom one would fain adore. But it need not, and should not, be forgotten that the whole period covered by the *Queen's Quair* constitutes only a brief, early episode in a life that ended before forty; and that the years of Lochleven and the supreme days of Fotheringay afforded ample time and incomparable opportunity for the sinner to expiate and the saint to grow.

I have lingered over the *Queen's Quair* because of its paramount excellence as a work of art. There is no other, even among the English books of the season, that can well bear comparison with it. *Olive Latham* — the new story by Mrs. Voynich — has power of course, and breathes the same spirit of burning pessimism, social and political, which rendered *The Gadfly* and its successor such dismally memorable reading. It is a temper of mind which may well have been induced by the dire experiences in Petersburg and Siberia of Mrs. Voynich and her husband; and it is perhaps not without a certain moral value in the way of providing the comfortable and self-indulgent reader with a gauge of the possibilities of human suffering under demonstrably existing conditions in Russia.

I have often thought that the great Russian writers of the now departing generation — Tolstoï, Dostöievsky, and the rest, in whose stern school Mrs. Voynich has been so apt a pupil — had fulfilled some part of their mission by supplying the modern mind and conscience with a practical substitute for the fast fading theological conception of hell. Man's inhumanity to man is a no less real horror than it was in Cowper's day; and the dark places of earth are as full as ever of the "habitations of cruelty." But it seems just at this moment as though the judgment of Russia, at least, were actually begun, and we had but to look on in awed silence at the accomplishment of the vengeance inevitably exacted by the knout and the *bagne*.

Relaxation of the most complete from the grim tension to which Mrs. Voynich subjects her readers may be found in the mild pages of *The Challoners*, a society novel of a rather goody-goody cast, and a distinctly lachrymose *dénouement;* by whom of all people, but the seemingly ranged and repentant author of *Dodo?* It is really hardly fair in Mr. Benson thus to betray our confidence that he will at least amuse us, but it would be a monstrous thing, of course, to deprecate his conversion. A far better and brighter story of the blameless order is *Lychgate Hall*, by the unpretending but agreeably known author of *Fiander's Widow* and *The Manor Farm*. It is a tale of the ever picturesque last century but one, in England, full of neat characterization and spirited adventure, evolving smoothly and naturally, and ending as it should. It is a specimen of the kind of book which almost writes itself in a country of definite and time-honored social forms and long-inherited literary aptitudes, — a kind which will not be possible among us — fast as we move or rather tear onward toward perfection — for a good many years to come. And it is just here, I think, and by no means in the duller native wit or even the clumsier manipulation of our home writers, that the reason lies for that general inferiority of American fiction which I have rashly undertaken the ungrateful task of illustrating. Goethe once told his countrymen, with the superb candor peculiar to that great autocrat in the things of the mind, that the reason why they had no such thing as a first-rate German comedy was because there was nowhere to be found in all the Fatherland a highly organized and finished society. It is much the same with ourselves. The results of our dramatic experiments are shapeless and perishable because the stuff out of which they are made is unseasoned. One

of the most thoughtful and penetrating writers we have has undertaken to preach this very truth in a parable; and the novel by which Judge Grant will be longest remembered was so peculiarly effective, that its crude heroine was instantly and widely recognized — in some quarters indeed fiercely resented — as a type; and the inspired name of Selma has already been adopted into our language as a common noun. Yet even of *Unleavened Bread*, for all its grave purpose and unflinching veracity, it may be said without disparagement, as Sainte-Beuve said of the great Augustine's *Civitas Dei*, that the title is more than the book.

The truth is that it is hardly possible to notice otherwise than summarily and collectively, or even to distinguish one from another, the countless more or less unpromising experiments in every branch of popular fiction which issue in an unbroken stream from over-teeming presses. We have them this year, literally by the dozen, in every one of the lines of which I have cited an English example; and "Passing Away" is the motto stamped upon the coquettish covers of the very best of them, while the worst bring unbidden to our remembrance that forlornest of epitaphs upon the infant of a day:—

> "Since so soon I was to be done for
> I wonder what I was begun for."

Our light literature corresponds only too exactly with the ephemeral cities which we build for the housing of our World's Fairs. It is a matter of lath and plaster, of excessive and often utterly unmeaning decoration, of improvised lagoons, imported gondolas and lavish electric illumination. Our so-called "society" novel is, perhaps, the worst variety we have. Always vapid, it seldom escapes being vulgar as well. Our "hig-lif" — to adopt the delightful French locution — presents a gorgeous and imposing spectacle, but it is too conscious of its own resolved elegance, too constrained as yet in its fine, imported clothes, to sit easily and gracefully for its portrait. Even a born *raconteur* like Mr. Marion Crawford, who can build a very palace of delights upon a block of Etruscan masonry with a few bits of green bronze, oxidized glass, and Roman mosaic, becomes trivial and tawdry the moment he plants his foot and sets up his camera in Newport or New York. On the other hand, our pamphlet-novel — or novel of tendency — grapples lightly with commercial and political problems so complex, and involving so many as yet imperfectly understood elements, that it is hardly possible even to state its conditions intelligibly — not to speak of solving them.

Our most healthful and hopeful species of native romance is (I think) the chronicle of rustic sport and rude adventure; representing what is sometimes rather affectedly called a return to Nature, — tales of Western cowboys, Gloucester fishermen, Penobscot logmen. These are breezy and stirring as a rule, and distinctly restful reading after the novel of (bad) manners; but they are sorely handicapped in the race for literary honors by the fact that their characters, beginning with the doughty hero, are all compelled to converse in one form or another of what is erroneously supposed to be dialect.

It would be unfair, however, to confound with the common run of idle tales, or to mention otherwise than with sincere respect, so conscientious and in many ways able a performance as *The Crossing* of Mr. Winston Churchill. But how long and toilsome a crossing it is, and, except for a few striking episodes, — like the battle in Charlestown harbor, — how wearisome! Every step of the pioneer through the wilderness counts; every Indian scalp is named and numbered; every tree registered as it falls by the axe of the indefatigable settler! But here, too, as it seems to me, the trouble lies less with Mr. Churchill, who has elsewhere shown himself an animated and sometimes even thrilling narrator, than with the impracticable character of his theme. The historic vista is too short; the back-

ground of hideous and squalid savagery too near, as yet, for the purposes of art. There are elements of genuine romance in the early history of the great Southwest; in Daniel Boone's dash for the wild, and Aaron Burr's audacious dream of a Texan empire, and the transient ascendency of such born leaders of men as Clark and Sevier. But a hundred or two more years must elapse before they are ripe for the novelist's purpose. Even then, I fear, the North American Indian, treated realistically as Mr. Churchill treats him, will prove a difficult subject for fiction. He is a singularly monotonous being; as uninteresting intrinsically to any but the ethnologist as the long rows of grotesque totems and gray flint implements that represent his elementary handiwork in miles of chill museum.

There is another among the summer books which deals with the same theme as *The Crossing*, — the hardships and heroisms of the early settlers of Tennessee and Kentucky. It is a collection of short stories entitled *The Frontiersmen*, from the powerful pen of the lady who writes under the pseudonym of Charles Egbert Craddock. But she cunningly evades the tough problem of the Peau Rouge by substituting for the veritable savage that mainly ideal being who sprang full-moccasined, once upon a time, from the brain of James Fenimore Cooper. The notes at the end of *The Frontiersmen* are by far the best part of the book. They show industrious research among the archives of the central states, and bring to light many new and striking facts in their obscure early history.

At the opposite pole from these dutiful but still arid annals of our aborigines — if aborigines they were! — we find a few calm studies in the customs and ethics of the American rich, from the finely pointed pen of Mrs. Edith Wharton. The *Descent of Man*, from which the book takes its name, is an ingenious bit of satire, — so ingenious indeed and far-fetched, as to border upon burlesque. I find this witty lady most admirable when she approaches, in the light, detached, undemonstrative, but imperturbably gentle manner peculiar to her, with never a suspicion of soil upon her own dainty fingers, some such anomalous and rather sickening social situation as we find discreetly suggested in *The Other Two* and *The Reckoning*. Mrs. Wharton has done much to redeem the American society novel from the reproach of utter commonness, but yet, once again, are not her subtle method and refined analysis almost thrown away upon so flimsy a subject?

Upon the whole, I can think of no better remedy for the excessive consumption of crude fiction by our people than the simple and inexpensive one of *not writing the books*. It is so easy, as some sententious person has, I think, observed before me, not to write a novel! Stint the childlike public for a season of its beloved green apples. Resist the temptation prematurely to photograph the flux of human atoms amid which we live, and the fatuous impulse will in time flee from you. I speak with a certain assurance here, having myself made, long years ago, an earnest attempt or two at writing a domestic novel. These efforts were signally, and, as I now think, very properly unsuccessful, and I call the *Dii indigetes* to witness that I have not repeated the experiment. I have been well content to wait, as I counsel my fellow countrymen and women — unless positively overpowered by vocation — to do, for the event that will disconcert all prophecy, when it arrives, and belie all theory; — for that surely appointed hour in the near or remote future when there shall come spontaneously, without observation, and from the quarter whence it is least expected, some such glorious outburst of the radio-activity of true genius as gave us the *Scarlet Letter* out of a back street in Salem, Massachusetts, more than fifty years ago.

TWO HISTORIANS

THE new biographies of Prescott and Parkman, recently added to the Ameri-

can Men of Letters Series, bring fresh opportunities of comparison and contrast between these two historians.[1] In outward circumstances they had much in common. Below the surface the divergences were wide. Their personal backgrounds and educative influences had the similarities which Boston in the first half and in the second half of the nineteenth century, broadly speaking, could so well provide. The differences between them were temperamental, and radical. Each had the fortune to be free from the necessity of remunerative labor. Each, therefore, deserves the credit for having done so much of it. Prescott, besides enjoying the greater financial freedom, — "his purse did not lay an embargo on his scholar's instinct," says Mr. Ogden, — had for his chief physical handicap the disability of eyesight which resulted from a mere accident, a wanton-seeming caprice of fate. The disabling of Parkman's vision was but one of many handicaps, the outgrowth of a general condition, intensified by his too vigorous dealings with life. "His body," says Mr. Sedgwick, "was but a ragged fort in which the spirit was incessantly beleaguered;" and again, in reference to his purgatory of inaction during the civil war, "there is not a chapter in his books which does not show that the bent of his spirit was to fight by day in the forest, and bivouac by night under the stars; and yet while a million men were under arms he was not able to take any part, even the very least." Where Parkman was restive and headlong, Prescott showed the acceptance and patience of a nature with less need of the curb. It was characteristic of Prescott that many of his earlier years were spent in deliberating upon the theme to which he should devote himself. From boyhood Parkman could not help knowing what he wished and meant to do, or doing it with a zeal which bent every energy and thought to the prosecution of a single purpose. Prescott, the "well-bred gentleman of letters," was conspicuously an historian of the old school, writing of what was virtually as remote from him as Greece or Rome. He was under no enforcement to visit the scenes with which he must deal, and make his studies at first hand. It was enough to collect the records as a scholar, and, as an accomplished writer, to give them forth in a form to delight the reader. Parkman stood among the pioneers of the new school. He shirked none of the obligations of old-fashioned scholarship, or of the more modern method requiring some personal contact with his themes. "A cartload of practical experience" was what he himself said he brought back from the Oregon Trail. This, too, was what he sought in all his travels, into the woods, amongst Indians, little changed since the time of Pontiac, and at the headquarters of the religion which the French brought with them to the New World. With such differences of method, as of temperament, it is inevitable that Parkman's work, like the story of his life, makes the more vivid appeal to the generation of which his spirit is more characteristic than the spirit of Prescott.

From the very material with which Mr. Ogden had to deal — stimulating as it is — his opportunity to tell the absorbing story of a life was a little more restricted than Mr. Sedgwick's. It is obvious that each of the two biographers has been somewhat hampered by the previous existence of a satisfactory treatment of his subject. Ticknor's *Life of Prescott* and Mr. Farnham's *Parkman* are reasonably familiar to readers of American biography. But would not the writer of one of these shorter *Lives* do better to assume that every reader will take up the book innocent of all knowledge of its substance? Mr. Ogden seems, indeed, to have felt at times that his readers must be almost as familiar with Ticknor's volume as he himself has had to become.

[1] *William Hickling Prescott.* By Rollo Ogden. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Francis Parkman. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Yet he throws an interesting light on Ticknor's point of view when he says that "to bring out vividly the playful and engagingly human aspects of Prescott's character would doubtless have seemed to him like taking liberties with the Muse of History." It is significant also to learn that Ticknor took liberties with the text of some of Prescott's letters. "His severe pen struck out passages wherein the Yankee levity of his compatriot seemed too daring — especially when in the presence of royal personages." It is the distinction of Mr. Ogden's biography, therefore, that, where it is not a mere summary it is rather a supplement to Ticknor's book than a substitute for it. The supplementary knowledge it conveys has happily to do with the "playful and engagingly human aspects of Prescott's character," — the aspects which made George Hillard tell him directly: "those who have the privilege of being your friends entirely forget that you are a great historian, and only think of you as a person to be loved." The justice of Mr. Ogden's apprehension of Prescott's endowments is only confirmed by the admirable passage comparing the historian's critical ability, to Prescott's disadvantage, with that of Carlyle and of Lowell. By reason of this clearness of vision, one is the more ready to accept the writer's liberal appreciation of Prescott's power and achievement. In a word, Mr. Ogden has accomplished with a high measure of success the task rendered anything but easy by some of the very conditions which seem at a first glance to remove its difficulties.

Because Mr. Farnham's *Life of Parkman* took so unconventional a form, letting chronological sequence give way to what was in effect a series of essays on separate phases of the subject, Mr. Sedgwick had and seized an opportunity to make an individual book. The new material brought forward is not plentiful or important; but the arrangement of the old and new is orderly and effective. The years of preparation receive the greater emphasis which is their due. It is well that there is no hesitation in printing again such extracts from Parkman's diaries as those which describe the delightful Sicilian guide Luigi. It may fairly be asked why the attention of the reader is not definitely drawn to the episode of Parkman's residence in a Roman monastery during Holy Week as a portion of his deliberate training for a fair-minded treatment of the Catholic spirit. It may also be questioned whether Mr. Sedgwick does not at times go somewhat needlessly out of his way in the search for individual expression. The substance of what he has to say is here generally quite important enough to render this effort superfluous. But it is only occasional. The biography as a whole achieves its purpose in realizing Parkman's heroic personality, and placing a just estimate upon his enriching contributions to history and literature, to history which is literature.

To the American historians of the nineteenth century the literature of the country owes many of its brightest and most characteristic pages. The value and importance of the work these historians have done are best understood when the manner of their doing it and the personal qualities which informed their labors are adequately appreciated. The peculiar service of books like these two new *Lives* is to place within the reach of all a comprehension of the terms on which heroic struggles were fought to a successful issue. In the annals of any country or any literature there are few lives in which this species of warfare is more memorably illustrated than in the lives of Prescott and Parkman. *M. A. DeW. H.*

A LIFE OF ZOLA [1]

Mr. Vizetelly's method in his life of Zola is in some respects that of an advocate rather than a judge; but it may be

[1] *Émile Zola: Novelist and Reformer.* By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated by Portraits, Views, and Facsimiles. London and New York: John Lane. 1904.

fairly claimed that the way to a right opinion of Zola lies just now through advocacy. The sub-title of this book prepares us for a pretty energetic defense of the man and his work from the ethical point of view. Readers of the *Atlantic* are, so far as his work is concerned, already acquainted with a more discriminating *apologia* at the hand of Mr. Henry James.[1] The light shed upon the novelist's private character will be a new light to most of us, and does not seem to be unduly colored by optimism or by discipular prejudice. The single irregularity which marked Zola's later life is noted with proper frankness, and the knowledge of it will not, unless among the unco' guid, fatally compromise the great Frenchman's authority as a moral teacher. The total narrative, accepted at its face value, presents Zola not at all as that figure of personal grossness, that harsh impersonation of the *bourgeoisie*, that wallowing monster of indecent realism, which he is pictured in current Anglo-Saxon fable, but as a sturdy, intelligent, and (though in spite of himself) inspired reporter of life as he found it, — French life, French decadent life, if one chooses, but the only life to any contact with which he was exposed. That contact was, as Mr. James has suggested, not always close; he employed exactly the method of "getting up" subjects which in other hands has proved least fruitful; and his success in employing this got-up material, if not to the end of art, at least to the end of tremendously effective "human documents," constitutes his chief claim to greatness.

There were dramatic, even melodramatic, accessories to that sudden publicity of his last days, whose flavor the Western palate can hardly relish. He was, nevertheless, a man in many respects after our own heart, as his conduct in the Dreyfus affair sufficiently showed. Mr. Vizetelly's account of the incident is clear, and as full as it could well be under the circumstances. The task of exploring the Dreyfus affair in all its ramifications remains to be completed; and it is in excellent hands. The principles involved, we already agree, were of more than local or momentary importance; and Zola's defense of them was more than an exploit in grandiloquence. An approximation of justice was all that he lived to see. "Dreyfus is free," he mourned, while mere Dreyfusites wished to rejoice, "but France remains ill, feeling that she has not strength enough to bear the splendour of truth and justice. And yet I am hopeful, for I believe in her labour, in the power of her genius." Such courage, such faith, belonged to this notorious pessimist, this brutal groveler of common report. Mr. Vizetelly does not note, as Mr. James has noted, the strange failure of the novelist's genius to respond to the spur of this experience. The memory of it haunted but did not inspire him. Indeed, some virtue had gone out of him in the struggle; and his later novels, his Cities and his Evangels, are sadly inferior to *Les Rougon-Macquart*. The novelist had, indeed, consciously succumbed to the reformer. "I have no intention," he wrote, apropos of certain English criticisms of *Travail*, "of trying to amuse people or thrill them with excitement. I am merely placing certain problems before them, and suggesting in some respects certain solutions, showing what I hold to be wrong and what I think would be right. When I have finished these 'Evangiles,' when *Vérité* and *Justice* are written, it is quite possible that I shall write shorter and livelier books. Personally I should have everything to gain by doing so." Mr. Vizetelly apparently does not see how seriously this attitude compromised the value of Zola's later work. He is indulgent even toward *Vérité*, that monumentally dull work upon which the Dreyfus experience had a more than negative influence for ill. The great novelist's death does not seem to have been, all things considered, untimely.

The critical portions of the book are of

[1] *Émile Zola.* By Henry James. The *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1903.

value, though not of conclusive value. It might be expected that the English translator of Zola would have his texts somewhat too closely at his fingers' ends for the formation of a clear critical opinion of them. Mr. Vizetelly possesses such an opinion. His analysis of the *Rougon-Macquart* series is especially distinct and reasonable. About Zola's short stories he has an admirable and quotable passage: "Placed beside the tales of Guy de Maupassant, those of Zola, in spite of all their naturalism, of their details, strike one as being more romantic, more imaginative; and this is as it should be, for Zola was largely a child of the sun, whereas Maupassant, however passionate his temperament, was always a Norman, deficient in the purely imaginative faculty, but possessed of great shrewdness — intuition, so to say — which assisted his powers of observation and his superb craftsmanship." The biographer does not claim too much for Zola as an artist; but one must think that if the word can be applied in no sense to the author of *L'Assommoir* and *La Débâcle*, it is become a trifling word to conjure with.

H. W. B.

CYCLOPÆDIAS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

With the issue of the fourth volume of Garnett and Gosse's illustrated history of *English Literature*,[1] and of the third volume of the new edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia*,[2] these two massive contributions to our literary history are now brought to a conclusion. Limitations of space make it impossible for the *Atlantic* to give a detailed review of either work, so enormous is the field covered, and so manifold are the critical questions involved in the execution of such a task as the survey of our literature in its entirety. The huge volumes must be left, practically, to tell their own story, but their mere physical appearance affords weighty evidence of the vastness and richness of the material at the disposal of their compilers.

The sub-title of the work issued under the charge of Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gosse sufficiently explains the most noticeable feature of their undertaking. It is an attempt to teach the history of English literature by appealing to the eye as well as to the ear. Many thousands of portraits, autographs, and facsimiles of title-pages illuminate the narrative, and for the fullness and freshness of these illustrations too much praise can scarcely be given. Dr. Garnett's share in the authorship makes him responsible for the entire first volume and for the second as far as to the end of the chapter on Shakespeare. To Mr. Gosse's practiced hand has been entrusted the remainder of the record. In dealing with the more important authors his method has been to note first the general scope and significance of the writer's productions, then to tell in some detail the story of his life, and to furnish extracts from his writings, making constant use of pictorial illustration to bring the whole vividly before the reader. To criticise here the exact proportion of space allotted to various authors and periods, or to question the complete sympathy and justice with which Mr. Gosse discusses individual writers like Ruskin or John Stuart Mill, would of course be possible, but it would be, for our purposes, beside the mark. The main question is, whether these huge volumes have proved successful in their general aim of furnishing an attractive and compendious illustrated record of the long centuries of our literature, and the question must be answered by a prompt affirmative.

It is more than sixty years since Dr. Robert Chambers devised and prepared the first edition of his famous *Cyclopæ-*

[1] *English Literature. An Illustrated Record.* By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Four volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903–1904.

[2] *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature.* New Edition. By David Patrick. Three volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902–1904.

dia. It has been revised and reissued four times, and now a completely new edition has been produced under the editorship of Dr. David Patrick. The familiar two volumes have been increased to three; the space assigned to Old English and Middle English writers has been greatly enlarged; many authors not included hitherto have been discussed; frequent illustrations have been inserted; and, what is of especial interest to American readers, American literature, in the editor's words, "has from the beginning been treated as an integral and important part of the literature of Greater Britain. We do not look upon Longfellow or Poe as foreigners, or read the histories of Prescott, Motley, and Parkman as if written by strangers."

Here again, as with the volumes just noticed, we cannot enter into detailed comment upon the work of Dr. Patrick and his coadjutors. But we must at least say that the old *Cyclopædia* has been greatly enriched and strengthened by this new material. The special articles by critical authorities, such as Mr. Saintsbury's on Swift, Mr. T. Watts-Dunton's on *The Nineteenth Century*, and George Borrow, or, for that matter, Mr. Chadwick's articles upon the more important American authors, are excellently suited to the purpose. It is inevitable that the inclusion of living authors — convenient as it doubtless may be to many who have not a *Who's Who* at their elbow — should raise some queries as to proportion and taste. We are inclined to think that Mr. Gosse's *Epilogue*, in which he discusses the place and value of scientific criticism of literature, makes a fitter close for a great encyclopædia than biographical paragraphs about Miss Marie Corelli and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. But perhaps these ladies will differ with us.

BRANDES'S "MAIN CURRENTS"

It must be nearly or quite a quarter of a century since American scholars were first delighted and quickened with the German translations of the critical works of Georg Brandes. His *Haupt-strömungen*, we venture to say, has done more than any series of books produced outside of France itself to arouse interest in the germinal periods of recent European literature. Of the English translation in six volumes, now in course of publication,[1] four volumes have appeared: *The Emigrant Literature*, *The Romantic School in Germany*, *The Reaction in France*, and *The Romantic School in France*. The latter is really the fifth volume in point of order, but *Naturalism in England*, which precedes it, has been temporarily delayed in publication. The final volume, *Young Germany*, is also shortly to be issued. In the new contact with the English-reading public which the present spirited translation makes possible, these brilliant and suggestive books by one of the foremost of living critics deserve and will no doubt secure a wide influence upon a new generation of men of letters.

[1] *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*. In six volumes. By Georg Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903–1904.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE TYRANNY OF THE CALENDAR

THE season is at hand when Time throws his annual challenge in our teeth. The bell tinkles peremptorily and a calendar is thrust upon us. November is still young when we are dragged upon the threshold of another year. The leisurely dismissal of the Old Year is no longer possible; we may indulge in no lingering good-by, but he goes out in haste, with apologetic step, and we slam the door upon him. It is off with the old love and on with the new, whether we will or no. I solemnly protest against the invasion of the calendar. In an age that boasts of freedom, I rebel against a tyrant who comes merely to warn us of the fugitive character of Time. That sharp elbow in the ribs has prodded many a noble soul to his death. These pretty devices that we are asked to hang upon our walls are the seductive advertisements of an insinuating and implacable foe. We are asked to be *particeps criminis* in his hideous trade; for must I not, at his behest, tear off and cast as rubbish to the void a day, a week, a month, that I may not have done with at all? Why should I throw my yesterdays into the waste-basket? Yet, if I fail, falling only a few leaves behind, are not my shameless inefficiency and heedlessness paraded before the world? How often have I delivered myself up to my enemies by suffering April to laugh her girlish laughter through torrid July! I know well the insinuating smile of the friend who, dropping in on a peaceful summer morning, when Time has paused in the hayfield to dream upon his scythe-handle, walks coolly to the calendar and brings me up to date with a fine air of rebuke, as though he were conferring the greatest favor in the world. I am sure I should have no standing with my neighbors if they knew that I rarely wind my watch, and that the clocks in my house — save one or two that are kept going merely to avoid explanations — are never wound.

There is a gentle irony in the fact that the most insolent dispensers of calendars are life insurance companies. It is a legitimate part of their game: you and I are their natural prey, and if they can accent for us the mortality of the flesh by holding before us year after year in compact form the slight round of the year, they are doing much to impress upon us the appalling brevity of our most reasonable expectancy. How weak we are to suffer the intimidation of these soulless corporations, who thrust their wares upon us as much as to say, "Here's a new year, and you'd better make the most of it, for there's no saying when you'll get another." You, my friend, with your combined calendar and memorandum always before you, may pledge all your to-morrows if you will; but as for me, the Hypocritic Days, the Barefoot Dervishes, may ring my bell until they exhaust the battery; but I am not at home to them. If the day be fine, I am out through the back gate and away to the golf links; if it be stormy, I may be trying my hand at a jingle in my study under the shingles. Either way, you may be sure that no Barefoot Dervish can reach me to extort an hour as my grudging alms.

We are all prone to be cowards, and to bend before this tyrant whose banner is spread victoriously on all our walls. Poets and philosophers aid and abet him; the preachers are forever telling us what a dreadful fellow he is, and warning us that if we don't get on the good side of him we are lost forever, — mere wreckage on an inhospitable shore. Hypocrisy and false oaths are born of such teaching. Januarius, let us remember, was two-faced, and it has come about naturally that New

Year's oaths carry a reserve. They are not, in fact, serious obligations. He is a weak soul who sets apart a certain number of days for rectitude, and I can't, for the life of me, see anything noble in making a constable of the calendar. I find with joy that I am freeing myself of the tyrant's thrall. I am never quite sure of the day of the week; I date my letters yesterday or to-morrow with equal indifference. Sometimes June has thrust her roses into my windows before I change the year in dating my letters. When my friend, the editor, asks me to submit something for his Christmas number, — asks me just when, after trying all spring, I am learning to brassie over that third-hole bunker, — I drop my game long enough to ask which Christmas he means, the one that's coming, or the last. Which reminds me that the magazines seem leagued with the calendar for man's undoing. I sometimes rush home from an inspection of a magazine counter in mad haste to get where Oblivion cannot stretch forth a long lean arm and pluck me into the eternal shades; for I decline, with all the strength of my crude Western nature, to countenance the manufacture of yesterdays, no matter how cheerful, out of my confident to-morrows. A March magazine put forth in the middle of February does not fool the daffodils a bit. This stamping of months that have not arrived upon our current literature is nothing more or less than counterfeiting; or, rather, the issuing of false currency by the old Tyrant who stands behind the counter of the Bank of Time. And there is the railway time-table, — the unconscious comic utterance of the Zeitgeist! Who am I, pray, that I should stuff my pocket with calendars and time-tables? Why not throw all the charts to the fishes and let the winds do their will with us awhile? Let us, I beg, leave some little margin in our lives for the shock of surprise.

The Daughters of Time are nice girls, and they may offer me all the bread, kingdoms, stars they like; but they must cheer up a bit or keep out of my front yard. No shuffling about like Barefoot Dervishes, but in golden sandals let them come, an they must, and I will kindle a fire of next year's calendars in their honor. But finally let me say, to prevent futile expectations on their part, that I am at an age when all girls look a good deal alike to me!

THE END OF THE STORY

Last words are always of interest, be they spoken or written. It is the laughing farewell as the train pulls out, or the hurried whisper from the steamer's gangplank, that we remember in the after days. Orators save their most convincing argument for the end of the speech, and although the finest lines of a play do not always ring the curtain down, the strongest scenes are crowded into the last act.

How is it with the story-tellers? Some say it is not the end of the novel, but the climax of the plot, which fixes the attention and memory. The hold which the end of the story takes upon the average reader needs no proof when we recall the experience of Dickens, who, when the *Old Curiosity Shop* was being given to the world in monthly parts, was overwhelmed with petitions "not to let Little Nell die." Smile as we may at these troubled souls, and those others who must read the last chapter first to see if it all "ends right," there is a sound reason under their impulse, — as there usually is under every widespread feeling of "the world's common folk." It is the closing chapter which makes or mars a book. It is the last thought that lingers with us when we finish the story, and lay the book aside. It is that which makes *Sentimental Tommy* so unsatisfying. We watch him, as he trudges heart-hungry out of Thrums, with a strange yearning in our own hearts. If Barrie had only let him die, or married him, or in some way surely and finally disposed of him, we would acquiesce. But to send him off alone "to a far country" is to make of him an uneasy spirit, a

ghost that will not be laid. And so the reading world eagerly longed for and warmly welcomed *Tommy and Grizel;* only to lay it down, too, indignant at the absurd anti-climax which leaves Tommy (this time instead of the reader) in suspense. It is hard to forgive Barrie for the bathos of that closing scene.

Kingsley, on the other hand, sums up the whole moral of *Hypatia* in the closing paragraph: —

"And now, readers, farewell. I have shown you New Foes under an Old Face. Your own likeness in toga and tunic, instead of coat and bonnet. One word before we part. The same Devil who tempted these old Egyptians tempts you. The same God who would have saved these old Egyptians if they had willed, will save you, if you will. Their sins are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun. The thing which has been, it is that which shall be. Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone, whether at Hypatia or Pelagia, Miriam or Raphael, Cyril or Philammon."

I have always felt that George Eliot planned the end of the *Mill on the Floss*, and worked back from that point; for, undoubtedly, Maggie's love for Tom is the one master passion of her life. She cared both for Stephen Guest and for Philip, but she loved Tom with a love which possessed her whole being; the roots of that love reached down to the old childish days, and it had grown with her growth. So, while George Eliot tells us that "the other was always solitary, his companionship was among the trees of the Red Deeps, where the buried joy seemed still to hover — like a revisiting spirit," still her last thought is with the brother and sister: "The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written 'In their death they were not divided.'"

In view of events in Africa, the Philippines, and "far China's land," the closing words of Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime* are peculiarly significant. He says:

"One day before long the seven nations which combine in themselves the whole of humanity will join together and amalgamate like the seven colors of the prism in a radiant celestial arch; the marvels of peace will appear eternal and visible above civilization; and the world, dazzled, will contemplate the immense rainbow of the united peoples of Europe."

Goldsmith, in closing his *Citizen of the World*, brushes aside, as lightly as Emerson would, the modern bugbear of consistency. The words are these: "'They must often change,' says Confucius, 'who would be constant in happiness and wisdom.'"

Charles Reade ends *It's Never Too Late to Mend* with the comfortable thought, "These average women are not the spice of fiction, but they are the salt of real life."

In *Griffith Gaunt* he gives us a glimpse of his conception of the life that stretches beyond. The thought is both bright and broad: —

"So, then, though they could not eat nor dance together in earthly mansions, they could do good together — and methinks, in the eternal world where years of social intercourse will prove less than cobwebs, these, their joint acts of mercy, will be links of a bright, strong chain, to bind their souls in everlasting amity."

The ending of Dickens's *Hard Times* suggests the end of *Middlemarch*, — the thought is essentially the same. Dickens is speaking of Louisa; he says she has grown learned in childish lore, that she is trying hard to know her fellow creatures, and to beautify with imaginative graces the hard reality of their "lives of machinery." He concludes with, —

"She holds this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress, or fancy fair, but simply as a duty to be done. Dear reader! It rests with you and me whether in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not. Let them be! We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, and see the ashes of our fires turn grey and cold."

Compare this with the end of *Middlemarch*: —

"Dorothea's full nature, like that river of which Cyrus broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on the earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive; for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

The last sentences of *Vanity Fair* and the *Book of Snobs* may very fairly stand as types of Thackeray's two great points of view. *Vanity Fair* is dismissed with the cynical, —

"Ah, Vanitas, Vanitatum; which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or having it is satisfied? Come children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

We close the *Book of Snobs* with a better inspiration: —

"May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin, never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all."

Carlyle fully understood the lasting force of a final thought. He closes his *French Revolution* with, —

"While the voice of man speaks with man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacredness sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable as 'an incarnated word.' Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely; thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell."

From within the walls of the Tower come the mournfully prophetic words of an earlier historian. 'T is Raleigh, soldier, courtier, discoverer, man of the world, and man of letters, penning the last words of his *History of the World*: —

"O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none has dared, thou hast done; whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with those two narrow words, *Hic jacet*."

Lowell's last lines of the *Biglow Papers* come to me as a solemn warning: —

My frien's, I 've talked nigh on to long enough.
I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye 're tough;
. . . . . .
It 's the las' time thet I shell e'er address ye,
But you 'll soon fin' some new tormentor: bless ye!

Against all "problem stories" I wish to register a grudge. If a writer cannot make up his own mind, why should I divide the silent watches of the night between punching my pillow and crying "Anathema!" while I try to do it for him? Of these haunting human question marks, perhaps the worst is Frank Stockton's barbaric princess, so coolly balancing in her hand the fates of the Lady and the Tiger all these years, while we and the whole arena wait. Out upon her, and the long line of peace-troublers of which she stands as the type.

THE CURSE OF DELIBERATION

I would fain learn which is worse, to be thoughtless, or to be thought-tied? If there be any moral quality in the world I utterly envy and hanker after, it is impetuosity; precipitation; the priceless faculty of talking before you think; of not looking before you leap; of catching bald Time by the forelock; of bolting and running; of counting chickens ere they are hatched; of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. Were I a correspondent of Mr. Spectator, in the year 1711, I should be fairly certain that my case would receive respectful consideration, and an infallible remedy both golden and ironical. But what, Sir, am I to do in this day of anointed hurry? I find myself incapable of action save on the ultimate consideration; muscle-bound, as it were,

with second thoughts. I must chew the cud, be the occasion trivial or the reverse, first of all, and for a smug space of time. The day is fine: will I go canoeing? asks Vespertina. No: it should have been mentioned yesterday. The delightful prospect stirs my blood no whit, and there is no valid reason against the pastime. But I observe that it should have been mentioned yesterday, whereupon Vespertina weeps immoderately. "Let there be a poem on the Aurora Borealis!" whispers the Muse. "Hussy," say I, "thou 'rt too sudden. On what known historic incident, on what pre-natal impression, can I found a poem on the Aurora Borealis? Go to." Alas, she goes.

I wish to cultivate inner heat, and a furious hand and foot: my sad lucidity of soul shall be bartered cheap for these. I long to stumble into swear-words, to be mastered by irrational impulse, and to be capable of remorse. I wish to see and love, like any fool, before I see through and doubt, like any knave. It would crown my career could I be born suddenly and happily, at last, into a Heaven which has been the too intermittent subject of my cogitations: the indecent unprepared novelty of it all might make a man of me. I am self-hesternized, precedent-ridden, obsessed by the fatal habit of having no habits, and of being obliged, at every turn and at all hours, to use my will anew, instead of the ready money of instinct, or even that of social custom.

Mr. Editor, there is a most serviceable asset called the muscular intelligence; but even that the fairies stole from my cradle. Other mortals, more favored, are able to do the same deed for the thousandth time, with some degree of mechanical celerity and of cerebral unconsciousness. But each morning, when I have thrust first my left, then my right foot into the right shoe (thank Heaven I am not a centipede, and am subject only to one error of the sort per diem!), and when I have tied, after convolute labors, my simple four-in-hand, I have wasted, not only the congested lifetime of Methusalem, but as much genius and industry, in a way, as would have set up Sir Isaac Newton! Again, Sir, it is an heroic feat, and nothing less, when I shake my ideas free of confusion, and rise into exact knowledge of some bit of etiquette which for my sixty-odd years has been staring me in the face: such, say, as preceding a lady up the stair. Nor could I ever learn to dance.

It is my bitter destiny to punctuate my page, and more: to stake my peace on every comma of my own placing in a world of wild unfettered prose-poems and of split infinitives. My microbe, my daimon, is deliberation. But I apprehend, with no small pang, that nobody will believe it; that I shall never win the pity and indulgence so richly my due: for I have maintained only too successfully an air of inspiration, bonhomie, and bluster, to cover my congenital unreadiness. Now that I have made a clean breast of it I feel better. Did you ask me to have this cigar? Sir, to be perfectly frank with you, I must take time to think it over.

NEW THOUGHTS ON THE PURITAN CONSCIENCE

It has been such a delight to have a new thought on this subject that I feel I must not eat my morsel alone. It has only recently come to me, and I have not gotten quite used to it myself. Perhaps some one will help me. At times it fills me with joy as almost too good to be true; in other moments I do not feel quite able to support the weight of the discovery. Whenever during all these years my conscience has become insupportably disagreeable it has always been a relief to me to throw the blame of it upon the Puritans, and hope that when we had gotten a little farther away from them such things would become impossible. I tried to think of it all as a piece of atavism and that I should get over it. What brought me up with a sharp turn was to find what an unconscionably long time it took for the Puritan power in me to get on the wane. It is

now some thirty years, nearly a generation, and long enough for anything merely provincial to show signs of wear if it were ever going to, and yet it is as lively and as uncomfortable as ever.

Of late a suspicion, half joyous and half sad as I have intimated, has come over me that perhaps it was not the Puritan conscience at all. I have felt just the possibility of the Puritan, living in the enlightened state above, doing what I never used to think a Puritan could do, laughing, laughing in his sleeve at us, and wondering how long it would take us witty people to realize that it was not his conscience we had gotten hold of but our own.

Ah, that Puritan conscience! Would that it were Puritan, indeed! I could stand its slings and arrows well enough, but one sign and another warns me that it has lasted too long for any reasonable person to lay it to the Puritan any longer, and that it is ours, our very own, gotten not from him, but from the same place from which he got it, and that whether we like it or not we must get used to the situation. We can call it all the bad names we like, but it has come to stay.

Providence has broken the truth to us gently. For two hundred years we were allowed to meet together and discuss the matter, and act as if it were not really ours, while all the time we were being accustomed to it. The time has come for us to own up to it. Instead of berating the Puritan henceforth, or admiring him unduly, I shall have to think of him in a brotherly sort of way as having had the same trouble that I have had, or, in more jubilant moments, think of myself as just as good as he was, and stay away from dinners founded on the delusion that conscience was his specialty.

It has been such a comfort to me to think that the Puritan was provincial. It is hard to have one of my stoutest beliefs thus rudely questioned. I fear the fact is that he did not begin to be as provincial as could be desired, but rather that he had run plump up against some enormous spiritual laws, that he could not escape them and did not try to, but took what little comfort there was to be had out of the situation by acting more or less as if he had made the laws himself. It was probably better so; a slight sense of ownership being, on the whole, rather necessary, and no harm done by it. We can call the laws what we please so long as we obey them. Nowadays most people seem to prefer to call them universal, when what they mean is God; or Puritan, which takes the edge off them for a little, until we realize down deep that they are ours just as much as the Puritans'. Why not give them credit for their youth, and admit once for all their depressing contemporaneousness?

I see the transfigured Puritan floating off on his cloud. Not the kind of Puritan we put up in the parks in bronze or talk about at dinners, but a soberly cheerful figure with just the suspicion of a wink in his eye, as, receding forever, he seems saying to me: "It was n't our conscience at all. We did n't like it any better than you do. It is yours; it is everybody's. It will crop up everywhere. If it has helped humanity to call it ours for a century or two, we are glad to have been of service in breaking it to you more gently than it was ever broken to us. We have been at your dinners and outlaughed you all, wondering when you would wake up and see where the real laugh came in. If we can be of further help, command us, but we foresee a swiftly coming time when we shall no longer be of use to you. Farewell."

LES GENS DE MA CONNAISSANCE

Mr. Saintsbury in his sketch of Piron in *A Frame of Miniatures* recalls the story of the way in which the poet greeted the reading of a manuscript which a young author was submitting to him. "At each reminiscence, he (Piron) solemnly lifted his hat, until at last the author, nettled, asked him what was the matter. 'C'est que j'ai la coutume de saluer les

gens de ma connaissance,' was the reply."

It is not vouchsafed to many of us to have M. Piron's opportunity for the retort courteous, nor perhaps, were the opportunity ours, should we seize it with such Gallic skill. But I fancy that most of us could follow, through some yellowing drawer-full of boyhood reflections and rejected manuscripts, the traces of "les gens de nôtre connaissance," — the unconscious echoes, when we first came under the thrall of some master spirit, — the little twists of phrase, the stylistic mannerisms, naïvely confessing at whose shrine we worshiped.

Not long ago, chance unearthed for me a little brown dog-eared volume, — the diary of a college boy. The bescrawled and dusty pages told of college scrapes and summer outings, of books bought and read and gravely judged. And whenever a new planet swam into his ken, the boyish style underwent a corresponding change.

"Joyousest of joyous days," I find recorded in a vacation period, "how fair hast thou been, and how much do I regret thy passing! By what Elysian stream have I wandered, and with what bliss played out for the passing moment my little rôle! Great hast thou been for me, O Day of Days, doubly great by reason of that pure damsel who paused with me beside the purling brook."

Is it necessary to turn back a few pages and find: "Received from my father, Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*"? And why in these callous latter days should I recall that the "Elysian stream" bore the ignominious cognomen of Muddy Run, and that the "pure damsel" stepped not so lightly but that her well-shod feet left as distinct an impress in the soft Virginia soil as did her coquettish glances upon my impressionable heart?

But the pure damsel passes, and Lamb gives place to another mood and style. There is no record of a new purchase — there is no need. For the young sentimentalist bounds suddenly into a somewhat incoherent transcendentalism, and his inspiration is unmistakable.

"These are kind people," he writes, with a patronizing air which sits comically upon his eighteen years, "good people and not without somewhat to commend them, — but mere sitters by the chimney-nook, — nought of the *Heroic* upon them. God Commonplace, a poor shambling creature, their deity. What know they of Manhood, of Herohood, the rude giants of the old world struggling through chaotic confusion, of Luther fighting the battle of the right against a world, of Cromwell raising his standard against monarchical injustice?" As a matter of fact, the good people probably knew their Carlyle much better than the callow stripling who was criticising them, — and probably entertained aspirations without parading them, into the bargain.

But no boy could pass through his literary nonage without coming at some time or other under the domination of the eighteenth-century Dictator. "The profusion of weighty volumes around me," the diarist writes (it is winter, and the reference is doubtless to the sober college shelves), "oppress (sic) me with the meagerness of my own intellectual life. Ah, that I may profit by the 'present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground!'" And so, *passim*, with the sagest of reflections, in the weightiest of Johnsonese.

Sir Thomas Browne, from whom, with unconscious humor, he has quoted: "It is an honorable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours" — Izaak Walton, conceitful Lyly, and glorious old Malory — with what unspoiled zest they are greeted, unconsciously echoed, freely plagiarized! Blessed boyhood discoveries I greet them again — les gens de ma connaissance — half envious of that first keen delight, that innocent privilege of plagiarism.

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CHRISTMAS: ITS UNFINISHED BUSINESS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

To one who aspires to "sit and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair," the Christmas greeting "Peace on Earth" is a godsend. Was ever such a provocative to satire? Did ever human nature appear in a disguise more ridiculously transparent than when assuming the part of Peacemaker in the midwinter pantomimes, and impudently laying claim to the very choicest beatitude? The bold masquerader has not even the grace to hide his big stick, but waves it as a wand. We are asked to believe that the vigorous flourishes of this same big stick prepare for the age of peace "by prophets long foretold."

"Have you ever been to a Peace Convention?" asks the amateur cynic. "It is good fun if you are fortunate enough to be able to watch the proceedings from the seat of the scornful. First come the advocates of Peace, pure and simple, enthusiasts for non-resistance. As you listen to the reports of the delegates you feel that the time has already come when 'the lion shall eat straw like the ox.' Your sympathies go out to the poor beast in his sudden change of diet,—for we of the Carnivora have no great appetite for straw. After a time the lions are led out to speak for themselves. Representatives of the different nations give greetings. It appears from their remarks that the cause is one that has always been nearest to their valiant hearts. No need to take measures to convert them, they have always been on the right side. What were teeth and claws invented for, if not to enforce peace on earth?"

"Each nation points with pride to its achievements. Has not Great Britain made peace in South Africa, and the United States of America established it in the Philippines; and is not Russia at this moment endeavoring to establish it in Manchuria? Even the little powers are at work for the same end. Is not disinterested Belgium making peace on the banks of the Congo, with rubber and ivory as a by-product? Has not Holland for these many years been industriously weeding out the malcontents in Java? The Christian message of good will has now reached the most remote recesses of the earth. Even the monks in Thibet have heard the good news. They must pay a good round sum for it, to be sure; but what else could they expect when the message must be carried to them away up on the roof of the world, quite beyond the limits of the free delivery? It's their own fault that they never got into full connection with Christendom before. These unsocial creatures have for generations been enjoying a selfish peacefulness of their own. They have been like a householder who has a telephone, but will not allow his number to go on the book. He likes to bother other people, but will not allow them to bother him. It has long been known that the Mahatmas in Llassa were in the habit of projecting thought vibrations to the ends of the earth, and muddling the brains of the initiated; but the general public could not reciprocate. The British expedition has changed all that. Now when Christendom rings them up they've got to answer."

That word "Christendom" has a singular effect upon the cynic. It draws out all his acrid humor; for it seems to him the quintessence of hypocrisy.

"Christian nations! Christian civilization! A fine partnership this, between the brutal and the spiritual! In the pre-Christian era war was a very simple thing. Read the record of an Israelitish expedition in the Book of Chronicles. 'And they went to the entrance of Gedor, even unto the east side of the valley, to seek pasture for their flocks. And they found fat pasture and good, and the land was wide and quiet and peaceable; for they of Ham had dwelt there of old. And these written by name came in the days of Hezekiah, king of Judah, and smote their tents and the habitations that were found there, and destroyed them utterly unto this day, and dwelt in their rooms; because there was pasture there for their flocks.'

"What an unsophisticated account of an ordinary transaction! Even the sons of Ham could understand the motive. There is no profession of benevolent intent, not even an eloquent reference to manifest destiny; the fat pastures were a sufficient reason. In these days the unwilling beneficiaries of civilization have a harder time of it. No sooner are they dispossessed of their lands than they are called together to rejoice over the good work that has been done for them. This is A. D. and not B. C. The new era began with an angel chorus; let us all join in the refrain. First of all, decorum requires that the bare facts be decently arrayed in spiritual garments. With the skill that is the result of long practice the ugliest fact is fitted. It is a triumph of dressmaking. The materials may be a trifle threadbare, but with a little fullness here and a breadth taken out there, each garment is made as good as new. Not a blood-stain shows."

This is a free country, and the cynic must be allowed his fling, even at Christmas time. But if he has license to speak his mind in regard to the simple-hearted people who go Christmasing, we must be privileged to say what we think of him. The truth is that we think him to be a rather shallow-pated fellow who has been educated above his deserts. For all his knowing ways he has had but little knowledge of the world. He has seen the things which are obvious, the things that are shown to every outsider. He prides himself on his familiarity with accomplished facts, not realizing that these belong to the world that is passing away. The interesting things to see are those which belong to the world that is in process of becoming. These are not visible from the seat of the scornful.

The sweeping accusation of hypocrisy against men or nations whenever an incongruity is perceived between a professed purpose and an actual achievement is an indication of too great simplicity of mind. It is the simplicity that is characteristic of one without experience in the work of creation.

The cynic, perceiving the shortcomings of those who "profess and call themselves Christians," greets their professions with a bitter laugh. He cannot tolerate their pretensions, and he urges them to return to a frank profession of the paganism which their deeds proclaim. Now it is eminently desirable that all who profess and call themselves Christians should *be* Christians, — but that takes time. The profession is the first step; that puts a whip into the hand of conscience. Not only do a man's friends, but particularly his enemies, insist that he shall live up to his name. It is a wholesome discipline. In a new country two or three houses set down in a howling wilderness are denominated a city. It is a mere name at first, but if all goes well other metropolitan features are added in due time. I remember a most interesting visit which I once made to a university in a new commonwealth. The university consisted of a board of regents, an unfenced bit of prairie for a "campus," a president (who was also professor of the Arts and Sciences), a janitor, and two unfinished buildings. A number of the village children took courses which, if persisted in for a number of years, might lead to what is usually termed the Higher Education. One student from out of town dwelt in

solitary state in the dormitory. The president met me with great cordiality, and after showing me "the plant" introduced me to the student. It was evident that they were on terms of great intimacy, and that discipline in the university was an easy matter, owing to the fact that the student body was homogeneous.

Now it would be easy for one under such circumstances to laugh at what seemed mere pretentiousness. "It was nothing more than a small school; why not call it that and be done with it?" The reason for not doing so was that it aimed at being a university. Its name was a declaration of purpose. "Despise not the day of small things." The small things may be very real things; and then they have a trick of growing big before you know it.

In the world of creative activity the thought precedes the deed, the profession comes before the achievement. The child makes believe that he is a man, and his play is prophetic. Let us grant that multitudes who profess and call themselves Christians are only playing at Christianity; they have not yet begun to take the beatitudes seriously. It is a good thing to play at, and the play is all the time deepening into earnest work.

When it becomes earnest, it is still far from perfect; but imperfection of workmanship is no evidence of insincerity. He would be a poor critic who at the spring exhibition should accuse the artist of attempt to deceive because of his failure to achieve his professed purpose.

"Do you call that a picture of the Madonna? False-hearted hypocrite! Are you wicked enough to attempt to poison our minds and prejudice us against one who has been an object of worship? You are foisting upon us an image of absolute imbecility."

And yet the poor artist is no hypocrite, — he is only a poor artist, that is all. He has striven to express what he has actually felt; and he has had bad luck. He has been thrilled by an image of perfect womanhood; and he sought to reproduce it for the joy of others. He wrought with sad sincerity; and this is what came of it!

In the work of creating a condition of peace and good will among men the Christian nations have not gone very far. But why twit on facts? Let us be reasonable. Why should we take it as a grievance that our birth has not been delayed till the millennium, but that we have been placed among those who are responsible for bringing it in? There is a satisfaction in being allowed a part in the preliminary work. And what if many well-meant endeavors have come to nought? Let us not spend Christmas time crying over the spilt milk of human kindness. It is natural that the first attempts at peace-making should be awkward. It takes time to get the knack of it. It is foolish to reserve all our praise for perfection. That gives an unpleasant impression, such as that which we receive from a person who, when there is a call for small change, produces a bank bill of a large denomination, which he knows no one can break for him.

To enter heartily into the spirit of Christmas one must not take its message as a declaration of an accomplished fact, but as a prophecy. Now it is nothing against a prophecy that it has not yet been fulfilled. The farther off it is, the more credit to the eyes that see and to the stout hearts that patiently wait and work for it. The practical question is not "Has it come?" but "Is it on the way?" Christmas is the time for the consideration of a bit of the unfinished business of the world. It is a pity that anything so important should ever have to give place to other matters, but once a year by unanimous consent it is taken off the table. For a little time the peacemaker has the undivided attention of the world.

First we must listen to the report of the progress already made. It is such a modest report that we must prepare our minds in order to appreciate it. The simple-minded cynic must be instructed in regard to the extreme difficulty and complexity of the work that has been

undertaken. It is nothing less than the transformation of a carnivorous, not to say cannibalistic, species into an orderly society in which each member shall joyously and effectively work for the welfare of all. The first thing, of course, is to catch your cannibals. This of itself is no easy task, and has taken many centuries. It has involved a vast amount of wood-chopping and road making, and draining of swamps and exploring of caves and dens. It is a task that is still far from accomplished. Savagery is a condition which cannot be abolished till there is a conquest of the earth itself. When the cannibals have been caught and tamed there comes the problem of keeping them alive. They must eat *something;* a point which many of the missionaries of civilization have not sufficiently considered. Ethical progress is delayed by all sorts of economic complications. When the natural man is confronted with the necessity of getting a living, robbery is the first method which suggests itself to him. When this is prohibited he turns upon his moral adviser with, "What more feasible way do you propose?" The moral adviser has then to turn from the plain path of pure ethics, and cudgel his poor wits trying to "invent a little something ingenious" to keep his pupil from starving. The clever railer at human kind who has always had a bank account to fall back upon has no idea how much time and thought have been taken up in such contrivances.

Then it should be remembered that the missionaries of civilization have not themselves been above reproach. The "multitudes of the heavenly hosts" might be heard for a moment singing of good will among men, but they did not remain to do the work. The men of good will who were to work out the plan were very human indeed. Milton, in the Hymn "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," warns us of the long interval between the Christmas prophecy and its historical fulfillment.

> For, if such holy song
> Enwrap our fancy long,
> Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
> And speckled vanity
> Will sicken soon and die,
> And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
> . . . . . .
> Yea, Truth and Justice then
> Will down return to men,
> Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
> Mercy will sit between,
> Throned in celestial sheen,
> With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering:
> And Heaven, as at some festival,
> Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But all the imagery of the gala day of peace fades away before the immediate reality.

> "But wisest Fate says no,
> This must not yet be so."

This veto of "wisest Fate" is not absolute. It only calls a halt upon our imagination until the rest of our nature catches up with it. Mankind is not to have peace till it has suffered for it and worked for it. The workmen must do their work over and over again till they have learned the right way.

That the "Christian nations" are not hypocrites, but novices who have been making some progress toward the Christian ideal, becomes evident when we look back over their history. They are not the descendants of the simple shepherds of the plains of Bethlehem. Far from it! When they first began to "profess and call themselves Christians," they were not thinking of the beatitudes. They had not got that far.

Turn to the Heimskringla and read how King Olaf converted the pagan bonders.

"So King Olaf went into the God-house and a certain few of his men with him, and a certain few of the bonders. But when the king came whereas the gods were, there sat Thor the most honored of all the gods, adorned with gold and silver. Then King Olaf hove up the gold-wrought rod that he had in his hand and smote Thor that he fell down from the

stall; and therewith ran forth all the king's men and tumbled down all the gods from their stalls. But whiles the king was in the God-house was Iron-Skeggi slain without, even at the very door, and that deed did the king's men. So when the king was come back to his folk he bade the bonders take one of two things, either all be christened, or else abide the brunt of battle with him. But after the death of Skeggi there was no leader among the folk of the bonders to raise up a banner against King Olaf. So the choice was taken of them to go to the king and obey his bidding. Then King Olaf christened all folk that were there and took hostages of the bonders that they would hold to their christening. Thereafter King Olaf caused men of his wend over all parts of Thrandheim; and now spoke no man against the faith of Christ. And so were all folk christened in the country-side."

That is the way the nations of the north were first christianized. What is the difference between Thor and the Christ? the simple-hearted people would ask. "The difference," said King Olaf, "is very fundamental and it requires little theological training to see it. It is this: the Christ is stronger. If you don't believe it, I'll" — but they did believe it.

It is evident that there were some points in Christianity that King Olaf did not appreciate. To cultivate these fruits of the spirit required men of a different temper. Their work is not all done yet. It is progressing.

There is one complication in the work of peacemaking which has not been sufficiently considered. It is the recurrence of Youth. I have listened to the arguments against war at a great Peace Congress. The reasoning was strong, the statement of facts conclusive. War was shown to be cruel and foolish, and incredibly expensive. The audience, consisting of right-minded and very intelligent people, was convinced of the justice of the cause of Peace. Why, then, does not the cause triumph?

In such cases I am in the habit of looking about with the intent to fix the responsibility where it belongs, on those who were not at the meeting. Mature life was well represented, but there was a suspicious absence of young men in the twenties. Ah! I said, there is the difficulty. We can't be sure of lasting peace until we make it more interesting to these young absentees. They'll all be peace men by and by, but meanwhile there is no knowing what trouble they may get us into.

John Fiske traced the influence which the prolongation of infancy has had on the progress of civilization. I am inclined to think that equally great results would flow from any discovery by which the period of middle age could be prolonged beyond its present term. War would be abolished without any more ado. A uniformly middle-aged community would be immune from any attack of militant fever.

It happens, however, that every once in a while the hot passions of youth carry all before them. The account of what happened at the beginning of the civil wars in Israel is typical. King Rehoboam called a meeting of the elder statesmen of his kingdom. They outlined a policy that was eminently conciliatory. But we are told, "He forsook the council of the old men which they had given him, and consulted with the young men who had grown up with him and stood by him."

That's the difficulty! The hardest thing about a good policy is to get it accepted by the people who have the power. What avails the wisdom of the old men when all the young men are "spoiling for a fight?" Something more is needed than statesman-like plans for strengthening the framework of civilization. You may have a fireproof structure, but you are not safe so long as it is crammed with highly inflammable material.

There is a periodicity in the passion for war. It marks the coming into power of a new generation. A quarter of a century from now "the good gray poet" Rudyard Kipling may be singing sweet lyrics of peace. All things come in time. The

Kipling we know simply utters the sentiments of "the young men brought up with him." What he has been to his contemporaries Tennyson was to the generation before. Kipling never wrote a more scornful arraignment of peace or a more passionate glorification of war than Tennyson's *Maud.*

We are listening to the invective of a youth whose aspirations have been crushed and ideals shattered by a civilization that seems to him to be soulless. He has seen something which to him is infinitely more cruel than the battle between contending hosts.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace ? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own ;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone ?

We are made to see the inglorious peace in which men seek only their own ease.

Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovelled and hustled together, each sex, like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie.

From the evils of a soulless commercialism, and from the inanities of fashion, what is the way of escape ? From the evils of peace he turns to the heroism of war.

I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle song.

. . . . . .

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
Forever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land.

At last, breaking in upon the deadly stupidity and selfishness of the common life, is the noise of battle:—

It lightened my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,
That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient right,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire.

. . . . . .

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told ;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd !

That was an appeal to Young England, the England that was too young to remember the Napoleonic wars and was thirsting for an experience of its own.

It is very easy to dismiss such outbursts of the militant spirit as the mere recrudescence of savagery. It is better to treat it seriously, for it is something which each generation must reckon with. Tennyson sums up the matter from the standpoint of ardent youth.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind ;
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill ;
I have felt for my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned.

It is easy enough to dismiss all this as mere vaporing. But it is a protest which must be heeded, for it expresses a real experience. There are things worse than war. A sordid slothfulness is worse. A cowardly acquiescence in injustice is worse. It is a real revelation when to the heart of youth comes a sudden sense of the meaning of life. It is not a treasure to be preserved with miserly carefulness. It is to be nobly hazarded. It *is* better to fight for the good than to rail, however eloquently, against the ill. To feel for one's native land, to unite in generous comradeship with one's kind, to endure hardness for a noble cause; these things are of the essence of manhood.

In times of national peril such awakening has come. Many a man has then for the first time discovered that he has a soul. He has cried out "mine eyes have

seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Now just here we peace men may see our most inspiring bit of unfinished business. War has been idealized, it is left to us to idealize peace. It cannot be done till we bring out all its heroic possibilities. If it means dull stagnation, selfish ease, the prosperity that can be measured in dollars and cents, there is sure to come a revulsion against it. The gospel of the full dinner pail and the plethoric pocketbook does not satisfy. If the choice is between commercialism and militarism we need not wonder if many an idealist chooses the latter as the less perilous course. It seems less threatening toward the things for which he cares.

The call is for a new chivalry. Our duty is not only to keep the peace, but to make a peace that is worth keeping. This is no easy task. It means the humanizing of all our activities. Everywhere a human ideal must be placed above every other kind of success. Religion must be lifted above ecclesiasticism; and business honor above the vulgar standards of commercialism. The machinery of civilization must be made subservient to man. More careers must be opened for men of the soldierly spirit whose ambition is for service. The new generation must be shown what opportunities the world's business and politics offer to great-hearted gentlemen who are willing to risk something for a cause. The kind of peace which the world needs cannot be had for the asking. It comes high, — but it is worth the price.

THE STAR IN THE WEST

BY ARTHUR COLTON

The world has lost its old content;
With girded loins and nervous hands
The age leads on; her sharp commands
Ring over plains and table-lands
Of this wide watered continent.

Who calls the poor in spirit blest?
The rich in spirit win their own.
Hark to the war's shrill bugles blown!
Look to the rippling banner thrown
Outstreaming in the west!

Who says the meek inherit here?
The earth is theirs whose hands are strong.
Work for the night comes, art is long.
Onward the keen, stern faces throng,
Quick-eyed, intent, sincere.

Our life has lost its ancient rest,
The pale blue flower of peace that grows
By cottage wall and garden close.
Star in the east, ah, whither goes
This star that leads us west?

OUR STATE LEGISLATURES

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

I

Does a fiendish necromancer transform a John into a Judas when he enters the halls of legislation, or is it impossible to elect able and honorable men to make our laws? Popular impression seems to affirm both horns of this deplorable dilemma. We have grown to distrust our state legislatures. Their convening is not hailed with joy, and a universal sigh of relief follows their adjournment. The utterances of the press, the opinions of publicists and scholars, and the sentiments of the street and the market-place are quite at one in their denunciation of the legislature. Our representatives are the subject of jest and ridicule, of anger and fear. This is a serious matter. When a democracy loses faith in its law-makers, respect for law must soon fade away, and with it vanishes self-government.

Has it never occurred to us that these gibes and thrusts, cartoons and editorials, sermons and sentiments, ought to be directed against ourselves, and not against our servants?

I am not writing an apology for legislative excesses. The man who thinks a legislature infallible harbors an insane delusion; the man who thinks it utterly depraved allows his malevolence to dispel his reason.

A careful study of and long familiarity with state legislatures, with their personnel, the conditions under which they were elected, and the environments in which they performed their tasks, leads me to believe that some of our criticism is misplaced, and some of our zeal and activity displayed at the wrong time. There are faults, gross and glaring, in the conduct of state legislatures. There are also faults, as gross and glaring and less excusable, in the conduct of the constituencies which selected the legislators These must be studied together, that the truth may be learned and the faults remedied.

The nature of the problem and the scarcity of published data render the scientific study of the legislative situation delicate and difficult. I have here attempted a fragment of such an inquiry. For this purpose I have taken four legislatures, of states whence biographic data were forthcoming. It is of course vain to seek in a handful of biographic statistics the special fitness of a given class of men for legislative duty. Yet the average human being is influenced most potently by education, by occupation, and by experience. Knowing these we can at least roughly gauge his fitness for the ordinary duties of public life. Genius, indeed, is not amenable to statistical diagnosis, neither is it an element in this analysis. There is not even a "trace." Genius would not be representative of the masses.

I begin with the legislature of Vermont, a sturdy New England state, clinging more nearly than any of its neighbors to the ideals of a day long past. A survival of the revolutionary times gives each town a representative in the lower chamber. Hence we find one of the largest assemblies in one of the smallest states. There are two hundred and fifty-two members in this populous house of representatives, while in the senate there are thirty members.

Of the thirty members of this senate, only three were college graduates; seven had received training in professional schools; seven had been educated in academies, so numerous in New England; and thirteen received no further education than that offered by the public schools. Nine of the senators were farmers, of lawyers and physicians there were four each, and thirteen were engaged

in mercantile pursuits. The state constitution limits the age of the senators to thirty years. Only three members of this senate were under forty years of age, one half were between fifty and sixty, six ranged in age between forty and fifty years, while six were beyond threescore, the oldest member being seventy-three. The average age of the lawyers was forty-three years, of the physicians fifty years, of the business men fifty-one years, and of the farmers fifty-four years.

Of these thirty men only three had had no previous political experience. Some had been in office practically all their lives. One had carried the burdens of "all the usual town offices." Another had been township clerk thirty-five years, chairman of the selectmen thirty-seven years, and all this while a member of the school board and an assistant judge. Another had held "most of the town offices," while still another had held "all except clerk and treasurer." What showers of public honors!

In the house one twentieth were college graduates, one fourth had received training in academies, while over one half had gone no further than the public schools. There were one hundred and twenty-three farmers in this house, six lawyers, ten physicians, forty-eight merchants and manufacturers, three bankers, five preachers, six insurance writers, two hotel proprietors, three liverymen, fourteen laborers or artisans, including a blacksmith, a driver, a sailor, a teamster, a painter, a "boardsawyer," several laundry men, carpenters, and loggers. Six had no visible occupation other than that of "politician and office-holder," while one was a student not yet graduated from his college. One would think that a wonderful degree of versatility and originality was displayed by some of these law-makers in their private pursuits. One member made his daily bread by "occasional speculation," another was a "fish culturist." One useful member was a "lawyer, farmer, and breeder." Another was busy as "town clerk and treasurer, and clerk in a general store." But the most versatile of this coterie of men of many affairs was one who professed to find time to be a "furniture dealer and undertaker and miller and dealer in grain and feed."

In this house were twelve under thirty years of age; one sixth were between thirty and forty years, one third were between forty and fifty years; one fourth were between fifty and sixty years; while thirty-five were old men over sixty. The average age of the lawyers was forty, of the business men forty-three, of the laborers forty-three, of the farmers fifty, of the physicians fifty-two, of the clergymen fifty-five.

This house also was rich in political experience. Only one eighth had never before held public office, and these were mostly the young men. Many of the older members had held office for fifteen, eighteen, twenty, and thirty-six years. Over one half had held more than three offices, and had been in public service more than ten years.

Of this body of two hundred and eighty-two law-makers, only nineteen had sat in former legislatures, — several, it is true, for four or five terms; but the vast bulk had received no previous training in legislative work. Such special preparation for legislative duties as they possessed, they had received in the minor township and county offices. Thirteen of these men were old soldiers, and two were of foreign birth.

Ohio may be taken as a type of the populous state in which manufacturing, mining, and agriculture are of nearly equal importance. There sat in its general assembly thirty-three senators and one hundred and ten representatives.

In the senate one third had received a college training, a second third had not been farther than the common schools, and the last third had been trained in academies, normal schools, and professional schools. Fourteen, or almost one half of this body, were lawyers; nine were engaged in business affairs. There were

two teachers, two editors, two farmers, and one physician. Nine of the senators were under forty years old, nine were between forty and fifty years, ten were between fifty and sixty years, and two were over sixty years old. The average age of the lawyers was thirty-six years, of the editors, thirty-eight years, of the business men forty-four years, of the teachers forty-nine years, and of the farmers fifty-five years.

One half of these senators had not held previous political office of any kind. Only six had had previous legislative experience.

One eighth of the house members had received a college education; three eighths attended normal schools, academies, or professional schools, and nearly one half received only a common school education, one representative reporting that he had not been "in school after twelve." One third of these representatives were lawyers, one fifth were farmers, one sixth were business men, including manufacturers, bankers, druggists, a lumber dealer, a cattle buyer, a hatter, and a confectioner; there were ten teachers, all from country schools or villages; five physicians, three editors, and one preacher. Ten laborers and artisans also participated in the law-making. This category includes a machinist, several carpenters, and a cigar maker. There were two auctioneers in this house, one the proud possessor of "an established reputation," and the other, "one of the best in the country." Here was a commercial traveler who laid claim to greatness because he had "traveled more than one hundred and eighty thousand miles." One member had for thirty years been a court crier accustomed to the routine of court drudgery. With him sat a metal polisher who was an exponent of labor unionism. One member was still a student in a law school. And, most unusual of all, there sat in this heterogeneous assembly a "musical composer" with a "national reputation, being the author of many works on music and over one hundred piano compositions, many of which have proven very popular," which is more than can be said of some of the legal compositions which he helped enact.

Of these representatives of the people, six were under thirty years of age, very nearly one half were between thirty and forty years, one fifth between forty and fifty, one eighth between fifty and sixty, and one eighth over sixty, the oldest member being eighty years old. The average age of the teachers was thirty-five, of the lawyers thirty-five, of the editors forty-two, of the physicians forty-five, of the laborers forty-one, and of the farmers fifty-four years.

One third of the house had not held any previous political office. Nearly one fourth had been members of former legislatures, and four of these men were professional politicians; while others were "experienced politicians or active in politics," or had "entered politics." Such members had usually filled county and township offices. It is probable that scarcely any one is sent to the state legislature who has not been active in local party organizations, as a committeeman or as a delegate to county or district conventions. The acquaintance thus formed is an essential prelude to a successful political canvass.

There were members in this assembly who had tried their skill at many occupations. The teacher who had turned lawyer or editor or farmer was the most numerous of this class. Several were both farmer and merchant; others wrote insurance between the intervals of law practice or merchandizing. It is the man of modest affairs, or the man of no affairs, who most relishes legislative experience.

Over one tenth of these members were old soldiers, and five were foreign born.

Indiana represents the states of the middle west where the agricultural interests are still predominant. Of the fifty senators who composed its upper house, ten had received a college education; eight had graduated from professional schools; eight had partially completed a college

course; twelve had attended normal schools or academies; while quite one third had not passed beyond the common schools. Lawyers composed just one half of this senate, six followed mercantile pursuits, seven were farmers; of artisans there were five, including a glass cutter and a factory foreman; there were also four physicians, two teachers, and one editor. Only one of the senators was under thirty years old. One half were under forty, one third were between forty and fifty, eight were between fifty and sixty; while only three were over sixty. The average age of the lawyers, the predominating force of the body, was forty years, of the physicians thirty-nine, of the teachers forty years, of the artisans forty-five years, of the farmers forty-seven years, and of the business men fifty years. This was virtually a senate of young men. One third had not held previous political office, while one tenth had held office over ten years, and one third had been members of former legislatures, many of them for several terms.

One seventh of the house members were college graduates, sixteen had received training in professional schools, six partially completed their college course, while eighteen had attended academies or normal schools. Nearly one half the members had no other education than that offered by the public schools. The records of some of these men recall the pioneer days. Two had received but "six months' schooling." Another had been deprived of all educational advantages in his youth, and what education he possessed he received after he had grown to manhood. One member had learned to read in Sunday School. Yet another had only a "limited education." And still another survival of the age of primitive things had gotten "four months of schooling in a log school-house." Not quite one third of these representatives of the people were lawyers; another full third were farmers; of the remaining one third, four were physicians and four were editors; the remainder was about equally divided between business men and artisans or laborers. With the bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, sat carriage-makers, miners, painters, glass-blowers, bricklayers, bottle-blowers, and plumbers. Here also we find a member who was still a student in college, and who was honored with the privilege of nominating a United States senator.

Of experience in office-holding a scant one third had had none, while five had been in public service over ten years, and one had held office over twenty-two years. Nearly one fourth had been members of former legislatures.

Nine of this house were under thirty years of age, and nine were over sixty. The rest were about equally divided among the three decades between thirty and sixty years. The average age of the lawyers was thirty-four, and twenty of this number were only thirty or under; of the laborers or artisans, forty-two; of the business men, forty-four; of the physicians fifty-five; and of the farmers, fifty-five years.

In this assembly were eight old soldiers, and four foreign born. There is evidence here of the same diversity of gifts that we have found in the other states. Here is one man who was "teacher, publisher, and lawyer." Another who combined the tasks of "farmer, brick-maker, and bricklayer." Of "farmer and lawyer" there are many; so of those who unite the duties of "teacher and merchant" or "teach er and farmer," or "merchant and insurance;" while one carries his partisanship into his bread-winning as a "farmer, carpenter, contractor, and Democrat."

Here also sat representatives of the labor union, one of whom avowed his convictions that "our tax and financial systems should be overhauled." Fortunately he was in a large minority, and there was no overturning of established institutions. A "sound-money-protectionist-expansionist" helped neutralize the acid of socialism.

Finally, Missouri may be taken as a representative of the southwestern states

where the sentiments of ante-bellum days are being rapidly dispelled by manufacture and industry.

In the assembly I describe sat thirty-four senators and one hundred and forty-two representatives. One third of the senators were college graduates; nearly one half had not passed beyond the common schools; of the remainder about equal numbers had either a professional training, or had attended college for a short time, or had taken a course in a normal school or in an academy. Two thirds of the senators were lawyers; the remaining one third were mainly business men, only three farmers being found in the list, and one physician. One half of these men were between forty and fifty years of age, two were over sixty, and one third were under forty. The lawyers averaged forty-one years, the business men forty-seven years, and the farmers sixty-four years. Only five of this membership had held no former political office, and two thirds had been members of former legislatures, most of these for several terms. Nearly all of the lawyer-members had been prosecuting attorneys, or city attorneys, or county judges. This senate was therefore rich in political experience.

Of the one hundred and forty-two members of the lower house, only seven had completed their college course, while twenty-seven had gone partially through college. Thirteen had attended professional schools, and twenty-one had received their education in secondary schools. Over fifty-four per cent were limited to a common school education. One member had formed the commendable habit of "studying at home," and his colleague in intellectual industry confessed himself "quite a student of political economy."

Not quite one third of the house were lawyers, and one third were farmers; one fourth were engaged in business pursuits, including banking, manufacturing, real estate, insurance, contracting, and milling. Six members were physicians, three were teachers, and nine were editors and "newspaper men." With the two clergymen sat one college professor and one saloon-keeper. The unions were represented by a plasterer, a "grainer and marbler," a miner, a smelter, and a "railroad car inspector."

The variations of mercantile and professional combinations were as amusing as in the other states we have studied. Here was an "undertaker and lawyer," certainly a misjoinder of parties; should it not read "undertaker and physician?" Here sat the "promoter and real estate merchant," the "salesman and mine organizer," the "furniture dealer and editor," the "horticulturalist," and the "breeder of hogs," the "merchant, miner and farmer," and the "teacher, minister, and farmer." Of "farmer and merchant" there were several, also of "farmer and miner," and "farmer and teacher."

Seven of this interesting throng were under thirty years of age, one seventh were over sixty; over one third were between thirty and forty, one half between forty and sixty years. The average age of the lawyers was forty-one, of the laborers thirty-nine, of the teachers thirty-five, of the physicians forty-two, of the business men forty-four, of the editors forty-two, and of the farmers fifty-one years.

One fourth of the house had not held previous political office, while one third had been members of former legislatures, many of them for several terms. Over one half of the members had held more than two offices, and one third had been in office more than ten years. In this assembly of one hundred and seventy-five citizens, seven were of foreign birth, and forty-two had borne arms in the Civil War, either for the Union or for the Confederacy.

These are the four legislatures, and from what I can learn they are typical of the entire forty-five that convene annually or biennially in our land.

To those who look for a body of well-trained and expert law-makers, this analysis must be depressing; to those who affirm that the average state legislature is

not representative of the great body of citizens, the data gathered are likewise disappointing. For one must be profoundly impressed by the real representative character of these law-making bodies. Every degree of education is represented. Indeed, the one fifth of the men of college training and the one third of academy or professional training far outnumber the ratio of such men in everyday life. Every profession is represented, almost every conceivable business activity has its patrons on the floor of our legislature; with the farmer sits the artisan, with the banker sits the union labor agitator, with the manufacturer sits the small shopkeeper, with the preacher sits the saloonkeeper, with the professional specialist sits the jack-of-all-trades. It is true that these assemblies are far more representative of the rural communities than of the great cities. I have mentioned the men who engage in a multiplicity of pursuits. These can thrive only in the country. The city exacts specialization. From the cities come most of the young lawyers seeking publicity, the labor union representatives, and the professional politicians.

The age of the law-maker is not that of unfledged youth or useless age. Man is in his prime from forty to sixty, and the very large majority of our legislators are of that age. The extreme youth, not yet in possession of his college degree, and the man laden with the experiences of eighty years, are only picturesque extremes in these democratic assemblies.

And in the experiences of political life likewise, every phase and variation is represented. Those who have been only voters, those who make politics a business; those who are ardent partisans, and those who are politically torpid; the conservative and the demagogue, all are intermingled in these representative bodies. Even the foreign-born citizens are well represented.

II

But a legislature is not only to represent the people, it is to make laws; and, unfortunately for our legislative system, the making of laws requires expert knowledge, judicious temperament, and great wisdom. None of these qualities are apparent in bulk, in any state legislature. The class of men who possess expert knowledge in framing and interpreting law are the lawyers. While they predominate over other professions in the legislature, those who are found there are either young men, or men without large practice. I think that it will surprise my readers to learn that from one fourth to one third of the members had previous experience in legislative work. These can temper the conduct of the raw members, but they can scarcely be called experts. It requires also another species of expert to aid in lawmaking, the man who is possessed of technical information concerning the conditions that bring forth the law: the mining engineer, the electrician, the ship-master, the sociologist; the men who are most affected by the contemplated laws. These are rarely found in the halls of legislation.

There are other features of this problem which cannot be revealed by statistics, but which must be discovered by personal knowledge. How many of these men have been elected by corporate interests, to help pass laws favorable to corporations? How many are owned by politicians, and how many by rich individuals seeking ulterior gain? How many sought their seats with the secret purpose of bartering their influence for money? And finally, how many are absolutely independent, placing public welfare high above the claims of party or of persons? My experience must lead me to answer each of these questions in the same manner: but very few.

The legislature is composed of average men, possessed of human weaknesses, prejudices, and passions. They are elected by party machinery. They are pressed by corporate and party demands. The majority are as honest as they are simple, and as efficient as they are wise. These men meet to frame our laws, their work is

largely foreordained. Let us scan hastily their method of organizing, and the quality of their output.

I remember the first state legislature I ever saw. I was a freshman in college and had gone to the capitol to witness the organizing of the senate and house. The scenes I looked upon were almost a parallel to those in which I had been an actor but a few months before, the organizing of our freshman class. The importance suddenly thrust upon the fresh matriculate turns his head about as much as the sudden fame upsets the new legislator. Here are men who have always lived in small towns and out-of-the-way places, unaccustomed to travel and distinction, now become suddenly the centre of interest for the entire state. Their pictures are in the papers, distinguished politicians seek them out, they are complimented and dined, and in the blaze of this transitory flame of glory, they lose themselves. The state legislature has been the burial place of many a man's virtue.

The most important function of our early legislatures was deliberation. This has almost entirely disappeared. The rush of the age has invaded the dignified assembly hall, and bills are shot through as by pneumatic pressure. The two most important factors in modern legislation are the lobby and the committee. What deliberation now is granted a measure is given in committee rooms and in private discussion. In the turmoil and boyish ardor of organizing, the lobby interests must secure committees.

It takes some weeks before the new members become accustomed to legislative routine. An average session lasts about four months. Of these the first is given over to organizing and learning the pace, the second and third to trading and manipulating, and the final month is devoted to law-passing.

The amount of this legislation is overwhelming. One of the legislatures I have described sat one hundred and thirty-two days. It passed four hundred and forty-eight general laws, three hundred and twenty-eight local laws, and sixty-two joint resolutions, a total of eight hundred and thirty-eight enactments, or an average of six and one third a day. But the work was not thus evenly distributed. One half of these measures were passed the last fifteen days. On the last day were passed seventy general laws, seventeen local laws, and six joint resolutions. On next to the last day were passed fifty-nine general laws, twenty local laws, and one joint resolution. A total of one hundred and seventy-three enactments, or one fifth of the work of the session, in two days. I will grant that some of this grist had been ground out in committee, but how fine could even a committee grind so much grist? There are twenty-four hours in one day; in forty-eight hours one hundred and seventy-three laws were passed, or one law every sixteen minutes. But as the legislature sat only twelve hours a day, these rules of human conduct were created at the rate of one every eight minutes. What fecundity! And there is a fiction that every one is presumed to know the law.

These were not all trivial measures, mere amendments or matters of little import. The work of this session included important laws concerning the powers of the boards of health, laws regulating electric and gas corporations, and an entire negotiable-instrument code.

In the same year were passed by the various state legislatures nine thousand three hundred and twenty-five local laws, and four thousand eight hundred and thirty-four general laws; a total of fourteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine. An overproduction that has lifted lawlessness above par.

Of this mass of legislation a portion is wholesome, another portion is merely passive and harmless, — if indeed any innocent and inert law can be harmless, — a third fraction is vicious, and a final part is foolish.

The wholesome laws are usually the result of pre-legislative deliberation. I

believe the practice developed in recent years, of codifying all laws upon one subject, is a hopeful tendency toward mature legislation. The listless laws are the offspring of our deplorable habit of special legislation, mated with our American good humor. The foolish laws are the fruit of ill-conceived reforms. And the vicious laws are the result of bribery, of carelessness, of selfishness, and of partisanship.

The first group of vicious laws are due to selfishness and bribery.

Some men are always found in every legislature who were sent there for one special purpose. A few are always found who will play with the gold of others. The combination of these few with the gullible many makes possible vicious laws. Closely related to these men are the one or two "milkers" found in every legislature. These under the guise of benevolence introduce a bill "To further secure the rights of stockholders in insurance companies," or some kindred title, hiding beneath the most innocent phrases the most violent measures. This brings all the interested corporations to the capital with the pap, and the venal legislator fattens to bursting. Unfortunately legislation is often a marketable commodity.

Another class of vicious legislation is due to carelessness. The volumes of repealed and amended laws are tokens of this thoughtlessness. In 1873 the legislature of New York passed a charter for the metropolis, and the repealing clause threatened a general jail delivery. The governor refused to sign the measure until an amendment rectified this careless error. In 1882 the legislature of the same state passed a municipal code, and a whole page of the original was omitted from the copy sent to the executive for approval. Through a legislative blunder the supreme court of Ohio was robbed of a large portion of its jurisdiction, two years ago, and an act of a special session of the legislature was required to override the mistake. A repealed or amended law is sometimes an indication of a change in conditions; more often it is a confession of weakness or of shortsightedness. Our tendency constantly to amend makes laws shifting as the sands.

And a final group of vicious laws are due to partisanship. The machine in American politics is the merging of all functions of government in one control. While I believe that the popular estimates of party tyranny are somewhat overdrawn, there are yet perennial occasions for a general revulsion of feeling. The party lash is too often substituted for public conscience. When a United States senator is to be elected, party servility reaches its extreme. The candidates for the senate are announced before the legislators are nominated, and the senatorial contest is no more confined to the state capitol than the presidential elections to the room wherein the electors meet.

The blood-bought Goebel Law of Kentucky, allowing the governor to appoint all local election officials, and permitting the legislature to canvass election returns and reject the vote of any county, with no power of review in any court, is an example of the vicious extreme to which partisanship leads. In 1901 West Virginia passed ten "ripper" bills, giving the incoming governor the power to appoint all the boards of control of all the public institutions in the state. So are often created new and unnecessary offices and places, to serve as nests for the faithful party workers. The payrolls of our states, like those of our cities, are padded for the benefit of the party henchmen. The evil is multiplied when the machine allies itself to corrupt and powerful corporate interests. This is not infrequent. Every state has fought such unholy alliances.

The method used by party leaders to bring "pressure" to bear on a member, or to "lead him to see the light," are as amusing as they are diverse and original. I know of an instance where the wife of a reluctant legislator was kidnapped and held a prisoner for four hours in the rooms of a man who aspired to become,

and did become, a United States senator. The political influence over the wife proved as potent as her influence over the husband. This winter, in one of our legislatures, it became necessary to put through a measure which was labeled "purely political, and therefore not a question of conscience,"—an unusual inference. A boy member of the legislature happened to have a conscience which was somewhat political in its sensitiveness, and refused to line up. His father was called to the capital, and parental persuasion succeeded where political power failed.

And finally, in this long list of laws there are always a few fool measures. There is at least one fool in every legislature. He imagines himself a reformer. He slips in his bill and trades and log-rolls for its passage. Thus in Nebraska the reformer wanted to prohibit women from wearing corsets and bloomers. This was clearly class legislation, for the title made no mention of men. In Pennsylvania he wanted to prohibit treating. In Kansas he wished to repeal the Constitution and enact the Decalogue in its stead. In Indiana he desired benevolently to change the mathematical ratio of 3.1416 to 3.15 because it was "easier to calculate." And in Michigan he wished to forbid the wearing of tights in circuses and theatres, and the use of every language except English on the menus of hotels and restaurants. This last bill had its origin in the woeful experience of a country member who visited Detroit for the first time. He confessed that he could not read the menu at the hotel whither he had resorted for his dinner. So he blindly ordered twelve dishes, "and I'll be hanged if seven of 'em wer'n't potatoes," he divulged, as he explained his reform bill. In Arkansas three years ago the fool member actually succeeded in passing a drastic anti-trust law which prohibits any corporation which is a member of any pool or trust *in any part of the world* from doing business in the state. The members who passed this all-reaching measure probably formed a *posse comitatus* to insure its efficiency.

III

These proceedings betray the common weaknesses of mankind lurking in the hearts of our legislators. The creation of a party, the legislator is by nature partisan; the creature of a boss, he is by nature servile; a lover of fame or of wealth, he naturally quails before temptation; a man from the normal walks of life, with neither special training nor special unfitness, he is amenable to the normal influences that commonly affect human action. There is no need of calling him names. He is the result of our system of politics. The college professor may call him "a country squire" or "a labor demagogue." The publicist may rail at "a body of boys, and inexperienced, unknown farmers." The preacher may hurl theological epithets at "the puppet tool of the damned boss;" the fact remains that the average legislature represents the average American human being. His pathology is not unique. We must not be so hasty in laying all the blame for vicious and careless legislation at the door of our representatives. A vast deal of the fault lies elsewhere.

In the first place we are law mad. We look upon law as a cure-all. If you want an index to all human ills, read the table of contents of any statute book. The legislature is not to be primarily blamed for this. It is in the air, the people demand this multiplicity of laws. And it certainly is an adventitious budding of our political tree, which the forefathers, in the planting, did not contemplate. The theory of the constitutional fathers was that the government should be one of limited powers. They believed that the people should be let alone, to work out their own salvation. They did not believe that the legislature could create values, morals, and happiness. We say of the commonwealth: "Let the legislature work out your salvation, and while it is doing so, fear and tremble." This seems to be an American

mania, this craze for law-collecting, like our craze for bric-a-brac. In no liberal country in Europe are there so many laws as in our country; in none are laws more burdensome, and less conscientiously enforced. No European health commission has such arbitrary powers as an American board of health. While we are filling quarto pages with legislative rubbish, let us recall Tacitus: "When a state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied."

In the second place we have developed the deplorable habit of special or private legislation, and this habit we are carrying to a silly extreme. Over one half of the laws annually passed are local or special in their nature. Utterly insignificant as are these backyard measures, they are enacted at the demand of a clamoring constituency, and rob the legislature of its time and strength. A member's reputation is multiplied by the number of such laws that he can pass for his neighbors. I know of one who fathered twenty of them successfully, from babyhood to maturity, in one year. His constituency rewarded him for this commendable energy by electing him to higher office.

Everybody with a grievance or an ambition hastens to the legislature. The member feels called upon to look first after the interests of his constituents, afterwards to the interests of the state at large. He uses these private bills as a lever upon which to raise his prestige as a statesman; as a medium of exchange for legislative values, trading with his fellow-lawmakers for the passage of their private bills. These measures receive practically no attention from committees. If the people of the district want them, why, that settles it. They know their business. So the whim of a farmer or the wish of a neighborhood becomes glorified into a statute.

This custom is made possible by another American custom, that of district representation. Why should a man live in a given corner in order to be able to make laws for a state? Of course the reason is that that particular district feels entitled to special legislation. The two customs are twins, one should perish with the other.

In the third place we have not yet learned to differentiate entirely the functions of legislation and administration. When the evolution which dictates the total separation of these functions is completed, then separate organs of administration will be developed, as they are in France and Germany. But meanwhile our state legislatures persist in confusing the administration of state institutions with the making of law. This practice is baneful alike to institutions and departments of government, and to the purely legislative work of the assembly.

In the fourth place we seem entirely oblivious to the forward strides of our republic, and to the fundamental principle that government must march *pari passu* with progress. We seem to forget that, since the days of the first thirteen states, our population and social and economic conditions have undergone wonderful changes. Then society was agricultural and wealth individual; now society is urban and wealth corporate. The change in needs and the multiplicity and diversity of emergencies which arise in this complex society we meet with legislative methods which were suited to the simple needs of a sparsely settled agricultural community.

The most potent force in our economic life is the corporation. This creature of law has become the creator of law. This shifting of property obligation from the individual to the aggregation necessitates a new conception of duty. But have you ever seen evidences of a corporate conscience? All branches of our public law have been undergoing a slow metamorphosis, because of the entrance of the corporation into our legal environment. So must all branches of our private law become modified. The corporation has found a permanent place in our business life, but we have not yet formed for ourselves a permanent safeguard against its

constant intrusions upon private rights. We have retained the simple methods of a colonial legislature, while society has proceeded with giant strides toward the goal of corporate property and responsibility. It is not an impossible task for a corporation to own a legislature. More than one railroad corporation has successfully accomplished this task of government ownership. These great artificial beings have many times set out to elect a legislature in consonance with their desires. They have also many times secured the control of a legislature after its election. We cannot excuse corruption, neither ought we to excuse a society that meets such novel and potent conditions with such primitive and impotent methods.

IV

There remain the two usual accusations, heard wherever a legislature is discussed: these men lack ability and experience, and they also lack the time necessary for deliberate and judicious action.

It is true that the average representative is not a man of unusual ability. Men of ability cannot usually be persuaded to leave their congenial occupations and subject themselves to the harsh criticisms of an unfeeling public, and to the rigors of a political contest. I value among my acquaintances a man of culture and ability who was requested by his neighbors to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the legislature. He was obliged to refuse, for the pay the state allowed was not enough to meet his expenses as a candidate and legislator. He would have to suspend his work, and hire some one to take his place during the session. It is only in a crisis that a citizen should be compelled to give his fortune and his livelihood to the state. We do not pay our legislators a living wage, certainly not a wage that can attract ability. We do not honor our lawmakers, but rather it is a term of ridicule and jest among the cultured classes to be known as a member of the legislature.

The result of this attitude of the state is perfectly natural. The men of ability avoid the office. About seventy-five per cent of the members seek the place. They are of a kind who relish the opportunities that accompany it. Some are available because they are "old soldiers" from the Civil War, others because they are young soldiers from the Spanish War. Some have been party servants, and this is their reward for faithful service. Some "voted for Lincoln." A few are the incarnation of radical ideas. And still fewer have only the recommendation of a quiet, useful life filled with good deeds and honest, plain thinking. Of the four legislatures tabulated above, I can count a scant dozen men in each body who are really men of superior ability or experience. The rest are not necessarily mediocre, but fairly represent the average intelligence, honesty, and ability of the community. There are a few young men who seek the position as a stepping-stone to higher political honors. A few of these subsequently render the nation valuable service; some of our wisest statesmen received their training in these preparatory schools of legislation. A large number graduate into Congress. In the national House of Representatives thirty-seven and one half per cent of the members were thus prepared, and of the Senate forty-four and three tenths per cent.

In 1777 it was written into the constitution of Vermont: "The House of Freemen of this state shall consist of persons most noted for wisdom and virtue, to be chosen by ballot, by the freemen of every town in this state."

Time and conditions have lowered our standard. We are content with average wisdom and average virtue; and in years of apathy virtue and wisdom are quite forgotten, and we elect whom the machine nominates. Rotation in office, party control of nominating machinery, the ambitions of corporations and of party leaders, these are the forces that move the pawns on the legislative chess board. Under the political conditions which the majority of

the voters tolerate, can we expect the legislature of a state to be composed of the best men of the community? And we know that the real danger of the democracy is the withdrawal of intelligent and humble men from public duties.

That the legislature lacks time is axiomatic. The community and conditions rob the legislator of his hours. It is not the wilful sin of the representative that he gives heed to the thousand voices that constantly call to him from his constituents. From every hamlet in the state, from every township and city, from every corporation office, flows a stream of bills to the honorable representatives of the various districts, and on the mad current of this stream are rushed forward bills, members, and public. The veto of the governor and the efforts of the few able members cannot dam this annual overflow of our legislative Nile. Unfortunately the silt that the recession of opinion leaves after the adjournment of the legislature reeks with the unwholesome odor of bad laws, of foolish laws, and of vicious laws. This deluge pours forth from the people; it is not the creation of the members.

These are the conditions from which modern legislatures and their work arise.

Instead of setting ourselves to the task of bettering the conditions and making scientific legislation possible, we have turned elsewhere for relief. First, we have tried to minimize legislation by biennial sessions, and some have even suggested quadrennial sessions, and standing commissions for enacting orders which should stand until the meeting of a decennial legislature. This tendency is not in consonance with the spirit of a republic. The evil we combat is not legislation, but unwise legislation. Legislation is a vital function of the body politic. And legislation by representation is the life blood of a republic. We dare not allow the legislative organ to atrophy; we must help it to greater specialization, and thus follow the laws of evolution. The first step in this development was the committee system. That is now outgrown. The next step must be toward a still greater degree of specialization. The function of the lobby must be absorbed by legitimate legislative organs.

Second, we have become accustomed to view the courts and not the law as the bulwark of our freedom. The courts stand between the people and the people's legislature. They ward off the evil effect of pernicious laws. It is anomalous that a free people should need a court of justice to save it from the destructive forces of its chosen lawmakers. We are drifting from the Saxon toward the Roman ideal, when the court becomes both the lawmaker and the judge.

Our theory of legislation by representation is not wrong, but our practice of the theory is antiquated. Yet even with our present crowded calendars, and lobbies, and party bosses, and corporate omnipotence, noble results can be attained if the people are not supine. After all, it all lies with the people. They can dignify the office of lawmaker by choosing only the honest and the able; they can degrade it, they have degraded it, by choosing the average, the mediocre, the vicious, and the foolish. All of our political evils feed upon the indifference of the people. Popular demand is the ultimate source of good law, popular indifference is the immediate source of bad law.

EMERSON

BY HENRY JAMES, SENIOR

[NOTE. — The paper that follows was composed by the late Henry James in 1868, or thereabouts, and read a few times to private audiences. It forms a sort of *pendant* to a more elaborate paper on Carlyle, which had been written previously, and which, after Carlyle's death, appeared in the ATLANTIC (May, 1881), and subsequently in Henry James's *Literary Remains* (Boston, 1885). Whoso wishes to see a more unceremonious view of Emerson than that now printed, will find it in the latter book, pp. 292–302. My father was a theologian of the "twice-born" type, an out-and-out Lutheran, who believed that the moral law existed solely to fill us with loathing for the idea of our own merits, and to make us turn to God's grace as our only opportunity. But God's grace, in Mr. James's system, was not for the individual in isolation: the sphere of redemption was *Society*. In a Society organized divinely our *natures* will not be altered, but our spontaneities, because they then will work harmoniously, will all work innocently, and the Kingdom of Heaven will have come. With these ideas, Mr. James was both fascinated and baffled by his friend Emerson. The personal graces of the man seemed to prefigure the coming millennium, but the resolute individualism of his thought, and the way in which his imagination rested on superior personages, and on heroic anecdotes about them, as if these were creation's ultimates, set my father's philosophy at defiance. For him no man was superior to another in the final plan. Emerson would listen, I fancy, as if charmed, to James's talk of the "divine natural Humanity," but he would never *subscribe;* and this, from one whose native gifts were so suggestive of that same Humanity, was disappointing. Emerson, in short, was a "once-born" man; he lived in moral distinctions, and recognized no need of a redemptive process. My father worked off his mingled enchantment and irritation in the following pages, in which he pits Emerson's unconscious being against his conscious intellect, and treats the latter as symbolic of the natively innocent Humanity that is to be. — WILLIAM JAMES.]

IT is now full thirty years ago that I made Mr. Emerson's acquaintance. He had come at the time to New York to read a course of lectures. These I diligently attended, and I saw much of him also in private. He at once captivated my imagination, and I have been ever since his loving bondman. I tried assiduously during the early days of our intimacy to solve intellectually the mystery of his immense fascination; but I did not succeed. I could very well see what the charm was *not*. It did not the least consist, for example, in any intellectual mastery he exhibited; for what he mainly held to be true I could not help regarding as false, and what he mainly held to be false I regarded as true. Still less did any conventional graces or accomplishments account for the spell he wrought; for no man was more austere than he in manners, or less addicted to the arts of pleasing. He was, in fact, as nude and chaste to my imagination as a statue out of the marble. But what the magic actually *was*, I could not at all divine, save that it was intensely personal, attaching much more to what he was in himself, or by nature, than to what he was in aspiration, or by culture. I often found myself, in fact, thinking: if this man were only a woman, I should be sure to fall in love with him. For although men marry for all sorts of things, for fortune, for family, for fashion, for accomplishments, for wit, for beauty, for comfort, for convenience, they never really love a woman but for one thing, and that is herself, or what she is in right of her own person, unbacked by any conventional attestations.

This was at least a clue to my riddle's ultimate solution. It did not by any means suffice to solve it, but it fixed my face in the direction whence alone the solution was finally to come. For it was utterly impossible to listen to Mr. Emerson's lectures, without being perpetually haunted as to your intellect by the subtlest and most searching aroma of personality. In the first place everything on the

spectacular side of the experience suggested it. His demeanour upon the platform, as you all remember, was modesty itself: not the mere absence of display, but the presence of a positive personal grace. His deferential entrance upon the scene, his look of inquiry at the desk and the chair, his resolute rummaging among his embarrassed papers, the air of sudden recollection with which he would plunge into his pockets for what he must have known had never been put there, his uncertainty and irresolution as he rose to speak, his deep, relieved inspiration as he got well from under the burning-glass of his auditors' eyes, and addressed himself at length to their docile ears instead: no maiden ever appealed more potently to your enamoured and admiring sympathy. And then when he looked over the heads of his audience into the dim mysterious distance, and his weird monotone began to reverberate in your bosom's depths, and his words flowed on, now with a river's volume, grand, majestic, free, and anon diminished themselves to the fitful cadence of a brook, impeded in its course, and returning in melodious coquetry upon itself, and you saw the clear eye eloquent with nature's purity, and beheld the musing countenance turned within, as it were, and hearkening to the rumour of a far-off but oncoming world: how intensely personal, how exquisitely characteristic, it all was! And how infinitely less it reminded us of our old and gross and rustic Adam, than of that refined and mystic "seed of the woman," who will yet make beautiful the sterile places of our nature!

Much more, however, than his outward demeanour even, is the very form of Mr. Emerson's mind fertile in these elevated suggestions. What strikes you above all things, when you look at the substance of Mr. Emerson's thought, is his cordial appreciation of the intellect, or the masculine force in nature, and the generous homage he pays it ever in its most tyrannous and exaggerated forms. No man of half his renown was ever half so gracious as he to the most wilful or insolent of intellectual upstarts. A feeling of envy, a suggestion of rivalry, is unknown to his breast. He is frankness itself to every one that demands his recognition, and if any claimant goes away with his egotism rebuked, it is never because he has not been treated with cordial hospitality, but simply because he has enjoyed his first opportunity of measuring himself with a style of manhood more sincere than his own.

What a worship he has also, not only for men of thought, but for men of observation, or knowledge! It has often appeared to me almost a plaintive sight to witness the sweetness and delicacy of his reverence for any burly and boisterous son of science, who yet *knows* more than other men. Science embalms all her votaries to his respectful regard; and if you can only tell him some new fact of knowledge, especially some fact that lends a picturesque attestation or illustration to human life, he will never forget you. Who loves Plutarch or any similar annalist of heroic names, as Mr. Emerson does? He would, I dare say, have discovered Plutarch, if his fame had never travelled beyond his native Bœotia. And how he revels in the proverbial philosophy of the East, that paradise of the sage or wise man whose living word is absolute over the imagination of his followers, and dyes all their thought to its own hue.

And then, again, how intensely practical is Mr. Emerson's influence! It is impossible to read him when you are young and as yet undismayed by the experience of life, without instantly speculating how you shall begin forthwith to live; nay, to live the manliest possible life. No writer so quickens the pulse of generous youth; so makes his brain throb and reel with the vision of the world that is yet to be. It is as if the spotless feminine heart of the race had suddenly shot its ruby tide into your veins, and made you feel as never before the dignity of clean living. Undoubtedly your first necessity always was to report yourself personally to this

mystic shrine without delay, to know what the hierophant might have been commissioned to say to you specifically. I do not say that you were ever likely to find what you sought. I do not say, in fact, that you were not pretty sure in the long run to come away disheartened rather than encouraged. I think, indeed, that you were rather an exceptional person if you returned with feet as assured and hopeful as those which bore you on. For Mr. Emerson was never the least of a pedagogue, addressing your scientific intelligence, but an every way unconscious prophet, appealing exclusively to the regenerate heart of mankind, and announcing the speedy fulfilment of the hope with which it had always been pregnant. He was an American John the Baptist, proclaiming tidings of great joy to the American Israel; but, like John the Baptist, he could so little foretell the form in which the predicted good was to appear, that when you went to him he was always uncertain whether you were he who should come, or another. And naturally enough, you were liable — unless, as I have already said, you were uncommonly free from personal vanity — to return disconcerted. It is very significant, this, that every man who was so happy as to open a new poetic vein, or invent a more spiritual gospel than the old, or devise an urgent material reform in the line of dietetics, must needs betake himself forthwith to Mr. Emerson, to get his adventurous banner blest.

Now why do I thus linger upon these personal traits of Mr. Emerson? It is because they at least indicate, however little they supply, the solution I shall venture to give you of the problem of his rare genius. They indicate one thing very clearly, and this is that the influence exerted by Mr. Emerson over the minds of his contemporaries is not in the least of a dogmatic or intellectual, but of a purely personal quality. And personality — character — as it seems to me, is the distinctive badge of Mr. Emerson's genius. That is to say, his genius is strictly mystical or living, consisting altogether in his own vivid personal lustre or significance. Not what he thinks has ever interpreted Mr. Emerson's genius to me, although his thought is always grand, majestic, manly; nor yet what he says, although his speech is colour and melody and fragrance itself to my senses; nor even what he does, although his action is always free, spontaneous, fearless: but all simply what he personally stands for or represents — what his peculiar genius symbolizes — in the divine drama of the Incarnation. There is no technical man of letters in the land who will not cordially bow to Mr. Emerson's literary sceptre; yet this is what those who value Mr. Emerson most value in him the least. I think it has never once occurred to me in my long intercourse with Mr. Emerson to prize his literary friendship, or covet any advantage which might accrue from it to myself. No, what alone I have sought in Mr. Emerson is not the conscious scholar, but always the unconscious prophet, whose genius, and not by any means his intellect, announces, with unprecedented emphasis, spontaneity as the supreme law of human life.

I have diligently cultivated Mr. Emerson's acquaintance, as I used diligently to cultivate Mr. Carlyle's. But Mr. Carlyle is an egregiously secular person, and you go to Chelsea, as you go to the theatre, for entertainment or diversion. Mr. Emerson, on the other hand, is an eminently sacred person, and you frequent Concord as you frequent the Cathedral — for self-recoil, self-examination, and reproof. Mr. Carlyle is a gross human reality, suggesting absolutely nothing to your devout imagination, but appealing with unexampled vivacity to your sensuous wonder and love of fun. Emerson is a tender, divine personality, making a most modest appeal to your senses, but brimful of significance to your imagination. Carlyle is an abject realist. He willingly confounds what is of temperament with what is of character, what is of nature with what is of culture, what is thing with what is

person. His men are all heroes, not to be estimated for their representative, but for their absolute worth, not to be honoured for the light they reflect upon human nature, but for their incontestable private superiority to all other men. Emerson is an idealist. He indeed honours great men, but only for their human substance. They are not heroes, but strictly representative men. They do not, indeed, represent a divine or infinite substance, but a human or finite one; and this is already much. His Platos, Swedenborgs, Shakespeares, Montaignes, Napoleons, and Goethes, are truly representative men, as he calls them, but they always represent the human mind, always its native ideas, aspirations, and resources. They each of them embody some characteristic greatness of the mind, some subtlety of genius, some immense sincerity of belief, some ineffable grace, some creative imagination, some comprehensive energy, belonging to human nature itself, and fit to make us glory in that nature supremely. They do not reveal or represent anything essentially above human nature, anything essentially spiritual or supernatural, anything infinite, in short, or divine; but still they *do* represent something more than they individually constitute, and this is a great gain. Carlyle loathes to conceive of nature and history as a divine drama merely, intended solely to educate the human mind, or make it at last receptive of divine order and power. On the contrary, he conceives of them as absolute realities, and hence does not hesitate to regard the good and the evil, the true and the false, the strong and the feeble that he discerns in men's persons, as finalities, clothing the universe of the divine administration in impenetrable gloom. Emerson has a deep instinct, at least, of the opposite truth, if not a large intellection of it; and you always feel accordingly the divine hopefulness which breathes from out all his dealings with nature and man.

In truth, Carlyle is a sheer devotee to will or moral force, as the permanent measure of God's creative power in our nature; and hence he unaffectedly abhors the evangelic philosophy, which sets moral force aside, or reduces all men — good and evil, wise and foolish, great and small — to an indiscriminate spiritual pulp before God, to be moulded by him afresh in unitary immortal form. Now I shall not pretend to say what Emerson's conscious relation to the evangelic philosophy is, but at all events his unconscious genius relates him to it in a much more favourable way than this. For by his genius he is vowed only to Art or the spontaneous force, whose organ is always delight, not duty, and his veins so throb with this new wine of nature, that although he totally renounces every theologic tradition, and disuses every theologic dialect, confessing only the new-found spiritual Bacchus, you are yet sure that he is far nearer the spirit of the truth than any votary of its letter in the land. Unlike Carlyle indeed, Emerson has never tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, never caught a glimpse of the cherubin and the flaming sword that turns every way to baffle the guilty conscience; but puts forth his white, unshrinking hand direct to the tree of life. His movement is so strictly involuntary, indeed, that he cannot imagine why people of a different genius, of a more complex temperament, recoil with dismay from his serene, unconscious temerity. He has not the least vital apprehension of that fierce warfare of good and evil which has desolated so many profounder bosoms, which has maddened so many stouter brains. He acknowledges good alone, but evidently he recognizes it, not as a purchase or contingency of men's spiritual culture, but as an obvious law of their natural experience; having vastly more to say of it as an open manifestation of beauty to the senses, than as a revelation of hidden truth to the soul.

Carlyle utterly ignores this virgin freshness which our nature puts on in Emerson: these tender *remains*, as Swedenborg calls them, of Divine peace and innocence which have escaped the wreck of

our moral manhood, and are now coming forth in every form of regenerate æsthetic activity to renew and beautify the common earth into a garden of the Lord. Carlyle has no suspicion of these fragrant unconscious deeps of the soul, wherein God's restorative virtue or redeeming power has always lain concealed from a profane or premature recognition, until it was ready to go forth in a renovated race consciousness of mankind, replete with all social equity, armed with all social energy. Emerson — I will not say intellectually allows, for he livingly avouches and exemplifies this virgin soul in humanity; but he has no suspicion that it is not natural and of his own essence; no suspicion that it is a fruit exclusively of that race discipline and culture which were announced in Christianity, and have been slowly struggling to our surface consciousness in all subsequent history. Emerson conceives the soul to be chaste and sweet of its own momentum, in its own absolute right, and without any need of that stupendous Divine manipulation which some men call Providence, and others History, to make it so: as infallibly chaste and sweet when it abandons itself to secular gain, or the allurements of pleasure, as when it aims in secrecy to reproduce God's stainless probity. Thus, while Carlyle is an essential schoolmaster, the harsh edge of his pedagogy being blunted by his practical good-nature, Emerson is essentially a prophet: only prophecy with him puts on a strictly modern form, and shows God no longer concerned with the affairs of specific persons and peoples, but intent exclusively upon the vindication of his equal and intimate presence in every soul of man.

Carlyle — all unwittingly, I grant — rings out the old world of misrule which was inaugurated by the first Adam: that world in which man's foolish wit and wisdom have borne sovereign sway, and human nature accordingly shows itself at best a mere battle ground of heaven and hell. Emerson, on the contrary, — but in like utter unconsciousness of his mission, I admit, — rings in that better world inaugurated by the second Adam, in which at last the divine spirit is supreme, and our nature, consequently touched by that inspiration, brings forth immaculate fruit; that is, all those spontaneous graces of heart and mind and manners which alone have power to redeem us to eternal innocence, peace, and self-oblivion. In short, Carlyle is the last gasp of a world in dissolution; the death-rattle of an ancient but always merely provisional and now utterly exhausted life of God in man; and there is consequently no outlook of hope, but only of despair in his filmy eyes for man's earthly future. Emerson, on the contrary, is the child of an altogether nascent, or rather resurgent, era; the comely, close-packed, perhaps untimely, bud of a redeemed life of God in our nature; no longer a stinted, voluntary, ascetic life, confining itself to the solitudes and desert-places of the private bosom, but a rich, spontaneous public life, pervading the lowest places of our nature, animating, sanctifying every humblest possibility of our actual flesh and blood consciousness; and he sings us songs accordingly of such immortal cheer that the owls and bats of our drowsy degenerate Christian night are fain to drop lifeless and blind in the luminous ether of his fresh regenerate Pagan morning.

But it is time to conclude. I shall have ill succeeded in my task, if I fail to convince you that Mr. Emerson's authority to the imagination consists, not in his ideas, not in his intellect, not in his culture, not in his science, but all simply in himself, in the form of his natural personality. There are scores of men of more advanced ideas than Mr. Emerson, of subtler apprehension, of broader knowledge, of deeper culture; but I know of none who is half so interesting in himself, none whose nature exhibits half so clear and sheer a reconciliation of infinite and finite. I know of no man in whose nature the gross masculine or material force has become so spiritualized as in his; in whose

nature *thing* has become so glorified into *person*. Here is a man who seems to me almost void of will, void of that tyrannous moral power which incessantly drives its subject to subjugate all men to his dominion. I find in Mr. Emerson no trace of this invasive, diabolic temper. I find in no man, especially no man equally famous, anything like the exquisite, unaffected, perfectly unconscious deference he pays to every other man's freedom. Of course, if it were at all conscious on his part, I should have nothing to say of it. He seems to me absolutely void of covetousness; entertains no clandestine designs upon any one; would not if he could impose his sway upon you; is destitute of all persuasive arts; has no resources either of flattery or command; is so ignorant, indeed, of all our accustomed devices in this sort, and so estranged from our ordinary corrupt manners in general, as to appear to most people utterly inexpansive; and yet he draws all men unto him, is sure of their spontaneous homage. And the philosophy of this fact, to my conception, is simply this: that the masculine or moral force, force of will, presents itself in his natural personality so refined, so sublimated into feminine or æsthetic force, force of spontaneity, that men instinctively do him homage, as a manifest token of divine power in our nature. We are things, you know, and we are persons, both. We are born things, and we become persons. Now what strikes you in Mr. Emerson is that he seems to have been born person instead of thing; that is to say, thing in him seems to be so completely absorbed in person that we cannot help regarding his peculiar genius as a purely providential fact, as an unexpected development of our natural history, and welcoming it therefore as a new divine augury for the race. It is a fact of his nativity, anticipating, superseding all that is spiritual cultivation or character in him; and as nature is universal, while culture alone is individual, we reasonably argue from the creative power patent in him to the same power latent in us, and hope that what is here the dawning divine radiance will go on to mid-day glory in all other men.

WHEN LEAST AWARE

BY ELLEN DUVALL

THE one passenger who had just quitted the fast disappearing train stood on the old platform and looked wonderingly about her. Of station proper there was none. A long, low, open, dilapidated freight shed, with a caboose-like room stuck on at one end, rows of peach baskets, heaped-up fruit crates, a pile of fresh-hewn lumber, — these were what Helen Boscath saw. There were no loungers, no vehicles, no signs of habitation even; and, but for the timely appearance of a conciliatory dog, she would have feared that there had been some mistake. Miss Boscath herself never made mistakes. It had been her fortunate privilege to find life easy and all prepared to her hand. Metaphorically speaking, she had traveled from Dan to Beersheba, from Europe to Cathay, everywhere, indeed, that an affluent young gentlewoman may travel with perfect comfort to herself, without the shade of a mishap, the hint of an adventure. But adventure, like Happiness in the fable, may sometimes stay at home.

Where there is a dog there is, sooner or later, his master, and Miss Boscath waited perforce for the master. He came hurrying out of the dingy little waiting-room, struggling into his coat as he ran, — a young countryman, whose face showed gaping surprise. He stared at the lady, and she, with an inevitable reflection of his expression in her own, stared in return.

"This is Bendon's Cut, is n't it?"

"Yes'm," was the reply.

Miss Boscath breathed freely. "What time, then, does the up train leave for Garnock?"

The man looked blank. "The up train? Why, it's gone, 'm."

"Gone?" she echoed vaguely, and instinctively turned towards her own vanished train.

The man, whom she perceived to be the station-master, was much more perturbed than she. "You see," he faltered apologetically, "You ought to told the conductor you wanted to get off here; for the train don't always stop, 'cause there's so little passenger travel this way. Then, if this train's late, as its mighty apt to be, owin' to the freight, the conductor stops the Garnock train on the siding a mile out, and lets the passengers for *it* off there. You've passed the train without knowin'."

During this explanation Miss Boscath became all serenity again. "Well," she said, with a finely detached air, yet with a certain peremptoriness of tone, "when does the next train go?"

The man looked from her to the dog, then back again, and, with lowered voice, as if it were a secret, murmured, "7.40 to-morrow morning."

But Helen's beautiful eyes never lost their habitual tranquillity, as she said perfunctorily, pleasantly, but with utter unconcern, "What, then, shall I do?"

For there had always been people in her life to do things, to find ways and means, — there might be delays, but never deprivations. She laid a kindly indifferent hand on the shabby little cur's head.

The late August atmosphere was golden. Through the trees came level sunshafts neck and neck with the shadows of trunk and bough, and the woods' stillness was like a profound embrace. Over all and through all there was a feeling of life's superabundance, of life at its height, at its cresting flood, straining at bounds, ready to break through and fall, in she knew not what torrents of power, beauty, change. She had that curiously thrilling sense that, given another moment, and everything *must* change. The sensation

was new, and, for the instant, it held her.

" What shall I do, then?" she repeated carelessly.

There was no immediate answer, and, looking questioningly at the man, she found him regarding her in open dismay. "Lord knows, lady; I don't!" was his final reply, in a tone that so touched her sense of humor that she laughed.

"Is there no hotel, then, inn, or lodging-place near here?" she asked encouragingly.

Her spark of laughter evidently troubled him still further.

"Lady," he said solemnly, "you don't take it in; there ain't any 'here.' 'Bendon's Cut' is just *nothing*. It was meant for freight; and that's 'bout all it's used for. Wa'n't your ticket for Fairview Junction? Most people go that way. You ought to 've spoke sooner," he added dolefully.

For the first time Miss Boscath had, as the phrase is, to do her own thinking. "But surely there is some decent farmhouse where I can pass the night. Have n't *you* a home and some womankind belonging to you?" — then, seeing his embarrassment, — "any accommodations will do," she said sweetly.

The color rose in the young station-master's sunburnt, freckled face. Speech was difficult; but after what seemed to the lady an extraordinary pause, he stammered, "I know, 'm— we could ha' done it, and we'd love to. But you see, Miss, the baby came this mornin'. My wife, she was turrible sick for a while, so sick that Mother thought we ought to send for *her* mother. My buggy — it's all I've got — 's gone now, and won't be back till midnight. Mother herself is sleepin' in the parlor, — but you're just as welcome; we'll try to make you comfortable" — He stopped. The pride and joy of fatherhood, the sense of mortal peril faced and safely passed, evidently rushed over him and lifted his plain young face into ecstasy. Again Helen felt that new thrill, and had that inkling of life's Protean nature. She was drawing very near to the heart of things, she thought, to the elemental humanity common to us all, and wondered that never before had she had so complete a sense of that nearness.

At this moment was heard the rumbling of wheels from a vehicle hidden by the freight shed. As if inspired, the station-master bawled, "Uncle Ben, aw, Uncle Be-en!" The rumbling ceased, and a decent old colored man hurried forward.

"Ben, is Mr. Miles at Rosedene?"

"Ya-as, sir; he's goin' to be there a fortnit come Chewsday," replied Ben, looking at the lady in friendly amazement.

"This lady's missed the train," said the station-master, anxiously.

"I was going to Garnock, to General Winnefield's," explained Miss Boscath carelessly. "How far is that from here?"

"Oh, that's twenty-five miles as the crow flies," said Ben, with a discouraging head-shake. "It's more'n half a day's ride; and it's sundown now."

For the first time there came to Helen Boscath some realization of the predicament. She drew a quick breath, and looked vividly about her. The lateness of the hour, the day's decline, the wood's loneliness as well as stillness, struck home as she remembered that she was a woman, young, beautiful, and unprotected. It was not pleasant to be thrust suddenly back upon the sharp edge of sex, and to be made to feel its insufficiency. From the two men in front of her Miss Boscath for the instant recoiled; and it was in a different tone that she again asked: —

"Then what shall I do?"

"Mr. Miles will know," said the station-master confidently.

"Missy, could you wait till I bring him over? It's on'y 'bout five miles," said Uncle Ben, in the sweetest, most matter-of-fact voice imaginable.

Miss Boscath looked almost helpless. "I hate to keep you," she said, turning

to the station-master, "but I — yes, I believe I'm afraid. I *could n't* wait here alone, you know."

"I would n't have you for the world," was the prompt reply, "and I'm goin' to see you through, safe an' sound, no matter what comes. You're welcome to the best we got; but I just *know* it ain't what you're accustomed to," —

"Why, good Lord, Mr. Charley," swept in old Ben, bland rebuke and injured surprise in his manner, — "I'm goin' to take the lady over to Rosedene, an' I'm on'y studyin' how to get the carriage over here, or her over there, seein' it's late. Missy," turning winningly to Helen, "I reckon you never rode in a peach-wagon. 'T ain't so slumberin' as an ox-cart; we drive four mules to ours, an' they just go. I got two clean coffee sacks for your feet to set on, an' if Mr. Charley will lend me the cushion off his ole cheer, I reckon you might make out. All our quality childern round here has ridden some time in a peach-wagon."

Miss Boscath's semi-European education did not cover a knowledge of coffee sacks as footrugs, nor of a peach-wagon and mules as an equipage; but the pleased, relieved look of the station-master's face encouraged her, so she expressed her thanks and willingness to go.

With the dog for company the two men left her for a moment, and then returned to escort her to the peach-wagon. Old Ben carried her bag and umbrella, Mr. Charley her coat, while the dog ran and wagged before. She looked in politely concealed dismay at the queer slatted vehicle she was to ride in, and into which both men helped her to climb. A clean pine board had been laid across as a seat, and on it was the borrowed cushion. This latter evidently troubled old Ben.

"My, my, Mr. Charley," grumbled he, "cyan' the Railroad Company afford somethin' better than an ole rag leakin' its insides out? 'Tain't fittin' for a dog to set on, let alone humans," and he vigorously punched the exuding hair into the split leather covering.

Mr. Charley murmured an apology; and Helen, glad to meet her willing helpers half way, said, "Oh, it will do very well!" and sat promptly down upon it.

The station-master climbed up beside Ben, the dog jumped in behind, the old man gathered up the reins, and the four dapper little mules were off.

When one is ten years old a five-mile ride in a springless peach-wagon is a delight; at twenty-nine it is a question of good-humored endurance, and Miss Boscath had not gone far before feeling that for her it would be the latter. The road was excellent, but the jogging would have relieved, as it is said to do, the most confirmed dyspeptic.

Speech was infrequent. The two men exchanged at long intervals a desultory remark, but as Miss Boscath did not address them they did not feel at liberty to speak to her. Old Ben's silken courtesy, deferential without servility, impressed her as different from anything she had as yet known; while the free, opulent kindness of the young countryman in prolonging his absence from the sick wife and newborn child, in order to provide first for *her* bodily comfort and ease of mind, touched her to the quick. She had thought that the sense of obligation could never be quite pleasant, but there was a sense deeper than any mere personal feeling in being the recipient of kindness so generous and complete. Her eyes, fixed intently on the young man, drew his own. He had been sitting rapt, a little pucker of anxiety on his brow, a half-smile on his lips; but now, as he caught her sympathetic look, he breathed deep, and said, involuntarily, "It weighs ten pounds."

Old Ben, with one of those unreproducible African sounds of wonder and admiration, half turned in his seat, while Miss Boscath said, "Have you thought of a name?"

"My mother, and hers, too, is named Mary; but my wife, she's laid off to call it Myrtle."

Miss Boscath was evidently expected to give an opinion. "How would Mary

Myrtle do, then, Mr. ——? I have n't the pleasure of knowing your name yet."

"Jones, 'm; Charles Jones is mine."

"Mary Myrtle Jones, then, seems to go very well, if your wife should like it, Mr. Jones" —

"Call me Charley, 'm, — everybody does, Charley's good enough for me. If the dogs could speak, I reckon they'd call me Charley, too. Seems like I get around better on 'Charley' than I do on 'Mr. Jones.'"

"Law, Mr. Charley, you ought n't to feel shy with your own name," remonstrated Uncle Ben.

"Oh, it ain't that! 'Mr. Jones' is like Sunday clo'es; you don't really *mind* 'em, but you don't want to 'less you have to," explained Mr. Charley cheerfully.

"I suppose you have lived here always?" ventured Miss Boscath, by a happy inspiration divining that the "personal note" is the natural note of the race.

"Born an' raised right here, in this very county," was the proud reply.

"And you, too, — Uncle Ben?" she asked sweetly. She hesitated slightly before uttering his familiar title, for her acquaintance with the colored people was theoretical, a gleaning from the printed page.

"Ya-as, 'm, ya-as, Missy; I come out of the Taskerville family; an' we all b'long right here, 'ceptin' those that b'long on the Jeems River."

He said this as if all the world knew of the Taskerville family.

"You were, then, I suppose, a" — she wondered if he would mind — "a slave?"

"Of co'se," was the serene reply. "Law, Missy, 't wa' n't nothing else to be 'less we'd been poor white, which was worse. But 't was all one to me. I was raised right along with our white childern, same eatin', same mindin', 'Duty to'a'ds God, an' duty to'a'ds my neighbor.'" The old man chuckled softly.

"The on'e'est time ole Marster ever whupped me was when he really whupped Mr. Miles. We 'ticed away Uncle Zeb's coon-dogs with a piece o' cheese, an' went coon-huntin' Sunday afternoon." Uncle Ben shook with the rich, compressed laughter of his race. "Lordy, Lordy, hope I may die, if we did n't have fun! But ole Marster was layin' for us when we come back, an' he lit into Mr. Miles, an' give him three times three; first, for disobedience; second, for Sunday-breakin'; third, for settin' me, one o' the young slaves, a bad example. Ya-as, 'm, he whupped him good."

"And then he whipped you?" asked Miss Boscath earnestly.

"No, *ma'am*, he never teched *me*."

"But I thought you said he did?"

"He did n't exac'ly lick me, Missy, but late that evenin' he caught me sneakin' up the back way with a plateful of apple dumplin's for Mr. Miles, who was shut up in his own room on bread an' water. Missy, 't was a big pie-plate jam-full. An' ole Marster made me set down right there with that pie-plate on my knees, an' eat every las' drap o' that dumplin' with the silver spoon I'd nabbed off the supper-table. Ya-as, 'm, that's what he did. I would n't ha' minded a trouncin', but I do think 't was a mortal shame to spoil a body's appetite for apple dumplin', an' I ain't never cared much for apple dumplin' since. G'long!" Ben slapped the reins down on the mules' backs, and put them to a faster trot.

Miss Boscath was silent. She did not know just what to say, just how to respond to the old man's reminiscential joy; and it occurred to her that your true cosmopolite is one who can meet another on that other's own, and best, ground. Evidently, then, with this regard she was not a cosmopolite, and she wondered how far she fell short of so desirable a completeness.

The windless air was full of an exultant odor of ripened life. When the hard white road dipped suddenly, nature would close quickly in with its leafy shadows and sense of approaching night; or when the road rose on some height, nature would fall away to show in wide rich fields,

plentiful orchards, oak-studded woodland, while beyond —

"Are those mountains or clouds, there to the southeast?" asked Helen.

"Missy, that's the Blue Ridge, — surely you've heard tell o' *them*," said Uncle Ben solemnly.

"Yes, I've heard of them," said Miss Boscath, smiling. She rested her eyes on the mountains so softly outlined, so wonderfully blue. Why is it, she thought, that the mountains cause such a feeling of expectancy? And it gave her a thrill of joy that she had the feeling. It seemed a warrant of youth, an earnest that for her there was still the unforeseen, a something to happen. For her life was surely nearing its flood, but was not yet at the flood. The Veiled Power which is about us had still something in reserve; and never had it so come home to her that life was like a picture which did not yet compose, a melody half caught, a message whose meaning was not yet plain.

She sharply roused herself. Was not her unusual feeling the result of her unusual adventure? Was not she, Helen Boscath, on her way to a strange house, convoyed by two strange men, neither of whom she had ever seen until within the hour? Was not she chancing the courtesy and good will of utter strangers, vouched for by a young, socially ignorant countryman, and an old negro? What would *her* world say, or rather, what would it not say? And she smiled at the thought.

"Did you get that white drake you were talkin' about, Uncle Ben?" asked Mr. Charley with interest.

"I did n't buy none; Mr. Miles gimme one, an' two Berkshire pigs he fotched me from the fair," answered the old man.

"Do you raise pigs?" asked Helen in surprise.

"Naw, 'm, I raise hawgs, Missy," he returned sweetly. "Miss Amelia says there ain't no bacon like mine. I started with five acres that Mr. Miles gimme, an' I got thirty now. Mr. Miles's been like a father to me," he added fervently.

"He must be a Nestor — your Mr. Miles," said Helen lightly, thinking with relief of the old patriarchal ex-master, a fit counterpart to the old, kind ex-slave.

But Ben looked shocked. "No, *ma'am*, he's 'Piscopal, like all of 'em, an' a vestryman in the church."

"Oh, I only meant that he was wise, and learned in the world's ways, and could take care of himself and others."

"Yes, 'm, he's all that; he's a friend to all who need friendin,'" said Mr. Charley heartily. "He got me my place with the railroad. You'll be all right, lady, when you get to Rosedene and Mr. Miles."

"An' Miss Amelia," added Ben quickly, in a tone which showed a wider acquaintance with conventions than his faded blue jeans and shoestring hat would have betokened; and it occurred to Miss Boscath that the old man, probably a lifelong familiar in a family of standing, was more conversant with social observances than she had deemed possible. She felt the more inclined to accept and trust the unknown hospitality which awaited her.

"Here's our woods gate, Missy," said Ben, as he at last turned in from the road; and then they drove through the chill, odorous dusk of oak, chestnut, and maple, along a winding avenue which ended in closely planted cedars and Lombardy poplars. The sun had set, but the light from the zenith fell in a soft shadowless flood upon lawn and house. This latter impressed Miss Boscath as being very open and still. Doors and windows were flung wide. It was just the usual colonial house, however, a two-storied square main building, with pillared portico rising to the roof, and low flaring wings.

Helen's heart beat as it had not done even when she was presented at Court. She had prefigured how things would be, whom she would meet; but still she was by no means sure, and it is uncertainty which has its zest. For the first time it came to her that in her multifariously easy life nothing had ever happened — all had taken place. She had been rather too numbingly certain beforehand of just

what would be. Where had she seen the phrase, "a goldfish bowl existence"? Evidently she belonged to the goldfish gentry, and she was one of these pitiful little fishes now suddenly tossed into a running stream.

"Wait a minute, Missy, till I fotch a cheer for you to step down on," said Ben brightly, "an' then I'll go get Mr. Miles." He drew up before the portico, swung nimbly out, ran up the steps into the hall, reappeared with a chair, and, before Helen could hesitate, she was out and standing on the ground. From the foot of the half dozen low steps she could partly see into the wide hall with its open door at the further end. Just then some one came suddenly from one side, and paused in the doorway. Projected thus against the light, Helen saw him on the instant, a gentleman, young, personable, dressed in linen, and with a flower in his buttonhole.

"Hi, Mr. Miles, is that you, sir" — began Ben; but before he could finish Mr. Miles was down the steps with hand extended. "You missed the train, of course? That always happens unless one knows this haphazard road. And Ben naturally brought you to us. I always tell him that his head just matches his heart, which is one of the best in the world."

Helen never knew whether he took or she gave her hand. Her confusion went over her like a breaker; but when she had emerged, as it were, she found herself in the hall, with a vague consciousness that her host had led her up the steps, that his hand was hard as iron, and its grasp unconsciously strong.

"I rejoice at my good fortune," she was saying, "in finding such kindness as Uncle Ben's, and such consideration as yours." And to her own ears the speech sounded wretchedly "set" and formal. Evidently it belonged to the goldfish bowl, not to the running stream. The stream would take much for granted, would take freely, she fancied, and would expect to be taken freely in return.

"But — but — I thought" — she faltered — "from what Uncle Ben said, that Mr. Miles would be *his* contemporary."

The young man smiled. "His contemporary, the Miles of a by-gone generation, fell in the Valley campaign. He was my uncle. He is the hero of Uncle Ben's youth, and much-vaunted memory."

"And you are Mr. Miles, too?"

"Miles Smallwood, at your service." The perfume of courtesy in his voice and bearing made the old-fashioned phrase a commonplace.

"I am Helen Boscath."

There was a pause. Catching the intensity of Smallwood's gaze, Helen wondered that it should be also wistful. But there was about her a finish, a rich and full effect, which suggested the unattainable. Her unmistakable beauty, dark but with blue eyes, the fine lines of face, head, and shoulders, the perfection of her dress, as fitting as the bark to the tree, — all gave Miles Smallwood a tingling sense of values he had never before reckoned with.

"I fancy you were on your way to Garnock, to General Winnefield's," he said.

"Yes, and Mrs. Winnefield — Laura — wrote me that if I would get off at Bendon's Cut, and take the train for Garnock Station, I should find the drive to Garnock Hall particularly fine. I never dreamed that it was necessary to speak to the conductor. But how did you know I was bound for the Winnefields'?"

"Oh, beauty and fashion are wont to rally there," he answered lightly. "Mrs. Winnefield, the General's young, pretty wife, has her friends coming and going: you are evidently of them, — you talk like them."

"And how do I talk?" asked Miss Boscath, wondering.

"Well, your speech suggests linguistic abilities, — there is a sibilancy of the *s*, an Italian effect to the *r*. If not somewhat de-Americanized, like Mrs. Winnefield, you are perceptibly Europeanized."

He paused.

"Would you have us, then, wholly American?"

"What is it to be 'wholly American,' —something compounded of every man's best?"

Miss Boscath bethought herself. She had scarce met the man, and already they had reached the "personal note." Could two country bumpkins have done better — or worse?

At this moment a soft, shuffling step was heard, and old Ben came back with a lady, a tiny, bent figure which came slowly forward.

"My grandmother, Mrs. Taskerville," said Smallwood formally. "Grandmother, this is Miss Boscath: we shall have the pleasure of her company until she can go on to Garnock." He took his grandmother's hand, and guided it to Helen's.

"I am glad to see you, my dear; or rather to have you with us, —for I can scarce see."

Miss Boscath took the little shriveled hand, light and soft as down, in unconscious silence. Polite platitudes were impossible, for the creature before her was so old that she inspired Helen with awe, — so small, frail, exquisite, that Helen caught her breath. The delicate, withered face was like a translucency for — what? — the soul? Surely all the finest issues of life were made manifest by the ineffable expression of this old, half sightless face, which had a beauty of perfected living, of perfected adjustment to spiritual ends, such as no mere youth, however physically lovely, can ever show.

"I am happy to be with you, to feel your kindness," faltered Miss Boscath.

The intensity of Smallwood's gaze now affected Helen, and her eyes turned involuntarily to his. He stood as if on guard, as one who has been obliged to disclose a treasure, and is rightly jealous of an idle sight of it. His eyes were monitory, yet questioning. Did the stranger recognize the treasure? Was Helen's own womanhood sufficiently affined to this rare womanhood beside her for her rightly to estimate it? Had she, indeed, that subtle power of appreciation which is the only true appropriation? She entered, at all events, into his feeling, if she could not have formulated his thought; and she felt that whatever Smallwood might, or might not, know, he had at least known the noblest heights of womanhood, and that such knowledge had had a vital influence upon his own life. Like a dart of white light the thought flashed through her mind of how great would be the compliment of this man's regard.

"Ben, take Miss Boscath's bag upstairs," the old lady was saying. "You will find Crecy there, my dear; and you will excuse me, for my impaired sight makes it hard for me to get about."

Helen followed Ben mechanically, and found herself presently in a huge bedroom where an elderly mulattress was arranging an armful of towels on a rack. The worn mahogany furniture, notwithstanding bulk and quantity, yet left the room looking rather bare. The walls were wainscoted half way to the ceiling; above the wainscot Miss Boscath had her first view of fresh whitewash, and, accustomed as she was to the immaculate, it nevertheless impressed her that this generously sized room was wonderfully neat. Against the uncompromising whiteness of wall, ornaments and pictures stood startlingly out, and her attention was immediately caught by an old German print hanging above the carved wooden mantel which, by the bye, was higher than her own tall head. The picture, yellow with age, represented the death of Clorinda, with Tancred kneeling beside her. The fineness of the engraving, its quaint anachronisms, and depth of artistic feeling, so pleased Miss Boscath that she enlivened her toilet-freshening by prolonged consideration.

When the tea-bell rang she went quickly down, and found Mrs. Taskerville and Smallwood awaiting her. Smallwood had his grandmother on one arm, and he offered Helen the other; she took it, and they went out to tea. The table was bare,

in what to her was a French fashion, with mats under all the plates and dishes. Ben, in full regimentals, white jacket and apron, and his "best pants," waited. Could Miss Boscath have overheard a little colloquy in the kitchen, she would have fully understood.

"*You* goin' to wait to-night, Uncle Ben?" asked Aunt Filly, the cook.

"If the Lord spares me," grimly returned Ben. "S'pose I'm goin' to let that white trash at Garnock get ahead o' Rosedene? Not much! English butler — huh! That foreign lady's quality clean through: says 'Uncle Ben' just as natural! So you tell Crecy to get out the green India, the bigges' napkins, an' the old carafes, an' I'll 'tend to 'em. An' tell that triflin' nigger, Clem, not to lay his finger on a blessed thing. He's clumsier than a bear gettin' over a brush fence."

So the best things were duly set out, and Ben — himself of the best — waited. There was still light enough to dispense with lamps, and Helen had full benefit of color, polish, shine, mellowed by long gentle use.

As they talked, Miss Boscath incidentally told a little something of herself, of her life abroad, her journeyings, her ignorance of this part of the country. She "placed" herself, delicately as unmistakably, for the benefit of her host and hostess — she thought it "due" them, — yet could not tell whether they really appreciated, or even quite understood, her doing so. Within certain limits they seemed like simplicity itself, and yet it dawned on her that the freedom of intimacy might be as rigidly withheld as was the freedom of hospitality plenteously given.

"Miles, before the light fails, I want you to take Miss Boscath out and show her the Rosery, the old pride of Rosedene, the origin of the name," said Mrs. Taskerville sweetly.

"Certainly," answered Smallwood. "My grandfather's grandfather," he continued, turning to Helen, "when he received the grant for this land, found, back of where the house now is, a shallow ravine full of wild roses. Hence the name; and, in the enchanted times before the war, Rosedene's famous Rosery was rather a brag of the country side."

"I should like to see it," said Miss Boscath, "but why do you say 'enchanted times before the war?'"

"Because the myth-making faculty of the South has begun to work upon it, and, like Falstaff's men in buckram, it loses nothing by time and distance. Every farm has become a 'place,' or a 'plantation;' a half dozen slaves are now magnified into an army of feudal retainers; everybody then rolled in luxury, and supped off gold plates." His smile faded. "The glory of the South does n't lie in the past and in foolish fictions concerning it, but in the present, in the way the South has accepted hard conditions, and is bending her strength to the task of fulfilling them, — the strength that comes of suffering" — He broke off, and glanced towards his grandmother.

When they went back into the hall, a log was smouldering in the fireplace, and Smallwood put the old lady into a sheltered spot before it. Miss Boscath noted his solicitude, and caught the quality of his tone as he said, "Had n't you rather that we stayed with you?"

"No, I want you to show our company something of the old place," she persisted earnestly.

They therefore went out together, across a wide lawn where sheep were nibbling, and passed by a slender opening through a wall of osage orange into the rose garden. In dimensions it was after all a modest spot, set formally with box, inclosed on three sides by the osage hedge, while the fourth, declining into the little ravine, was left free as of old, to the wild roses. In the middle of the garden was a sun dial, and beside it a much-marred statue of Psyche. They walked at first in that restful, unconscious silence of instinctive affinity and comprehension.

"I like a garden that is n't too trimly kept," said Miss Boscath presently. "Na-

ture should be allowed some liberty, license even, — should be guided, not repressed."

"Yes," said Smallwood absently, "I'm trying to bring the whole thing back by degrees. I don't like renovations that are too startlingly new, so I try to keep everything together and toned down."

"'The whole thing?'"

"The place generally, — it came to me mortgaged."

Unconsciously Helen scanned him. He was but little taller than she, so that their eyes were nearly on a level. His strong jaw and heavily moulded lips, sharp-cut on the edges, were balanced by an unusual sweep of brow and somewhat deep-set, sagacious eyes. While not strictly handsome, he was memorable, she thought, which is better.

He responded to her close scrutiny by a smile, saying, "Oh, the world is always well worth the price of admission, — you evidently think I must have had a rather hard time."

She colored a little, — "The price of admission?"

"The toil, hardships, pain even; the hope, often denied, always deferred; the ambitions foregone; the aspirations — Well, it costs nothing to aspire; and who grudges the toll of a heartache to his ideals!"

He spoke lightly, as one who flings his meaning on the winds according to the hearer's apprehension.

"Your philosophy is cheery," said the lady.

"It's the general philosophy of a working world, which must n't stop for self-pity or regret. I'm no better than my peers — the workers generally."

"Then it *has* been a little hard?" Her voice was as soft as the wind in the mimosas.

"It would have been 'hard' if I had n't overcome."

"Ah, but you *have* overcome, then?"

"I'm in the way of it."

"But you have done the thing you could rather than the thing you would?" She seated herself on Psyche's pedestal.

Smallwood rested an elbow on the dial and leaned towards her. "If I gave you the details, would you furnish me with a brief for complaint?"

She hesitated; then fixed her lovely eyes on him. "I'm afraid that, like Mephistopheles, I like my mouse alive; like life warm from the lips of those who *really* live — and you are one of them."

"Then, with all your seeing, books have thought for you?"

"That would be to admit that I have n't the 'experiencing mind.' But, partly, yes; women have to take life at second hand, you know."

"And do you regret this law?"

Her smile was alluring. "Not when I may have my mouse alive, my story direct."

Smallwood drew a deep breath. "Are n't you afraid of inciting me to the egotism of the self-made man?"

"But you are not self-made?" She spoke with surprise.

"In a measure, yes; in one sense, no. Science has a hard task to strike a balance between environment on the one hand and heredity on the other. But I hold to our country proverb, that 'there 's more in the breed than there is in the pasture.'" There was a pause.

"Do you smoke?" suggested the lady.

"No," was the unsoftened reply. And to her it was suggestive of small economies rigidly practiced, of small personal indulgences unflinchingly eschewed.

There fell a longer pause. The hour when, above all others, time seems to stand still, the softened light, the dusk stealing from every leafy covert, the scented stillness —

Smallwood brushed his hand across his face as if to dispel illusion.

"When I want a thing, I want it, oh, so much!" said the lady gently.

"And do you think I don't want a thing, 'oh, so much?'" demanded Smallwood almost sharply. He roused himself and stood straight beside the dial. "Who are the bravest, the most hideously rash,

— what is it that makes men rash, Miss Boscath?"

His voice might mean either jest or earnest, but it sent her blood coursing.

"Death, and the unattainable," was her immediate answer. For the temptation to "dare" him a little was well-nigh irresistible, to try her woman's wit, her power of perception, as against his plenitude of man's life, — to try the strength of the tide, — she turned sharp from the thought, and looked away from him.

Smallwood set his teeth. "You are the finest audience man ever had," he said half ruefully, — "but after?" Then without giving her time to reply, "But let's pretend that this *is* death and the unattainable, and that there *is* no 'after.'"

Miss Boscath drew *her* breath. It is one thing to feel the strength of the tide; quite another to be borne down by the current. Her heart beat. Hitherto it had always been her vanity which had agreeably pulsated. A moment ago she would not look at him; now she could not.

"Well, where shall I begin?" He flung the question lightly, in a tone which instantly restored her confidence in herself and him. He had gone to the other side of the dial and was now leaning with his arms crossed upon its top. His eyes and mouth had the look of one who has gathered up the reins, and has himself well in hand. No man, she thought, was less likely to prove a fool than this one, seeing that idle spendthrift of his emotions he evidently was not. He might have his moment of divine madness, but the moment would not be evocable at her, or any woman's, will. She rather blushed for herself.

"Where shall I begin?" he repeated.

"At the beginning," she returned, smiling.

"Then I'll begin with the Centennial. I was twelve years old that summer, and grew up, as children sometimes do, unknown to their elders. I had a half-fare excursion ticket given me, and with a cousin two years older went to Philadelphia under the care of the conductors. We saw everything, but I always remember the Centennial, as it were, through thin slices of Bologna sausage and an arm-long roll of Vienna bread, for we lived on that fare for five days. We had cots under the stairway of a cheap hotel from which we sallied forth in the morning to return at night. That was my first introduction to Life spelled with capitals," — he made a gesture — "and it will always remain writ large on the pages of fancy." His tone changed. "My father died that winter, my mother the following spring; my grandmother was thus left with me, my two sisters, and this heavily mortgaged home. Every cent went to pay the interest, and the question was, how were we to be educated. The summer I was thirteen I became agent for a lamp which I sold through half a dozen counties, and saved the proceeds. At sixteen, I was agent for some sewing machines. At eighteen I taught school for the six winter months, and for the other six I pasted or painted advertisements on every telegraph pole and farm outbuilding between here and tidewater." He smiled grimly. "So, by working a year, and studying a year, I won my degree at the University and also at Princeton; and for the last seven years I've worked this place regularly, and been principal of the old academy in town here. My removes of fortune have been constantly for the better. When I was a mere kid a neighbor gave me a lamb. This I tended till it became fine Southdown mutton. Then I exchanged it for a pig. I tended piggy till he became a prize porker; then I swapped him for a calf. My calf I raised to a heifer, and traded *her* off for a colt. The colt proved unusually good, and as a three-year-old I traveled him up to the Hagerstown Fair, and sold him to a circus man for one hundred and thirty dollars. For years he was 'Osceola, the Equine Wonder;' and his rider, who figured in sawdust life as 'Monsieur Xenio, the Unsurpassable Bareback Artist,' was in private Mike Mulvey, a warm-hearted Irishman. I used to go to the circus every fall in order

to see Oscie and his rider, and always found them flourishing."

Miss Boscath's eyes asked an irresistible question. "I'm going to throw manners to the dogs, Mr. Smallwood, and be plain woman. Do you mind telling me what you did with the money? It rounds the story, you know."

"I put a new roof on the house."

"Forgive me," said Helen confusedly.

He laughed frankly. "That 's nothing. 'Plain woman' will do for all ordinary occasions of life; gentlewoman for the extraordinary; and for the extremes — the reticences, silences, blindnesses, and oblivions, — a lady."

"Your grandmother taught you that." The soft swift words were like a bird's dart.

"She showed it to me." It was the return dart. Each paused, with the effect of wheeling away.

"But if you're a soft-hearted fellow like me, Miss Boscath," pursued Smallwood, "it's terrible to trade in live things. It rent my heart to part from my poor tame sheep; but the night I sold my horse I wanted to lie down and die."

He started violently, then checked himself, and stood tense against the dial. It was not so dark but that he could see the sudden glitter on her lashes, the winning pity of her eyes, the faint quiver of the silent lips. He raced on, to gain time, to overtake himself.

"So this is the simple tale of my moving accidents by flood and field. And as for finding life hard — well, one thing done at a time and to the full, and life is never hard."

She smiled: "I could not wish your life different seeing that its outcome is so — interesting."

The word was evidently a substitute, not to say subterfuge, and she looked at him to see how he would take it. Smallwood frowned. "It is more than my deserts to have entertained a lady's idle hour." His bearing was proud, his tone mocking.

From wistfulness her look changed to entreaty, for she could not but divine that he had unclasped somewhat of the tables of his heart. She regarded him intrepidly. "You have not entertained. You have filled with thought, which is food, a — what you would call — an empty, objectless life."

Their eyes met, an endless, elemental moment in which neither could look away. The swallows circled black against the west; the cheep of a homing bird fell to them from the near distance; close at hand the lone cry of the whip-poor-will seemed to shut them in; a star or two had trembled slowly out. Smallwood strode suddenly forward to offer his hand, but Miss Boscath rose lightly to her feet without help.

"You have n't told me the lettering on the dial." She spoke as if she had been running.

"The lettering?" he looked about vaguely as if forgetful of time and place. "Oh, it's a dog-latin couplet which in English runs: —

> "' The Hours are Time's feet,
> The Minutes are his wings, —
> Then climb with those and fly with these
> To better, higher Things.'

I tease my grandmother by calling it a Watts Hymn."

She made no rejoinder, and then in silence they walked back to the house.

The lamps were burning in the hall, and Mrs. Taskerville in her accustomed place sat knitting. Smallwood, excusing himself, went out, and left Miss Boscath free to look about her. The chintz coverings were old and faded; the ceiling — and walls where not wainscoted — needed repainting; and much of the tiled hearth was broken. In contrast to the heavy old furniture there were light wicker chairs and tables scattered about, and a tall clock ticked in one corner. Comfort and economy were equally evident. Helen went closer to the mantel to look at the carving beneath. It represented Indians singly and in groups; a white man lay bound, with his head on a huge stone,

while beside it knelt an Indian girl with her arms flung out above him.

"Heavens!" said Smallwood gayly behind her, "don't you recognize Pocahontas and Captain John Smith?"

"Of course I do," returned the lady almost indignantly. "I was only admiring the size of the boulder on which John's head is laid. But it's really very spirited."

"Is n't it? — and done by a local wood-carver famous in my grandfather's time for his mantels."

Miss Boscath took a seat near Mrs. Taskerville, and Smallwood sat down by a reading-lamp. The truthful light flooded his strong, work-hardened hands, and revealed mercilessly the quality of his ready-made linen clothes.

"Tell us something of what you've seen, my dear," said Mrs. Taskerville with interest. "We quiet folk like to hear of the world's doings."

Helen glanced at Smallwood.

"Perhaps we all like our mouse alive," he said significantly.

Thus encouraged she told one little incident after another, and, memory warming to its work, she was soon launched on a pretty stream of pleasant recollections. She discovered that she had a traveler's pack, and that there was pleasure in unrolling it. Her own world said always the same things, just as it went always to the same places, so that there was not much inducement to compare notes. She addressed herself almost pointedly to Mrs. Taskerville, yet felt that Smallwood was her true listener. As she talked she realized that never before had she made so full, single, and wholly personal, an impression. She had been sought, of course, but there had been other considerations, — her wealth and social prestige. She could give much, and well understood that the self behind the giving had never been the sole motive. After all, *her* world was one of barter, however adroitly and prettily the truth might be disguised. But while she thus talked, there crowded to her mind trains of vivid thought very different from those she vocally presented. What, after all, did the life she was retailing amount to? Was it a Barmecide feast, all seeming and nothing real? Life, for her, had been so superimposed from without, so carefully prepared and sifted, that she wondered whether it had not come near to being dangerously sterilized. The verb "to live" can never take the passive form, but of herself, she thought, it would be truer to say, — *She is lived.* And quite irrelevantly it flashed upon her that it is soul and mind that grow up on the instant, in moments of grave responsibility or of keen emotional revelation.

She wished that the man under the lamplight did not sit so still, as if he were drinking in all she had to say: interest such as this could only be justified to itself by a corresponding interest on her part, — was she prepared to return the debt in kind? The trappings of her life seemed to fall away. The Seven League Boots of — what? were carrying her — where? Books *had* thought for her, true; but she had also thought for herself, and she well knew why. For the first time she was tempted to tell what had been, to her, a deeply significant episode. Frankness for frankness, why should n't she disclose something of her life? Why should n't she doff her usual conventional self, and enjoy a moment of reality? She had been asked a question, — why not answer it with another?

Turning suddenly to Smallwood she said, "You asked me, 'Who are the bravest, the most hideously rash?' Question for question, — What is the greatest and surest of touchstones?"

Was it actually her own voice which put that telling question? Smallwood started violently; then sat rigid. But his amazement was not more evident than his swift comprehension. The Protean quality which she had felt in outward nature now seemed transferred to her own inmost being. Surely, she thought, the greatest marvels lie within. She was conscious of gathering herself up, of putting forth all her powers. She had been given the outlines of a life, — she would

retaliate in kind. For Helen well knew why her world believed her ambitious, given over to a fine, quintessential worldliness; but she was now tempted to see how some one else would interpret *that* episode. She caught her breath.

"Speaking of these foreign marriages, something came under my own observation," began Miss Boscath easily.

"One day, some years ago, a young girl found herself engaged to — a — a Count Onofrio. I say, found herself; for she could n't disentangle the processes either then or later. There were meetings, — always in the crowd of relatives and friends, — there were compliments, flowers, confetti, the usual thing," —

Helen's fine voice, full of its "linguistic abilities," was impersonal enough, but Mrs. Taskerville let fall her knitting, while Smallwood gripped the wicker chair arms until they creaked.

"The girl took the count's arm at balls, he danced with her often — in silence, though — they never talk to young girls over there; and Count Onofrio was too well brought up to try to talk, even to an American; he would n't have expected it of himself." Miss Boscath laughed softly. — "But somehow the girl knew he liked her; he waited for her, watched for her, and so" — Helen stopped.

"Oh, this sort of thing is like smile for smile, — we all know about it; — the girl smiled back," said Smallwood carelessly.

"The count's courtesy was like velvet; his compliments like pearls; his beauty like that of some rare cameo, and as unchanging." Again Miss Boscath paused. "Influences were put in motion, however; there were undulatory effects of the emotional atmosphere. In Latin countries when such affairs are well and properly done, they are tremendously involved. But one day it seemed to the girl as if all *his* family waited upon *her* family, and Count Onofrio, by proxy, laid his heart and hand at her feet. It was all very effective, very Italian — full of color, harmony, action."

Smallwood changed his position. "Love is equality," he said coldly.

Miss Boscath turned and faced him fully. "Precisely; 'self-judged, like Freedom, does it go to meet its doom;' but that conception does not exist, I fancy, among the Latin races. Oh, there are abysmal differences of consciousness between races, as between individuals! However, the girl took the heart and hand; I don't know why, unless it seemed the — proper thing to do, because *not* to do it would have been an anti-climax, awkward and ugly. Acceptance fitted; refusal did n't." Miss Boscath sat a moment musing. "It is n't always the first step that counts," she pursued presently. "The girl's father was the least exacting of mortals, yet he somehow always made himself felt. One divined that he penetrated, and was seldom deceived. The girl's stepmother adored her as only one woman can adore another. Well, it was the girl's father who first dropped a tiny ruffling pebble into her little artificial Italian lake of romance. A day or two after the engagement he said, with whimsical gravity, 'It's not really the child who wants the moon, you know, but the father who always wants the moon for his child. I thought your particular moon, however, would have been a different kind of cheese. I thought you would have demanded more of life, would have shot more than three arrows.'

"'More than three arrows?' she asked.

"'Youth, beauty, and a fifteenth century name. He's a very pretty fellow as they go, and good, according to their notion; but he'll never set an Anglo-Saxon wife afire. If you really care for him, though, it's all right. He's nice; he has a tremendous sense of responsibility to his family, and he does exactly as they desire. That's the conception of being well brought up — and good — over here. I'm not sure that he's not still in the fifteenth century, but you can spend the rest of your life in finding out. You're mine and your mother's child, though, not a changeling; we had our wondertime and, from little things about you, I

thought you would have required yours. It's our birthright. But we can't get out of life what we don't put into it!'"

Miss Boscath drew a deep breath. "Count Onofrio was charming, but his ideas were as fixed as the days of the week, the hours of the day. He was intensely punctual, minute, regulated. He was a walking museum of set beliefs, traditions, conventions. Of course there is no human being but has in him one drop at least of the unexpected; but in Count Onofrio the drop had undergone the thousandth dilution." She laughed softly. "He was perfectly devoted to his family, and absurdly persuaded of its importance. It was a religion, — this belief in his family, — and he expected the girl at once to be converted; it was like being assured of one's historic and social salvation. And the count and the family desired so much: a dowry for his sister; a commission in the Papal Guards for his brother; the old Palazzo to be bought back and fitted up, and his father and mother and an old great-uncle to be installed there, — the Count was as naïvely frank as he was solicitous. The girl could hardly help feeling that she was a means to an end. We all have our little vanities, perhaps, but it was n't exactly that. It was n't so much a lack, as that the whole thing was unreal, like the painting of a fire — everything but the warmth. Not that the girl was ignored, there was a good deal for her, too; but fifteenth century Italy did n't understand nineteenth century America, and the girl could not live backward. So she finally drew back. It was terribly difficult; things had gone so far; and Count Onofrio and his family simply *could n't* see that anything was lacking, especially when he said — and believed — that he worshiped the ground she walked on. She could n't say to him: 'You think it nature's law that a woman shall be nothing but an adjunct; very well, then, it counts tremendously for whom she must forego her life.' Her father helped wonderfully; but the Onofrios never could understand." Miss Boscath paused a moment, then spoke more quickly. "We pay for mistakes, however. The girl was left slow of heart to believe — what the poets have written. Somehow a talisman was put into her hand by which to detect — hollowness. She, too, I believe, must have grown up on the instant."

Her voice died down into silence. The somewhat green log softly heezed and bubbled, and Mrs. Taskerville's slow needles began to click again.

"If that young girl had loved him, she would not have known, she would not have minded," said the old lady gently.

Smallwood sat looking into the fire. "Love is life for life; she was *bound* to know," he said sternly.

At the moment Crecy, who had been hovering in the background, now ventured into the light. "Miss Amelia," she said softly, in that tone of plaintive persuasion common to the race, — "cyan't you mek up your mind to go upstairs now? I been awaitin' an' anoddin' for mos' two hours. 'T is gone 'leven."

Mrs. Taskerville turned to the accustomed voice, and then there was a little stir of preparation. The old lady on Crecy's arm went first, and Miss Boscath followed. As she reached the landing, on a sudden impulse she looked back. Smallwood stood on the hearth, and his intense gaze seemed to be dragged captive-wise after her. But beneath the proud resistance of that look there breathed, as it were, an exquisite entreaty. As Helen caught his eyes, and felt the significance of their beautiful, expressive gaze, the answering color in her face so burnt that she instinctively lifted her hands to hide the crimson. It was over in a flash. Smallwood stood transfixed, while she turned and went swiftly upstairs.

Awaking at the first hint of dawn amid the twitter of birds and the more distant sound of animal life, Miss Boscath rose at once. Surely the place and she were under a spell. She was fain to recover herself, to resume her ordinary interests, to

retake her habitual easy self-possession. Sleep had not been deep, dark, still enough. She had felt motion, but not direction, and had been conscious of a denuding light which made her tremble. She pushed open the heavy window-shutter and looked out. Her side of the house lay in moist, dewy shadow, and the dusk of dawn, so like that of the previous evening, thrilled her. The spell seemed actually to rise up to enfold her and compel. She buried her face in her hands and waited; surely the normal would come again; but meanwhile all life seemed charged with a curious expectancy. Is it exactly remembrance, she wondered, to have one's whole consciousness flooded with a sense of another's personality? She lifted her head with a feeling of suffocation, and was startled to see how light, like a tide, had risen. And there are other powers in life besides light, she thought, that rise like the tides. What was it that was now swelling up within herself, sweeping over old impressions, blotting out customary feelings and thoughts, affording something immeasurable and mighty to her inmost vision, and changing the whole face of her inner landscape? Surely it was like a great tidal wave, terrible as beautiful. She instinctively flung out her hands with the swimmer's gesture, and sprang to her feet in order to feel solidity beneath them. At that moment she heard a distant sound of one of those heavy shutters slam sharply back against the house. The sound seemed to run round the wall like an electric spark and to touch her. She started violently; then stood sentiently still. Some one else was wakeful, watchful. Some one else was on the flood which, however illimitable and far-reaching, if it ever comes at all, never comes but once, and never bears but two. With the sound of the shutter she could fairly see the gesture of the strong hand which must have thrust it back. And before long she heard a house-door open and some one go out; some one who had a man's blessed privilege of *doing* as well as of *being*, of dispelling by homely toil all mirages of heart and brain — if mirages they were. Then it was that Miss Boscath began quickly to dress. This finished, she went to the window again, and watched light array itself with color, and saw what was at first vague illumination assume form and place. The flowers of a morning-glory which had taken possession of a dead tree rose like delicate tongues of flame, pink, crimson, purple, against the first touch of level sunlight. She instinctively wished that her own little life had some particular place, meaning, and purpose; but perhaps such was the ineffable promise of that strange inward tide.

When Helen went down to breakfast she found, early as it was, Mrs. Taskerville as well as Smallwood in the dining-room. In spite of her host's smile and quick greeting, he looked older than he had done the night before, graver, more powerful. He suggested something sheathed and apart. Resolution was expressed in both look and bearing, and Helen saw that he had braced himself to that keen test of strength — the flat return of life to everyday commonplace. He has pride and courage, thought she, two good swords which every gentleman ought to carry. She, too, looked somewhat pale and worn, and her beauty was dimmer — lovelier, perhaps, but less complete — than it had at first appeared. As their eyes met, Smallwood drew a deep breath, and then neither looked at the other again.

"Miles, why did you go out so early? I heard you stirring just at daybreak," said Mrs. Taskerville.

Smallwood's lips tightened. "I was up, so thought I might as well go out."

The remembered sound of that shutter was distinct enough to make Miss Boscath color.

"I hope *you* slept well, my dear?" continued the old lady.

"Very well, thank you."

"And did n't wake early, of course?" Smallwood spoke involuntarily, wistfully.

Helen felt that truth compels truth. "I heard a shutter slam, and some one go out," she answered. Then she felt the most probing look that had ever rested on her face.

"I wonder what the difference is between courage and audacity," he said slowly.

She rested her eyes on him. "I'm no oracle; but I begin to see that one gets nothing out of life without audacity for some occasions, and courage for all."

"Are you fond of poetry?" he asked abruptly.

"Are you?" she parried.

"I must be, since my love has survived the obligation to teach it to those academy girls." Her smile answered his, yet he was regarding her wistfully.

"If one could only *live* one's poetry instead of reading it" —

"What would you call living one's poetry?" she interposed hastily.

His hand on the table clinched until the veins stood out.

"Oh," he said under his breath, "for the courage of one's feelings as well as of one's opinions!"

"Do you mean," said Miss Boscath slowly, "that the same power in us which makes for audacity makes for poetry as well?" She had to make herself meet his eyes.

"I meant" — he stopped short, then added desperately — "the inmost truth of things, the essential self in man or woman behind all circumstances, all conventions."

"*You*, certainly, could furnish a brief for the poets."

"And not you?"

"I might" — she began, and then could go no further; his face stopped her.

Breakfast over, the farewells were hurried, and Miss Boscath was soon in the carriage on her way to the station. Smallwood drove, with Uncle Ben beside him, and the distance, which the evening before had seemed long, seemed now unusually short.

Once at the station conversation was difficult; ordinary commonplaces would not serve, yet anything more seemed aggressive. Almost in silence therefore, Helen and Smallwood side by side paced the long old platform. Presently the locomotive whistled in the distance. Miles turned suddenly. "You did n't answer my question last evening as to who are the bravest, the most terribly rash."

"Nor you mine, as to what is the greatest of touchstones."

"I could have answered yours."

"And I could have answered yours."

Each paused; the train was close at hand.

"Miss Boscath, do you remember what Virgil said of Augustus, — that either he never should have lived, or never should have died? You are a woman who should either never come into a man's life, or else should never go out of it." Smallwood spoke with desperate determination. "Not that I regret the vision — if it's to be but that; yet I hold the man a fool who does not try to make good the vision."

There was but a moment, for the train was halting. "You said you had been made slow of heart to believe all that the poets have written; you might still give yourself — and me — a chance: you might find some poetry in letting me live mine."

Helen gathered her courage with a determination which matched his. "Come to Garnock," she breathed. "This is magnificent, but it is not — prose."

"Life's not all prose, even yet, thank God!" returned Smallwood unsteadily.

The conductor stepped off to see the one passenger on, and gave her ample time to get comfortably in before signaling to the engineer. The train puffed away. Miles stood rooted to the platform; but Helen had the rose from his buttonhole held tight in her hand.

A VETERAN SKATER'S GOSSIP

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY

I MUST confess at the outset that I am not altogether clear in my mind as to what length of service constitutes a "veteran," the question being somewhat obscured by the modern frequency of the phrase "old veteran," which would seem necessarily to imply the existence of "young veterans." In view, however, of the fact that I may with a good measure of accuracy lay claim to almost two score years of familiarity with those wings of flashing steel which when fastened to the feet of man make him a worthy rival of Mercury himself in air-dividing speed, the nice point whether I should be classed as an old or young veteran may perhaps be permitted to remain in abeyance.

I have a vivid recollection of my pupilage in the accomplishment of skating. It was in the days preceding the invention of that ineffable boon, the spring skate; and when, after the long walk over the hard-frozen roads to Steele's Pond or Ritchie's Swamp, one had to adjust the clumsy wooden affairs with their perplexing straps, while one's exposed fingers grew numb and cramped with cold, it certainly seemed as if one had to win his way into the Paradise of enjoyment through a veritable Purgatory.

The proper adjustment of the straps was troublesome enough in all conscience, but the real crux of the affair was the hole in the heel into which the screw fitted. To make this hole accurately required a gimlet of the correct bore, and a steady hand; and it certainly could not be done to advantage at the edge of the ice, when one was impatient to be in full flight over the glistening surface.

Yet if you thoughtfully prepared your heel at home you were morally certain to find on your arrival at the skating place an impertinent pebble ensconced in the hole, and resolutely resisting your frantic efforts at dislodgement. Many and long are the years between, and yet I can remember still, although far worthier things are lost in oblivion, my struggles with such a pebble one particularly fine Saturday, and how with gimlet and jackknife I worked at my heel until at last I dislodged the intruder, incidentally so enlarging the hole that my skate would not stay firm and I had to get a new heel.

From this misery the inventive genius of Forbes and his followers happily delivered us, and thereby, no doubt, vastly multiplied the numbers of those who eagerly repair to the ponds and lakes what time the waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

The Steele's Pond and Ritchie's Swamp that were such favorite resorts in my school-days lay beyond the borders of the city, the first being divided from the salt waters of the harbor merely by a narrow strip of beach along whose top ran the road to Point Pleasant Park, and the second being hidden in the heart of a thick wood, and accessible only by devious paths over very rough ground.

Each had its own attractions, the pond commanding a fine view of the peerless harbor, and the swamp having an air of seclusion that would have appealed to Nathaniel Hawthorne when he was wont to spend long hours speeding over the ice-clad bosom of Sebago Lake.

I had an experience at the pond, of the kind that prints a deep impression upon the memory. The day was exceedingly cold, and my numbed fingers found it particularly hard to fasten on my skates. Indeed, if I remember aright, there was a hateful pebble in one of my heels which gave me a lot of trouble. Consequently, when at last I had everything properly adjusted and secured, I dashed off at top speed, and — went plump into a hole in

the ice which received me up to the neck!

Helping hands quickly rescued me from my uncomfortable situation (by the way, the first sensation of the plunge was one of warmth, the temperature of the water being higher than that of the air), but my skating was dished for that afternoon, and as I hurried home with my clothes rapidly hardening into a suit of mail, I wondered whether the consequences would be such as to debar me from any more skating that season. But, happily, my sturdy frame stood the test finely, and I was not able to manage even one day's dispensation from school on the strength of my icy immersion.

The Halifax boys were fortunate in having no lack of provision for outdoor skating. Beside the two places already mentioned, there were Griffin's Pond and Egg Pond within the confines of the city, and then at varying distances from the city a number of lakes.

There was also salt-water ice, as well as fresh-water, to skate upon. Every winter the lovely North-West Arm, a sort of fiord piercing inland behind the city, would be frozen over, and at rare intervals, twice within my own recollection, the harbor itself would succumb to the persistent wooing of the Frost King, and assume a breastplate of gleaming white which offered famous skating. Indeed we had the notion, the scientific accuracy of which I am not prepared to defend, that salt-water ice was somehow more to be desired than fresh-water ice, and we never thought of patronizing the latter when the former was available.

The North-West Arm was a truly ideal *locale* for outdoor skating. The high land on either side completely sheltered it from the wind, and the shores were indented with many entrancing little coves in which a group of kindred spirits might have a merry time by themselves, building a bonfire on the beach whereat to toast their hands and noses if the frosty air bit too shrewdly.

But of course the freezing of the harbor was the great event, happening as it did hardly more often than once in a generation. The last occasion that I remember was somewhat more than thirty years ago, so that a repetition of the phenomenon must be about due. Then the circumstances were peculiarly favorable. The long-continued cold spell which wrought the marvel was not accompanied by any fall of snow, and, for Halifax, was singularly free from wind. The happy consequence was that the ice-sheet which completely covered the Basin and the surface of the harbor clear down to the Eastern Passage rivaled a mirror in glistening smoothness. The Haligonians took a holiday almost *en masse* in order to make the most of this wonderful opportunity. On skates, and in sleighs of all sorts and sizes — for the ice was strong enough to carry a park of artillery — they thronged to the slippery white plain on which the great black hulls of the ships looked so strangely out of place.

It was my good fortune to be on hand when one of the Cunard steamers was forcing her way up to the pier at the north end of the city. The sight was a superb one. The great steel-hulled vessel would charge into the ice-plain at full speed, crushing her way through it until the steady resistance exhausted her impetus, and brought her to a full stop. Then, after pausing for an instant, as if held fast by the splintered ice piled up about her, she would retreat to gather speed for a fresh onset.

There is no limit, I suppose, to be placed to the ingenuity of boys in discovering "dares" whereby to put to the test one another's courage, and we youngsters had not long been watching with keen interest and admiration the progress of the big steamer when out spoke one and said:

"I dare any of you fellows to skate up and touch the steamer's bow before she begins to back out again."

It was surely a brilliant suggestion, and full of fascination for the venturesome spirit. The period of passivity on the part of that huge black hull was so brief as to evade admeasurement, and if one essay-

ing the feat should be a fraction of a second too slow, he would infallibly plunge headlong into the dark, chill water that swirled about the steamer's retreating bow. Yet there were some of us foolhardy enough to accept the challenge; and, the fates being merciful, we were permitted to survive the issue, however little we may have deserved such good fortune. Curiously enough, our parents, on learning of what had happened, showed a most disappointing lack of appreciation of the daring of their scions.

A passing reference has been made to the lakes wherein the neighborhood abounds. Beyond the North-West Arm were Williams Lake and Chocolate Lake, while farther out, in the picturesque Margaret's Bay Road, lay the lovely chain of lakes from which the water supply of the city is derived. Then across the harbor Maynard's Lake, hid among the pines and spruces of the upper slopes; and best of all, the Dartmouth Lakes, First, Second, and Third, with their tiny connecting canal, offered such a stretch of splendid skating in the early part of the winter, before the snow arrived to spoil it, as could not fail to satisfy the most ardent lover of nature and invigorating exercise.

One afternoon at Maynard's Lake those who made their way thither despite the decidedly nipping and eager air were rewarded by a phenomenon without parallel in their experience. The ice had made under exceptionally favorable conditions — to wit, a sudden and severe drop in the temperature accompanied by a complete absence of wind. The result was a flawless sheet of ice from end to end of the lake. But it was the strangest ice upon which I ever set skate, for it seemed as black as ebony, the deep brown waters of the lake showing darkly through its transparent texture, while at every stroke of the steel it rang like some vast metallic drum.

The first skaters on the scene were, naturally enough, so surprised, not to say startled, by these novel features that they felt timid about venturing away from the shore. But their fears presently vanished, for the ice was safe beyond a peradventure, and soon from all over the lake came the sound of unwonted music, the song of the lake rejoicing in the presence of her guests. No one who had the good fortune to be at Maynard's that afternoon would be likely to forget the experience. Whether any one was wise enough to have an explanation ready for the remarkable combination of crystalline clarity and sonorous responsiveness, I am sure I do not remember. I was quite content to enjoy what the gods gave me in those days, and not trouble myself about perplexing questions.

The Dartmouth Lakes began not far from the harbor, with which they were connected by a somewhat primitive marine railway, one of the first of its kind in the world, whereby a little steamer was transported from the salt water into fresh, and vice versa. Thence they extended one beyond the other for nearly a score of miles in the aggregate, their shores being lined with farms and forests and open pasture lands. A tiny canal connected them, and it was quite possible to start at the foot of the First Lake and continue on through the Second and Third until one gained a point where the railway could be easily reached, and the return to the city effected by train.

The state of the ice upon these lakes varied, of course, with the conditions under which it made, but when these had been propitious the most captious critic really found his occupation gone so far as they were concerned. The best way to enjoy them to the full was to make up a party in which, of course, both sexes were evenly represented, and, carrying an ample lunch, to devote the whole of a winter's day, all too short at any rate, to traversing the superb chain from end to end, with pauses at will in the bewitching coves which indent the shore line.

The Second Lake was the scene of a rather remarkable accident that might have had a tragic ending but for the chance of a call for aid reaching my ears

over a wide space of ice. A number of us had made up a skating-party which, after the fashion of such parties, resolved itself into congenial couples soon after leaving land. My partner was a particularly strong, swift skater, and we altogether distanced the others, pressing on until we had reached the far end of the Second Lake.

Here we found ourselves alone but for one solitary skater who seemed to be practicing "eights" in one of the coves. I was too much engrossed in my charming companion, who, I might mention parenthetically was Belle by name and *belle* by nature, to take an interest in the lone learner so diligently acquiring skill; and after we had rested awhile, for it was a taxing strain against the wind, we set about our return without looking at him at all closely.

With the wind aiding us we were now in for a long luxurious spin down the centre of the lake, and had just got well under weigh when, as we glided along, it seemed to me that the sound of some one calling my name was borne to me upon the wind.

"Did you hear that?" I asked my companion, "I thought I heard my name called."

"No, I heard nothing," she replied; and, satisfied that I had been mistaken, I was quickening my pace, when once more the call came, and this time so distinctly that we both heard it.

I pulled up, and wheeled around. The solitary skater no longer gyrated in uncertain circles, but lay prone upon the ice. Evidently there had been some mishap into which it behooved me to inquire. Asking the young lady to wait for a minute, I dashed across the ice to the prostrate figure, and to my surprise found that it was the Professor of Classics at my Alma Mater, a tall, thin man, who, despite the fact of having only one arm, and of being well into middle life, had become possessed with the ambition of becoming an expert skater.

When I came up to him he said to me in the same even tone that I was wont to hear in the class-room, directing me to translate some passage from Tacitus or Lucian: —

"Ah! Mr. Oxley, I am glad I succeeded in making you hear me. If I'm not mistaken I've just broken my leg, and I'm afraid I shall have to look to you for assistance."

It was true enough. In attempting to achieve the figure eight his long thin legs had somehow tangled, and he had fallen heavily, with the result that the left one was broken just above the ankle.

Here now was a puzzling predicament. The short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, and darkness approached. The temperature was dropping toward zero, and for the Professor to remain long upon the ice meant serious consequences quite independent of his injury. Yet how was I, with no other helper than a young girl, to get the helpless man over the three miles of ice between us and the foot of the lake, where plenty of assistance could be obtained?

The Professor could not suggest any method, and I was almost in despair when my eyes fell upon a small spruce tree not far away.

"If I could cut that tree down, do you think you could hold on to it, sir, and let me drag you over the ice that way?" I asked.

"I think it would be worth trying," was the quiet response.

Attacking the spruce with my pocket knife, I after some difficulty succeeded in "felling" it, if the term may be used of an affair no bigger than a Christmas tree. It was certainly an extraordinarily crude sort of litter, but it had to do.

My companion fortunately had two long straps wound about her ankles, although she used Acme spring skates, and, borrowing these, I bound the Professor's legs as closely together as I could, making the sound one do duty as a splint for the broken one. Then, while he held on to the spruce tree, we joined our strength to drag it over the ice.

The task was not an easy one for us, and we had to make many pauses to rest and regain our breath, but — conceive what it meant for the Professor! Not only had he to put forth all his strength in order to maintain his hold upon the little tree, but, as may be readily understood, every movement added an acuter pang to the agony he was enduring, until it seemed a marvel that he could retain consciousness.

Yet not a murmur passed his firm-set lips. When he did speak it was in as steady a tone as if there were nothing abnormal in the situation, and he showed far more concern for us than he did for himself.

The long, weary pull down to the foot of the Second Lake certainly did exhaust us. We could not have continued it farther. But there we found willing helpers in plenty, and the traverse of the First Lake was far more quickly made.

A swift skater dashing on ahead had secured an express wagon on whose bottom a mattress, pillows, and rugs were arranged, and the Professor gently lifted in, and snugly wrapped up. In this comparatively comfortable fashion the remainder of the journey home was effected; and it is pleasant to be able to conclude the story with the statement that, despite all that he had to suffer, the Professor was on his feet again in a few months, and on his skates again the following winter.

One more curious experience connected with these glorious lakes was the playing of a game of cricket there one Saturday afternoon. I forget to whom the bright idea first occurred, but it was heartily adopted by sundry members of our club, and, having routed out our bats and stumps and balls, we journeyed thither, suffering a bombardment of chaff *en route* from our friends, who could not understand our carrying the apparatus for a midsummer sport in midwinter.

In the way of a farce the game proved a brilliant success. Swift bowling was of course out of the question, only "underhand sneakers" being practicable; and if, in endeavoring to make a "boundary hit," the batter missed the ball altogether, he infallibly tumbled over onto the back of his head. But if he did chance to get it fair and full, it went skimming over the flawless ice to an indefinite distance, with the fielders in frantic chase.

It was grand fun, to be sure, but it was not cricket by any means. I have never heard of a parallel performance, although doubtless there have been such.

Nearly thirty years have slipped by since I took a year at the Harvard Law School. The erudite Langdell was then Dean, and associated with him were the stately ex-Chief-Justice Bradley, the genial Thayer, the fluent Gray, and the indefatigable Ames, who now, I think, presides over the greatly enlarged school.

My classmates would have it that I had brought a real Canadian winter along with me. Certain it was that such a season had hardly a parallel in the weather records. For nearly three months without a break the snow lay deep upon the hard-frozen ground, and the famous Mill-Dam road was thronged with fast-trotting horses, whose daily "brushes" were duly noted in the sporting columns of the Boston papers.

Fresh Pond became the Mecca of skaters from all sections of Cambridge, and its shores were lined with envying onlookers. James Russell Lowell, in bowler hat and navy blue "reefer," would sometimes bend his afternoon constitutional in that direction; and Henry W. Longfellow, his beautiful snow-white beard showing finely upon the speckless broadcloth in which he delighted.

Having paid the price of patient practice and bruised body which any mastery of the intricacies of skating demands, it was in the way of a reward to find one's self an authority upon and exponent of the graceful accomplishment; and there were many eager pupils of both sexes upon Fresh Pond while the skating lasted, who evinced more gratitude for good counsel than one is wont to receive.

An amusing incident of that winter, in which I innocently played a leading part,

may be related. Encouraged by the continuance of the cold, the proprietor of a long-disused skating rink somewhere in North Cambridge announced its re-opening, and that a skater of renown, one Professor Palmer, would give an exhibition of fancy skating. With some difficulty I hunted up the place, and on arrival found a number of skaters upon the ice, going round and round in monotonous fashion, while the sides of the rink were lined with interested spectators.

Knowing no one with whom I could fraternize, I went to the centre of the rink, and proceeded to rehearse some of my "didoes," as we were wont to call the more difficult figures in my school-boy days. (By the way can any expert in philology present a satisfactory derivation of that curious word?) Presently I became aware of the fact that the other skaters were withdrawing from the ice, until I was left alone in my glory, as they had all become spectators of my solitary gyrations. Now this was rather embarrassing. I had not come to give an exhibition of my own skill, but to have a little practice, and incidently to get an idea of Professor Palmer's quality. Consequently I felt moved to retire from the ice myself, whereupon I was accorded a hearty round of applause mingled with cries of "encore."

Then the significance of it dawned upon me. I had, of course, been mistaken for the performer of the evening; and my feelings may be surmised when a few minutes later the gentleman himself appeared, and proved to be an unmistakable mulatto! Pleasing of countenance, and slight and shapely of figure withal, he glided upon the ice with an easy swing that would hardly have been expected in one of his color. He showed himself to be an excellent skater, too, for although his repertoire was somewhat limited, accuracy and grace distinguished all the feats he did attempt, and the spectators were well satisfied with his performance.

When by the decision of her Gracious Majesty, the best and greatest of British queens, the much-vexed question of the political capital for the Dominion was settled, and, in the famous phrase of Goldwin Smith, an obscure Arctic lumber town was converted into a political cockpit, it meant that the winter sports of Canada should flourish in the picturesque city which grew up beside the Ottawa River as they can do only where leisure is abundant and the sporting spirit is strong.

Ottawa's winter climate leaves little to be desired by the most ardent devotee of the skate, the snowshoe, the ski, or the toboggan. The Frost King usually appears in force towards the end of November, and holds undisputed sway until St. Patrick's day at least; sometimes lingering in the lap of spring as late as All Fool's day. During this long period the ice, having once formed upon river, canal, and pond, remains as firm and sound as the city pavement, the snow deepens and hardens week by week, and the air is ever clear, bright, and dry, not heavy with humidity as it is prone to be in Halifax, so that a zero temperature is simply stimulating, while a drop to ten, twenty, or even thirty degrees below zero does not keep the children at home from school.

The first skating was usually upon the Rideau Canal, which affords a limited yet effective water-way between Ottawa and Kingston; and a curious feature of it was due to the practice of letting the water out of the canal after the ice had formed, the result being that the sloping sides at the broad reaches offered tempting "coasts" wherewith one might vary the straightforward speeding.

But of course the true sport came when the Grand River itself had taken on its winter breastplate, and invited the strenuous skaters to prove their strength and endurance by offering them a stretch of sixty miles straightaway to Grenville, whence the return might be made by train. I cannot pretend to have ever essayed the feat myself, but I did vastly enjoy going some part of the way. Not far below the city began a chain of islands divided from each other by narrow chan-

nels, and it was nothing short of entrancing to wind in and out of these, exploring their multitudinous coves, and halting, when weary, to start a fire in some cosy nook where the tall, thick trees afforded ample shelter from the north wind.

Recalling Goldwin Smith's sarcastic designation of Ottawa as a lumber town (in connection with which one is reminded of the veteran joke that, despite her changed circumstances, "log-rolling" continues to be an important industry), one needs no explanation of the presence of sawdust in vast quantities. Until quite recently the great mills, whose countless saws bite their way through the huge pine logs night and day all summer long, were permitted to dump the sawdust into the river, where it tainted the water, harmed the fish, and choked the current.

One other consequence was the producing of explosions that were always startling, and sometimes dangerous to life. Concerning the precise rationale of these explosions there has always been a divergence of opinion. That they are due to gas created by the action of the water upon the sawdust is plain enough, but just why they occur when they do, and what sets them off are questions still awaiting a satisfactory answer.

They seem to be more frequent in winter than in summer, and when they do come off they burst up the ice, no matter how thick it may be, leaving a gaping hole which is a source of danger until it is once more frozen over. It was such a hole that not long ago was the scene of a heart-rending tragedy. A merry party of skaters had gone so far down the river that the early dusk of the winter's night closed in upon them ere they were half way homeward. They accordingly quickened their pace, and in essaying a short cut some of them encountered a hole caused by a recent explosion. Before warning could be given, two young ladies, one the daughter of a cabinet minister, the other of a supreme court judge, skated into the opening. A gallant young official plunged in to their rescue. He succeeded in rescuing one from her perilous plight, but all his noble efforts on behalf of the other were without avail, and, although he might easily have saved himself, and indeed was besought to do so by the girl, who maintained her self-possession marvelously, he preferred to go down to death with her.

If one may pass somewhat abruptly from grave to gay, the sport of skating as enjoyed at Rideau Hall, the residence of the governor-general, suggests itself. The representatives of royalty in this most loyal colony have as a rule shown a lively interest in her winter sports. The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise delighted in skating and tobogganing, so, too, did the Earls of Dufferin, Lansdowne, Stanley, and Aberdeen, while Lord and Lady Minto are not to be outdone by any of their distinguished predecessors.

Throughout the long Ottawa winter, accordingly, Rideau Hall is the scene of successive parties at which the skating ponds and toboggan slides are thronged with gay guests. There are two of these ponds. One lies close beside the low, rambling structure which does duty as a vice-regal palace, and is a very ordinary affair. But the other, set deep amongst the pines, is rich in picturesque qualities. A rustic chalet stands close to the edge, affording shelter to the band, and dressing-room for the skaters. The Saturday afternoon receptions are so enjoyable that few of those who are bidden fail to be present; but it is at the moonlight fêtes, of which two at least are given every winter, that the merrymaking reaches its height of brilliance and beauty.

The crisp atmosphere, through which moon and stars transmit their radiance with undimmed splendor, inspires the most languid to surprising liveliness; the *al fresco* character of the function sanctions an indulgence in variety and color of costume not elsewhere appropriate; the dashing lads and bewitching lassies appear to the best advantage; while the lines of blazing torches set into the snow-banks, the myriads of multi-hued lights

gleaming amidst the trees, and the huge bonfires crowning the hillocks with their crackling, up-leaping flames, are all parts of a wonderful picture, hardly to be paralleled, and certainly not to be surpassed, the world over.

The gayety attains its climax with the grand march on the ice, when their Excellencies, having chosen partners of notable skill, head a long procession in a wild game of follow-my-leader, in which each participant carries a handful of Roman candles that discharge their coruscating contents in every direction, not always without damage to the habiliments of their bearers.

At Montreal, the next city of my sojourn in this world of change, there is but little outdoor skating save, of course, in the uncovered rinks, whose number is legion. By going up to Lachine, ten miles or so distant, one may occasionally get very good skating on the broad, still reaches of Lake St. Louis, but this means quite an expedition, which only a few fortunate folk can undertake.

Nor can Toronto, my present abiding-place, claim any advantage in this respect. There is the bay, of course, over whose broad bosom I have sped on skates and in ice-boats with keen enjoyment; and those two rivers of renown, the Don and the Humber, at the eastern and western extremities of the city respectively, are not to be despised — by the small boy, at all events. Yet outdoor skating can hardly be said to flourish here, while the many rinks are crowded with circling patrons every evening in the week throughout the winter.

Thus far I have confined my gossip to skating beneath the wide canopy of heaven, but it must not be forgotten that of recent years there has been far more skating under cover than in the open. The rink has become an established institution whose popularity shows no sign of diminishing.

My first rink was in dear old Halifax — a long, low structure of exceeding plainness, set in a corner of the Public Gardens, with so limited an ice space that a hundred people seemed to crowd it. Yet it was a veritable palace of delight to me, for there one could always have before him the inspiring example of adepts in anvils, brackets, locomotives, grapevines, and giant swings, who were not unwilling to explain to appreciative admirers how these feats might be performed. There, too, did the military band discourse delightful music on certain days each week, and thither trooped one's friends of both sexes, with whom one could frolic or flirt through the winter afternoon.

Having set myself to master a number of the more difficult figures, I spent many an hour of hard work, and suffered many a bruise in the achievement of my ambition. But the game seemed to me well worth the candle; and my turn came to be teacher when officers of the army and navy, eager to make the most of their opportunities on this station, besought me to teach them things. And very interesting pupils they proved, too, for they went at the learning with true British pluck and resolution, taking their tumbles with imperturbable good humor, and caring nothing for dignity so long as they realized they were making progress.

In conjunction with one of them, I figured in a highly ludicrous performance that was unanimously encored, without, however, being repeated, for reasons which will make themselves clear. He was of such lofty stature that he might have been a captain of the Life Guards, and of this great height more than one half was legs. We had been practicing the wheelbarrow, an ungraceful sort of figure in which you squat down upon one foot with the other outstretched in front of you, and so skim along the ice, after having got a good headway.

Presently it occurred to my friend that he was adapted by nature to play the part of the Colossus of Rhodes, and he suggested that he stand astride while I do the wheelbarrow through the arch thus formed. The idea commended itself to me, and, while the other skaters gathered

around to see the performance, he got into position, and I charged down at good speed,—of course we should have made some test of the thing first, but we had not,—and the result was that, instead of gliding through the open space, I collided with those long, thin legs, and carried them away from under the slender trunk they bore, bringing the latter down upon me with the force of a pile-driver, the breath being knocked out of my body, and the senses out of the officer's head at the same time.

"It was the most glorious spill I ever saw in my life," panted one of the spectators, when he had recovered sufficiently from his paroxysm of laughter to speak, "and I'd gladly give five dollars to see it done over again." But not even fifty dollars would have sufficed to tempt us to a repetition of the performance.

The playing of the band added immensely to the pleasure of the patrons of that shabby old rink. There are bands of all sorts, to be sure, but, taking them by and large, there are none so good as the regimental bands. There is a combination of strength, spirit, and precision in their work that is eminently satisfying.

These bands gave a regular programme each afternoon, and engagements were made for the numbers by the belles and beaux just as they would be in a ballroom. There was dancing, too, and very good dancing indeed. The Lancers and the waltz lent themselves readily to adaptation for the ice, and were executed with charming grace by a score of couples to whom the centre of the rink was given up, while the other skaters went round and round outside them.

It was an established custom that on Saturday afternoons the last band number should be that old-fashioned composition known as "Money-Musk," which was begun in slow time, and then gradually quickened, the skaters keeping pace with the music until at last both were going at the top of their speed, and the sudden finale found both players and skaters completely out of breath. For this wild flurry partners who were strong upon their skates were, of course, most to be desired, and there was keen rivalry between the more expert ones, who strove to take the lead of each other as they whirled around the rink.

On one of these occasions I had an experience the recollection of which still gives me a shudder. At the very climax of the gyrations, when the speed had reached its height, and I was straining every nerve and muscle to swing my partner into the front rank, a young girl tripped and fell just before me, turning in such a way that she lay face upward on the ice. I was so hemmed in that I could not swerve to either side, while to go ahead meant to fall upon the girl with all the force of my great speed. There was no time to consider what might be best. Putting forth a supreme effort, I sprang into the air, and just cleared the girl, one of my skates shearing the end off her feather as it struck the ice again. But if I had landed a few inches short —!

I have skated in many rinks since those salad days: the spacious Rideau Rink at Ottawa, in which for the first time wooden "bents" of unprecedented size were used to carry the roof, proving so successful that they came into general use for such structures; the famous old Victoria Rink at Montreal, in which King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, had taken part in a masquerade of unexampled splendor; and the vast Arena, also in Montreal, built especially for hockey-matches, and affording accommodation for six thousand spectators; but of none of them do I bear such happy and tender recollections as of the humble little Halifax rink, because there I — but that is quite another story.

Rink skating under the best of circumstances cannot be compared with outdoor skating when conditions are at all favorable, but it has this advantage — only in the rink can the accomplishment of fancy skating be successfully acquired. There were some very skillful skaters in Halifax and Ottawa. Naturally enough,

however, the highest art was to be found in Montreal, where Louis Rubenstein reigned supreme for many years, as well he might, seeing that, after winning the Canadian and American championships until it became monotonous, he crossed the ocean to Europe, and there proved himself peerless even in the royal city of St. Petersburg. A man of medium height, and by no means slender build, his movements were characterized by wonderful ease and accuracy. He performed the most difficult evolutions with no more apparent effort than the simpler ones, and he could skate "to pattern" with a nice precision that filled the hearts of us clumsier ones with admiration and envy. He never met his superior, and retired from the field some years ago while still at the height of his fame and facility.

In speed skating, also, Canadians have been well to the fore, although it is long since they have been represented on the far side of the Atlantic. McCormick and Whelpley of New Brunswick were perhaps the first to establish reputations beyond their own bailiwick, and the line has been continued through such flyers as Dowd of Montreal, McCullogh of Winnipeg, and others, to the present day.

The most notable competitions have been held upon the immense outdoor rink of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, and I have watched with throbbing pulses the fleetest-footed of Europe confessing defeat to Johnnie Johnson or Johnnie Neilson from the Republic, or Jake McCullogh from the Dominion.

There is surely no test of human skill and strength more pleasing or exciting to watch than a race between skaters of renown. After the initial flurry, which lasts but a moment, they settle down into their long smooth swift stride with their heads bent well forward, and their hands clasped behind their backs, this position presenting the least possible resistance to the atmosphere. So they continue for round after round, varied by an occasional brush which sets one's nerves a-tingle, until the bell rings for the final lap. Then the hands unclasp, the arms swing rapidly, the heads are bent still lower, the legs change their steady motion into short quick clattering strokes, and, while the spectators make the welkin ring with their cries of encouragement, the contestants swing into the home stretch, and expend their last remains of breath and brawn in one supreme effort to breast the tape.

It was my good fortune to be present at the historic holding of the World's Championships in Montreal in the year 1897, when, under ideal conditions,— to wit, mercury about ten above zero, subdued sunshine, flawless ice, and not a breath of wind,— new records were established for many of the distances: Naess from Europe doing the 500 metres (547 yards) in 48$\frac{4}{5}$ seconds; J. K. McCullogh of Canada the 1500 metres (1625 yards) in 2 minutes 40$\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, and also the 5000 metres (3 miles 188 yards) in 9 minutes and 26$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. At the same meeting Johnnie Neilson of Minnesota set the world's record for the even mile at 2 minutes and 41 seconds, from which it is clear that, wonderful as the skater's speed may seem to one watching him skim over the icy track, he is yet a long way slower than the trotting horse, and cannot hope ever to close the gap that separates them.

The most notable feature of the recent history of ice sport has been the development of the game of hockey, with every stage of which I have been familiar, although my own experience as a player was limited to a single season.

If handsome, stalwart, speedy Jack Hutton, one of the heroes of my schoolboy days, could revisit the glimpses of the moon on a night when the two best hockey teams in Canada are battling for the Stanley Cup, the emblem of the world's amateur championship, how filled with admiration and wonder he would be at the fruit the merry old game of "shinny," in which he was so *facile princeps*, has borne!

That human ingenuity will ever be equal to inventing a game surpassing hockey in intensity of excitement for both players and spectators one cannot readily conceive. The comparatively confined area within which it is played, the solid mass of spectators rising bank above bank from the edge of the ice to the roof of the building, the waves of sound that wax and wane with the variations and vicissitudes of the play, the brightly uniformed players darting hither and thither over the snow-white ice under the glare of the electric lights, and the marvelous rapidity with which the puck — a small solid disc of black rubber — goes from end to end of the rink at the bidding of the hockey sticks, carry one to the very highest point of nerve tension.

Brilliant as football and lacrosse may be, they are but deliberate, decorous proceedings in comparison with hockey. To witness a hockey-player pick the puck out of a scrimmage in dangerous proximity to his own goal, and then take it down the whole length of the rink, evading every opponent by dexterous dodges, leaping over sticks thrust in his way, caroming the rubber against the boards, and catching it on the rebound, and finally, with a deft "lift," sending it flying through the air past the goal keeper into the net, while the vast crowd, springing to their feet, bellow their joy like veritable bulls of Bashan, — this is to taste to the very fullest the rare delight of a supremely thrilling experience.

Hockey bids fair to contest with lacrosse the claim to be the national game of Canada. There certainly are more of her sons playing the former than the latter game at present, and the interest is broadening year by year. One result of this hockey fever which can only be regretted is that it has given the death-blow to fancy skating. In order to play hockey long flat-bladed skates are required, but for fancy skating short rounded skates must be used. As the majority of young men do not care to go to the expense of having two pairs of skates, they naturally give hockey skates the preference, and so the graceful art of fancy skating is rapidly becoming obsolete.

Here endeth my gossip, not through exhaustion of the subject, but through fear of wearying the gentle reader with whom I have in my own poor way sought to share the joys of many years' pleasuring upon the wings of steel.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY

HUGO GROTIUS

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

Of all tyrannies of unreason in the modern world, one holds a supremely evil preëminence. It covered the period from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century: throughout those hundred years was waged a war of hatreds, racial, religious, national, and personal; of ambitions, ecclesiastical and civil; of aspirations, patriotic and selfish; of efforts, noble and vile. During all those weary generations Europe became one broad battlefield, drenched in human blood and lighted from innumerable scaffolds.

In this confused struggle great men appeared: heroes and martyrs, ruffians and scoundrels; all was anarchic. The dominant international gospel was that of Machiavelli.

Into the very midst of all this welter of evil, at a point in time to all appearance hopeless, at a point in space apparently defenseless, in a nation of which every man, woman, and child was under sentence of death from its sovereign, was born a man who wrought as no other has ever done for a redemption of civilization from the main cause of all that misery; — who thought out for Europe the precepts of right reason; who made them heard; who gave a noble change to the course of human affairs; whose thoughts, reasonings, suggestions, and appeals produced an environment in which came an evolution of humanity which still continues.

Huig van Groot, afterward known to the world as Hugo Grotius, was born at Delft in Holland on Easter day of 1583. It was at the crisis of the struggle between Spain and the Netherlands. That struggle had already continued for twenty years, and just after the close of his first year, in the very town where he was lying in his cradle, came its most fearful event, that which maddened both sides, — the assassination of William of Orange, nominally by Balthazar Gerard, really by Phillip II of Spain.

It was, indeed, a fearful period. From Spain, fifteen years before his birth, the Holy Inquisition had sent forth, with the solemn sanction of Phillip II, the edict which condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics. In France, twelve years before his birth, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had stimulated religious wars interspersed with new massacres, the sacking of towns, the assassination of rulers and leaders. Less than seven years before his birth this French example had been followed in the great massacre at Antwerp, which filled his country with horror. In Italy a succession of pontiffs and princes, moved sometimes by fanaticism, but generally by greed, were carrying out their plans with fire and slaughter. In Great Britain Elizabeth was in her last days: great, gifted, and cruel. Throughout Germany were threatenings of a storm worse than any of those which had preceded it. For though the religious Peace of Passau in 1552 had established toleration, it was a toleration which, being based upon the whims of individual rulers, settled nothing; already Europe was darkened by the shadow of the great coming calamity, the Thirty Years' War.

The child had from his birth the best of all heritages. For he came of a good, pure, sound ancestry. Among his great-grandfathers was De Cornets, — driven

from France by religious persecution, — one of those Huguenots who proved of such immense value to every country which received them. Among his immediate ancestors was a line of state servants, brave, true, and thoughtful. His father was four times Burgomaster of Delft, one of the Curators of the University of Leyden, and a Councilor of State.

But barely had the child begun to lisp when a great danger beset him: his precocity. All his powers, moral and intellectual, seemed developed preternaturally. At nine years of age his Latin verses won the applause of scholars; in his eleventh year poets addressed him as a second Erasmus; at twelve years he was admitted to the University of Leyden. The chances seemed that he would bloom out as a mere prodigy, — an insufferable prig, — then fade, and never be heard of more. But his parents seem to have been more sensible than is usual in such cases: they sent him early from home and placed him among men to whom he was sure to look up with reverence. At the University he fell under the influence of Joseph Justus Scaliger. The genius of the youth bridged the chasm of years which separated him from the renowned scholar, and they became intimate friends.

Two years after entering the University he threw learned Europe into astonishment by a work which would have increased the reputation of any veteran in the republic of letters: a revision of the great encyclopædia of Martianus Capella, including "The Marriage of Mercury with Philology" and "The Seven Treatises on the Liberal Arts." This labor was enormous. The subjects treated by Capella were many and difficult, and to each of these the young scholar gave most thorough study; the number of subjects ransacked by Grotius seems appalling, the number of authors even more so: rhetoric, logic, geography, arithmetic, astronomy, music, all must be investigated, after the manner of the time, by finding what every ancient author had thought upon them.

In rapid succession he also published a translation of Simon Stevin on Navigation, and an edition of Aratus on Astronomy, which gave him repute as a mathematician; and at the same time he continued writing Latin verses which increased his fame as a classical scholar and poet, — as scholarship and poetry were then understood.

At the age of fifteen, after the fashion of the period, he held public disputes in mathematics, philosophy, and jurisprudence. His fame spread far. He was widely recognized as the wonder of the University.

In 1598, the Netherlands sent an embassy to King Henry IV of France. It meant much, for it seemed to bear the fortunes of the Republic. Hitherto France had favored the Netherlands in their long war with Spain, but now there was talk throughout Europe of peace between France and Spain; and if this peace were not prevented, or if a treaty were not most skillfully made, the Netherlands might awake some morning to find themselves exposed to the whole might of Philip II; to his hatred for their heresy and to his vengeance for their rebellion. To meet this emergency the Dutch Republic sent to Paris the Admiral of Zealand, Justin of Nassau, and John van Barneveld, its greatest statesman: with these went Grotius as an *attaché*.

He now incurred a new risk. His reputation had reached France. Men of high position crowded about him, and Henry IV with his own hand hung his portrait upon the youth's neck; but the moral powers of Grotius were as fully developed as his intellectual gifts: his sober judgment shielded him from flattery: all this distinction, instead of spoiling, stimulated him; he did not loiter among flatterers, but returned to Holland and again took up his work as a scholar.

And he avoided another danger as serious as his precocity and distinction had been. He steered clear of the quicksands of useless scholarship which had engulfed so many strong men of his time.

The zeal of learned men of that period was largely given to knowing things not worth knowing, to discussing things not worth discussing, to proving things not worth proving; Grotius seemed plunging on, with all sails set, into these quicksands; but again his good sense and sober judgment saved him. He decided to bring himself into the current of active life flowing through his land and time, and with this purpose he gave himself to the broad and thorough study of jurisprudence.

He was only in his seventeenth year when he was called to plead his first case. It gained him much credit. Other successes rapidly followed and he was soon made Advocate General of the Treasury for the Provinces of Holland and Zealand. A new danger now beset him, — the danger of becoming simply a venal pleader, a creature who grinds out arguments on this or that side for this or that client, — a mere legal beast of prey. Fortunately for himself and for the world he took a higher view of his life-work: his determination clearly was to make himself a thoroughly equipped jurist, and then, as he rose more and more in his profession, to use his powers for the good of his country and of mankind.

But he made no effort to attract notice, and one striking evidence of his reserve and modesty was discovered only after more than two centuries, when, in 1868, there was found, in a bookshop at The Hague, an old manuscript never before published, but written by Grotius in 1604, its title being *De jure prædæ*. In this manuscript, prepared during his twenty-second year, were found both the germs and, in large measure, the growth of many ideas and trains of thought which gave to his later works such vast value.

He had evidently felt that his thought on these great subjects was not sufficiently mature; but five years later, in 1609, when a conflict of interests between the Netherlands and Portugal seemed to demand it, he developed a chapter of this unpublished book into his first work of world-wide fame: the *Mare Liberum*. It was a calm, powerful argument against one of the most monstrously absurd claims ever put forth: a claim which at that time clouded the title of humanity to our planet. This was nothing else than the pretense of dominion over the high seas insisted upon by various nations, — a claim which had in days gone by been of some use against piracy, but had become fruitful in wrong. The government which he nominally had in view was Portugal, but the claim which was deepest in his thought was that of England. Her main contention was that the narrow seas — all the seas lying about Great Britain even up to the shores of Norway, of Holland, and of France — were her own; that she was alone entitled to fish in them or freely navigate them; that other nations could do so only by her permission; that her ships in those waters were entitled to lord it over all other ships; that as the mistress of those seas her flag was to be saluted by the vessels of all other powers; and beside all this was her vague claim of the Bay of Biscay and of the ocean north of Scotland.

There was strong warrant for pretensions of this sort. As far back as 1493, Pope Alexander VI had settled disputes between Spain and Portugal arising out of their discoveries upon the Atlantic and Pacific by drawing a line from pole to pole one hundred leagues west of the Azores, giving all west of it to the Spanish, all east of it to the Portuguese. Both these nations attempted more or less persistently to exercise the sway thus given over the oceans as well as over the continents. The Portuguese forbade under heavy penalties any person, whether native or alien, to pass through the waters off the African and Brazilian coasts without their permission; the Spanish were hardly less severe toward those who without leave approached their dependencies. But though the realization of the earth's rotundity renewed the old difficulty, and Spain and Portugal discovered that the Papal decision was futile, since all

their new dominions could be approached both from the east and the west, both nations continued to maintain, as best they could, their sovereignty over the oceans.

Other nations followed these examples. France asserted proprietary rights in the seas off her coasts. Denmark claimed the ocean between Norway and Iceland, and, with Sweden, she insisted on the ownership of the Baltic. Venice, upon her mudbanks at the northwestern corner of the Adriatic, insisted upon a similar control over that open sea; the annual marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic was but the symbol of this dominion. Genoa and Pisa put in similar claims on the west side of Italy. Against all this Grotius published to the world a demonstration that no such right could exist.

His whole argument was mainly a development of two postulates. The first of these was that the right of nations to communicate with one another had been universally recognized; that it was based on a fundamental law of humanity; that, the liberty of the sea being necessary to enable nations to communicate with one another, it could not be taken away by any power whatever. The second was that the sea could not be made property on account of its immensity, its lack of stability, its want of fixed limits. This argument in places seemed thin. The book, after the custom of the time, was filled with an array — far more than sufficient — of learned citations, but its most significant feature — that which went to make it the herald of a new epoch — was that it took its stand upon the inalienable rights of mankind; that it mainly deduced these rights neither from revelation nor from national enactments, but from natural law as ascertained by the human mind.

This book was nominally leveled at the pretensions of Spain and Portugal, but the leading spirits in England saw well what it meant. Although Queen Elizabeth, when the Spanish claimed contributions of Sir Francis Drake in the ocean adjacent to their dominions, had made answer appealing to the natural rights of all men upon the high seas, all this was conveniently forgotten, and King James I, the crowned pedant of Great Britain, immediately gave orders to his ambassador in Holland to take measures against the young publicist.

These measures having proved futile, John Selden, a great legal authority in England, well fitted for the task, was led to write a reply to Grotius. For nine years he was employed in bringing his authorities together; and in 1618 the book was ready, but it was not then published. It was evidently feared that certain concessions in it might thwart the interests of England in sundry quarters, so that it did not see the light until 1635, and then on account of the direct necessities of England in her trouble with the Netherlands.

In his *Mare Clausum* Selden began, as was then usual, with the Bible. In order to refute Grotius' idea that the ocean cannot be made the property of any one nation he cites the twenty-eighth verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which declares that God said to Adam, "Have dominion over the fish of the sea." "Now," continues Selden, "the fish are the living revenue, — the use of the sea. If these be given, the property itself may be considered as given. Again God said to Noah and his descendants, 'Your fear shall be upon the fish of the sea' (Genesis ix. 2)." Selden then went on to lay stress upon the declaration of the Almighty to the Israelites, "Thy borders are in the midst of the sea," and he argued that of course dominion was given them within these borders, and therefore that this dominion extended over the ocean. He even pressed into his service the poetry of Isaiah, who, as he says, called Tyre "the might of the seas," and Selden argues that "might," in this case, can only mean possession. He declares that the Red Sea is called Edom, which means red, simply because it belonged to the descendants of Esau.

With the same pedantic fullness Selden ransacked the Talmud, the myriad writers of classical antiquity, the records of my-

thology, theology, and philology. Neptune, god of the seas, he insists is only a king who really existed and had the right to rule the sea; stress is laid upon Xerxes as binding the Hellespont; and following these examples are a multitude equally cogent from modern history.

Having thus gone through history, sacred and profane, to show that divine and human authority are on the side of British sovereignty over the seas, he turns to logic, and produces a series of arguments still more extraordinary. He argues that if nations can own land they can own water; that if they can own a little water they can own much; that it is as conformable to reason for a nation to control an ocean as a river. All this was enforced with whole regiments of categories and syllogisms.

Such was the work of a dictator of English learning, a man of great powers of thought, of real independence, of true nobility of character. His only defect was the pedantry which was the bane of his time and from which Grotius, though not wholly free, did so much to raise the world.

The book of Selden was hailed in England as the great work of the age; its doctrines determined English theory and practice as long as England thought it wise to apply them. The world was made to feel them far into the nineteenth century. The treaty attempted by Mr. King, the American Minister to London in 1803, failed because England would not give up the right to impress seamen from foreign ships upon the high seas; and about the same period she applied her doctrine regarding the control of the narrow seas to the control of the broad seas, up to the very shores of America. Even within the shallow waters of Long Island Sound she seized an American vessel, attempted to take therefrom the French Minister to the American Government, and, having failed to take him, seized his papers. Still later, an English man-of-war, in time of profound peace, attacked an American frigate almost within sight of the American coast, took from her four seamen, hanged one of them as a deserter, and forced the other three into the British service.

But the doctrines of Grotius made their way. Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and, last of all, Great Britain, were forced to yield by the combined opinion of the whole world.[1]

The *Mare Liberum* was followed by works from Grotius' pen in many fields. Among the most important were those upon the history of his own country, and he received the title of Public Historiographer. About the same time he reached the first rank in his profession and was made Attorney General of the Province of Holland, Councilor and Pensionary of Rotterdam, with the right of sitting not only in the provincial legislature of Holland, but also in the States General of the United Provinces. He was also sent as one of a commission to England charged to watch over the maritime rights of his country. James I, who had formerly tried to crush him, now flattered him.

On his return in 1616 greater honors awaited him. He was made Grand Pensionary of West Friesland and Holland. This culmination of civic honors in his own country proved to be a beginning of calamity.

Nothing is more wretched in the whole history of Europe between the Reformation period and the close of the last century than the sectarian quarrels which cursed every country. No question seemed too slight a cause for bitter hatred and

[1] For this doctrine of dominion over the sea, see Wheaton, *Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens, Première Période*, par. 17, 18; Woolsey, *Introduction to the Study of International Law*, chap. ii; also Hall, *International Law*, pp. 146 *et seq.* For curious applications of the old doctrine and reasons for them, see Walker, *Science of International Law*, chap. v. As to the Chesapeake outrage, see H. Adams, *History of the United States*, vol. ii, chap. i; also Schouler's *History of the United States*, vol. ii, pp. 163 *et seq.*

even for civil war. Germany, England, France, were convulsed with squabbles between various sects and factions, about questions really contemptible. In each of these countries Protestants were not only in a life and death struggle with Catholics, but were seeking to exterminate one another. The Netherlands were no exception to the rule. Two professors at the University of Leyden, Arminius and Gomarus, happened to take different sides on the eternal question of fate and free will. The dispute became vitriolic. The disciples of each caught the spirit of their masters, and soon the Reformed Church in Holland was split into two hostile sects, — each heaping syllogisms and epithets on the other, — Arminius preaching free will, Gomarus, predestination.

It was simply a struggle as to the two sides of the same shield. The question involved was as old as history, — and utterly insoluble. It had puzzled men in all ages. Among the Hebrews, among the Greeks and Romans, among the Mohammedans, and among the Christians, it had served to try the mental powers of a long succession of leading thinkers, — and the main results were vast harvests of hatred.

Unfortunately, in the Reformed Church the debate took a form especially hateful. The partisans of free will insisted that if a man does not act from free will, if his acts are foreordained by a Divine Power which he cannot resist, then there can be no human responsibility for them, and to say that for sins thus foreordained men are to be punished is to deny the goodness of God.

On the other hand, the partisans of predestination insisted that nothing can take place without the foreknowledge and ordinance of God; that to deny this is to deny His omniscience and omnipotence.

The debate went on from bad to worse; it could hardly be pretended that salvation was dependent upon holding the right metaphysical theory upon this question; yet both sides did the usual thing in such cases, — each contending that the doctrine of the other was "of dangerous tendency;" and soon each was able to show that the other's doctrine was deadly. Gomarus declared that Arminius was a supporter of the Roman Catholic Church, and that his doctrine at the same time led to skepticism and infidelity. It was difficult for reasoning men to see how the same man could be a Roman Catholic and an infidel, but the vast majority did not reason, — they only believed. Heavy words were hurled: "supralapsarian," "infralapsarian;" and these seemed to crush out the common sense of the crowd. Gomarus won the victory.

The majority of the pulpits reiterated the charges and flung back the epithets; until finally the controversy became a disease, a disease which speedily took an acute form, breaking out here and there into mob murders. It seemed to warrant the declaration of Bishop Butler as to a possible insanity of states.

In this condition of things, the Arminians, led by Uyten Bogaert, a theologian at The Hague, drew up in 1610 a protest stating their real principles. It was known as the "Remonstrance," and from this the Arminians received their party name of Remonstrants. Upon this the followers of Gomarus, devoted to the doctrine of predestination, drew up a vigorous rejoinder, and so obtained their party name of Contra-Remonstrants. Mob violence spread rapidly. The States General, mainly a body of educated, thoughtful men, seeing the necessity of calming the country, now issued an Edict of Pacification enjoining tolerance and forbearance, and largely permeated by the just and kindly ideas of Grotius.

The Edict of Pacification was supported by one of the most eloquent appeals ever composed, — it came not only from Grotius' head, but from his heart. But all this was outclamored by the Gomarist clergy. They cited from Scripture the words, "Ye must obey God rather than man," by which they simply meant, "Ye are to accept our theory as God's command." This carried the great majority of the population.

With this religious question was complicated a political struggle. The Stadtholder and Captain-General of the United Provinces was Prince Maurice of Orange, — the second son of the murdered William the Silent. He had great qualities, military and administrative, but he had also an evident purpose to make himself virtually a monarch. We need not suppose him merely selfish in this matter; there was in him a mixture of motives. He doubtless knew that what was needed to enable the Netherlands to hold their own against Spain, their religious foe, France, their political foe, and England, their commercial foe, was a strong, concentrated government, and of this he was the natural head. He had encountered much opposition which was to him vexatious, and at the very time when the unity of all the provinces was the first thing needful.

On the other hand, a small body of enlightened but patriotic men of great influence loved and believed in republican institutions, feared the monarchical tendency, dreaded a dictatorship, and struggled against every effort of the prince which tended toward it. In this they had some success, and in 1609, fearing that the continuance of war and the increasing dependence of the Provinces upon Maurice would result in his dictatorship, they brought about with Spain the famous Truce of Twelve Years.

This led to bitter hatred between Maurice, the Stadtholder, on one side, and the leaders of republican tendency on the other. Foremost among these latter was John of Barneveld, a statesman renowned throughout Europe, his whole life full of high service to his country, his religious views tolerant, — and closely attached to him was Grotius.

In this wretched struggle between Calvinism and Arminianism Maurice saw his opportunity. Had he been a greater genius or of a nobler nature, he might have called Grotius to his aid and fused both these elements into one strong national force. Such a fusion was made most happily when in England the Church was united by combining "a Catholic ritual, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian clergy," and at a much later period a similar happy compromise was made when Frederick William III stood by the more tolerant thinkers of Prussia and brought together Calvinists and Lutherans into a single body on whose banner was inscribed the shibboleth "Evangelical." But Maurice did not take so large a view. He saw that the Gomarists had the populace on their side. He cared nothing for their doctrines as such; there is evidence that he did not even understand them; but they were the predominant force, and he took pains to attend their churches, tied his cause to theirs, became the firm ally of fanatical peasants and their clerical managers against the Edict of Pacification. Thus was he able to wield an overwhelming power against Barneveld, Grotius, and their compeers.[1]

The course of Maurice was simple. By virtue of his authority as Stadtholder he had merely to forbid obedience to the orders of Barneveld, Grotius, and others in their respective provinces, and when these attempted to enforce their authority it was easy to raise the fanatical Calvinists in revolt.

The efforts of Grotius for peace now became heroic. At the head of a deputation of the States of Holland he publicly addressed the authorities of Amsterdam in favor of toleration. He showed that the highest authorities agreed that either of the two theological opinions might be held without danger of perdition; that the earlier reformers had tolerated both opinions. He besought his countrymen most earnestly and eloquently, in view of the political danger to the country and of the religious danger to Protestantism, to allow toleration and peace. All in vain. On the great mass of his countrymen the modern idea of toleration had not even dawned. He and his associates were dis-

[1] Motley gives a curious story illustrating the ignorance of Maurice regarding the doctrines he supported.

missed with contempt, and his address was suppressed by force.

Weary nigh unto death, he was besought by his family and friends to give up the struggle. But he would not. He would make another exertion, and he drew up a new formula of peace to be signed by both parties. It contained nothing contrary to Calvinism; it proposed to leave matters at issue to a council, and in the meantime pledged all to peace. This, too, was in vain. The fanatics would have none of it, and Maurice stood by them.

Matters were soon beyond any peaceable solution. Maurice, with the Gomarists, took such measures that Barneveld, Grotius, and their associates were obliged to summon the Provinces to resist. But resistance was futile. Maurice was a successful soldier with a great name, and behind him were a large current of patriotism and an overwhelming current of fanaticism. In August, 1618, he was able to send Barneveld and Grotius to prison. Everything favored him. The death of his elder brother during these events gave him the crowning honor, and he became the head of his family, — Prince of Orange.

And now was set in motion a prodigious piece of machinery, — the Synod of Dort. It embraced the leading theologians of Holland with delegates from various parts of Protestant Europe. Their weary discussions dragged along through the entire following winter. The result was a foregone conclusion. As in nearly all the greater councils of the Church, Catholic or Protestant, its proceedings were determined by intimidation and intrigue rather than by discussion. Episcopius and the Arminians at the Synod of Dort had as little chance as the opponents of Athanasius at the Council of Nice; or as the Bishop of Braga at the Council of Trent; or as Archbishop Kenrick and Bishop Strausmaier at the Council of the Vatican. They were simply outclamored and voted down. The whole decision was in accordance with the direction of Maurice and the Gomarists. It was now declared that the Remonstrants must submit to the Synod; that to oppose it was to rebel against the Holy Spirit; that if they persisted in disobedience they would incur not only the censures of the Church, but punishment from the State. Against this the Arminians tried to make a stand, and solemnly appealed to their brethren; but at last, in April, 1619, the Synod declared them guilty of pestilent errors and corrupters of the true faith; their doctrines damnable, and Episcopius, with his associates, deprived of their positions. This being accomplished, Barneveld and Grotius were dealt with. The court had been assembled in February. It was composed largely of the enemies of the accused; the proceedings lingered until the Synod of Dort had made its main decision and denunciation. Barneveld was sentenced to death on the 12th of May, 1619, and was executed on the day following, bearing himself nobly on the scaffold, and neither asking nor allowing any of his family or friends to ask pardon from Maurice.

A few days later Grotius was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and transferred to the castle of Loevestein. Vigorous measures ensued against lesser offenders; such Arminian ministers as could be seized were torn from their pulpits, stripped of their property, banished, or imprisoned. From all parts of the Netherlands they were driven to neighboring countries, Catholic and Protestant. It was a story like that of the Puritans driven from England, the Huguenots from France, the Moriscoes from Spain, the Protestants from Salzburg, the Finlanders and Jews from Russia in our day; — the same old story, — unreason, bigotry, party passion, individual ambition — all masquerading as "saving faith."

All this work having been set in motion, on the 29th of May, 1619, the Synod of Dort was closed.

The imprisonment of Grotius was not the worst that now befell him. His ene-

mies sought to rob him, not only of his liberty, but of his honor. His request to present his defense to Prince Maurice, as he truly says, "was afterward misinterpreted as if I had had wonderful things to reveal." The fact that he thought of offering his services as a councilor to Prince Maurice will not prejudice against him any American who remembers how statesmen like Daniel Webster and William Henry Seward sought most patriotically to redeem administrations in our own country in the interest of principles which they held dear. Not only was Grotius refused, during the weary months of trial, any opportunity to draw up a defense in writing, but when it was granted he was allowed only a single sheet of paper and four hours of time. After the manner of that period in treason trials, he was not permitted to summon counsel or to consult documents; worst of all, the utterances of Barneveld were evidently presented to him in a false light, so that, in repelling charges against himself, Grotius was made to appear as if attacking his friend. Thus were set in motion the calumnies which have been reëchoed from that day to this, and to which even our eminent American historian of the Dutch Republic has given an attention which they do not deserve. Looking over the whole matter dispassionately, the conclusion seems irresistible that Grotius, in prison, was deceived, and, as he himself insisted, his utterances misinterpreted. Nothing else in his life warrants the belief that he could have been for a moment disloyal to Barneveld. That Groen van Prinsterer should repeat these charges adds nothing to their strength. No one can read the attack made by this modern enemy of Arminianism and of Grotius without seeing at once that its charges are utterly vitiated by its sectarian bitterness. Grotius' attitude in those most trying hours was not that of a determined, uncompromising ruler of men, like Barneveld, but that of a scholarly statesman, honest and straightforward, seeking to serve his country. He may have been for a moment deceived by the intriguers who sought to separate him from his friend, but his conduct, taken as a whole, was that of a patriot and a true man.[1]

Shut up in the Castle of Loevestein, during nearly two years Grotius found consolation in his studies. At the end of that time he was rescued by a stratagem. His wife, who had shown a most touching devotion to him from first to last, who had shared his captivity, and done all in her power to make it tolerable, made friends with the wife of the jailor and others who might be of use, smuggled her husband into a case supposed to contain borrowed books, and thus had him conveyed from the fortress. After several hairbreadth escapes the box was carried to the house of a friend, and Grotius, escaping from it, fled in the disguise of a brick-layer into France. One thing in this departure did him special honor. This was his letter to the authorities of the Netherlands declaring that no person had been bribed to aid him, that he himself was not guilty of any crime against his country, and that nothing that had taken place had diminished his love for it.

Arriving in France, he was welcomed on all sides as a great European scholar. Louis XIII settled upon him a pension which unfortunately was small and rarely paid; luckily friends were found to give him shelter, and he continued his devotion to his studies. Among other treatises which attracted general notice he wrote a defense of his course, straightforward, with no bitterness; various works calculated to diminish intolerance; and, in 1622, at the Château of Balagny, he began giving final shape to the great work of his life, the *De jure belli ac pacis*, and for three years it occupied his best thought.

Few more inspiring things have been

[1] As regards the charge that Grotius was disloyal to Barneveld, see Motley, *John of Barneveld*, vol. ii, pp. 396 *et seq.*; and for echoes of the old attacks, resentful and bitter, see Groen van Prinsterer, *Maurice et Barnevelt*, Utrecht, 1876, pp. ccv, *et seq.*

seen in human history. He had every reason for yielding to pessimism, for hating his country, and for despising his race. He might have passed his time in satirizing his enemies and in scolding at human folly. He did nothing of the sort; but worked on, day and night, giving to mankind one of the greatest blessings it has ever received.

The great work of Grotius was published in 1625. Its reception must have disappointed him, for while thoughtful and earnest men in various parts of Europe showed at once their appreciation of it, the mass of men were indifferent, and their religious leaders, as a rule, hostile. The condemnation of it at Rome, the fact that it was placed upon the Index of works which Catholics were forbidden to read, and that this Index bore the sanction of a Papal bull, was at first a great barrier. So, too, the distrust felt by the leaders of the Protestant Church checked its progress. But more and more it made its way. In every nation were jurists and statesmen who, while they acquiesced nominally in the teachings of the church, in which they had happened to be born, did some thinking on their own account. In the minds of such, the germs of the better system planted by Grotius took root. Many, too, whose belief was in accordance with the dominant ecclesiastical ideas, had hearts better than their heads, and on those the eloquence of Grotius wrought with power. In various universities, his doctrines began to be commented upon and taught, and notably at Heidelberg, where Pufendorf became Grotius' first great apostle. His ideas found their way into current discussion, into systems of law, into treaties, and, as generations rolled by, the world began to find itself, it hardly knew how, less and less cruel, until men looked back upon war as practiced in his time as upon a hideous dream, — doubtless much as men in future generations will look back upon the wars of our time.

Most notable among those who were immediately influenced by Grotius' work were his two foremost contemporaries, one a Protestant and the other a Catholic.

First of these was Gustavus Adolphus. He was by far the greatest and bravest leader of his time. Grotius' work became his favorite study; he kept it by his bedside; it was found in his tent after his death on the field of Lützen. Despite the atrocities of the opposing commanders, he constantly stood for mercy and began on a large scale the better conduct of modern war: his most impassioned speeches were made to his soldiers in dissuading them from cruelty or in rebuking them for it.

And there was another great example. Three years after the appearance of Grotius' book, Cardinal Richelieu, who then governed France in the name of Louis XIII, took La Rochelle. It was the stronghold of French Protestantism; it had resisted as few fortified places have ever resisted; the Protestants gathered there had been guilty of high treason in its worst degrees — they had called in England to their aid; they had rebelled so madly that they were outside the pale of mercy; the greater part of the city population had been destroyed, and among those who were left there had been recourse to cannibalism.

The whole civilized world expected to see a frightful example made; and in view of the ferocious instructions which at the beginning of the war thus ended had been given by Pius V and other pontiffs, in view of the savage practice general throughout Europe, and above all that of Philip II and Alva in the Netherlands, and of Tilly in Germany, there was every reason to expect a massacre of the inhabitants with plunder and destruction of the city. All Europe held its breath in anticipation of cruelties befitting the long and bitter rebellion of the Huguenots against their sovereigns in Church and State.

Richelieu was a devoted believer in the dogmas and authority of the Church — he had begun his literary life by polemics against Protestantism, and his first act after his great victory, as a general, was to

celebrate a high mass of thanksgiving, as a bishop. He had received his education in an atmosphere of cruel intolerance of which we can now hardly dream. It was the period when the teachings of the sainted Pope Pius V were in all their vigor; the time when that pontiff wrote letters to Catherine de Medici, to Charles IX, to the Duke of Anjou, and to other leaders in France, commanding them not merely to persecute, but to massacre, forbidding them to spare a single Huguenot prisoner, citing to King Charles the example of King Saul, and holding up to the most Christian king, as the punishment he would merit and receive from the Almighty if he showed mercy to the Huguenots, the punishment received by that Jewish king for showing mercy to the enemies of Israel. Still dominant were the teachings of Gregory XIII, who celebrated the Massacre of St. Bartholomew with thanksgivings at Rome, commemorated it in magnificent pictures at the Vatican, and struck a medal in its honor for circulation throughout Europe. Not only did the early education and environment of Richelieu seem to presage a fearful treatment of La Rochelle, but his own conduct in other matters seemed to insure it. As a rule, toward those guilty of treason he was ever merciless, and for crimes against public order he sent members of the highest families in France to the scaffold.[1]

But, to the amazement of the world and to the intense disgust of the fanatics who thirsted for vengeance, Richelieu now did none of the terrible things expected of him. He indeed swept away a mass of dangerous party privileges which the sect had enjoyed, but even to the most bitter of the Huguenots he was merciful. He allowed no massacre, no destruction, no plunder. After he had summoned into his presence Guiton, the Huguenot mayor of the city, who had stood out against him so long and so desperately, he treated him with respect and inflicted upon him merely a short banishment. The Huguenots, though broken as a party, were not even excluded from civil office or debarred from the exercise of their religion; everywhere was lenity. The fanatics of his own church bestowed on him such names as "Cardinal of Satan," "Pope of the Atheists."

How was it that in this case Richelieu showed a toleration and mercy so at variance with everything in his previous career? All the circumstances of the case enforce the conviction that, during the three years between the publication of Grotius' book and the taking of La Rochelle, the cardinal had been influenced by it. It had arrested the attention of thinking men in all parts of Europe, and must have been known to the foremost statesman of France, living in the very city where it was published. Throughout his whole career, Richelieu showed an especial respect for scholars and scholarly work, as the Sorbonne bears witness to this day. At a later period, even when there was much diplomatic friction between the two men, Richelieu freed Grotius' writings from the French censorship, and declared him one of the three great scholars of his time. Even if the cardinal knew the book merely as Nicholas II of Russia knew the epoch-making work of Jean de Bloch against war, — the book which led that czar to call the Peace Conference of The Hague, — that is, merely by report, by quotations, by discussions, he could not fail to have grasped its main purport. There seems, indeed, no other way to account for the fact that from one of the most devoted of ecclesiastics and most merciless of statesmen there came, during this vast temptation to cruelty, so benign a treatment of subjugated heretics and rebels.

But a striking proof that Grotius had

[1] For the full text of the letters of St. Pius V, commanding massacre and forbidding mercy, see De Potter, *Lettres de St. Pie V*, Paris 1830. Those especially citing the punishment of King Saul for his mercy to the Amalekites were directed to King Charles and Catherine de Medici (nos. xii, xiii). For copious citations, see Laurent, *Hist. du Droit des Gens*, tome x.

brought in a new epoch was shown three years after his death. In 1648 plenipotentiaries from the great states of Europe signed at Münster the great Treaty of Westphalia, which closed the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the Eighty Years' War in the Netherlands, and a long era of savagery in all parts of the globe. This instrument embodied principles which Grotius had really been the first to bring into the thought of the world. At its base was his conception of the essential independence and equality of all sovereign states, — all its parts were riveted together by his conceptions of eternal justice, — the whole structure was permeated by his hatred of cruelty and love of mercy. To the signing of this treaty the Papal authorities at Rome had constantly shown themselves bitterly opposed; all that intrigue, bribes, and threats could do, they had done; and as the congress at Münster went on more evidently toward a merciful issue, this violence at Rome became more and more marked. As the climax of the whole, Pope Innocent X issued his bull, *Zelo Domus Dei*, absolving the signatories of the treaty from the oaths they had taken when affixing their signatures to it; and not only this, but virtually commanded them to break their oaths. But a new time had come. The signers, having foreseen this exercise of the Papal power "to bind and loose," made a solemn pledge and vow not to avail themselves of any such absolution. The book had indeed begun its work. In the next chapter we will examine the teaching of Grotius, note the proofs of its influence on the two centuries following, and mark the latest exhibition of its power in the International Peace Conference of The Hague in 1899.[1]

[1] I. For a striking example of the hatred felt by bigots toward Richelieu's tolerance, see Henri Martin, *Histoire de France*, tome xi, p. 278. As to diplomatic friction between Richelieu and Grotius, see Burigny, *Vie de Grotius*, Amsterdam, 1754, tome i, pp. 248–258. For Richelieu's order relieving Grotius' works from the censorship, *ibid.*, tome ii, p. 110. For Richelieu's estimation of Grotius as one of the three foremost savants of his time, *ibid.*, tome ii, p. 208.

II. For proofs that Richelieu, worldly wise as was his policy, was at heart a devout believer, see Hanotaux, *Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu*, tome ii, 2me partie, chapitre 2; Avenel, *Richelieu et la Monarchie Absolue*, Paris, 1887, tome iii, pp. 393–421; also Perkins, *France under Richelieu and Mazarin*, vol. ii, p. 128, note.

III. For an admirable brief summary of Grotius' relation to the Treaty of Westphalia, see Walker, *Science of International Law*, chap. iv.

IV. For Pope Innocent X and the bull *Zelo Domus Dei*, see Laurent, *Histoire du Droit des Gens*, vol. x, pp. 174 *et seq.*

THE INFINITE PRESENCE

BY GEORGE M. GOULD

KANT said that two things were sublime: the starry heavens above, and the moral law within. Upon reflection, the stars suggest to "the natural man" but a crude, vague, and far from infinite idea of infinity, and many experts have "explained" the moral law as a utilitarian and evolutionary product. The philosopher's reverence serves, nevertheless, to divide the infinities into two classes, like all other phenomena, those without and those within, objective and subjective, or macrocosmic and microcosmic. It will be found that a third class must be added which will comprise a number that belong to neither world exclusively, but are the joint product of both. In a rigid Berkeleian or Hegelian analysis all would be subjective; in a looser one all equally more or less composite; and especially if one accepts language at its par value, and common sense at its own rating.

The eye of the mind that does not infer sees the starry firmament simply as light-points in a dark blue setting. Distant these points are indeed, but any very great distance is a teaching of hearsay, or inference, and only the astronomer, or one he has taught, has more than a vague and extremely finite conception of their immeasurable distance. The shepherds thought the guiding-star of Bethlehem moved and stood over the manger in which lay the wonderful child. They had no hint of the amazing distance, even of the nearest star, and possibly even Kant's thought of it was vague as compared with that we now hold. How many Americans and Europeans to-day suppose that a meteor is truly a "falling star"? That a star could not move, or point out a locality upon the earth, or the earth itself, is not to be understood by the shepherd mind. If a newspaper reader has seen a long string of figures expressing a guess at the distances of stars, they of course express to him no idea more definite than if the numbers were one tenth or ten times as many. It becomes at once the something non-finite, as do all such things not cognizable by his assumed finiteness. The infinite is thus to most a mere negative, whatever its nature, an impatient naming of the unexplored and unnamable. If one attempts to bring to the ordinary mind a somewhat more adequate thought or picture of the infinite, trying to replace its negative by a positive idea, he is met by a smile of incredulity or of shrinking wonder, confessing renunciation and the inability to follow. Should one bravely persist and endeavor to show that the so-called "light" of the stars exists only, and is created, in a tiny, wholly dark space six inches or more behind his own eye, there is a risk of a not flattering answer. Add that not only light, but color also, sound, hardness, heat, cold, odors, etc., — all the "things" our senses tell us of, are sensations, mind creations, unknown products of unknown things by unknown methods and mechanisms. That would be unkind to him, and worse than useless.

Our language demonstrates the purely negative and renouncing action of mind as regards infinity. We have no word for expressing it positively. "Endless," "immeasurable," "infinite," etc., give no desired positiveness, and even the quasi-affirmation in the word "eternal" means only that which endures for an age, the latter meaning originally a lifetime. The seeming positive notation of the word "omnipotence" is no less essentially negative, because men have never thought of it as anything but subjective, — an attribute of God. But God himself, the idea of him held by the careless believer, is only that of an unknown, unknowable,

non-finite, into which vast unknown are indiscriminately flung all tormenting mysteries. He thus becomes philosophically the reserve of inexplainables awaiting our leisure and ability. One by one we must take out and at least seek to solve our problems. God must be made cognizable. We can hardly be as perfect as He, which is commanded, if we cannot even know and understand His characteristics; surely not, if we do not even attempt the least of such knowing and understanding.

It is not an advanced psychology that demonstrates the mental creation of finite sensations, and it is also as early shown that the larger makings of infinities are from the materials furnished by the mind rather than from the outside world. It is a truism that seeing is slowly learned, and that, whatever hints reflected ether-waves bring the eye, vision — accurate, useful vision — is a product of the brain and mind. In the same way, evidently, one can readily determine that the thing actually seen, the blue sky with its dots of light, beyond the reach of his flung pebble, does not even suggest infinite space or universe to the shepherd. Nor does the objective give any positive idea of any kind concerning the non-finite. An unknown something out there in some incomprehensible way started some vibrations which somehow or other were transformed, and at last got to the proper brain cells. From numberless results of the kind the mind made inferences and reasoned of the outside sources of the sensations. One need not proceed to the Berkeleian extreme of denying all objective reality in order to take from that outside cause such vast quantities of attributes as must be done to be just to the spirit co-partner. Even the newest physics resulting from radium discoveries may, according to Professor Lodge, leave some hard nucleus of materiality at the centre of the many-guised, cunningly concealed, ionic molecule. If at last that is dissipated into ions, empty centres of vibrational forces, the vibrations at least exist, and with them all that is essentially objective. The atomic theory is by no means destroyed with the destruction of all "atoms."

In the same way there remains at least the assured residue of objective infinities, but when the mind gets her proper share of its endowments, they are not so rich as supposed. Infinity dwells less without than within, and mental coöperation is required for the creation of even the crudest objective infinity. Summarize all the racial sense-impressions, condense a hundred kinds to the quintessential instincts, still they would be finite in origin and number. The multiplication of finitenesses by any finite number leaves the product still as far from infinite as the first unit. Were the mind a product of materiality and finite experiences, the word "infinite," even with the negative connotation, would not have been formed. That it has positive significance is indubitable, hence the iron law of causality demands that it come from no finite source without. We do, in fact, endow that without with our own self-grown infinities. The analyses of reality, the progress of psychology, all show that our new science is largely a transplanting or taking back to our own minds the rich qualities with which we had too generously endowed matter. In our generosity we lent the old actor our own wardrobe of the spirit. He thereby acted the cosmic rôle assigned to him with better grace and seemliness, but he was in honor bound to return the gold-embroidered cloak and gem-decked crown. He could not wear them in the street. Nor did he need them there, for in the highways of materiality is no cold or warmth, nakedness or garment, beauty or grace. It is only personality and sensation that need, or know, or can own these things. When the intellectual part of personality grows beyond the charm of played amusements, it smiles in pity upon the child's need and the time when it found so much pleasure in imagining into the sticks and wires of its marionettes (world, space, and time)

its own greater, more infinite, personal comedies and tragedies.

And yet the wealth and power which materiality pays back bring their own responsibilities. Unused gold without interest is of no more value than so much iron, and to yield interest or profit, work must be done. By no unimproved or unearned endowment do we come to the grasp and enjoyment even of metaphysical things. The possibility lies in our nature, it is true, and in the nature of mind; but it does not spontaneously exercise itself. We gain the heaven, not only of feeling and duty, but of intellect and imagination, by hardened muscles and tireless climbing. Metaphysical athletics is the most strenuous of all, but these scalers of the Alps of the Spirit have seen views unknown to others, and so superb, so indescribable, that the rare light in their eyes is almost the sole hint of the supernatural glory. The philosophies and religions, the poesies, literatures, and sciences, of the few climbers, are only fainter suggestions; and yet these have made the civilization which we find so miraculous. If humanity itself should attempt the great ascent, whence the stars are seen, not as discrete light-spots sown in the overhead blue, but as the beacon-fires of the soul calling Life to victory over the world!

The two infinities of Kant did not chill or hurt him, but his fearlessness is shared by few. Only for a short instant, at best, will most persons consent to look open-eyed at any clear image of fate or of infinity. Scarcely a friend of mine will look steadily at the clear midnight sky for a minute in silence. The freezing of the heart that follows, the appalling shudder at the dread contemplation of infinity, which may be called cosmic horror, is more than can be endured. If those stars are absolutely and positively infinite, then there is no up or down, and they knew no beginning, will have no ending. With any such staring gorgon of fatalism the surcharged attention is shaken, and the chemistry of common life seizes upon the liquid crystals with avid hunger.

But why may not this cosmic horror be turned to cosmic pleasure? It is at best not bravery or athletic prowess, and at worst it is a psychic want of equilibrium, a morbid metaphysics. When one has health, strength, and expertness to do a thing there is pleasure in doing it. In a word, the horror is from disuse of the innate power, and the sublimest pleasure may be found in excursions into the infinite. For not the least of the astronomer's delight springs from the grand distances and incommensurables with which he deals, the limitlessness of the pictures nightly spread before him. And is not the historian's similar pleasure in the sweep of eye from age to age and from nation to nation, correlating to unity millions of individualities and events hidden from those who dwell in valleys and in singlenesses? In his analyses and syntheses the philosopher learns of another kind of grave charm, whereby the apparent disorder and fortuity of the world are systematized and coördinated into order and unity by some fair and far harmonizing principle. Such, in truth, are athletes; but their endowment and ability differ in no way from that of the shepherd following his star.

However modern and civilized the shepherd may be, should one rally him to an attack upon the infinite (God's infinities having been first set aside), he would answer that there are at best but two infinities: space and time. And he would see but one childish method — the stretching of the imagination. With perfect plausibility may not one contend that there are as many ways of "feeling after God," as many routes of excursion into infinity, as there are personalities? Every one differs from all others, even from his brother, in some quality, aptitude, or ability. The poorest soul has at least one window opening upon the beyond-the-limited. Most are richer in windows than they know. And richer in roads, too, for these lead out and subdivide, the last being but well-blazed trails, perhaps, —

and follow them at your peril and pleasure! — conducting to great outlooking peaks. The window-gazers, — well, they can at least see their fellows yonder on the summit. But the infinite is not to be observed alone; it is not only observation, it is action as well.

Even the infinite of space may be sought by different routes and methods. Many are common, — by images of trains of cars en route for the moon, the sun, or the nearest star; by written figures giving the lowest comprehensible unit and its cumulated multiplications to a tottering incomprehensibility; by light-years;[1] by thought-spannings of standards derived from time-exposures of plates in photographing nebulas; by spectrum analyses of stars approaching or receding. Are such helps not often great hindrances? More resolute imaginations find them so. One may readapt an old likeness, devised before spectrum analysis (and curiously fore-feeling it), and imagine an eye poised upon a beam of light shot into infinite space from the satellite of a planet of some sun of a great solar system. If the eye travels slower than the rays that left after it, the unrolling process seems hastened beyond the actual; if it travels at the same rate of speed as all the other rays, then the moon and the system are seen as if stationary; but if it travels faster than the light that left before it, then there is to it an inversion of the process, and the satellite will be seen to draw back into its planet, this return to its sun, and finally the sun fade to the primitive invisible nebula.

By such fancies the mind may conquer its own weakness; but it must not be forgotten that materiality not only does not suggest, but that it even disallows them. Better methods are without images, by sheer intellectual muscle, generally with helpful suggestion of materiality, but not by mirroring alone, and always with vitalizing feeling. One arrives sometimes by means of straight contemplation from mountain-tops, or even by gazing, by day and upon one's back, at the cloud-flecked and apertured zenith. At night a help is got by piercing beyond the easily visible stars to fainter and for long invisible deeper-lying ones, — and then the stretch of endless blue depths still below; the dizzying sight through a telescope of the jagged crater-tops of the moon jutting against the cold deep. Many such experiences widen and vivify thought, and leave enduring memories, psychic recuperating stations against more resolute mounting. It should not be forgotten that if there is a really and positively infinite number of stars, then at every conceivable point of the firmament there is located a star. Hence, if light were stronger or eyes more sensitive, there would be no discrete light-spots and star-points, but only a sheen of slightly variant intensity everywhere. A qualification of this image is required by the fact that about every star are, probably, circling black planetary bodies, which, rhythmically intercepting and revealing the starlight, would cause the diffused glitter or sheen of the sky to quiver with an intense stippling.

Finally, to grasp within the mental holding an adequate idea of the infinity of the spatial universe, recourse must be had to the scientifically educated imagination. Stretch the images and plays of fancy as one will, multiply conceivables with all the expertness of the best metaphysical prestidigitator, and yet if a limit is assigned beyond which stars and matter do not extend, then one inevitable consequence results; if finite, it must somewhere have a centre of attraction. To that centre, in an infinite time past, must have drawn the entire matter of the universe into one huge central sun. If planetization must follow, then the central sun must still be large enough to dominate all satellites as revolving servants. There is not only no proof, there is perfect disproof, that such a central body exists, and that there is any such revolutionary order of the visible stars. Hence the mat-

[1] The distance traveled by light in one year, at the rate of 186,500 miles per second.

ter and the suns of the universe extend, positively and limitlessly, and eternally endure. Touch the logic with emotion, and one has realized the infinite of space.

There is a comforting corollary to this, one that reëstablishes the stability that seemed to be slipping, and which tended to arouse the old cosmic horror. Our own solar-system home cannot swing beyond the set limits of unreturn — cannot be "lost" — because it is held within infallible topographic bounds by the pull of the infinity of matter upon every side. The nearer it approaches any perihelion, the more the opposed infinite calls its return.

One may play with the thought (rather, the words) of infinite vacuity or emptiness, pure space; but the imagination balks; and the inevitable extension of the ether into all unoccupied space renders the thought resultless and useless. Moreover, the idea of motion or velocity of a discrete point or world in otherwise unoccupied and limitless space is impossible and self-contradictory. There can be no up or down or direction of such a body. Even in a sun-filled infinity there is no direction in any final sense. Lastly, that final and all-dominating fatalism of the objective world, gravitation, precludes any limit to that world.

The mystery and the infinity of matter seem now fast disappearing into ideas of force. But one may rest secure that all the essentials of an objective world will remain. There is to be no utter deliquescence of externals into subjectivities. Neither physics nor metaphysics can kill the other in the duel of eternity. Periodic vibrations and rhythms become no less objective or real by the death of all the atoms, and the essential of materiality remains, possibly even more stable and unchangeable, with these clotted swirls of ions and ethers, than with the crude lumps called atoms.

And, with all material resolutions and Protean disguises, there remains gravitation, that most unexceptional, inexplicable, and primal of all the fatalisms of the material universe. Only spirit is freed from its dominance, and even that only when it is freed from its bound body. In the alembic of thought the old idea of the material of the universe may, and probably will, disappear; but only to rise again as motion, which will endure as essentially objective. There is an ill-defined borderline between spirit and body somewhere along the track marked "sensation," in which motion seems both subjective and objective; but when one actually gets well across it, supposed mentality on the one side is clearly only motility, and on the other it is as surely only immotile mind. On the outside (as we look at it) the entire product passing as the old conception of "matter" is perfectly represented by the word "gravitation." Hence, transfixed by our thought, it becomes the consummate and convincing exhibit of omnipotence, or the infinite of power. How absolutely it fuses the mysteries and controls the facts of matter is seen in any attempt to think ungravitation. The result would be the homogeneity and motionlessness of the universe reduced to uniform nebulosity. One atom could not vary in distance or size from any other, and none could be in motion. Thus, gravitation is the sole source of quality and motion. Antigravitation, the unlimited sway of centrifugalism, would be followed by a more striking extension of the component matter of the universe into infinite space, and this would be simply an eternal thinning process, wherein the increasing nebularization would never quite become an impossible nothing. On its positive side gravitation thus becomes the best and most easily grasped demonstration of the infinite of power. And as no human intelligence has caught sight of even a hint of an explanation of this strange force, it stands before us as truly supernatural, and all the more amazing to the trained mind, because (unlike most thought of the supernatural) it is uniform and exceptionless. No atom ever escaped its control. It was the first born of all fates and fatalisms. The condition of true philosophy and mental

power is to realize and explain that which is the most common. The poor mind concerns itself least with that to which it is most habited. To the other the oldest and most invariable stimulates the most curious inquiry. If gravitation is ever explained, the oldest source of awe and the greatest sense of mystery will pass out of human life, and both peasant and philosopher will have lost the splendid example of sublime and omnipotent power. The charm of its mystery will, at least, have been lost, and the god of matter, gorgon to the at first startled observer, restful to the resolved mind, will have been dethroned by a mathematical and mechanical formula. Other methods, of course, remain of reaching toward the conception of omnipotence, but none is comparable to this. Herbert Spencer has given us the look of it in his *First Principles*, when he sketches the congelation of the solar system out of the supposed primal nebula. In measureless years he says the icicles are revaporized, and thus the cold eternal heart of fate proceeds in rhythmic systole and diastole, each beat a universe repeated every billion years. One may forget that this is a corollary, a method of action, of the wonder of gravitation.

The infinity of time is sooner dispensed with or mastered, because time is merely the measure of vibrational motion. One thus comes near reducing it to an attribute of mind, a registering of revolutions, a method of mnemonics. Quicker or slower become very relative gaugings, and to the eye on the ray of light, meaningless and self-contradictory. In a static, motionless, or non-revolving universe, there could be no time, and plainly none in vacuous space. It therefore becomes the name for periodicity of motion, begot of physical recurrence and of mentality, non-existent without both parents. How necessary is the subjective parent is illustrated by the De Quincey opium dream. If the dream would always result from the hashish as it did in that instance, if the test were not dangerous, if it were not morbid, and if the tester were surely strong enough, a single daring trial would be educative. But pathologists and experimenters do not advise it, and it is unnecessary because the results are to be secured by normal methods and are more satisfying. The normal dream of sleep furnishes an abundance of data, too frequently undervalued, as we know. Freed from the bindings of the body, the dream-personality plays recklessly with the stupidities of the waking sense of space and time. Our daytime efforts to condense or stretch time out can never equal that dainty ease. We live so fast or so slow then, we focus long stretches to an instant, or find the dragging moment never passes, or the trivial deed is never done. We stride from mountain-top to mountain-top with miraculous ease and fearlessness, slide down clouds or along the edges of the world with such fine unconsciousness of impossibilities! The subjectivity of time is illustrated, too, by sleep itself, especially if dreamless. Where has time been since, eight hours ago, we stopped thinking? The sleep of anæsthesia is no more, nor less, striking. There are also pathologic and traumatic lapses of time in which, with the loss of memory, there is also a loss of personality, the finding of another self, entirely alien, with as sudden a resumption of the old self after weeks or months. Under such circumstances the puzzle becomes, not what is time, and where, but what is the ego itself? Indeed, how large a portion of what we call individuality, in a last analysis, disappears in the mystery of memory?

In our best and most revelatory experiences with the infinite, there is a subtile fusion of objective and subjective, each illuminating the other, and each crying "Brother!" The influence of rare combinations of mental sensitiveness and rarer circumstances with almost unique composites of fact, may, once or twice in life, bring an experience of incomparable stimulation and rebirth. Such moments come at some time to most of us. Once in our life a sunset may occur, a perfect si-

lence, a sickness and a flower, a vision from a still mountain-top, a billow-breaking rock and a far, fine, sunshot horizon line, a divine music moment, a terrible line of poetry, a bird singing in storm and shine, some tale of heroism with its swift reflex on our own failure or success, — how many are the incidents that reveal the world — and ourselves — to ourselves. Many infinities may thus meet and blossom in the soul to a marvelous flower. Here is one: a becalmed boat, silent, upon a silent and unrippled sea; a soft veil of enwrapping fog blotting out all things of sky, ocean, or horizon. By some lightening of the fog, suddenly there gleamed out of the east the full moon, a huge globe of silver glory. With a glance to the other side there was seen the setting sun glaring through the mist with crimson intensity. How infinitesimal the bit of human life poised in nothingness between those two awful eyes of Eternity!

The best and richest of our infinities are of the spirit's own creating. One said of a certain rhapsodist that his gravitation was upward. The unstruggling ease of the bird's flight seems natural to us, but in truth our thought is not subject to gravitation; it goes up or down with equal willingness. There is even no direction in its spaceless universe. Kant felt the moral law within as sublime, as convincing, a demonstration as the starry firmament. Matter, space, time, and power, these words express the whole of externality. The rest is spirit-land. And how rich it is, how much richer than that poor outthereness! If the real and greater infinite is self, why not navigate that universe? We may do so as successfully, more so, one would surmise, as by any lift or push or reflex of materiality, any thrust through space or time. How few have thought of discovering themselves! It seems a strange perversion that moved humanity to set out upon its world voyage of discovery. The journey of knowledge began in quest of the farthest and least useful wealth of good. Leaving the home Lares and Penates the voyager sailed to discover stars; the world of astronomy and geography he would first know. When he found his own earth, its nature, geology, next moved his curiosity; then its animals. Finally, coming ever nearer, he discovered his own body, and busied himself for long with its least important bones and muscles. At last he saw the mirrored picture of his own face, and that of his brother. The acquaintance should ripen into amity, for all his knowledges and acquirements are epitomized and reclassified, revivified in the ego, to study which he now returns to the home. The household gods are found in a sad state of neglect, and in their place is the new altar of Science, with the motto, *Spiritus mortuus est.* The father, he finds, has also died. In his voyaging he had heard that spirit does not die. The priest at the altar of Science assures him that all force may be transmuted, but not extinguished. Is not mind, then, also a force? Is it not as indubitable that the "mental" of humanity is being increasingly worked into the very warp and woof of the material world? Ah, but the weaver, man, at "the roaring loom of time?" His spirit cannot be localizable, as his body was, and the old cosmic horror of infinity breaks or threatens once more. The tragedy of broken faith recurs forever new, until one learns that spirit is not here nor there, and is as real, though not bound by the realities of space, time, matter, or gravitation. All previous studies of the outthere were preliminary and preparatory muscular play before the trust of the spirit wings in an air finer than the luminiferous ether.

How is it with the others, his brother voyagers? The majority have remained "common sailors," the tools of a superior directive will. They have felt no need, nor essayed any power, of knowing the infinite. In their natural bodies (these sad feeders and workers, not for themselves, but for others) psychism may sometimes nest. Promises and possibilities may from the first be suggested, the beginnings of the tool-making faculty of true

mentality; but they are themselves the pathetic tools of the struggle for existence, the methods of making secure the incarnation process. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die. The second great class take their infinities on faith, trusting to the reports of others as to the existence of such things,—the routine accepters of unstudied creeds. Allied to these are those who follow little less blindly the school of prepared philosophic or historical thought into which their minds drop with the least friction and hurt.

But the number of the returning Captains of Thought, of the original discoverers of the infinite, constantly increases, and they come to greet and to know one another, from afar in either space or time. For they are themselves normally spaceless and timeless, and hence true citizens of a genuine Fourth Dimension. And they are one, a united people. Each, by predilection, may have, indeed must have, a special method of realizing the infinite, but all have the same ultimate ideal. They are students, lovers, brothers of the Infinite Presence. The universality of matter, the infinity of filled space, the rhythms of time and motion, the omnipotence of gravitation, all have prepared the student to see, to feel, and to know the Infinite Presence.

The definings of the name "God," even by the most intelligent of its users, and even by a sect, or by one person, make it impossible to use the word longer so that it shall have any definite significance. Close analysis of a single attribute soon lands us in contradictions, if not absurdities. Mankind has so persistently accustomed itself to make God the indiscriminate holder of its indiscriminations that the term has become a mere receptacle for humanity's unsolved problems, a sort of universal question-box of antitheses and puzzles. Instead of adding to the conglomerate, it is our duty to withdraw the slips and answer the questions, if possible. There is no valid reason against, and every reason in favor of, the scientific study of God, a rational theology. If there is anything corresponding in the least to the reality designated by the name, let us learn carefully and accurately what it is. Even the self-supposed atheists and materialists are, to a degree, theists and believers in spirit. It is incumbent on them to determine how far they must go and how little they can believe. The jumble of inconsistencies and of moral and intellectual cowardices that the weak have made of God by no means excuses or warrants wholesale denial and impatient cynicism. When the tragi-comedian Heine would relieve his own suffering by a sad laugh at the world, he said, "Oh, He'll forgive me, it's His business." The amazing extent to which sin has dictated the conception of God is a terrible revelation of how little men have lived up to their light. "Jesus died and paid it all, all the debt I owe," — whole theologies of such horrors do not lessen the truth that vicarious atonements are the commonest tragedies of our every-day life. "God is Love," "He is Goodness itself," sings the devout believer, and he believes as fervently, or did once, in the hell pictured by Adam de Ros and Dante. St. Francis, Calvin, the burners of the Albigenses, all used the same word for their divinity. "He is Beauty" to the Artist, "but, first, Truth," cautions the scientist; and to the poet, the union of Truth, Goodness, Love, and Beauty. It grows plain that the old way made of him the impossible alembic of all contradictions, a sorry makeshift of dialectic difficulty and ethical failure. The fundamental error of all the definers was that of making him responsible for the inorganic universe, or cause of the material world. Ultimate origins, they did not see, are insoluble and inexplainable, and no help was to be got in our intellectual trials or practical woes by the absurd supposition of an uncaused omnipotent person as the cause of the physical universe. There is no proof or suggestion of proof that the inorganic universe came into being by any such help. With the modern study of life, however, came the recognition that,

so far as its incarnations are concerned, it is a creation. We see its miracles, its millions of organisms created by means of effort, purpose, and ingenuity, every day; we see a common endeavor and approximated ideal in and behind all of them; a guiding purpose is evident, converging through all biologic history to a plain and clear, and not so "far off," "divine event." In a word, there is manifest in all living things the Infinite Presence. We endow it with no other infinity but this of presence, for to the derived user of the word "I," it must be forever present. In every other derived ego, it is as manifest, whether flower, tree, animal, bird, or man. All are plainly of supernatural origin, physical forces their utilized tools. No purely physical thing has an ego. It is utterly undesigned and purposeless. To this a consistent and earnest science is driven, or softly comes, by the inevitability which Lord Kelvin, in his way, has recently admitted. How much or how little of the attributes formerly crowded upon "God" may be possessed by our "Biologos," none may say. None may with impunity transfer the old to him, or bring new. He is not to be unloaded upon. The old god is dead with the accumulated sorrows of the ages. The new one is not the resolver of our mysteries and forgiver of our sins. His own world difficulties are enough, and he demands of each of us to aid, not oppress, him.

And quietly grows the perception that, when as person and spirit we do thus feel and know it, we recognize it as like ourselves, as one with us, as the Father of us, we the Sons. He has no eyes and yet is looking at us, no ears and yet He hears us, no face and yet His smile greets us. He is not here nor there, and yet both here and there; not then nor now, but both, and continuously, — this Divinity of Biology, Father of Life.

It remains for the modern cultivated mind and sensitive heart to fuse into living personality the antitheses of religion and science, æsthetics and morality. As the outcome of ages of specialized effort, such a synthesis is at last possible. The intellectual mirroring or coördinating faculty, viewed in the most superb of its philosophies or sciences or material civilizations, viewed in all of them combined, is, of course, but a part, a small part, of the living and feeling personality; it is but a part of life's being and work here. Religion also caught one of the most vital and primal of the truths of existence; the Fatherhood of life, and the childhood of the living; but it ignored the beautiful too much, the ethical — the objectively ethical — far more, and the intellectual was to it almost the same as the devilish. But few artists have ever learned that beauty is only the smile and the benediction of gladness over the true and the good, the loved and loving real, and can in no way precede or ignore the three forerunning gods of life, religion, reality, and morality. Neither dare ethics do the same as to its own three elder brothers. But nothing now hinders the modern child of the ages from having the clear scientific grasp of the world of a Kelvin, and at the same time being as religious and as ethical as St. Thomas, as beauty-loving as Ruskin. For the Infinite Presence is instantly recognized as being the living synthesis of all these characteristics of which we as partial incarnations present only facets. Religion is but the yearning toward Him, and actualizing Him in our own life, history the record of the progress we and the biologic process are making in this ideal-realism. Civilization is the tool He places in our hands for use toward that end, morality the method of using the tool, beauty and happiness the proofs that it has been used wisely and unselfishly. We now know that materialistic science is not scientific, that exclusive morality is immoral, immoral æsthetics not beautiful; and that a zealot's religion is most irreligious. Let us have done with partialism!

And how different the infinity of the Presence from the inorganic infinities! Purpose, intelligence, ideal, beauty, —

these were the lendings of man to nature, so far as the lifeless infinities were concerned; but every cell, organ, organism, history, — the whole biologic process, — is instinct with them. There is everywhere increasing success dominating always-present and partial failure, personality without individuality, an eternally new phasing of the Infinite Presence. Because it is a genuine incarnation, his indivisible life deputed in each cell and in each mind, with its allotted duty and work. But the reins are held in one hand. We are free only as deputies, not absolutely, and never without the daily accounting, the night's necessary repairing of sleep.

All history is revealed as experimentings and exercises in methods of gaining the consciousness of and unity with this single presence. Religions and religion first made the ideal clear, determined upon its actualization, and, despite a thousand failures, have always held the I-and-my-Father-are-one steadily before reluctantly obedient humanity. Each in his way, but none doubting, the religious leaders, the saints and the martyrs, heathen and Christian, forefelt, foreknew the unity that would come even when their own errors should have helped to bring it. They may have cursed the science necessary to bring it about, and their curse helped the bringing. Materialism and science may have denied the religious brother, but each was necessary to the other. Speculative philosophy and dialectic were but a training of expertness. The systems fail, but systematization succeeds in their failures. The art that should unite truth and beauty may have been untrue and unbeautiful, but it kept the vision, cheered the worker, and died for the new art coming or to come. The best and most serviceable tool of the Infinite Presence is civilization, and of its uses we are as yet only dreaming the most childish dreams.

For the one characterizing and dominant fact of the biologic process is the steady and measurable increase of its control of physical and chemical force. With every new and successful organism, — amœba, grass-blade, animal, man, — there is, by so much, a detachment of power from the inorganic, and an added gain of energy at the disposal of design and purpose. The clear pointing is to a vitalization of matter, at least a vital control of it and of its forces, a spiritualization of the mechanical. The inorganic, the infinities of space, time, matter, and force, in and of themselves are inconsequent, meaningless, have utterly no *raison d'être*. In the hands of spirit they may be of service, and their existence justified. The God of biology, the Infinite Presence, is patiently, increasingly, gaining such control by means of civilization.

"The moral law within" merits the grandeur of its office as seen by Kant, in that it is simply and solely the command of the Infinite Presence that we, his sons, must become his heirs, helpers, and copartners. That of old is the significance of all ethics; and of all religion, which is but duty vivified, obligation motived by love and graced by beauty. Morality is our obedience to the call; happiness, of the world or of any one of us, the proof that we have obeyed, the benediction of His "Well done!"

The commingling of transcendent ingenuity with mistakes, of plain comedy, and plainer tragedy, in the incarnation process, has its theoretical and its practical lessons. The Infinite Presence is made more familiar and lovable by them, despite the atheist's scorn. They give proof of the spontaneous and indestructible primitive belief that, though omnipresent, He is not entirely omniscient, and far indeed from omnipotent. They convince us that He is both Father and Elder Brother (surely He *is*, although of whence and how we have no thought), who wrests from Fate a new world of design and freedom, and to whom the ancient fatalisms are yielding progressive obedience. The unsuccesses in the copartnership are those who theoretically or practically deny the kinship, seeking

selfish instead of corporate advantage. They are the sinners, the disobedients by choice. Then there are the failures, his mistakes or ours, the defective classes, the parasites, the pessimists, the suicides, — the egotists of all sorts and kinds. Are there too few obedients left? Ours the fault, at least in part, and certainly ours the misfortune. To us most clear of all comes His call to help!

UNITY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[This poem was written by Mr. Whittier while he was a guest at the Asquam House. A fair was being held in aid of the little Episcopal church at Holderness, and people at the hotel were asked to contribute. These lines were Whittier's contribution, and the ladies in charge of the fair received ten dollars for them. They were written in an album now in the possession of a niece of Whittier's Philadelphia friend, Joseph Liddon Pennock. — S. T. Pickard.]

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The separate altars that we raise,
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,
Thy church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord,
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One faith, one love, one hope restore
The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

Asquam House, Holderness, N. H.
Seventh Month, 28, 1883.

ISIDRO[1]

BY MARY AUSTIN

XVI

IN WHICH ISIDRO COMES TO A CONCLUSION

THE place from which Isidro and the tracker looked on Las Chimineas was a thinly wooded hill, its coastward slope in the spaces between the pine boles well grown with stiff-stemmed manzanita and lilac now waning in its bloom. It lay directly opposite the head of the gorge, and the track ran around it, and over a low barrier running transversely of the rift that turned it sharply to the east. Beyond the barrier, which was clothed with wide low oaks, the gray chimneys began to rise, clustered thickly together. They parted in files, leaving the meadow space clear, and met in a jumble at the head of the cañon. The hill on which the two men stood butted into the left wall of the cañon, and made easy passage to a point above the crowd of chimneys. The whole trend of the cañon and encompassing hills was south of southeast. The wood marched up to the crest of the west wall, leapt over, began again midway of the opposite slope, which was higher, and went on in an orderly and constant growth far east and south. On the down throw of the bare west wall, where the chimneys piled high and disjointed, Arnaldo judged the renegade must be if he were to be found at all.

Las Chimineas lay gray and lonely in the brooding light, squirrels chattered and leapt, a striped snake slid by them in the grass, jays screamed and quarreled in the oaks. Presently Arnaldo held up his hand; the two men had proceeded almost without sound, for the habit of his trade was upon one, and heavily on the other the desire of slaughter. A jay steering a flight across the cañon veered suddenly near a group of tall chimneys; another, watching, wheeled toward the point, and avoided it with a volley of shrill abuse. Rabbits that ran in the meadow halted and pricked up their ears.

"We have him," said the tracker. He dropped from his horse, and began to work back on the trail to put the brow of the hill between them and Las Chimineas. Isidro was no fool to stay the action with question; he took off his spurs, which clinked softly on the stones, and did as he saw the tracker do. In a ring of pines, screened by lilac, they made the horses fast.

"Go back and watch," said Arnaldo; "when you hear three quail calls, low and quick, and in the same key, I have news for you."

He pressed back against the thicket as he spoke; it seemed to spring aside to give him room; there was a little trepidation in the branches, a twig snapped, a bird started, the warm silence of the wood closed in again. Isidro looked at the places where the man might be supposed to be, but saw not so much as the glint of the sun on bare skin. He did not do quite as he had been told; he went back to the hill and over it, and by dint of all the Indian craft he knew, pressed down to the lower barrier and then up to the top of that, until he looked full on the meadow of Las Chimineas. In a secret place where the grass grew tall against the rooted rocks he saw a pinto pony a-graze at the end of a stake rope. This and the smooth spread of open meadow gave him a hint and food for thought that lasted until he judged the tracker might have returned. He took a longer way back to the horses, looking for the tracks by which Mascado had presumably come

[1] Copyright, 1904, by MARY AUSTIN.

into the meadow, and heard the signal given twice from the thicket on the hill before he came quite up to it.

"Well?" he said. Arnaldo the tracker was the man for such business; he handed you up the facts without discursiveness, and spared comment until the adventure was achieved.

"Mascado," he said. "He harbors below that one of the chimneys that has a red stain of moss upon it. The boy lies bound to a log of oak. Mascado mends the fire and goes about to cook a rabbit."

"Has he arms?"

"He has a knife about his neck, but neither bow nor spear. The rabbit was caught in a snare; I saw it hanging on a rock."

"Good," said Isidro; "I have seen his horse; the meadow is between it and him. Good again. Look you, Arnaldo, this is my game. Take this,"—it was a pistol from his saddle holster,—"and go back to the chimneys and watch until I have called Mascado out to me. If he so much as lays a hand on the lad, kill; but if not, then do as I say. When Mascado has come out to me in the meadow, unbind the boy, and bring him here. If I happen to any mischance, take him safely to the Father President."

"What will you do?"

"Do? Ah, there is much to do. You shall see." Isidro was coiling and recoiling the riata which hung at every saddle-bow in those days of Alta California. He ran it through his hands and rehung it to his satisfaction. The tracker observed him with a dawning grin.

"Mascado knows a trick of a rope," he said.

"I also," said Escobar; "now go."

He waited in the scrub until he judged the Indian close in to Mascado's cover; then, mounting, he drew cautiously around the end of the hill and rode freely into the meadow. He sat lightly in the saddle, and swung the noose of his riata with irrepressible cheerfulness. Escobar was his own man again.

"Oh, ho, Mascado," he cried; "come out to me!" His voice, high and pleasant, went searchingly through the rocks. The jays heard it, and replied with screaming; the squirrels heard, and stayed in mid-motion as gray and quiet as the boulders; El Zarzo heard it, and sat up thanking God for a miracle. She knew the voice, and knew at once that in her heart she had always expected he would come.

"Oh-ee! Mascado, come out to me!" Isidro rode up and down in the meadow swinging his rope. Mascado's muscles sprang to attention; he had his knife at the girl's throat; it was to say in its own fashion that Escobar should not have her. She looked up and smiled.

"Do," she breathed, "for after that he will but kill you the quicker."

Arnaldo judged it time for interference. He dropped like a cat from the rocks, his pistol cocked.

"Mascado, you dog," he said, "the Señor Escobar calls you."

The renegade was not without some sparks of manhood or philosophy; he stood up, dropped his knife into its sheath, dropped his arms at his sides, and went out walking straight and softly to Escobar. Isidro looked him over with some amazement, which did not, however, abate his cheerfulness.

"What is that on your breast, Mascado?" he said.

"Scratches, señor."

"Sacramento! but they look to be the marks of deer's hooves, and not a month old at that."

The mestizo looked down at his scars with something of a smile.

"So it would seem, señor."

"It appears, then, that we have met before."

"So it would seem."

"On which occasion I did you a favor and got scant thanks for it."

Mascado had a wintry look. "For which later you did me harm enough, Señor Escobar."

"What harm, you dog?" quoth Escobar.

Mascado's face was bleak, but his eyes

glinted. "El Zarzo," he whispered dryly.

"Now by God and His Christ!" said Isidro, "but that word is likely to cost you dear. But I cannot kill a dog standing. Get horse, Mascado; I have heard you can throw a rope." Isidro's circling rawhide hummed in the air; he threw it up and kept it there by the whirling force of motion. He ran it out, and bid it follow the mestizo like a questing snake. It was an exercise in which his perfect attune of body and temper made him excellent. It had been said of him at Las Plumas that he won in such contests because he did not particularly care for honors where the eagerness of others shook the hand.

Mascado got his horse. Certainly Escobar had saved his life in the affair of the buck under the oak, but this did not mend his disposition; unquestionably Isidro had exceeded the requirements in permitting him honorable contest of a sort not uncommon in the country, but it did not lessen his hate. However, and it was much more to the purpose, the consciousness which he could hardly escape, that his private meditation did not fit very well with the circumstances, lent him a touch of shame that mitigated his skill. Vengeance burned in him sickeningly. The rogue was for murder if the chance allowed. The mestizo took pains and time with his rope, fretted to see it a little touched by the dampness of the meadow. Isidro kept his swinging to a kind of wordless tune. Arnaldo and the girl had come out of the rocks and watched them from the hill.

"Come on, Mascado, come!" cried Isidro.

Mascado came; riding at full gallop he threw the rope, dipped as he rode and slipped from his horse's back to the belly. Escobar's noose slipped smoothly from his shoulder; in fact, neither rope found lodgment. The sod of the meadow was wet and springy; it gave to the horses' feet; not the best ground for trying a duello of riatas, but there was advantage to neither side. They wheeled, recoiled, and rode. At the second cast Isidro's rope went neither far nor wide, but there was threatening in its hum. He bent backward as he threw; to Arnaldo, watching, it seemed that he went clean off his horse to avoid the flying loop that hovered a moment and settled on the horn of his saddle. It appeared that was the moment Isidro waited for; without casting off he stood with his horse at tension, and his rope, which had gone but a noose length from him, shot out from his long right arm, dropped over Mascado, and with a jerk Escobar had him from his saddleless pony. The mestizo had his feet under him in the moment of lighting; if Isidro drew in fast Mascado came faster. One arm was pinioned, but the other was free from the shoulder; he had out his knife. He came in great bounds like a cat, rising from the springy meadow; rage foamed in him like unbridled waters. His own horse, with feet spread and planted, held Escobar at the end of a taut rope. Isidro fumbled at it to cast off, but not before Mascado got in a blow above the shoulder. Isidro set spurs and set them deep with the impact of the knife. The mestizo had a moment of check as the horse sprang away from him, but the tug of the rope brought him sprawling. His body rose in the air, thudded on the sod, rose again, and the knife, struck from his hand, whirled a gleaming flight across the meadow. By this Arnaldo came running from the hill and cried out to Escobar in God's name. The spurt of Isidro's anger, which took him the width of the meadow, lasted no longer than the knife smart, and went out of him as the blood went, leaving him drained and faint. Arnaldo got his rope around Mascado's legs, and so bound and disarmed drew him up to them.

"See to him," said Isidro.

"And not to your wound, señor?"

"It will wait. It may be I have other scores to settle with this rascally half-breed." He turned his horse toward El Zarzo on the hill. On the way to Las Chimineas he had worked himself into a

cool distaste for this meeting, but the affair with Mascado, the rage at treachery, the smart and indignity of his wound had the effect of a hiatus. He had a shock, therefore, to come face to face with the Briar, looking haggard and large-eyed, with red marks of bonds upon her wrists. The qualm of meeting warned him how dear the lad had been. Isidro trembled as he got down from his horse. They were both pale, and shook, came close and stood by each other, but did not touch.

"Has he hurt you?" cried Escobar; "has he laid hands upon you? If he has wronged you I shall kill him." Ah, ah! they were both red enough now, she in a tide of maiden shame that swept up to the dark crescent of her hair and confessed her what his words implied, he with shame for her shame. Well, at any rate, the mischief was out.

"Has he hurt you, señorita?" Isidro said again more collectedly.

"He did not dare," cried the girl.

"He will never have the chance again," said the young man. "I will deal with him as you wish." But the girl had a more pressing concern.

"You bleed, señor, you are hurt," she trembled.

"A flesh cut merely," he said; "Arnaldo will dress it." He meant nothing more than to reassure her, but to El Zarzo it signified the change in their relations. This month past he would have had no other do for him. She hung her head; there was no blinking the fact of his knowledge, though she did not ask him then, nor until long afterward, how he came by it. She was boyish enough to look at, lithe and slim, with hair, straight as the fine slant wires of rain, falling on either cheek below the round, firm chin. But he knew her for a maid, and found the certainty confusion enough. It was all of an hour, and that for a man of his temper was a long time, before he was cheerful and cool again. Manlike he made her pay for his aberration, — put her miles from him by an exquisite politeness, made her miserable by proffered duty, in short, brought the trappings of good breeding to serve his own wounded susceptibility.

There was no question of going on that night. The horses were fagged, the riders, too, for that matter, and Isidro needed time to consider his affairs. The shadow of the west cañon wall, that had spread in the meadow and up as far as the edge of the wood on the east while Isidro and Mascado wheeled together, had by now reached the ridge and gone on deepening and darkling through the forest. Stars came out above it low and white. A troop of does and fawns running nose to flank came out of the oaks at the end of the barrier and passed on to the lower meadow. Higher up a bobcat mother led out her young and played with them among the rocks; night hawks hurtled across the damp and musky meadow.

They lit a fire among the chimneys; three of them got little sleep. Isidro, nursing his hurt; Mascado, trussed like a fowl for the spit; Jacintha, for so she must be called, too much a maid not to want the relief of tears, too much a boy to know the use of them; Arnaldo, — but there was really no reason why Arnaldo should not sleep, therefore he did; and he being refreshed, the others in need of refreshment, they were up and stirring betimes. Isidro had settled with himself that he could not take the girl back to Carmelo, but must first find her harborage and see Saavedra. Something, also, he purposed toward Peter Lebecque, who was possibly most to blame for the girl's assumption.

"How do we stand toward Carmelo?" he said to the tracker.

"East by south."

"And how toward the other Missions?"

"We might fetch San Antonio by a hard day's riding; there is a trail hereabouts which leads directly into it. All the others are best reached from *El Camino Real.*"

"And this trail, could you find it? Then to San Antonio I will go, but first I must dispose of this gentleman."

"The Father President," said Arnaldo, "would be glad of him."

"No doubt," said Isidro, "but we do not travel toward Carmelo, and, besides, we have but three horses."

"The world," said the tracker, "would wag as well without such cattle." Arnaldo was a free man from the south and had the scorn of the full blood for the admixture; besides, he had pricked up his ears to hear Escobar address the boy as señorita, and surmised how matters stood.

"A true word," said Isidro, "but I am in no mood for killing."

"Leave him to me." Arnaldo tied the mestizo by a great variety of knots to a tree, leaving his hands free; his knife he laid on a rock out of reach. "If he is diligent he may be free of his bonds by this time to-morrow; now we will ride."

"Let me not see him again," said Isidro. "Twice I have spared his life; the luck turns on odd numbers." They left him with black looks and stolid; he had not so much as raised his hand to wipe off the blood of yesterday's scratches. Isidro lifted the girl upon Mascado's horse. She could very well have sprung there, but it was part of the punishment he designed by way of alleviation for his hurt esteem; she had claims upon — just what he could not say precisely, but claims which he would satisfy handsomely, though he had no notion of putting her too soon at ease. He grew less assured of his position, seeing how she went staidly and with bent head, except for quietness the very boy that he had brought up from the Grapevine. But she was plainly no Indian; the more he looked at her the more he knew it; hands, feet, and high, straight nose pointed the assurance.

If Escobar was satisfied with the adequacy of his intention toward her, the girl was not, wanting the assurance of it.

"Señor," she said when, after an hour's riding, Arnaldo left them in a pleasant place of flowers while he cast about for the trail, "señor, what will you do with me?"

"I will take you to San Antonio."

"And then?"

"Tell me the truth, — are you an Indian?"

"I do not know; Peter Lebecque has told me that I am not, but the woman I called mother, she was an Indian."

"What was Mascado to you?"

"Peter Lebecque's friend. At least he came often to our place at the Grapevine. Lebecque hunted and trapped with him, but I cannot think that he liked him. It was after Mascado had been with us that the old man would tell me to remember that I was no Indian."

"Why was that?"

"Señor, I did not know at that time. I think now it was because Mascado wished to have me."

"He knew, then, that you were a maid?"

"He has known it for two years; he says that Lebecque told him, but it must have been when they were at wine, for Lebecque was very angry."

"Why is it that you dress in this fashion?"

"Señor, I have known no other. It was my mother's wish, her that I called mother. I think she fancied I was safer so; it was a rough life."

"And you know nothing of your real parents?"

"Nothing. At the time I left the Grapevine Peter Lebecque gave me a packet which he hinted would have placed me rightly."

"What became of it?"

"I left it with the Padres at Carmelo."

"And nothing came of it?"

"Nothing, señor." There was no untruth nor evasion here, but if she had told him how long she kept the packet by her, and how disposed it, she must needs have told him why, and for that she had no words.

Hearing Arnaldo call they rode forward briskly. After that the talk was more at ease, all of the wood and the road and the wild things that crossed their trail.

"It is strange," said Isidro, "that we meet no Indians; I had thought the hills were full of them."

Said Arnaldo, "Report has it that they gather to Urbano in the Tulares."

"Think you he means raiding?"

"Against the mission beeves, — no worse," said the tracker.

Jacintha said little of any sort, but that to the point.

"Señor," she said again when they came to an open grassy valley riding side by side, "when you have me at San Antonio what will you do with me?"

"Marry you," said Isidro with the greatest cheerfulness.

One guesses the marriage of convenience to be the procurement of more than simple living; the earthborn admits no inducement but the drawing of lip to lip and eye to eye, the seeking of each for each in its degree. One must go far from the well of nature to allow other reason; even the mating beasts know better. Jacintha knew nothing of scandal, nothing of caste except as by her love she put Escobar above all others, and, therefore, nothing of social expedients. Marriage was a great mystery, but needing love for its excuse; that much she knew. Though Isidro spoke of marriage he had not spoken of love, no, nor looked it, and against a loveless marriage her maidenhood cried out. She would be hot when he was cold, shaken when he was steady; as often as he touched her, flooded with shame of her full pulse beating against his still one. How should she endure marriage with such a one, even though he be rated a god or among the Blessed Personages. It seemed a greater indignity than Mascado would have put upon her, for the first would but have held her body and this one had her soul. Plainly love sickens of desire if it be not the flower of love. All this Jacintha raged over formlessly, without speech. Of the chivalry which prompted the young man's intent she understood nothing; but seeing him smiling and well pleased with himself, judged that she was of even less account, and sickened, poor girl, even while she beheld him glorious in the young day and the flooding light. She could not dare, though she thought of it a hundred times, slip her horse and run hiding in the hills, trapped by her own weakness and his lordly will.

In such tides the spirit ripens fast, quicker if it houses in Latin blood. Isidro was like to find little of the lad left by the time they came to the Mission San Antonio de Padua. In the meantime he smoked cigarettes and discoursed pleasantly of many things.

XVII

A WEDDING AT SAN ANTONIO

Of the resident Padres at San Antonio, Tomas de las Peñas and Relles Carrasco, Padre Tomas at least was no causationist. What he believed he believed and that was the end of it. If Holy Church said a thing was good for you it *was* good for you. Any failure in the application lay in yourself, or in the inscrutable wisdom of God, who often ordered things contrariwise to our expectation the better to increase the merit of belief. Holy Church had prerogatives of cursings and exorcisms and cuttings off, power against men and Legion and evil beasts. For it was not to be supposed that her children would be safe against persons and Powers of the Air, and be given over to the ravages of wildcats and bears.

There was a reason for you if you were so contumacious as to require one, though a greater merit if you were able to believe it, whether it looked reasonable or not. Further than that, San Antonio himself had preached to the fishes, and Padre Tomas preached to the bears.

Something may have been wanting in the administration, for the Padre preached in the mission church while the bears visited the calf-pens by night. These depredations continuing, Padre Tomas went farther, and cut them off from the

company of the elect as you shall hear.

The Superiors of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi had a wonderful keenness for parts. They put a man to his best use with seldom a mistake in the selection. This accounts for their being at once the least covetous and most materially successful of Holy Brotherhoods. Padre Carrasco had a knack with cattle and the soil, Padre Tomas of the Stripes, a gift for the cure of souls. They got on admirably together, but, though their spirits seemed equal to their labors, it appeared at times that their bodies were ill set. Padre Carrasco was a lean man with a thoughtful cast; Padre Tomas was most mortifyingly rotund, comfortable, soft, and rosy. It was his particular affliction that if he ate no more than a handful of peas with cold water, it stuck to his ribs and made him fat. Such being the case, there was no merit in abstemiousness, and the Padre did not practice it. He was a strict ritualist, especially observant of high feasts and festivals, very tender in confessional, mild as to penances, much loved by his people. His project of arraigning the powers of the Church against the bears was favorably looked upon by the neophytes. Holy water was efficacious in so many things. Upon this conclusion the day chosen was that same one upon which Isidro and his party were riding in from Las Chimineas. Toward the end of afternoon all San Antonio was out in procession, priest and priest's boy, cope and stole, censers, candles, and banners, and, to crown all, a picture of the patron of the Mission in a gilt frame; after these the choir and several hundred Indians, more or less naked, interested and sincere.

The procession skirted the fields, winding to avoid wet pastures and unclean thickets; the candles starred out under the gloom of the bearded oaks, and paled again in the sun; blue smoke of incense curled across the meadows. The mellow voices of the choir set the time for the feet of the elder Indians, who shuffled and crooned melodiously behind them. Their bodies swung; they beat their hands together; it needed but a hint to set them off in the rhythmic ceremonial dances of their pagan times. Your native Indian is devoutly a lover of ritual; the neophytes of San Antonio were enjoying themselves highly. Padre Carrasco signed the cross in the air and sprinkled holy water on the tasseled grass. The voice of Padre Tomas rose solemn and unctuous.

"I adjure you, O bears, by the true God, by the Holy God, by the most blessed Virgin Mary, by the twelve apostles, and by our most reverend saint and patron, to leave the field to our flocks, not to molest them or come near them."

"*In nomine patris*," droned the procession behind him. Isidro and Jacintha came up with them at the northeast corner of the mission inclosure.

Padre Tomas loved guests and the exercise of hospitality, but he had other affairs. He waved the party of riders aside and proceeded with his holy office. They fell in, with children and dogs tailing the procession, and so rode to the Mission, saw the candles, censers, and effigy of the patron disposed and Padre Tomas restored to his normal use.

"Padre," said Escobar, when he had introduced himself and been well received, "I desire you to give lodgment to this lady." The Padre stared, seeing only a slim lad with a sullen air. "I wish, also, that she may be suitably clothed as becoming her condition, and in the morning you shall marry us."

Isidro thought it well to be forward with any business once decided upon. He saw a hundred doubts, questions, protests, trembling in the Padre's countenance. He went on to forestall them. "No doubt there are many things, Padre, which seem to you to want explaining, but the first account of this matter I owe the Father President at Carmelo, to whom I am bound. After that I shall be pleased to make all things clear. For myself, I want nothing of you but a meal; we have eaten nothing since morning." This was to Padre Tomas a predicament as serious as

for a maid to be riding about in man's clothing; moreover, a matter within his province, and remediable. He felicitated himself that he had planned something by way of addition to his evening meal, — a little matter of stuffed fowl, a dish of curried eggs, a pasty of wild strawberries.

Isidro's plan to marry the girl he had known only as El Zarzo was not so much out of hand as it appeared. It had come out of him all at once like a shot, but there had been a night's meditation back of it. Once out, it was sure to be followed up in fact, for the youngster had great respect for his own judgments, and honored them with the act as often as possible. His attitude toward women was informed by the evidence of his time, — that they did not know very well how to take care of themselves. The girl was pure, — he was sure of that, — but in the common estimate besmirched; that was hardly fair, and Isidro loved fairness; otherwise he would hardly have allowed Mascado his horse and a rope. In much the same spirit he lent the girl the succor of his name. He had a high and mighty notion that scandal could not stick on the skirts of an Escobar. Well, not if he was at hand to see to it. As for the girl, she was hardly in case to be consulted, having no one to take her part, equally no one to forbid the banns; and, being a girl, probably did not know what was best for her.

So far, good; he had yet to face his dedicate calling and the will of Saavedra, in whose jurisdiction he stood. That checked him; but as he had never felt the need of a wife, the obligation of having one sat lightly, and he reflected that there had been those who had arrived at saintship through a virgin marriage. He was honest enough toward Saavedra to admit that virgin it must be until he had heard the Superior's will in the matter. He looked to the sacrament to restore the girl's esteem, but he glozed over the inference that, as a good Catholic, if marriage made no impediment to his priestly career, the girl would still be bound. If he did not have her himself, no other could. If he thought of this at all he was not visibly moved to commiserate her estate; by which you will perceive that there was more in the youth's heart, whether it was in his head or not, than he was rightly aware. Of all his contraptious obligations, that of providing for the girl stood uppermost; so he out with his proposal, and the thing once shaped, stood to it.

Padre Tomas was more than fluttered by the circumstance. He had a very simple way of arranging marriages among the neophytes. Every year he stood the marriageable youths and maidens in two lines, and if neither found any objection to the party opposite, he married them then and there, after which he delivered a homily. He had prepared one for this occasion overnight, but found himself put out of calculation by the high airs of Escobar, and the confession before communion of both parties. They had a difficulty just at the last, for the girl had no name by which she could properly be married. But as she was sure upon the point of baptism, and well grounded in the Christian observances, — Isidro's work, — it was settled by registering her under the name of her foster father, Lebecque, with the place left vacant for her Christian name until Isidro had come back from the hut of the Grapevine, where he purposed going.

Escobar had half an hour with his wife in the mission garden before he set out. The elevation of the sacrament was still upon him, that and the consciousness of having behaved much more handsomely than could reasonably have been expected of him. It lent him sufficient grace to get smoothly through with what might have been an embarrassing interview with a very pretty girl whom he had known as a boy, married without consulting, and was about to desert without compunction. The girl hardly came off so well, being in bondage, poor child, to a harder master than the marriage vow. But she was very pretty, as Isidro found space in the preoccupation of his affairs to admit. The

clothes that had been provided for her were all that the Mission afforded, — in fact, the holiday dress of the Señora Romero, wife to one of San Antonio's three soldiers, — a chemise of white linen, a neckerchief of fine drawnwork, a cloth skirt, and the universal rebozo. The smoke-black hair was drawn back under a comb, and revealed the slow, soft oval of the cheek and chin, so fine and transparent and richly warmed, running into the pale brownness of the brow, the black, deep-lighted eyes, invariably fine in her type, under the delicately meeting brows. She had a trapped look, — the look of a small hunted thing at bay, and the curve of the mouth was pitiful. Isidro admitted the haggardness as well as the good looks, but it struck no spark out of him.

"Wife," he said, for in fact he knew not what else to call her, "you seem to have fallen into good hands. The Señora Romero is no doubt an excellent lady. This leads me to believe you will be quite comfortable while I am about other affairs. I will go first to Peter Lebecque; there must be things which he should say to me necessary to your proper establishment. Also I must see Father Saavedra, for my leave-taking was something uncourteous. I doubt not the good Padre thinks me mad or dead. After that I cannot tell what will become of me, but you being my wife need have no concern. I will come again and see you safely and honorably bestowed, but the manner of it I cannot at this time tell. It will be somewhat as circumstance and the Father President direct. In the meantime, I commend you to God and Our Lady, to St. Francis our patron, and to the hospitality of Padre Tomas."

This was the substance of his speech, delivered at length in the pomegranate walk of San Antonio's garden. Jacintha was dumb under it. Such was not the custom of bridegrooms; this much she would have known without the excellently voluble discourse on the nature of marriage bestowed upon her by the corporal's wife with the wedding clothes. She was the daughter of a proud, sensitive man and a sensitive, passionate woman, and, with her forest breeding, had the instinct of a wild pigeon for straight cuts. So she had arrived at some very mortifying conclusions. First, that by her boy's trappings, which she had never thought to question, she had lost esteem of very many people, among them Escobar; next, that much as he disapproved of those, she was much more acceptable to him as Peter Lebecque's lad than as what she now showed to be; most of all, that not now or at any time had he acknowledged one pulse of the hot tide that flooded her at the mere thought of him. She had lain all night with quick heart, clinched hands, and a maze of thought in which one thing only seemed clear, — the wild creature's instinct to seek cover and dissemble, never to let him know; the phrase had an echo to it as of some far receding wave in the crypts of consciousness, — the heartbreak of Ysabel crying in her child. All her energies were bent on that. She would have liked to run away into the hills, to the free life where she might never have word of Escobar, but she knew that she would run back again in sheer hunger for a sight or sound of him. One question she allowed herself in the mission garden; all the pride of the Castros rose up and braved her for it.

"Señor," she said, "when we rode with Mariana's sheep toward Pasteria you told me that you were to become a priest and priests may not marry."

"Why, as to that," said the young man, still going smoothly on in the consciousness of irreproachable intent, "the Church is very explicit as to continuing in the married estate, but many of the apostles, I understand, and of the saints not a few, have been married before taking orders, notably St. Paul and St. Peter and Santa Cecilia; but that is a matter within the province of the Father President."

"And what will become of *me?*" was the cry that rose in the girl's heart and broke in a thin bubble upon her lips; she went dumb, — answered by nods only,

with dropped eyes and folded hands. Isidro commended her discretion, when the poor child was only miserable. He kissed her hand at parting and found it chill.

To say that Padre Tomas was astounded to see the bridegroom ride away on his wedding morning was to say only half. He was even affronted, and stood choking and staring to receive Escobar's last instructions, delivered with the smooth, courteous air which sat so well on the personable youth. No doubt, thought the Padre, it was commendable to show one's self subservient to the Superior of the Order, and continence was a virtue; but if all men practiced it, how else would there be souls to save and God be glorified in the multitude of his saints? Padre Tomas was reputed to have contributed something to that end.

Jacintha lay on her bed shaken with dry sobbing. Hot flushes sickened through her as she recalled the Señora Romero's pointed advice and sly allusions. In the weeks that followed she was likely to learn the use of blushes and tears and other woman's gear.

Isidro rode straight, with Arnaldo at his back, to the place of the Grapevine, reaching it on the afternoon of the second day's riding. He meant to have some plain talk with the old trapper, get a name for his wife and some satisfaction for his chafed dignity over the affair of Juan Ruiz, in which you will remember Lebecque was named a witness.

Trusting to Arnaldo's knowledge of trails, they left the traveled road, *El Camino Real* of that time, and went easily by a scantly wooded hill and a wide mesa, windy and high. This saved horseflesh, but gained them nothing in time, for, arriving early in the afternoon, they found Lebecque from home. Isidro sat in the shade of the vines and smoked cigarettes. The place and the hour gave him a touch of homesickly longing for the spirited, shy lad, mixed with the haunting reminder of pale beauty in a frame of smoke-black hair.

XVIII

A COLD TRAIL

When Delgardo left Monterey he went straight to Santa Barbara, carrying urgent letters from Saavedra and the Commandante. With these he quartered himself at the Mission, and set about providing a daughter for Castro, an heir for the Ramirez fortune, and a wife for himself.

It was a cold trail. The occasion of Doña Ysabel's death was sixteen, nearly seventeen years gone, and had occurred at a time when every man dealt with trouble at his own door, with little attention to spare for the affairs of his neighbors. Doña Ysabel kept the matter close, leaning much on the woman Elisa, who had been her nurse and followed her up from Mexico. Jesus Castro was not at that time Commandante, and his family not so much in the public eye. Of the few matrons then at the Presidio some surmised that Señora Castro had a child, but believed it to be stillborn, as might easily have been the case, for the poor lady was known to be ailing. It appeared, finally, there were but two persons who had personal knowledge of the girl, if girl it was, born to Doña Ysabel: Padre Bonaventura, at that time resident at Santa Barbara, now at San Gabriel, and an Indian woman, Louisa, who with Elisa constituted Doña Ysabel's household. Elisa was dead in the same month and of the same disorder as her mistress; the other woman was, if alive, nobody knew where. Delgardo went and looked at the tall cross which Castro had caused to be erected over his wife's grave, but got nothing from that; went and talked with as many as remembered the beautiful and unhappy Ysabel; got plentiful comment on the relations of Castro and his wife, but nothing more; then, by Padre Garcia's advice, went to San Gabriel.

Padre Victorio Garcia, resident at Santa Barbara, was an astute man, and knew his neophytes very well.

"You can do nothing here," he said to Delgardo; "this people cannot be made to stand and deliver in a court of inquiry. They are like the quicksands that lie up the coast. You throw a stone and it goes quickly out of sight; the surface is smooth as cream, but underneath the sand it works — works; if you wait long enough it will cast up your stone again. So with my people. Get you to Padre Bonaventura; I will cast a few stones. In time something may be brought to light, but you must leave it to me."

Delgardo went south, a brilliant figure trailing along the hard wide path of the King's Highway. He saw Padre Bonaventura, and heard from him what he already knew from Castro, but with more color and detail. How, during the time of the pestilence, there had come a cry in the night — "though, indeed, the nights were like the days for labor," said the Padre — to come to a newborn child that might not live. He found the child at Doña Ysabel's and baptized it, saw it carried out of the room by an Indian woman, and never laid eyes on it again. The mother he found very ill, judged that she had the fever upon her at that time. Some days later he was at her deathbed, but her confession was so strange that, believing it mixed with delirium, he gave it insufficient heed, — "for I was much worn with watching, and my people died like sheep," said the Padre, — and in the midst of confession she died. The nurse Elisa had died the same month without the holy office, as too many died in that pestilent time. Afterward it was discovered that no one knew about the child, not so much as that there had been one.

Delgardo felt he had helped himself very little, but he stayed a while and looked about him in the city of Our Lady Queen of the Angels, even at that time shortened to Los Angeles.

That accounts for eight of the nineteen days of his journeying. Returned to Santa Barbara, he found that some of Padre Garcia's castings had come up again. During the time of the pestilence many small parties of neophytes had taken to the hills, hoping to escape it, but, carrying the infection with them, spread it in the wilds. Later the remnant came back again. It was now reported that the woman Louisa had been one of these fugitives.

"Had she a child?" cried Delgardo.

"No," said the Padre, — "no child, but her sister had."

"Well" — began the youth.

Padre Garcia held up his hand. "I have examined the records of the Mission, which were regularly kept except for the time that the fever raged highest, and I find that this sister, Juana her name was, had indeed a child of her own, a boy; but I find that about ten days before the death of Señora Castro that child also died, at the age of four months."

"You think, then" — Delgardo began.

"I think, my son, we will wait; the stones are not all in."

Delgardo waited and looked about him. It seemed impossible that the child could be alive, or if alive that they could find it again, or if found, it should prove Ysabel's child, — three good chances that he must make another cast at fortune; and while he looked at the mission stock and fields, speculating what pickings there would be when these were removed from the care of the Franciscans to the civil power, Padre Garcia brought him news. One of the neophytes, who had been a renegade in the hills three years since, reported having seen the woman Juana with a French trapper in the wooded regions of the Salinas.

"Stale news," said Delgardo. "And the child?"

The Indian remembered to have seen none.

"Bad news," said Delgardo again; but with it he made an end of Padre Garcia's meddling with the affair, and set out with an Indian packer and a guide, to look for a French trapper with an Indian wife northward in the Salinas hills. He meant to find a daughter for Castro in any event. There were not so many people answering

to that description that he was likely to go far afield. He left the main road, struck into white, shallow trails, followed them until they ran into springs or melted in wind-shifted sand; went large and wide of any trail, inquired of chance-met Indians, slept one night at the Mission San Luis Obispo, slept seven in the open, struck false trails and followed them to confusion. He saw the young quail come trooping down to springs in the gray morning, saw the young fawns hidden by their mothers in long grass, saw a great tawny cougar laid asleep on a limb above a slaughtered deer; he grew saddle-weary and sore, tore his finery in the scrub, wet it at roaring fords, and came out at last at the hut of the Grapevine and Peter Lebecque. His dress was much the worse; he had lost the air and affectation of the capital; he had a network of fine wrinkles about his eyes from much staring in the sun, all of which helped him with the trapper. Delgardo had the wit to deal openly with the old man, told him straightly who he was, what he sought, and all his intent except marriage, upon which he would in no wise commit himself until he had seen the girl. Lebecque heard him, peering shrewdly from the shaggy pent of his brows, but made no offer to open his own budget until they had eaten and had two thirds of a bottle between them.

"It is true," he said, "I am a French trapper, and I had a woman from the Mission Santa Barbara."

"And she had a child, not yours?"

"She had a child."

"A girl?"

"A girl."

"Where is she now?"

"At Monterey."

"Monterey! Since when, señor?"

"A month since."

Delgardo began to fret visibly at the maddening, slow dribble of the old man's talk. "Monterey, a month, impossible! It is not three weeks since I left there, and neither Saavedra nor the Commandante had an inkling of it."

"Listen," said Lebecque; "it is a long story, but if good comes to the girl by it, let it be. Forty years I have trapped and hunted north and east in the country of deep snows. But I grow old, and my bones ache, so I have come to this land where the pelts are not so good but the living easier. Seventeen years ago I found me these hills; then I looked for a woman and a place to build me a house. I took my time for that." The old man spoke slowly, his words dropped from him like the dropping embers of his fire, as if each phrase lit for a moment some picture glowing for him in the ashes of remembrance. The fashion of his speech altered as he talked from past to vivid present and into the past again as the picture faded. "At that time I passed through the hills that rise up behind the Channel Waters. I was two days out from Santa Barbara, meaning to go no nearer, for I had heard a waif word that they had a fever there. The Indians were afraid and ran to the mountains, but the pestilence camped upon their trail. I went still in the woods and kept close, for I had no wish to meet with them. Toward the end of one day I heard afar off a strange mewling cry. Up to that time I have thought to know the cry and the talk of all creatures in the wood, but this is new to me. All that place was thick with flowering scrub making slow going. I kept on in it, following that cry, for I am a fool and know not the cry of my own kind. It grows dusk, and I come out at last in a cleared place under a madroño, and see something move on the grass which makes that cry. I look and find it is a babe. *Sacre dam!* Well, I look about, and across the open place is a dead woman. One sits beside her that has her head sunken on her knees, her hair is fallen forward and has ashes smeared upon it. I am not sure she is not dead also, but I put my hand upon her and she looks up. I think she has the fever upon her, but presently she makes the sign to me for food, and I see that she is starved. I had not the speech of the Channel Indians, but she had a few words of Spanish,

and we made out with that. After she had eaten she crawled to the child and put it to her breast, and so told me a little of her condition. She was of the Mission Santa Barbara, she and the dead woman, her sister, and five others who had come away from the plague. They had tried the God of the Padres, but now that the sickness had come on them they knew that it was not good. So they would go back to their own gods, but the Wrath followed them. Her sister had sickened, and the rest of the party had run on in a greater fright. But Juana, my woman, stayed by her sister three days until she died. Now she said she would not go back to the Padres lest the anger of her gods should bring a worse thing upon her. The God of the Padres, she said, was a great God, but He could not keep off the fever. It may be so; myself I have no God. I take my chances with the beasts of the field; gods are for women and priests. Well, I buried the dead woman, and Juana, when she had eaten again, followed on my trail with the child ravening at her shrunken breast; for I said, if the fever will not drive her from her sister, will she not be faithful to me?"

"What else?"

Lebecque left off his story to sit with his hands between his knees; all that showed of him was the red spark of his cigarette winking in the dark. Outside the moon, nearing her prime, flooded the swale, and made a long bright splash through the door, but no smallest ray pierced the tight roof of leaves. The dogs whined in dreams upon the floor, no shrill night insect rippled the silence, no leaf stirred the surface of the great lake of light that lapped this lonely isle of shade.

Delgardo began to move uneasily.

"The child?" he said.

"Oh, the child"—the old man fell into the drone of reminiscence. "It was a puling brat; I saw soon enough that it was no Indian, but I supposed its father might have been one of the *gentes de razon;* but as I have said, the woman and I had not much speech together. I was so much the better suited. I saw that Juana wished not to go near the Mission again, and thought it was for fear of the Padres, but afterward I understood that it was on account of the child. By degrees, when the girl was growing up, she told me about it. Juana's husband was employed at the Presidio, and they did not live in the Mission. They had a child, and a sister of my woman worked at the house of one of the officers. When the fever came on Juana lost her husband and child, and at that time her sister bade her not let the fountain of her breast dry up, as her mistress was about to become a mother, and there was reason to believe she could not nurse her child. Afterwards her sister came in the night, for the child was born untimely, and the mother had the plague. They laid a vow upon her never to tell from whence she had the brat, nor to speak its name. So when they came away to the mountains, for the mother died, her sister put a double vow upon her never to tell, never to speak the name; and she never did."

"But did you never think?"

"Think? What should I think? I had my traps to think of. Juana, I know, thought it a love child, whose portion was disgrace. I remember she said the lady's husband was from home. But at the last my woman was troubled in mind in her dying sickness; it was then she told me most; she wished to have a priest, but before an Indian could be found to fetch one she was dead."

"And the child?" insisted Delgardo.

"The child. Yes. As she knew her to be baptized, Juana would never give her another name, only such foolish woman's talk as Sweetwater, Bright Bird, Honeyflower, but as she grew and proved to have a pricking tongue we called her the Briar. It was a good name. Well, she grew into a slim maid, and a month since I sent her to Monterey to the Father President."

"The Father President is at Carmelo," said Delgardo. "But were there no

marks, nothing by which she should be known?"

"There was a packet, papers, I think, but in the Spanish, which if I make shift to speak I have no skill to read. She is in Monterey by now."

That was as much as Lebecque would say and as much as Delgardo wanted. He itched to be on the road. If the girl had gone to Saavedra, she would by him be made known to Castro, and the young man lose that advantage. He must be forward now with his corroborative narrative if he wished to continue in the affair. There must be two or three young men in Monterey ready to pay court in any promising quarter if Delgardo were not there with his modish airs to put them out of countenance. He was silent a long time, considering his advantage. As for Lebecque, it had given him a start to learn that the girl had not been heard of in Monterey, particularly that he had gotten out of the young man unawares that Escobar had arrived, and Delgardo had met him there. If the girl was Castro's daughter, and, putting the young man's account with his, it looked to be a fact, why had not the papers revealed it? Long practice of cunning against suspicious creatures of the wood had made the trapper cunning with his own kind. Escobar had not known when he left the Grapevine that El Zarzo was a maid. But how if he had found it out? Or Saavedra might be keeping the girl in the background for jesuitical purposes of his own. Priests, thought Lebecque, might be caught at such tricks. Again, it might be that the packet had told nothing, or that the girl, who was not without wit, might have reasons of her own for keeping a still tongue. The old trapper had knowledge that the girl would not be helped by Delgardo's knowing that she had traveled up to Monterey with Escobar in a boy's disguise,—good enough reason for saying nothing. Better reason, if reason were wanting, in not knowing how matters really stood with the girl. More business was marred by too much talking than by too little. The trapper shrugged his shoulders, and next morning watched Delgardo strike out toward the mission road, and San Antonio de Padua, where he would sleep that night. Lebecque was glad to see him go. Since El Zarzo had left him the old trapper had the minding of the flocks, and found it little suited to a man of his quick and restless habit. His natural grumpiness, startled out of him by Delgardo's news of the night before, returned upon him with the light, and prompted him to one rankling shaft which, though it was directed toward establishing the girl's identity, was planted in Delgardo's mind.

"Señor," he said, when Delgardo was up in saddle, and the flock fretting for the start, "if the girl is not immediately found, inquire of Señor Escobar; he may be able to tell you somewhat."

"Now, what in the saint's name do you mean by that?" cried Delgardo; and he was half in mind to stop and force an explanation; but the blether of the sheep rose up and cut off his words.

Escobar, working across the hills by a little used trail, failed to meet Delgardo, and dropped from it into the cañon of the Grapevine the day following, in the early afternoon. Lebecque was out with the flock. Isidro sat in the shadow of the hut, and recalled how he had first seen it and in what company. As often as he thought of the Briar his heart warmed toward the lad, — always the lad, — never the cold, still girl by the pomegranate hedge in San Antonio. Toward evening he heard the sheep working up by the creek, — soft bleating and the barking of the dogs, mixed with the noise of the water roaring out of the gap. It served to cover the light, accustomed step of Lebecque as he came around the corner of the hut and stood looking down at him with beady, querulous eyes. The contained, curt speech of trappers, mountaineers, and such folk as live much out of doors, is not always to be accounted for as lack of breeding, but rather the gain of that swift sense that seizes upon realities; not

requiring the accustomed approaches of polite greetings, Lebecque did not use them. His glance took in the handsome, indolent length of the young man, and much more beside. Said he, —

"What have you done with her?"

"Married her," said the youth.

"By the Sacrament?"

"By the offices of Holy Church," said Isidro.

Said Lebecque, "When?"

"This morning at Mission San Antonio."

"Where is she, then?" asked the old man.

"There, at San Antonio."

"And you — are here" —

Lebecque looked him up and down. Then he took off his cap, which was of wild skin with the tail hanging down; he made a low bow.

"Señor, permit me," he said; "you are a beautiful fool." With that he turned heel and was off to his flock. Isidro's good humor was proof against this. He smoked cigarettes and waited for the sun to go down. Lebecque came back after a while and raked up the ashes of his fire.

"Since when have you known her a maid?" said he.

"Since Mascado ran away with her."

"What — what! Did he dare? The rascally half-breed, the" — Lebecque's epithets were, no doubt, permissible in his time. He choked and gasped. "Did he harm her? Did he lay hands on her?"

"I saw to it that he did not."

"Tell me," said Lebecque.

Isidro gave him an account of the affair at Las Chimineas. The old man shook with laughter between fits of rage.

"But you did wrong, señor; you should have killed him," said he.

Isidro let him believe that he had first discovered the boy to be a girl in the meadow of the chimneys. Now that she was his wife he shrank from mentioning the encounter with Delfina.

Lebecque warmed to him so much for his victory over Mascado that he out with Delgardo's story and his own, putting them together convincingly. Isidro took it all easily enough, as one accustomed to the favor of gods; no doubt he thought he deserved it. His marriage took on the color of romance, to which his facile mind shaped itself. He began to picture how he should deliver the girl to the Commandante, with what circumstance and what an air. Lebecque, watching him, began to snort with impatience.

"Señor," he said, "permit me again; you are a fool. Here is Don Valentin gone to Monterey with the news to spread it all abroad. Here are you departed, by your own account with scant leave, into the hills with the girl. Who knows that she is still a maid? Who knows that you have married her, — and deserted her at the altar? You, also, by your own account, in the way of being a priest. All Monterey will be humming like a hive. Think you Castro will thank you for this, or Saavedra? Best get you back to your wife and to Monterey with all speed. By the mass, but you will find a hornet's nest if you are overlong on the road."

Escobar saw the force of that. If he would make this marriage perform the service he intended in saving the girl's good name, he must be forehanded with his news. By the break of day he was out with Arnaldo beating about for a trail which should take them a short cut to Monterey. His wife he thought safe in person at San Antonio. To save her reputation he rode to Saavedra at Carmelo.

XIX

THE CAPTURE

From Peter Lebecque's hut and the Cañada de las Uvas Isidro and the tracker climbed up steadily by the swelling hillfront, seeing the isle of vines dwindle and shrink at the bottom of the swale. The spring, which had been a lusty beauty when Isidro rode first through that country, was now running fast to seed. No rains would come that way again for a

good three quarters of a year. Wild oats and alfilaria curled sun-cured on the eastward slopes; stubbly growth of shrubs on the west, favored a little by far-blown dampness of the sea, hinted at their ashy midsummer hue. Streams rippled shallowly at the fords; young of wild creatures of that season's litter began to run freely in the chaparral. The trail went sidling on the flanks of the hills, and at each upward turn flung them a wider arc of boss and hollow, drowned by a blue mistiness that thickened on level mesas to the waters of mirage. The crests of the hills were mostly bare to the windy flood of cooler air, but a wood of oaks, buckeye, and madroño swept about their bases and lapped upward in sheltered coves along the water courses. Their outlines showed dim and indistinguishable through the haze, like clumps of weed at the bottom of full, still bays of sea water. Out of one of the pools of leafage which lay below them, and yet overlooked in its turn a considerable stretch of sunken rolling land, rose up a column of thin smoke, pale against the dark blueness of the wood.

"Indians at last," said Isidro. "I began to think it true, what I heard at San Antonio, that they had left this country to harbor with Urbano in the Tulares. And look, another." Faint and far the second wisp of smoke rose up straightly and fanned out into the still atmosphere. The next turn of the trail showed them a third.

"Signal fires," said Arnaldo. "Now what the devil will they be about?"

By the middle of the hot morning the riders had sighted five pillars of white smoke, that neither increased nor grew less, but welled up from steadily tended fires, wagged a little at the impulse of an unfelt wind, broke high up against a level of cooler air, and rolled out along the sky. Later in the day Arnaldo pointed out a party of Indians in hunting gear on the trail below them, but when the two men came up to the place the hunters had melted like quail into the chaparral.

They rode all that breathless morning, following the looping and sagging of a shallow trail, but in the main rising toward the crest of the Salinas hills, and then laid by for a long siesta while the horses fed. They made it long by intention, purposing to ride by the light of the moon, which was nearing its prime and rose early on the red track of the sun. With this in mind they kept saddle in the pure pale twilight of high altitudes, and on until the full yellow orb rose up and walked along the hills.

They rode through a longish shallow valley, open in the middle by a blind sunken water course, but having a thick strip of wood along the bases of the hills. Shortly before moonrise, while the earth underfoot still melted into dusk, and the sky whitened to the nearing light, they became aware of a flutter and a hint of motion, a whisper and beat translating itself to the sense without sound. It came out of the wood ahead of them on their right; it seemed to roll along the earth, and underlaid, yet was a part of, the multitudinous small noises of the night. It grew as they gave it attention, and came sensibly from a close-grown tongue of wood that ran into the open hollow, and resolved itself into a wailing croon, supported by a soft pounding pulse of sound. The wail flared and waned and fell off like the flame of wood fire, glints of which began to show between the close stems of trees. The padding was muffled and incessant. The two men dropped their spurs on the saddle-bow; they crept forward until they found a peephole in the screen of leaves. In a cleared grassy place lit by a brushwood flare figures came and went like puppets in a showman's box. Figures of Indians, naked except for trappings of beads and feathers and stripings of gaudy-colored earths. Huge coronets of feathers of the chaparral cock, the *corredor del camino*, surmounted their heads and streamed down the naked backs. They wore kilts woven of fine feathers of water fowl; necklaces of beads, bears' claws, elks' teeth, and bits of bright shell hung down over painted ribs and glittered in-

termittently with flashes of the fire. The earth under their feet was beaten to an impalpable dust.

"Big Medicine," whispered Arnaldo under the click of rattles and the steady drum of heels. Flashes from the fire showed, besides the dancers, circles of squatting savages whose spirits, raised by the hypnotic movement and beat of the ceremonial dance, fluttered in their throats. Arnaldo the tracker drew Isidro softly by the sleeve and backed away toward the horses.

"What do you think?" whispered Escobar.

"Devil's work," said Arnaldo, and crossed himself as a good Christian; after which he delivered himself as a man of sense. "It is not the time of their regular dances. If they do it now it is because they have some business afoot."

"Think you they were Urbano's men?"

"Who else? One was the renegade Manuel; I knew him; and he that had the feather coat on his shoulders was a Channel Indian. Three others were Tuolumnes. Where else will you find the slum of all the tribes except with Urbano? They are not drawn together by love of each other, but for love of mischief."

"What can they do?"

"Set on some silly shepherds with their sheep, run off a few of the mission beeves, entice a few neophytes from the Missions." Arnaldo had not a great opinion of the native tribes of Alta California. They let the priests sit too easily on their necks, and were frightened by the popping of firecrackers.

The two men rode on in the trail, and the moon rose new washed from the sea. The trail lay mostly in open ground and was not hard to seek. Twice in the fringe of the woods they saw lights low and twinkling on the ground.

"We must by all means keep on until we have crossed the ridge out of this country," said Arnaldo. "To-night they are busy with dancing, but to-morrow they may take a notion to stop us, particularly if they mean raiding in the direction of Soledad or Santa Cruz."

Isidro had no mind for such an interruption to his affairs. They kept on after this until they struck the wood again and the beginning of rising ground. Here they dismounted, for the trees were low and grew all abroad with gnarly boughs. The trail went faintly among them with many windings. Isidro whistled softly to himself while the tracker puzzled out the way.

"No noise, señor," said the tracker. Isidro stopped short. They went on for a quarter of an hour in the hot dark. Outside of the fence of trees the earth was gloriously light. Arnaldo began to halt at intervals and make signs of listening.

"Heard you anything?" he whispered.

"A cricket chirp and a wakeful bird."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else."

"Move on a little."

Presently Isidro heard. Out of the dark a slow padding on the fallen leaves seemed to follow them. They stopped, it stopped; they went on, it began again, — a mere whisper of sound.

"Man or beast?" Isidro asked.

"*Dios sabe*," shrugged the Indian. They went on steadily for another quarter of an hour and heard no more of it.

"It must have been a bobcat or cougar," said Escobar.

"Perhaps so; keep as much in the shadow as you may."

Where the wood was thin and straggling it was clearly no night for men who must make way cautiously to be abroad in. Rounding a blunt cape of hills they came suddenly on a camp of a dozen savages asleep, or smoking and a-doze. Arnaldo's horse knew the trick of stillness following a certain touch on his shoulder; but the other, winded a little, for the ground rose steeply, drew in his breath until the saddle-girth creaked. Several of the Indians sat up alert, but a ruffle of wind among the leaves smothered all smaller sounds and covered the retreat of the horsemen. Now they were forced out of the trail and went heavily through the

brush, smelling trouble on all sides. A group of ponies feeding in a meadow snorted recognition to their horses, and got a smothered whinny in return. Arnaldo swore. Isidro, never so merry as when he had need of all his wits, laughed under his breath.

"No laughing matter," said the tracker; "there must be threescore of the swine hereabouts. They might object to you getting on to Monterey."

"What will we do?"

"What we can; just ahead of us is a good level stretch; make the most of it."

They put their horses at a jogging trot; this lasted until the close growth of scrub and trees forced them to a slower pace. Instantly the long padding tread came out of the dark, following. It was light on the grass, but not so light that no twig snapped under it and no leaf rustled. Now and then they heard the swish of a bent bough springing back to place.

"Bungling work," said the tracker; then he laid hand lightly on the other's arm. Forward a stone-cast, the moon glinted on what was neither leaf, nor bark, nor stone. Across the grass the broken and dappled light through the latticed shadow of the trees was cut off and reappeared as under a sliding screen.

"The devil!" said Isidro.

"Evidently," shrugged the tracker.

The wood was full of hints of presence, sense of movement, little prickings of the flesh, uneasy sniffs of the horses. The trail ran here in an easy swale narrowly between two great bluffs of stony earth. The wood, pinched to a file of scant-limbed pines, ran between them and spread into a pool of dark beyond. The defile opening toward the moon was searched and rifled by the light. It was not a bowshot wide from wall to wall. Beyond this a little way lay an open country, affording no cover for spies and the chances of swifter travel for the horses. Riding toward it Isidro and the tracker started a herd of deer, does with young fawns, feeding by a spring. The does threw up their heads to snuff the tainted wind, and began to trot steadily toward the pass. But here their fine sense served them, and the men behind them, an excellent turn. At the mouth of the defile they swerved, halted, and wheeled, struck a brisker pace, avoided the pass, and disappeared in a dry gully leading toward the hills.

"Where the deer will not go there is no going for us," said Arnaldo; "wait."

He flung off his horse into the thickest shadow. Isidro held both bridle reins and waited, heard a night bird call and the wind tread lightly on the creaking boughs of pines, saw the shadows shrink as the moon rode higher, saw small furry things come out in the light and play; at last saw the tracker rise up out of the dark without a sound.

"Well?"

"Señor, you wish to get to Monterey with all speed?"

Isidro thought of the case in which he stood, — of his breach of behavior to Saavedra, of Delgardo hurrying to the Commandante, of Delfina — "By the mass, yes!" he cried.

"Do as I say, then," said Arnaldo; "the moon is too much for us." He led the horses with unconcern back to the spring where the deer had been drinking and threw off the saddles.

"Make as if to camp," he said, "and lie down as if to sleep, but do not sleep; keep your pistol close."

They lay down to watch the ebb of the moonlight and the slow oncoming of the tide of shadow that reached its flood some hours before dawn. They heard no more of any Indians, but no deer came that way, by which they judged there must be men about in the cañon below them and in the pass above. When the moon was low and the black splotches of forest began to run together in the bottoms of the cañons drenched in shadow, they began to move again with incredible stillness, drawing out of the wood toward the bare slopes of hill up the gully by which the deer had gone. Nothing moved behind them but the light wind in the leaves; be-

fore them they had the steep tireless scarp of the hill. They would ride a little, and then Arnaldo would quest forward on his feet a little, exploring the way, incredibly tedious, but they had no serious impediment. Once Isidro's horse struck a loose stone that went rolling and rattling to the bottom of the hill with a small avalanche of coarse gravel and set their hearts pounding with apprehension, but no alarm followed it. They came at last to open country about moonset, found it firm under foot and admitting of some speed. They began to go down presently, and by dawn had come to clumps of thin pines and dwarfish oaks. They rode and saw deer bedded unstartled in the fern, and all the ease of wild life, warrant that no men had lately passed that way. A million wild pigeons began to stir and voice the blush light of dawn; their calls and the incessant rustle of their wings rolled together like soft thunder among the trees. The two men pushed their jaded horses, breakfasting, without lighting, on jerke of wild venison which they had from Peter Lebecque, reached the foot of the grade, struck the level of a valley, crossed it three hours after sunrise, and in the hot palpitant forenoon began to wind and turn in the intricate shallow cañons of low hills. They had come upon no camps nor fresh trail of Indians, saw no signal fires nor any sign of pursuit; not so much as a crow flapped or a jay squawked suspiciously away from the trail.

"The rogues are behind us," said Arnaldo, "we have thrown them off our trail; nevertheless, we must get on to Monterey. We shall have a word for the Commandante."

"What word?" said Escobar, thinking of his own affair.

"There were no women among them. Some of them had guns; they have been trading with the Russians. It will take more than holy water to keep these bears away from the calf-pens of the Padres," Arnaldo chuckled.

"Do you think they are for San Antonio?"

"That or Soledad; they might reach either easily from where they are now camped. They may have accomplices among the mission neophytes. The word that has gone about that the Padres are to be sent out of the country has bred maggots in their heads."

"And what," said Isidro, "if that word were true?"

"Eh," said the tracker, "they are swine; they will return to root in the earth where they were bred."

"They have been made Christians, and the Padres have taught them to save their souls from Hell," said the young gentleman, who still had thoughts of becoming a padre himself.

Arnaldo showed a dry and twinkling mirth.

"Manuel," he said, "was a Christian. I remember an Easter when he served the mass. That was he you saw last night, with the rattle of ram's horn and a bear's teeth grinning on his shoulders."

They were both beginning to weary of the ride. The horses drooped and looked hungrily at the grass by the water courses. The air in the close little cañons was still and hot.

"*Dios!* but I could sleep," cried Escobar, yawning.

"Sleep, then," said the tracker; "here is feed for the horses."

They unsaddled, set the horses to the stake rope, crept themselves under the low screen of a live oak that dropped its branches to the ground. The hills were sunk in a midday drowse. That was a time when, except for some such seldom mischance as had fallen to them the night before, a man might lie down and sleep under any tree in Alta California, and take no account of risk or time. As the mood of the land never swayed much between the extremes of heat and cold, fury and calm, it bred even in its savage races an equable and tractile mind. If the Franciscans found great scope for material advantage they found little for martyrdom. It is a tradition that bullocks' blood went to the cementing of adobe

foundations, but little was shed of another sort.

Isidro and the tracker had expected no harm the night before but an annoying detention and interruption to the former's affairs; therefore they slept heavily, that danger over, and woke past noon to find Mascado sitting over them, very still, with Escobar's pistols laid across his knees.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

PROBABLY the first impression one gets from reading the *Complete Poetical Works* of Christina Rossetti, now collected and edited by her brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, is that she wrote altogether too much, and that it was a doubtful service to her memory to preserve so many poems purely private in their nature. The editor, one thinks, might well have shown himself more "reverent of her strange simplicity." For page after page we are in the society of a spirit always refined and exquisite in sentiment, but without any guiding and restraining artistic impulse; she never drew to the shutters of her soul, but lay open to every wandering breath of heaven. In comparison with the works of the more creative poets her song is like the continuous lisping of an æolian harp beside the music elicited by cunning fingers. And then, suddenly, out of this sweet monotony, moved by some stronger, clearer breeze of inspiration, there sounds a strain of wonderful beauty and flawless perfection, unmatched in its own kind in English letters. An anonymous purveyor of anecdotes has recently told how one of these more exquisite songs called forth the enthusiasm of Swinburne. It was just after the publication of *Goblin Market and Other Poems*, and in a little company of friends that erratic poet and critic started to read aloud from the volume. Turning first to the devotional paraphrase which begins with "Passing away, saith the World, passing away," he chanted the lines in his own emphatic manner, then laid the book down with a vehement gesture. Presently he took it up again, and a second time read the poem through, even more impressively. "By God!" he exclaimed at the end, "that's one of the finest things ever written!"

Passing away, saith the World, passing away:
Chances, beauty, and youth, sapped day by day,
Thy life never continueth in one stay.
Is the eye waxen dim, is the dark hair changing to gray,
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May:
Thou, root-stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay
On my bosom for aye.
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away:
With its burden of fear and hope, of labor and play,
Hearken what the past doth witness and say:
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,
A canker is in thy bud, thy leaf must decay.
At midnight, at cockcrow, at morning, one certain day
Lo the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay;
Watch thou and pray.
Then I answered: Yea.

Passing away, saith my God, passing away:
Winter passeth after the long delay:
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender spray,
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May.
Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch and pray:
Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day:

My love, My sister, My spouse, thou shalt hear
Me say.
Then I answered: Yea.

And Swinburne, somewhat contrary to his wont, was right. Purer inspiration, less troubled by worldly motives, than these verses cannot easily be found. Nor would it be difficult to discover in their brief compass most of the qualities that lend distinction to Christina Rossetti's work. Even her monotone, which after long continuation becomes monotony, affects one here as a subtle device heightening the note of subdued fervor and religious resignation; the repetition of the rhyming vowel creates the feeling of a secret expectancy cherished through the weariness of a frustrate life. If there is any excuse for publishing the many poems that express the mere unlifted, unvaried prayer of her heart, it is because their monotony may prepare the mind for the strange artifice of this solemn chant. But such a preparation demands more patience than a poet may justly claim from the ordinary reader. Better would be a volume of selections from her works, including a number of poems of this character. It would stand, in its own way, supreme in English literature, — as pure and fine an expression of the feminine genius as the world has yet heard.

It is, indeed, as the flower of strictly feminine genius that Christina Rossetti should be read and judged. She is one of a group of women who brought this new note into Victorian poetry, — Louisa Shore, Jean Ingelow, rarely Mrs. Browning, and, I may add, Mrs. Meynell. She is like them, but of a higher, finer strain than they (καλαὶ δέ τε πᾶσαι), and I always think of her as of her brother's Blessed Damozel, circled with a company of singers, yet holding herself aloof in chosen loneliness of passion. She, too, has not quite ceased to yearn toward earth: —

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

I have likened the artlessness of much of her writing to the sweet monotony of an æolian harp. The comparison returns as expressing also the purely feminine spirit of her inspiration. There is in her a passive surrender to the powers of life, a religious acquiescence, which wavers between a plaintive pathos and a sublime exultation of faith. The great world, with its harsh indifference for the weak, passes over her as a ruinous gale rushes over a sequestered wood-flower; she bows her head, humbled but not broken, nor ever forgetful of her gentle mission, —

And strong in patient weakness till the end.

She bends to the storm, yet no one, not the great mystics nor the greater poets who cry out upon the sound and fury of life, is more constantly impressed by the vanity and fleeting insignificance of the blustering power, or more persistently looks for consolation and joy from another source. But there is a difference. Read the masculine poets who have heard this mystic call of the spirit, and you feel yourself in the presence of a strong will that has grasped the world, and, finding it insufficient, deliberately casts it away; and there is no room for pathetic regret in their ruthless determination to renounce. But this womanly poet does not properly renounce at all, she passively allows the world to glide away from her. The strength of her genius is endurance: —

She stands there like a beacon through the
night,
A pale clear beacon where the storm-drift is —
She stands alone, a wonder deathly-white:
She stands there patient, nerved with inner
might,
Indomitable in her feebleness,
Her face and will athirst against the light.

It is characteristic of her feminine disposition that the loss of the world should have come to her first of all in the personal relation of love. And here we must signalize the chief service of the editor to-

ward his sister. It was generally known in a vague way, indeed it was easy to surmise as much from her published work, that Christina Rossetti bore with her always the sadness of unfulfilled affection. In the introductory Memoir her brother has now given a sufficiently detailed account of this matter to remove all ambiguity. I am not one to wish that the reserves and secret emotions of an author should be displayed for the mere gratification of the curious; but in this case the revelation would seem to be justified as a needed explanation of poems which she herself was willing to publish. Twice, it appears, she gave her love, and both times drew back in a kind of tremulous awe from the last step. The first affair began in 1848, before she was eighteen, and ran its course in about two years. The man was one James Collinson, an artist of mediocre talent who had connected himself with the Preraphaelite Brotherhood. He was originally a Protestant, but had become a Roman Catholic. Then, as Christina refused to ally herself to one of that faith, he compliantly abandoned Rome for the Church of England. His conscience, however, which seems from all accounts to have been of a flabby consistency, troubled him in the new faith, and he soon reverted to Catholicism. Christina then drew back from him finally. It is not so easy to understand why she refused the second suitor, with whom she became intimately acquainted about 1860, and whom she loved in her own retiring fashion until the day of her death. This was Charles Bagot Cayley, a brother of the famous Cambridge mathematician, himself a scholar and in a small way a poet. Some idea of the man may be obtained from a notice of him written by Mr. W. M. Rossetti for the *Athenæum* after his death. "A more complete specimen than Mr. Charles Cayley," says Mr. Rossetti, "of the abstracted scholar in appearance and manner — the scholar who constantly lives an inward and unmaterial life, faintly perceptive of external facts and appearances — could hardly be conceived. He united great sweetness to great simplicity of character, and was not less polite than unworldly." One might suppose that such a temperament was peculiarly fitted to join with that of the secluded poetess, and so, to judge from her many love poems, it actually was. Of her own heart or of his there seems to have been no doubt in her mind. Even in her most rapturous visions of heaven, like the yearning cry of the Blessed Damozel, the memory of that stilled passion often breaks out: —

> How should I rest in Paradise,
> Or sit on steps of heaven alone ?
> If Saints and Angels spoke of love,
> Should I not answer from my throne,
> Have pity upon me, ye my friends,
> For I have heard the sound thereof ?

She seems even not to have been unfamiliar with the hope of joy, and I like to believe that her best-known lyric of gladness, "My heart is like a singing bird," was inspired by the early dawning of this passion. But the hope and the joy soon passed away and left her only the solemn refrain of acquiescence: "Then I answered: Yea." Her brother can give no sufficient explanation of this refusal on her part to accept the happiness almost in her hand, though he hints at lack of religious sympathy between the two. Some inner necessity of sorrow and resignation, one almost thinks, drew her back in both cases, some perception that the real treasure of her heart lay not in this world: —

> A voice said, " Follow, follow : " and I rose
> And followed far into the dreamy night,
> Turning my back upon the pleasant light.
> It led me where the bluest water flows,
> And would not let me drink: where the corn grows
> I dared not pause, but went uncheered by sight
> Or touch : until at length in evil plight
> It left me, wearied out with many woes.
> Some time I sat as one bereft of sense :
> But soon another voice from very far
> Called, " Follow, follow : " and I rose again.
> Now on my night has dawned a blessed star :

Kind steady hands my sinking steps sustain,
And will not leave me till I go from hence.

It might seem that here was a spirit of renunciation akin to that of the more masculine mystics; indeed, a great many of her poems are, unconsciously I presume, almost a paraphrase of that recurring theme of the Imitation: "Nolle consolari ab aliqua creatura," and again: "Amore igitur Creatoris, amorem hominis superavit; et pro humano solatio, divinum beneplacitum magis elegit." She, too, was unwilling to find consolation in any creature, and turned from the love of man to the love of the Creator; yet a little reading of her exquisite hymns will show that this renunciation has more the nature of surrender than of deliberate choice: —

He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexprest,
And said them nay.

The world is withheld from her by a power above her will, and always this power stands before her in that peculiarly personal form which it assumes in the feminine mind. Her faith is a mere transference to heaven of a love that terrifies her in its ruthless earthly manifestation; and the passion of her life is henceforth a yearning expectation of the hour when the Bridegroom shall come and she shall answer, Yea. Nor is the earthly source of this love forgotten; it abides with her as a dream which often is not easily distinguished from its celestial transmutation: —

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

It is this perfectly passive attitude toward the powers that command her heart and her soul — a passivity which by its completeness assumes the misguiding semblance of a deliberate determination of life — that makes her to me the purest expression in English of the feminine genius. I know that many would think this preëminence belongs to Mrs. Browning. They would point out the narrowness of Christina Rossetti's range, and the larger aspects of woman's nature, neglected by her, which inspire some of her rival's best-known poems. To me, on the contrary, it is the very scope attempted by Mrs. Browning that prevents her from holding the place I would give to Christina Rossetti. So much of Mrs. Browning — her political ideas, her passion for reform, her scholarship — simply carries her into the sphere of the masculine poets where she suffers by an unfair comparison. She would be a better and less irritating writer without these excursions into a field for which she was not fitted. The uncouthness that so often mars her language is chiefly due to an unreconciled feud between her intellect and her heart. She had neither a woman's wise passivity nor a man's controlling will. Even within the range of strictly feminine powers her genius is not simple and typical. And here I must take refuge in a paradox which is like enough to carry but little conviction. Nevertheless, it is the truth. I mean to say that probably most women will regard Mrs. Browning as the better type of their sex, whereas to men the honor will seem to belong to Miss Rossetti; and that the judgment of a man in this matter is more conclusive than a woman's. This is a paradox, I admit, yet its solution is simple. Women will judge a poetess by her inclusion of the larger human nature, and will resent the limiting of her range to the qualities that we look upon as peculiarly feminine. The passion of Mrs. Browning, her attempt to control her inspiration to the demands of a shaping intellect, her questioning and answering, her larger

aims, in a word, her effort to create, — all these will be set down to her credit by women who are as appreciative of such qualities as men, and who will not be annoyed by the false tone running through them. Men, on the contrary, are apt, in accepting a woman's work or in creating a female character, to be interested more in the traits and limitations which distinguish her from her masculine complement. They care more for the *idea* of woman, and less for woman as merely a human being. Thus, for example, I should not hesitate to say that Thackeray's heroines are more womanly than George Eliot's, — though I am aware of the ridicule to which such an opinion lays me open; and for the same reason I hold that Christina Rossetti is a more complete exemplar of feminine genius, and, as being more perfect in her own sphere, a better poet than Mrs. Browning. That disconcerting sneer of Edward FitzGerald's, which so enraged Robert Browning, would never have occurred to him, I think, in the case of Miss Rossetti.

There is a curious comment on this contrast in the introduction to Christina Rossetti's *Monna Innominata*, a sonnet-sequence in which she tells her own story in the supposed person of an early Italian lady. "Had the great poetess of our own day and nation," she says, "only been unhappy instead of happy, her circumstances would have invited her to bequeath to us, in lieu of the *Portuguese Sonnets*, an inimitable 'donna innominata' drawn not from fancy, but from feeling, and worthy to occupy a niche beside Beatrice and Laura." Now this sonnet-sequence of Miss Rossetti's is far from her best work, and holds a lower rank in every way than that passionate self-revelation of Mrs. Browning's; yet to read these confessions of the two poets together is a good way to get at the division between their spirits. In Miss Rossetti's sonnets all those feminine traits I have dwelt on are present to a marked, almost an exaggerated, degree. They are harmonious within themselves, and filled with a quiet ease; only the higher inspiration is lacking to them in comparison with her *Passing Away*, and other great lyrics. In Mrs. Browning, on the contrary, one cannot but feel a disturbing element. The very tortuousness of her language, the straining to render her emotion in terms of the intellect, introduces a quality which is out of harmony with the ground theme of feminine surrender. More than that, this submission to love, if looked at more closely, is itself in large part such as might proceed from a man as well as from a woman, so that there results an annoying confusion of masculine and feminine passion. Take, for instance, the twenty-second of the *Portuguese Sonnets*, one of the most perfect in the series: —

> When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
> Face to face, drawing nigher and nigher,
> Until the lengthening wings break into fire
> At either curvèd point, — What bitter wrong
> Can earth do to us, that we should not long
> Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,
> The angels would press on us, and aspire
> To drop some golden orb of perfect song
> Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
> Rather on earth, Beloved, — where the unfit
> Contrarious moods of men recoil away
> And isolate pure spirits, and permit
> A place to stand and love in for a day,
> With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

That is noble verse, undoubtedly. The point is that it might just as well have been written by a man to a woman as the contrary; it would, for example, fit perfectly well into Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *House of Life*. There is here no passivity of soul; the passion is not that of acquiescence, but of determination to press to the quick of love. Only, perhaps, a certain falsetto in the tone (if the meaning of that word may be so extended) shows that, after all, it was written by a woman, who in adopting the masculine pitch loses something of fineness and exquisiteness.

A single phrase of the sonnet, that "deep, dear silence," links it in my mind with one of Christina Rossetti's not found in the *Monna Innominata*, but expressing

the same spirit of resignation. It is entitled simply "Rest:" —

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

Am I misguided in thinking that in this stillness, this silence more musical than any song, the feminine heart speaks with a simplicity and consummate purity such as I quite fail to hear in the *Portuguese Sonnets*, admired as those sonnets are? Nor could one, perhaps, find in all Christina Rossetti's poems a single line that better expresses the character of her genius than these exquisite words: "With stillness that is almost Paradise." That is the mood that, with the passing away of love, never leaves her; that is her religion; her acquiescent Yea, to the world and the soul and to God. Into that region of rapt stillness it seems almost a sacrilege to penetrate with inquisitive, critical mind; it is like tearing away the veil of modesty. I will not attempt to bring out the beauty of her mood by comparing it with that of the more masculine quietists, who reach out and take the kingdom of Heaven by storm, and whose prayer is, in the words of Tennyson: —

Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

It will be better to quote one other poem, perhaps her most perfect work artistically, and to pass on: —

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

The culmination of her pathetic weariness is always this cry for rest, a cry for supreme acquiescence in the will of Heaven, troubled by no personal volition, no desire, no emotion, save only love that waits for blessed absorption. Her later years became what St. Teresa called a long "prayer of quiet;" and her brother's record of her secluded life in the refuge of his home reads like the saintly story of a cloistered nun. It might be said of her, as of one of the fathers, that she needed not to pray, for her life was an unbroken communion with God. And yet that is not all. It is a sign of her utter womanliness that envy for the common affections of life was never quite crushed in her heart. Now and then through this monotony of resignation there wells up a sob of complaint, a note not easy, indeed, to distinguish from that *amari aliquid* of jealousy, which Thackeray, cynically, as some think, always left at the bottom of his gentlest feminine characters. The fullest expression of this feeling is in one of her longer poems, *The Lowest Room*, which contrasts the life of two sisters, one of whom chooses the ordinary lot of woman with home and husband and children, while the other learns, year after tedious year, the consolation of lonely patience. The spirit of the poem is not entirely pleasant. The resurgence of personal envy is a little disconcerting; and the only comfort to be derived from it is the proof that under different circum-

stances Christina Rossetti might have given expression to the more ordinary lot of contented womanhood as perfectly as she sings the pathos and hope of the cloistered life. Had that first voice, which led her "where the bluest water flows," suffered her also to quench the thirst of her heart, had not that second voice summoned her to follow, this might have been. But literature, I think, would have lost in her gain. As it is, we must recognize that the vision of fulfilled affection and of quiet home joys still troubled her, in her darker hours, with a feeling of embittered regret. Two or three of the stanzas of *The Lowest Room* even remind one forcibly of that scene in Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, where the "shrill and lamentable cry" breaks through the silence of the shadowy congregation: —

In all eternity I had one chance,
One few years' term of gracious human life,
The splendors of the intellect's advance,
The sweetness of the home with babes and wife.

But if occasionally this residue of bitterness in Christina Rossetti recalls the more acrid genius of James Thomson, yet a comparison of the two poets (and such a comparison is not fantastic, however unexpected it may appear) would set the feminine character of our subject in a peculiarly vivid light. Both were profoundly moved by the evanescence of life, by the deceitfulness of pleasure, while both at times, Thomson almost continually, were troubled by the apparent content of those who rested in these joys of the world. Both looked forward longingly to the consummation of peace. In his call to *Our Lady of Oblivion* Thomson might seem to be speaking for both, only in a more deliberately metaphorical style: —

Take me, and lull me into perfect sleep;
Down, down, far hidden in thy duskiest cave;
While all the clamorous years above me sweep
Unheard, or, like the voice of seas that rave
On far-off coasts, but murmuring o'er my trance,
A dim vast monotone, that shall enhance
The restful rapture of the inviolate grave.

But the roads by which the two would reach this "silence more musical than any song" were utterly different. With an intellect at once mathematical and constructive, Thomson built out of his personal bitterness and despair a universe corresponding to his own mood, a philosophy of atheistic revolt. Like Lucretius, "he denied divinely the divine." In that tremendous conversation on the river-walk he represents one soul as protesting to another that not for all his misery would he carry the guilt of creating such a world; whereto the second replies, and it is the poet himself who speaks: —

The world rolls round forever as a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will. . . .

Man might know one thing were his sight less dim;
That it whirls not to suit his petty whim,
That it is quite indifferent to him.

There is the voluntary ecstasy of the saints, there is also this stern and self-willed rebellion, and, contrasted with them both, as woman is contrasted with man, there is the acquiescence of Christina Rossetti and of the little group of writers whom she leads in spirit: —

Passing away, saith the World, passing away....
Then I answered: Yea.

MARIANUS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I DO not know how Marianus ever came to leave his native land, nor what turn of fate brought him to flutter the dovecotes of a convent school. At eleven one does not often ask why things happen, because nothing seems strange enough to provoke the question. It was enough for me — it was enough for all of us — that one Sunday morning he appeared in little Peter's place, lit the candles on the altar, and served Mass with decent and devout propriety. Our customary torpor of cold and sleepiness — Mass was at seven, and the chapel unheated — yielded to a warm glow of excitement. I craned my white-veiled head (we wore black veils throughout the week and white on Sundays) to see how Elizabeth was taking this delightful novelty. *She* was busy passing her prayer-book, with something evidently written on the fly-leaf, to Emily Goring on the bench ahead. Emily, oblivious of consequences, was making telegraphic signals to Marie. Lilly and Viola Milton knelt staring open-mouthed at the altar. Tony was giggling softly. Only Annie Churchill, her eyes fixed on her Ursuline Manual, was thumping her breast remorsefully, in unison with the priest's "mea maxima culpa." There was something about Annie's attitude of devotion which always gave one a distaste for piety.

Breakfast afforded no opportunity for discussion. At that Spartan meal, French conversation alone was permitted; and even had we been able or willing to employ the hated medium, there was practically no one to talk to. By a triumph of monastic discipline, we were placed at table, at our desks, and at church, next to girls to whom we had nothing to say; — good girls, with medals around their necks, and blue or green ribbons over their shoulders, who served as insulating mediums, as non-conductors, separating us from cheerful currents of speech, and securing, on the whole, a reasonable degree of decorum. I could not open my bursting heart to my neighbors, who sat stolidly consuming bread and butter as though no wild light had dawned upon our horizon. When one of them (she is a nun now) observed painstakingly, "J'espère que nous irons aux bois après midi;" I said "oui," which was the easiest thing *to* say, and conversation closed at that point. We always did go to the woods on Sunday afternoons, unless it rained. During the week, the big girls — the arrogant and unapproachable First Cours — assumed possession of them as an exclusive right, and left us only Mulberry Avenue in which to play prisoner's base and Saracens and Crusaders; but on Sundays the situation was reversed, and the Second Cours was led joyously out to those sweet shades which in our childish eyes were vast as Epping Forest, and as full of mystery as the Schwarzwald. No one could have valued this weekly privilege more than I did; but the day was clear, and we were sure to go. I felt the vapid nature of Mary Rawdon's remark to be due solely to the language in which it was uttered. All our inanities were spoken in French; and those nuns who understood no other tongue must have conceived a curious impression of our intelligence.

There was a brief recreation of fifteen minutes at ten o'clock, which sufficed for a rapturous exchange of confidences and speculations. Only those who have been at a convent school understand how the total absence of masculinity enriches it with a halo of illusion. Here we were, seven absurdly romantic little girls, who had been put to such sore straits that we had pretended for weeks at a time that

our mistress of class was a man, and that we were all in love with her; and here was a tall Italian youth, at least eighteen, sent by a beneficent Providence to thrill us with emotions. Was he going to stay? we asked with bated breath. Was he going to serve Mass every morning instead of Peter? We could not excite ourselves over Peter, who was a small, freckle-faced country boy, awkwardly shy, and — I should judge — of a saturnine disposition. We had met him once in the avenue, and had asked him if he had any brothers or sisters. "Naw," was the reply. "I had a brother wanst, but he died; — got out of it when he was a baby. He was a cute one, he was." A speech which I can only hope was not so Schopenhauerish as it sounds.

And now, in Peter's place, came this mysterious, dark-eyed, and altogether adorable stranger from beyond the seas. Annie Churchill, who, for all her prayerfulness, had been fully alive to the situation, opined that he was an "exile," and the phrase smote us to the heart. We had read *Elizabeth; or the Exile of Siberia*, — it was in the school library, — and here was a male Elizabeth under our ravished eyes. "That's why he came to a convent," continued Annie, following up her advantage; " to be hidden from all pursuit."

" No doubt he did," said Tony breathlessly, " and we'll have to be very careful not to say anything about him to visitors. We might be the occasion of his being discovered and sent back."

This thought was almost too painful to be borne. Upon our discretion depended perhaps the safety of a heroic youth who had fled from tyranny and cruel injustice. I was about to propose that we should bind ourselves by a solemn vow never to mention his presence, save secretly to one another, when Elizabeth — not the Siberian, but our own unexiled Elizabeth — observed with that biting dryness which was the real secret of her ascendency, " We 'd better not say much about him, anyway. On our own account, I mean." Which pregnant remark — the bell for "Christian Instruction" ringing at that moment — sent us silent and meditative to our desks.

So it was that Marianus came to the convent, and we gave him our seven young hearts with unresisting enthusiasm. Viola's heart, indeed, was held of small account, she being only ten years old; but Elizabeth was twelve, and Marie and Annie were thirteen, ages ripe for passion, and remote from the taunt of immaturity. It was understood from the beginning that we all loved Marianus with equal right and fervor. We shared the emotion fairly and squarely, just as we shared an occasional box of candy, or any other benefaction. It was our common secret, — our fatal secret, we would have said, — and must be guarded with infinite precaution from a cold and possibly disapproving world; but no one of us dreamed of setting up a private romance of her own, of extracting from the situation more than one sixth — leaving Viola out — of its excitement and ecstasy.

We discovered in the course of time our exile's name and nationality, — it was the chaplain who told us, — and also that he was studying for the priesthood; this last information coming from the mistress of recreation, and being plainly designed to dull our interest from the start. She added that he neither spoke nor understood anything but Italian, a statement which we determined to put to the proof as soon as fortune should favor us with the opportunity. The possession of an Italian dictionary became meanwhile imperative, and we had no way of getting it. We could n't write home for one, because our letters were all read before they were sent out, and any girl would be asked why she had made such a singular request. We could n't beg our mothers, even when we saw them, for dictionaries of a language they knew we were not studying. Lilly said she thought she might ask her father for one, the next time he came to the school. There is a lack of intelligence, or at least of alert-

ness, about fathers, which makes them invaluable in certain emergencies; but which, on the other hand, is apt to precipitate them into blunders. Mr. Milton promised the dictionary, without putting any inconvenient questions, though he must have been a little surprised at the scholarly nature of the request; but just as he was going away, he said loudly and cheerfully: —

"Now what is it I am to bring you next time, children? Mint candy, and handkerchiefs, — your Aunt Helen says you must live on handkerchiefs, — and gloves for Viola, and a dictionary?"

He was actually shaking hands with Madame Bouron, the Mistress General, as he spoke, and she turned to Lilly, and said: —

"Lilly, have you lost your French dictionary, as well as all your handkerchiefs?"

"No, madame," said poor Lilly.

"It's an Italian dictionary she wants this time," corrected Mr. Milton, evidently not understanding why Viola was poking him viciously in the back.

"Lilly is not studying Italian. None of the children are," said Madame Bouron. And then, very slowly, and with an emphasis which made two of her hearers quake, "Lilly has no need of an Italian dictionary, Mr. Milton. She had better devote more time and attention to her French."

"I nearly fainted on the spot," said Lilly, describing the scene to us afterwards; "and father looked scared, and got away as fast as he could; and Viola was red as a beet; and I thought surely Madame Bouron was going to say something to me; but, thank Heaven! Eloise Didier brought up her aunt to say goodby, and we slipped off. Do you think, girls, she'll ask me what I wanted with an Italian dictionary?"

"Say you're going to translate Dante in the holidays," suggested Tony with unfeeling vivacity.

"Say you're going to Rome, to see the Pope," said Marie.

"Say you're such an accomplished French scholar, it's time you turned your attention to something else," said Emily.

"Say you're making a collection of dictionaries," said the imp, Viola.

Lilly looked distressed. The humors of the situation were, perhaps, less manifest to her perturbed mind. But Elizabeth, who had been thinking the matter over, observed gloomily, "Oh, Boots" (our opprobrious epithet for the Mistress General) "won't bother to ask questions. She knows all she wants to know. She'll just watch us, and see that we never get a chance to speak to Marianus. It was bad enough before, but it will be worse than ever now. He might almost as well be in Italy."

Things did seem to progress slowly, considering the passionate nature of our sentiments. Never was there such an utter absence of opportunity. From the ringing of the first bell at quarter past six in the morning to the lowering of the dormitory lights at nine o'clock at night, we were never alone for a moment, but moved in orderly squadrons through the various duties of the day. Marianus served Mass every morning, and on Sundays assisted at Vespers and Benediction. Outside the chapel, we never saw him. He lived in "Germany," — a name given, Heaven knows why, to a farmhouse on the convent grounds, which was used as quarters for the chaplain and for visitors; but though we cast many a longing look in its direction, no dark Italian head was ever visible at window or at door. I believe my own share of affection was beginning to wither under this persistent blight, when something happened which not only renewed its fervor, but thrilled my heart with a grateful sentiment which is not wholly dead to-day.

It was May, — a month dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and fuller than usual of church-going, processions, and hymns. We were supposed to be, or at least expected to be, particularly obedient and studious during these four weeks; and by way of incentive, each class had its

candle, tied with the class color, and standing amid a lovely profusion of Spring flowers, on the Madonna's altar. There were six of them: white for the graduates, purple for the first class, blue for the second, red for the third, green for the fourth, and pink for the fifth, — the very little girls, for whom the discipline of school life was mercifully relaxed. All the candles were lighted every morning during Mass, unless some erring member of a class had, by misconduct the day before, forfeited the honor, not only for herself, but for her classmates. These tapers were my especial abhorrence. The laudable determination of the third class to keep the red-ribboned candle burning all month maddened me, both by the difficulties it presented, and by the meagre nature of the consequences involved. I could not bring myself to understand why they should care whether it were lit or not. To be sent downstairs to a deserted music-room, there to spend the noon recreation hour in studying Roman history or a French fable; — that was a penalty, hard to avoid, but easy to understand. Common sense and a love of enjoyment made it clear that no one should lightly run such risks. But I had not imagination enough to grasp the importance of a candle more or less upon the altar. It was useless to appeal to my love for the Blessed Virgin. I loved her so well and so confidently, I had placed my childish faith in her so long, that no doubt of her sympathy ever crossed my mind. My own mother might side with authority. Indeed, she represented the supreme, infallible authority, from which there was no appeal. But in every trouble of my poor little gusty life, the Blessed Mother sided with me. Of that, thank Heaven! I felt sure.

This month my path was darkened by a sudden decision on Elizabeth's part that our candle should not be once extinguished. Elizabeth, to do her justice, did not often incline to virtue; but when she did, there was a scant allowance of cakes and ale for any of us. She never deviated from her chosen course, and she never fully understood the sincere but fallible nature of our unkept resolutions. I made my usual frantic, futile effort to follow her lead, with the usual melancholy failure. Before the first week was out, I had come into collision with authority (it was a matter of arithmetic, which always soured my temper to the snapping point); and the 6th of May saw five candles only burning at the veiled Madonna's feet. I sat, angry and miserable, while Madame Duncan, who had charge of the altar, lit the faithful five, and retired with a Rhadamanthine expression to her stall. Elizabeth, at the end of the bench, looked straight ahead, with an expression, or rather an enforced absence of expression, which I perfectly understood. She would not say anything, but none the less would her displeasure be made chillingly manifest. Mass had begun. The priest was reading the Introit, when Marianus lifted a roving eye upon the Blessed Virgin's altar. It was not within his province; he had nothing to do with its flowers or its tapers; but when did generous mind pause for such considerations? He saw that one candle, a candle with a drooping scarlet ribbon, was unlit; and, promptly rising from his knees, he plunged into the sacristy, reappeared with a burning wax-end, and repaired the error, while we held our breaths with agitation and delight. Madame Duncan's head was lowered in seemly prayer; but the ripple of excitement communicated itself mysteriously to her, and she looked up, just as Marianus had deftly accomplished his task. For an instant she half rose to her feet; and then the absurdity of reattacking the poor little red candle seemed to dawn on her (she was an Irish nun, not destitute of humor), and with a fleeting smile at me, — a smile in which there was as much kindness as amusement, — she resumed her interrupted devotions.

But I tucked my crimson face into my hands, and my soul shouted with joy. Marianus, our idol, our exile, the one true

love of our six hearts, had done this deed for me. Not only was I lifted from disgrace, but raised to a preëminence of distinction; for had I not been saved by *him?* Oh, true knight! Oh, chivalrous champion of the unhappy and oppressed! When I recall that moment of triumph, it is even now with a stir of pride, and of something more than pride, for I am grateful still.

That night, that very night, I was just sinking into sleep when a hand was laid cautiously upon my shoulder. I started up. It was too dark to see anything clearly, but I knew that the shadow by my side was Elizabeth. "Come out into the hall," she whispered softly. "You had better creep back of the beds. Don't make any noise!" — and without a sound she was gone.

I slipped on my wrapper, — night-gowns gleam so perilously white, — and with infinite precaution stole behind my sleeping companions, each one curtained safely into her little muslin alcove. At the end of the dormitory I was joined by another silent figure, — it was Marie, — and very gently we pushed open the big doors. The hall outside was flooded with moonlight, and by the open window crouched a bunch of girls pressed close together, — so close it was hard to disentangle them. A soft gurgle of delight bubbled up from one little throat, and was instantly hushed down by more prudent neighbors. Elizabeth hovered on the outskirts of the group, and without a word, she pushed me to the sill. Beneath, leaning against a tree, not thirty feet away, stood Marianus. His back was turned to us, and he was smoking. We could see the easy grace of his attitude, — was he not an Italian? — we could smell the intoxicating fragrance of his cigar. Happily unaware of his audience, he smoked, and contemplated the friendly moon, and wondered, perhaps, why the Fates had cast him on this desert island, as remote from human companionship as Crusoe's. Had he known of the six young hearts that had been given him unbidden, it would probably have cheered him less than we imagined.

But to us it seemed as though our shadowy romance had taken form and substance. The graceless daring of Marianus in stationing himself beneath our windows, — or at least beneath a window to which we had possible access; the unholy lateness of the hour, — verging fast upon half-past nine; the seductive moonlight; the ripe profligacy of the cigar; — what was wanting to this night's exquisite adventure! As I knelt breathless in the shadow, my head bobbing against Viola's and Marie's, I thought of Italy, of Venice, of Childe Harold, of everything that was remote, and beautiful, and unconnected with the trammels of arithmetic. I heard Annie Churchill murmur that it was like a serenade; I heard Tony's whispered conjecture as to whether the silent serenader really knew where we slept; — than which nothing seemed less likely; — I heard Elizabeth's warning "hush!" whenever the muffled voices rose too high above the stillness of the sleeping convent; but nothing woke me from my dreams until Marianus slowly withdrew his shoulder from the supporting tree, and sauntered away, without turning his head once in our direction. We watched him disappear in the darkness; then, closing the window, moved noiselessly back to bed. "Who saw him first?" I asked at the dormitory door.

"I did," whispered Elizabeth; "and I called them all. I did n't intend letting Viola know; but, of course, sleeping next to Lilly, she managed to find out. She ought to be up in the Holy Child dormitory with the other little girls. It's ridiculous having her following us about everywhere."

And, indeed, Viola's precocious pertinacity made her a difficult problem to solve. There are younger sisters who can be snubbed into impotence. Viola was no such weakling.

But now the story which we thought just begun was drawing swiftly to its close. Perhaps matters had reached a

point when something had to happen; yet it did seem strange — it seems strange even now — that the crisis should have been precipitated by a poetic outburst on the part of Elizabeth. Of all the six, she was the least addicted to poetry. She seldom read it, and never spent long hours in copying it in a blank-book, as was our foolish and laborious custom. She hated compositions, and sternly refused the faintest touch of sentiment when compelled to express her thoughts upon "The First Snowdrop," or "My Guardian Angel," or the "Execution of Mary Queen of Scots." Tony wrote occasional verses of a personal and satiric character, which we held to sparkle with a biting wit. Annie Churchill had once rashly shown to Lilly and to me some feeble lines upon "The Evening Star." Deep hidden in my desk, unseen by mortal eye save mine, lay an impassioned "Soliloquy of Jane Eyre," in blank verse, which was almost volcanic in its fervor, and which perished the following year, unmourned, because unknown to the world. But Elizabeth had never shown the faintest disposition to write anything that could be left unwritten, until Marianus stirred the waters of her soul. That night, that moonlit night, and the dark figure smoking in the shadows, cast their sweet spell upon her. With characteristic promptness, she devoted her French study hour the following afternoon to the composition of a poem, which was completed when we went to class, and which she showed me secretly while we were scribbling our *dictée*. There were five verses, headed "To Marianus," and beginning,

"Gracefully up the long aisle he glides,"

which was a poetic license, as the chapel aisle was short, and Marianus had never glided up it since he came. He always — in virtue of his office — entered by the sacristy door.

But realism was then as little known in literature as in art, and poetry was not expected to savor of statement rather than emotion. Elizabeth's masterpiece expressed in glowing numbers the wave of sentiment by which we were submerged. Before night it had passed swiftly from hand to hand, and before night the thunder-bolt had fallen. Whose rashness was to blame I do not now remember; but, thank Heaven! it was not mine. Some one's giggle was too unsuppressed. Some one thrust the paper too hurriedly into her desk, or dropped it on the floor, or handed it to some one else in a manner too obviously mysterious not to arouse suspicion. I only know that it fell into the hands of little Madame Davide, who had the eyes of a ferret and the heart of a mouse, and who, being unable to read a word of English, sent it forthwith to Madame Bouron. I only know that, after that brief and unsatisfactory glimpse in French class, I never saw it again; which is why I can now recall but one line out of twenty, — a circumstance I devoutly regret.

It was a significant proof of Madame Bouron's astuteness that, without asking any questions, or seeking any further information, she summoned six girls to her study that evening after prayers. She had only the confiscated poem in Elizabeth's writing as a clue to the conspiracy, but she needed nothing more. There we were, all duly indicted, save Viola, whose youth, while it failed to protect us from the unsought privilege of her society, saved her, as a rule, from any retributive measures. Her absence on this occasion was truly a comfort, as her presence would have involved the added and most unmerited reproach of leading a younger child into mischief. Viola was small for her age, and had appealing brown eyes. There was not a nun in the convent who knew her for the imp she was. Lilly, gay, sweet, simple, generous, and unselfish, seemed as wax in her little sister's hands.

There were six of us, then, to bear the burden of blame; and Madame Bouron, sitting erect in the lamplight, apportioned it with an unsparing hand. Her fine face (she was coldly handsome, but we did not like her well enough to know it) expressed contemptuous displeasure;

her words conveyed a somewhat exaggerated confidence in our guilt. Of Elizabeth's verses she spoke with icy scorn; — she had not been aware that so gifted a writer graced the school; but the general impropriety of our behavior was unprecedented in the annals of the convent. That we, members of the Society of St. Aloysius, should have shown ourselves so unworthy of our privileges, and so forgetful of our patron, was a surprise even to her; though (she was frankness itself) she had never entertained a good opinion either of our dispositions or of our intelligence. The result of such misconduct was that the chaplain's assistant must leave at once and forever. Not that *he* had ever wasted a thought upon any girl in the school. His heart was set upon the priesthood. Young though he was, he had already suffered for the Church. His father had fought and died in defense of the Holy See. His home had been lost. He was a stranger in a far land. And now he must be driven from the asylum he had sought, because we could not be trusted to behave with that modesty and discretion which had always been the fairest adornment of children reared within the convent's holy walls. She hoped that we would understand how grievous was the wrong we had done, and that even our callous hearts would bleed when we went to our comfortable beds, and reflected that, because of our wickedness and folly, a friendless and pious young student was once more alone in the world.

It was over! We trailed slowly up to the dormitory, too bewildered to understand the exact nature of our misdoing. The most convincing proof of our mental confusion is that our own immaculate innocence never occurred to any of us. We had looked one night out of the window at Marianus, and Elizabeth had written the five amorous verses. That was all. Not one of us had spoken a word to the object of our affections. Not one of us could boast a single glance, given or received. We had done nothing; yet so engrossing had been the sentiment, so complete the absorption of the past two months, that we, living in a children's world of illusions, — "passionate after dreams, and unconcerned about realities," — had deemed ourselves players of parts, actors in an unsubstantial drama, intruders into the realms of the forbidden. We accepted this conviction with meekness, untempered by regret; but we permitted ourselves a doubt as to whether our iniquity were wholly responsible for the banishment of Marianus. The too strenuous pointing of a moral breeds skepticism in the youthful soul. When Squire Martin (of our grandfathers' reading-books) assured Billy Freeman that dogs and turkey-cocks were always affable to children who studied their lessons and obeyed their parents, that innocent little boy must have soon discovered for himself that virtue is but a weak bulwark in the barnyard. We, too, had lost implicit confidence in the fine adjustments of life; and, upon this occasion, we found comfort in incredulity. On the stairs Elizabeth remarked to me in a gloomy undertone that Marianus could never have intended to stay at the convent, anyhow, and that he probably had been "sent for." She did not say whence, or by whom; but the mere suggestion was salve to my suffering soul. It enabled me, at least, to bear the sight of Annie Churchill's tears, when, ten minutes later, that weak-minded girl slid into my alcove (as if we were not in trouble enough already), and, sitting forlornly on my bed, asked me in a stifled whisper, "did I think that Marianus was really homeless, and could n't we make up a sum of money, and send it to him?"

"How much have you got?" I asked her curtly. The complicated emotions through which I had passed had left me in a savage humor; and the peculiar infelicity of this proposal might have irritated St. Aloysius himself. We were not allowed the possession of our own money, though in view of the fact that there was ordinarily nothing to buy with it, extravagance would have been impossible. Every

Thursday afternoon the "Bazaar" was opened; our purses, carefully marked with name and number, were handed to us, and we were at liberty to purchase such uninteresting necessities as writing paper, stamps, blank-books, pencils, and sewing materials. The sole concession to prodigality was a little pile of pious pictures, — small French prints, ornamented with lace paper, which it was our custom to give one another upon birthdays and other festive occasions. They were a great resource in church, where prayer-books, copiously interleaved with these works of art, were passed to and fro for mutual solace and refreshment.

All these things were as well known to Annie as to me, but she was too absorbed in her grief to remember them. She mopped her eyes, and said vacantly that she thought she had a dollar and a half.

"I have seventy-five cents," I said; "and Elizabeth has n't anything. She spent all her money last Thursday. We might be able to raise five dollars amongst us. If you think that much would be of any use to Marianus, all you have to do is to ask Madame Bouron for our purses, and for his address, and see if she would mind our writing and sending it to him."

Annie, impervious at all times to sarcasm, looked dazed for a moment, her wet blue eyes raised piteously to mine. "Then you think we could n't manage it?" she asked falteringly.

But I plunged my face into my wash-basin, as a hint that the conversation was at an end. I, too, needed the relief of tears, and was waiting impatiently to be alone.

For Marianus had gone. Of that, at least, there was no shadow of doubt. We should never see him again; and life seemed to stretch before me in endless grey reaches of grammar, and arithmetic, and French conversation; of getting up early in the morning, uncheered by the thought of seeing Marianus serve Mass; of going to bed at night, with never another glance at that dark shadow in the moonlight. I felt that for me the page of love was turned forever, the one romance of my life was past. I cried softly and miserably into my pillow; and resolved, as I did so, that the next morning I would write on the fly-leaves of my new French prayer-book and my *Thomas à Kempis* the lines: —

> "'T is better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

REVELATION

BY NANNIE BYRD TURNER

Ah, mocking-bird, I did you grievous wrong
Once, when I thought you but a simple bird
Mad over music, noisy, free of word
While yet the fragrant summer nights were young:

There came an hour when Love, revealing, strong,
Stood at my side and hushed me, and I heard
The dark close silence on a sudden stirred
By the resistless rapture of your song.

Now, when afar to waiting wood and hill
Trembles exquisite clear your sweet prelude,
Before the passion of the melody,
All the slow pulses of my being thrill,
And all my heart pours out a silver flood
Of answering — half pain, half ecstasy.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S PERIL

BY HENRY A. STIMSON

The modern millionaire may not be exactly the "amoosing cuss" that Artemus Ward called his Kangaroo, but he is an object of considerable interest to every healthy young American, and of a good deal of "cussing" to the general. There are a good many of him, and we have no dukes to divert us.

No one in the community seems less in need of sympathy or protection. His private watchman saunters beneath his windows; his chauffeur hangs about his front door; the captain of his yacht is at the other end of his telephone; his private secretary wards off the too pressing public; his doctor is at his command; while his barber, his manicure, and his tailor, "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker," throng his servants' entrance.

For all that, his lot is far from easy. His latest fad, the automobile, is eloquent of his troubles. If he is not using it to escape process-servers, hurrying through backways from one state to another, he is being pelted with melon rinds, or running over somebody, or being haled into court for fast driving.

The trouble with the poor man is that he is in new conditions. He has not been a millionaire very long, — the few who were born so are still young, — and the American people have not become thoroughly used to millionaires. Perhaps we ought to be. It is a full hundred years since Wordsworth wrote, —

> The wealthiest man among us is the best;
> No grandeur now in nature or in book
> Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
> This is idolatry; and these we adore.

But that was written in London in 1802. In our community life we do not yet know exactly how to take one another. Inside the sacred pale, or out, we none of us understand very clearly conditions which still to us are new. The new powers we all see and appreciate, the limitations we know very little about, and the perils, particularly to the man himself, we know less.

The millionaire is generally in business, always in a corporation, and usually in a trust. See what has happened. The State in creating the corporation has at once hidden from sight the men who compose it. The company alone is in evidence. It conducts the business, it deals with the public, it has relations with employees, it appears in court, and has agents in the legislature. Meanwhile our millionaire friend and his associates are discharged of all individual responsibility, at least so far as the business is concerned. They are put in the way of becoming very rich, often are made so at once; for the new conditions created by the act of incorporation often give to existing powers a new scope of widely enriching possibilities. These men find themselves immensely stimulated; they can do so much more business; they have become "captains of industry," and "magnates;" they are in demand as "directors;" and all the time they have the new consciousness that while their personality, their opinions, their will, their presence, never counted for so much as now, their individual responsibility has disappeared. Outside their own board of directors, and often within it, they have an entirely free hand.

Then the new temptation begins. There is sure to be some man on the board more ambitious, greedier, less scrupulous than the rest. He presses schemes. The company has its counsel who must commend himself by the skill with which he shows how these schemes can be carried through, and kept within the law, or what legislation is necessary to make them practicable. The lawyer's opinion becomes largely the decisive judgment of the board. Why should the native compunctions of our millionaire be assertive? It will be the board's action, not his. He is not the company, indeed in the affairs of the company he does not exist individually; at most he is but an officer and a stockholder; and under the general law as it now is, at least in New York, the stockholders have practically surrendered all power when they have created a board of directors.

What follows is natural, if not inevitable. The company finds, perhaps, most profitable business in connection with some egregious public corruption, or even some widespread and flagrant vice, as in the case of the Western Union and the pool rooms. It is in the regular course of business; it is immensely profitable; no one challenges it. What more natural than that even a board of gentlemen of the highest respectability and the most unquestioned character should be oblivious? In time, when because of some incidental publicity public opinion is centred upon it and they are individually challenged, their sluggish consciences are awakened and spurred to action. The prompt and specious and pitiful pleas put forth by their administrative officers are the already worn and ill-smelling phrases with which they have been accustomed to argue with themselves, or to meet feeble demurring within the privacy of the executive offices. The vigor of public denunciation now arouses the men of strongest conscience within the board, and before long official action follows. Happily, there generally are men of conscience, and through them public opinion wins the victories which keep it alive.

Who of us would do right if it were not for the support of the law, and the sharp repressive function of penalty and public opprobrium? These men are simply human. The point to be observed is that in the normal circumstances of their present business life they are in an abnormal situation. Conscience is by no means dead; it is suppressed. The man believes himself still righteous, but he shares the

profits of unrighteousness. I know one elderly gentleman who insisted that "the boys" should not tell him what was to be done with the money for which he drew his cheque for his share in a shady transaction which he much desired to go through.

Of course all consciences cannot be put to sleep. The business world as a whole was probably never more honest than it is to-day, and, within certain lines at least, never more scrupulously trustworthy. The important fact is that we have created conditions of strong soporific tendency even for honest consciences. Doubtless many are strong enough to withstand them, and now and then a disturbed man breaks out; but Americans can endure almost any one better than a man who "makes a fuss." The president of the telephone company in a distant city, discussing business morals with me a while ago, said that he had had to protest to his board that he should resign if a proposition was approved to pay $30,000 to obtain some municipal privileges which the company wanted to secure, and which were perfectly proper, but for which they were to be held up. The board was not to know who got the money or how it was managed. I asked him how it turned out. His only reply was a smile and the remark, "I am not president now."

But even when there is no direct challenge to wrong-doing, see how our friend is placed with his new corporation. At the outset there is the question of the capitalization. "Good-will" is to be expressed in dollars; "economies" are to be determined in advance and "written down in the bond;" above all, exemption from competition becomes a valuable asset, and increase of business is sure; manifestly the present appraised value of the business, or plants, or constituent companies, has no relation to the face value of the securities that in one form and another are to be issued. Their number depends upon the "nerve" of the promoters, or the preparedness of the public to digest them. A recently organized industrial trust embraced twenty-four mills, on which an average valuation of $500,000 would have been wildly extravagant, and promptly issued forty-one millions of securities of various kinds. The United States Ship-Building Company organized with three thousand dollars subscribed capital, and in a few months issued $69,500,000 of securities. These covered various properties which, apart from the Bethlehem Steel Company, for which $7,246,871 in cash and five millions in stock were paid, were appraised soon after by competent men at $12,441,518.

Of course, what appears an excessive watering of stock may in exceptional cases be justified by the actual earning capacity of the business. In one trust organized some time ago with twenty millions of stock and a large amount of bonds, to represent a business that had stood at about seven millions of dollars, the chief owner took as his share the entire issue of stock and no bonds, so assured was he of the real value. But the temptation to stretch capitalization to all that the public will buy, when one is juggling with millions, at the cost of no further effort than guiding a pen, is so novel that, even with old heads and well-tried consciences, it has to be reckoned with. "Bicycle" and "Asphalt" and a host of others will not soon be forgotten. United States Steel stands now at fourteen hundred millions, a sum approximately one half larger than the entire indebtedness of the United States government.

When the securities are issued they become a snare to a multitude of very respectable people, including other millionaires. Enormous commissions, written also in millions, can be well afforded as pay for their distribution. The courts have just sustained a claim for one million dollars against the president of the company that managed the deal in a seven-million-dollar transaction, based on the promise of the president to pay that amount to an agent he employed, out of the commission he received. The great

underwriters take the securities in block, and undoubtedly incur risks for which large compensation is due; but the whole financial machinery of the country is employed in marketing them. Quiet investors have everywhere to be informed of the new opportunity to get higher rates for their money. Thousands of old-fashioned conservative securities are brought out and exchanged for the new and much advertised creations, sometimes, perhaps, to the advantage of the investors, but very often sadly to their ruinous loss. Doubtless there are bank officers who will advise wisely even when large commissions are involved, just as there may be life insurance agents who give candid counsel concerning change of policies; but the important fact is that under present conditions wherever these securities go they carry the trail of the serpent with them. They are a measure of the effect, if not of the nature, of our millionaire's temptation.

"Get out of my office! You are getting too d——d near my price," was the final reply of a congressman who was being approached in Washington with a steadily advancing bid for his services. We none of us know just what is "our price" until we are tried; and this deluge of watered securities is washing out the underpinning of not a few. How sensitive careful investors are to such influence is illustrated in a recent instance. An elderly gentleman, meeting on the street a friend of large wealth, asked him what securities he would advise for a small investment he had to make. He received his answer, and, going to his broker, gave his order. When the securities were handed to him the next day, he noticed that they were endorsed for transfer by the man who had advised their purchase. Instantly he passed them back to the broker with orders to sell. His quick apprehension detected a personal interest in the advice, which, however justified it might be in itself, was for him at once vitiated and untrustworthy. Unfortunately, the small investor is not in a position to detect the real situation, and there are many sorrowful tales to-day all over the land.

Furthermore, there is the temptation that comes to our friend the millionaire in the simple possession of unlimited power. Competitors are not easily disposed of. Some are so unreasonable as not to be willing either to come in, or to sell out. They have to be fought, and, it may be, crushed. They must be put out of the way; the interests at stake are too large to be jeopardized. Legislatures must be dealt with; courts must be approached; paths must be cleared that are often willfully encumbered. Then reports are to be issued and dividends determined, on the basis of which the stock market rises and falls. One large industrial company, I am credibly informed, after recently letting its annual report stand six months or more, issued a correction to the extent of an "error" of $800,000, on the news of which its stock fell sixty points; and its president is openly accused of having unloaded at the higher price to buy back at the lower.

Investigations are threatened, and must be checked; too inquisitive reporters are to be shut up, and too loquacious newspapers silenced. What wonder that our friend has his hands full, if not in caring for himself, then in protecting his friends. He cannot be too scrupulous in regard to the methods of his agents. He may have to send a man to Europe; how can he tell what he is doing there, or with what sort of men he is dealing? Imagine it being written of him under such conditions, though

> tempted still
> To evil for a guard against worse ill,
> And what in quality or act is best
> Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
> He fixes good on good alone, and owes
> To virtue every triumph that he knows.
> Who, if he rise to station or command,
> Rises by open means; and there will stand
> On honorable terms, or else retire,
> And in himself possess his own desire:
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim:
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth or honors, or for worldly state.

A quiet citizen of my acquaintance recently found himself shadowed by a detective. He said nothing, but employed another detective agency to shadow the shadow. He quickly learned that the detective was reporting daily at the office of a great corporation which was seeking to call off an investigation that was threatened, and with which he was known to be connected.

These men cannot be happy. They are constantly at swords' points with one another. The country watches the battle royal over a "merger," or a voting trust, or a pool, and then turns to other things; but the personal relations involved are far from those of the Kingdom of Heaven. Men in a group, however select, cannot be comfortable when all are carrying knives for one another.

The rich men are often the great benefactors; many of them are the finest flower of our modern life; there are some of whom the country may well be proud; but as a class they represent a constant peril to character. The lawyer becomes the servant of the great corporation; the doctor cultivates his rich patients; the shopkeeper is obsequious to his rich customer; the rich man bows before the richer one; the whole community is thoroughly conscious of this power of wealth, which is so new to us because it is now so widely extended and so vast.

Sir Henry Maine some time ago announced the law that the movement of human society is "from *status* to contract;" that is, that during a long period there has been an advance from fixed conditions to freer ones. But writing more recently, Herbert Spencer shows that conditions have changed. While the old coercive arrangements of human society have relaxed, new coercive arrangements are being unobtrusively established. The steady development of the machinery of society, in the State and in business, is working a reversal of the process that Sir Henry Maine observed. The immense development of all forms of public administration, with its growing system of industries carried on under state regulation or control, coupled with the vast array of business of all kinds organized into great corporations in which individual responsibility disappears and unseen hands direct, is working a corresponding subordination of the citizen; a new tyranny, which, he says, will "eventually lead to new resistances and new emancipations." As yet we are only noting the change; society has still to deal with the outcome. "Human nature," says Spencer, "must be much better than it is at present, before a higher civilization can be established."

But, after all, the chief danger from wealth is to the possessor. The old word as to the difficulty of the rich man's entering the Kingdom of Heaven still stands. The millionaire is himself the man whose sensibilities are dulled, whose heart is most exposed to corrosion. He is compelled to live in a world of his own, where standards are artificial, ideals are low, restraints are few and feebly applied, conventionalities control, and truth is rarely spoken to his ears. He knows little of the discipline of the man

"Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling soothed and tamed."

Consequently it can seldom be written of him: —

"Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred."

It is a daily wonder if his children turn out well. They have none of the advantages of ordinary boys and girls in the discipline or even the common intercourse of life, and few of the incentives; they are a class by themselves, courted for their money and dreaded for their influence, as to-day in our schools and colleges; and when the son of a millionaire makes a man of himself, or a daughter turns out to be a gracious, unselfish, and lovable woman, a wife to gladden the heart of a man, how universal is the comment!

On the whole, our millionaire friend is not so much to be envied as he is to be better understood. Then he will be happier, and the community more at peace.

MISS GAYLORD AND JENNY

BY ARLO BATES

WHEN Alice Gaylord was, by the death of her grandmother, set free from the long servitude of attending upon the invalid, it might have seemed that nothing need hinder the fulfilling of her protracted engagement to Dr. Carroll. The friends of both the young people expressed, in decorous fashion, their satisfaction that old Mrs. Gaylord, ninety and bedridden, should at last have been released, and it was entirely well understood that what they meant was to signify their pleasure at the ending of Alice's tedious waiting. Some doubt in regard to the girl's health, however, still clouded the prospect. Long care and confinement had told on her; and when a decent interval had passed after the death, and the wedding did not take place, people began to say that it was such a pity that Alice was not well enough to be married.

Dr. Carroll was thinking of her health as one gloomy November afternoon he walked down West Cedar Street to the house where Gaylords had dwelt from the time when West Cedar Street began its decorous existence, and where Alice declared she had herself lived for generations. He glanced up at the narrow strip of sky like gray flannel overhead, around at the dwellings like a row of proper spinsters ranged on either side of the way, and at the Gaylord house itself, a brick and glass epitome of old Boston respectability. He reflected impatiently that of course Alice could be no better until he got her out of an atmosphere so depressing. Then he remembered that he had always liked West Cedar Street, and he began to wonder whether he were not getting so morbid over Alice that some other physician should be called in.

He had long been baffled by being unable to discover anything wrong, beyond the fact that the girl was worn out with the strain of ministering to an imperious and exacting invalid. She was nervously exhausted; and he said to himself for the hundredth time that rest was the only thing needed. A few months would set everything right. The difficulty was that time had thus far not come up to what was expected of it. Carroll was forced to acknowledge that, in spite of tonics and rest, Alice was really not much better, and he had come almost to feel that the real cause of her languor and weakness was involved in teasing mystery.

The prim white door, with its fan-light overhead and the discreetly veiled side-windows fantastically leaded, was opened by Abby, a sort of housekeeper, who had the air of being coeval with the house, if not with Boston itself. George always smiled inwardly at the look with which he was received by this primeval damsel, a look of virginal primness at the idea of allowing in the house a man who was professedly a suitor, and he declared to Alice that he was still, after long experience, a little afraid of Abby's regard. To-day her customary look vanished quickly to give place to one more vivid and spontaneous. Abby put up a lean finger, mysteriously enjoining silence, and spoke instantly in a sibilant whisper.

"Will you please come in here, sir, before you go upstairs?" she said.

She waved her thin hand toward the little reception room, and the doctor, in mild wonderment, obeyed the gesture, and entered. Abby closed the door softly, and came toward him with an air of concern.

"I must tell you, sir," the old servant said in a half-voice. "A queer thing's come."

"A queer thing's come," he repeated, leaning against the mantel. "Come from where?"

"It's come, sir," repeated Abby, a certain relish of her mystery seeming to his ear to impart an unctuous flavor to her tone. "It's just come. Nobody knows where things come from, I guess."

"Oh, you mean something's happened?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I said."

"But what is it?"

"I don't know, sir; but it's queer."

He looked at her wrinkled old face, where now the mouth was drawn in as if she had pulled up her lips with puckering-strings lest some secret escape. He smiled at her important manner, and, leaning his elbow on the mantel, prepared for the slow process of getting at what the woman really meant. It proved in the event less laborious than usual, and he reflected that the directness with which Abby gave her information was sufficient indication of the seriousness with which she regarded it.

"Miss Alice ain't right, sir. She does what she don't know."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, really startled.

"She wrote a letter to you last night, and then instead of mailing it she cut it all up into teenty tonty pieces, postage stamp and all; and then said she did n't know who did it."

Carroll stared at the woman. Whimsies and mysteries were alike so foreign to Alice that his first and natural thought was that Abby had lost her mind.

"It's true, sir, every word," Abby insisted, answering his unspoken incredulity. "She did just 's I say."

"If she said she did n't know who did it," the young man said sharply, "she did n't know."

"Of course she did n't know. That's what's queer."

"But she could n't have done it herself."

"Oh, but I saw her doing it, sir, and I wondered what was the matter with the letter, only I did n't notice the postage stamp, or I'd have spoken."

Carroll knew that Abby was as well aware as was he of Alice's invincible truthfulness, and that he had not to reckon with any unfounded suspicion of deceit. If Alice had said she did not know who destroyed the letter, then it was evident that she had done it unconsciously and in some condition which needed to be inquired into. He leaned back against the mantel, and, playing absently with the dangling prisms which hung above a brazen pair of pastoral lovers on the old-fashioned candelabra, he heard Abby's story in full. Miss Gaylord had said to the servant that she was about to write the letter, and that it must be posted that evening. Going to the parlor after the note, Abby had seen her mistress cut it to pieces. The maid withdrew, supposing that for some reason the note needed rewriting; but on returning some time later she had been met by the declaration that it was on the table. As it was not there, her mistress had joined in searching for it, but nothing could be found save the fragments in the wastebasket. Miss Gaylord had insisted that she had not cut it, and that she was entirely ignorant of how the damage had occurred.

Dr. Carroll was puzzled and troubled, nor was he less so when Alice had given him her account. She did this unsolicited, and with evident frankness.

"I suppose, George," she said, "it's absent-mindedness; but if I have got so far that I don't know what I'm doing, I'd better be shut up for a lunatic at once."

"Has anything of the sort ever happened before?" he asked.

"I am not sure," was her answer; "but sometimes I've found things done that I could not remember doing; my clothes put in queer places, and that sort of thing, you know. I never really thought much about it before. You don't think" —

He could see that she was seriously troubled, and he set himself to dissipate her concern.

"I think you are tired, and so you may be a little absent-minded; but I certainly do not think it's worth making any fuss

about. You and Abby will have a theory of demoniacal possession soon, to account for a mere slip of memory."

He did not leave her until it seemed to him that she no longer regarded the incident seriously; but in his own mind he was by no means at ease. At the earliest moment possible he went to consult with a fellow physician who was a specialist in disorders of the nerves, and to him he told the whole case as accurately as he was able. The specialist put some questions, and in the end asked: —

"Has she ever been hypnotized?"

"I'm sure she never has," Carroll answered. "She might easily be a subject, I should think. She's naturally nervous, and just now she is run down and unstrung."

"It seems like a case of self-hypnotism," the other said. "Sometimes, you know, patients unconsciously hypnotize themselves or get hypnotized without having any idea of it."

"But would n't she know it afterward?"

"Oh no; the second personality generally knows all about the first" —

"You mean," interrupted Carroll, "that the normal person is the first and the hypnotized is the second?"

"Yes. The personality that comes to the surface in hypnotism, the subliminal self, knows all about the normal person, but the normal person has no idea of the existence of the secondary, the subliminal personality."

"It's so cheerful to think of yourself as a sort of nest of boxes," Carroll commented grimly, "one personality inside of the other, and you only knowing about the outside box."

"Or you *being* only the outside box, perhaps," the specialist responded with a smile. "Well, what we don't know would fill rather a good-sized book."

The suggestion of hypnotism remained in Carroll's mind, and it was not many days before he had a sufficiently plain but altogether disagreeable confirmation of the specialist's theory. He was with Alice in the old drawing-room, a place of quaint primness, with fine, staid Copley portraits, and an air of self-respecting propriety utterly at variance with psychical mysteries. He stood gazing out of the window, while Alice moved about the room looking for a book of which they had been speaking, and his eye was caught by a sparkling point of light on the sunlit wall of the house opposite. He made some casual remark in regard to it, and Alice came to look over his shoulder.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It must be a grain of sand in the mortar, I suppose," he answered. "It is making a tremendous effect for such a little thing."

She did not answer for an instant. Then she burst into a laugh which to him sounded strange and unpleasant, and clapped her hands.

"Well, I've come," she said joyously.

He wheeled quickly toward her. Her face seemed to have undergone a change, slight yet extraordinary. She was laughing with a glee that was not without a suspicion of malice, and she met his look with a boldness so different from the usual regard of Alice as to seem almost brazen. He could see that his evident bewilderment amused her greatly. A mischievous twinkle lighted her glance.

"Oh, of course you think I'm she; but I'm not. I'm a good deal nicer. She's a tiresome old thing, anyway. You 'd like me a great deal better."

Carroll was entirely too confused to speak, but he was a physician, and could not help reflecting instantly upon the cause of this strange metamorphosis. He naturally thought of hypnotism, and he came in a second thought to realize that Alice had with amazing rapidity been sent into a hypnotic condition by looking for an instant at the glittering point on the wall of the house across the street. What the result might be, or what the words she spoke meant, he could not even conjecture.

"Don't stare at me so," the girl went on. "I'm Jenny."

"Oh," he repeated confusedly, "you're Jenny?"

"Yes; I'm Jenny, and I'm worth six of that silly Alice you're engaged to."

He took her lightly by the shoulders and looked at her, quite as much for the sake of steadying his own nerves as from any expectation of learning anything by examination. Her eyes shone with an unwonted brightness, and seemed to him to gleam with an archness of which Alice would not have been capable. The cheeks were flushed, not feverishly, but healthily, and the girl had lost completely the appearance of exhaustion which had troubled him so long. The head was carried with a new erectness, and as he regarded her she tossed it saucily.

"You may look at me as much as you like," she said gayly. "I can stand it. Don't you think I am better looking than she is?"

He was convinced that Alice could not know what she was saying, yet he involuntarily cried out:—

"Don't, Alice! I don't like it!"

She pouted her lips, lips which to his excited fancy seemed to have grown redder and fuller than he had ever seen them, and she made a droll little grimace.

"I'm not Alice, I tell you. Kiss me."

In all their long engagement Alice had never asked him for a caress, and the request hurt him now as something unwomanly. Instead of complying, he dropped his hands and turned away. She laughed shrilly.

"Oh, you won't kiss me? I thought it was polite to do what a lady asked! Well, if you won't now, you will some time. You'll want to when you know me better."

She moved away, but he caught her by the arm.

"Stop!" he ordered her with all the determination he could put into the word. "Wake up, Alice! Be done with this fooling!"

The bright face grew anxious and the pouting lips beseeching.

"Don't send me away! I'll be good! Don't make her come back!"

"Alice," he repeated, clasping her arm firmly, "wake up!"

"You hurt me!" she cried half-whiningly. "You hurt me! I'll go."

The wild brightness faded from the eyes, a change too subtle to be defined seemed to come over the whole figure, the old tired expression spread like mist over the face, and the familiar Alice stood there, passing her hand over her eyes.

"What is the matter?" she asked in a startled way. "Did I faint?"

He was conscious that his look must have alarmed her, and he made a desperate effort to speak easily and naturally.

"I guess you came mighty near it," he answered, as naturally as he could. "It's all right now."

For some days nothing unusual happened, so far as Carroll knew. He watched Alice closely, and he plunged into all the literature on the subject of hypnotism upon which he could lay hands. He was not sure that at the end of a week's hard reading he was much clearer than at the beginning, although he had at least accumulated a fine assortment of terms in the nomenclature of animal magnetism. He cautiously questioned Abby, and learned that for some time Alice had been subject to what the old servant called "notional spells when she were n't herself." His friend the specialist was greatly interested in all that Dr. Carroll could tell him about the case.

"It is evidently a subliminal self coming to the surface," he pronounced. "I've seen cases somewhat similar, but only one where the patient was not hypnotized by somebody else."

"But what can I do about it?" George demanded. "I don't want any subliminal selves floating about. I want the girl I know."

"Build up her general health," the other advised. "You say she's run down and used up with taking care of her grandmother. Get her rested. That's the only thing I can say. She is n't really ill, is she?"

"God knows what you call it," was Carroll's response. "She can't be called well when she goes off the way she did the other day. I tell you it was frightful, simply frightful!"

The days went on, and once more George had the uncanny experience of a chat with Jenny. Alice had been looking over some of her grandmother's belongings, and when he called came down to him with a necklace of rhinestones dangling and sliding through her fingers.

"See," she accosted him, in the buoyant manner he remembered only too vividly, "is n't this gay? I should wear it, only I'm in her clothes, and she won't wear anything but poky black."

Carroll tried to steady his nerves against the sudden shock.

"Of course you wear black, Alice," he said. "It is only six months since your grandmother died."

She made him a merry, mocking grimace.

"Now don't pretend you don't know I'm Jenny," she retorted. "I saw you knew me the minute you heard me speak. Alice! Pooh! She'd have come into the room this way."

She darted to the door, and turned back to advance with her face pulled down and her eyelids dropped.

"How do you do, dear?" she greeted him, with a burlesque of Alice's manner so droll that he laughed in spite of himself.

Jenny herself burst into a shout of merriment and whirled about in a pirouette, swinging the sparkling chain around her head.

"Is n't it fun?" she exclaimed, pausing before him with her head on one side; "she can't even look at a bright thing half a minute but off she goes, and here I am. Before I go this time I'm going to stick up every shiny thing I can find where she'll see it."

Carroll had a sickening sensation as if the girl he loved had gone mad before his very eyes; yet so completely did she appear like a stranger that the feeling faded as soon as it arose. This was certainly no Alice that he knew. He could not speak to her as his friend and betrothed, although it was equally impossible to address her as a stranger. He was too completely baffled and confused to be able to determine on any line of action, and she stood smiling at him as if she were entirely conscious of what was passing in his troubled brain.

"Did you know I cut up her letter?" Jenny demanded, with a smile apparently called up by the remembrance.

"Yes," he answered, exactly as if the question had been put by a third person.

"It was an awfully foolish letter," the girl went on. "I won't have her writing like that to you. You've got to belong to me."

He had neither the time nor the coolness to realize his emotions, but he accepted for the moment the assumption of the individuality of Jenny.

"You are nothing to me," he said. "I am engaged to Alice."

"Oh, that's all right. I know that. I know all about her; lots more than you do. But I tell you, you'd a great deal better take me. I'm just as much the girl you're engaged to as she is."

He looked at her darkly and with trouble in his eyes.

"Where is Alice?" he asked.

"Oh, she's all right. She's somewhere. Asleep, I think likely. I don't want to talk about her. I never liked her."

"Talk about yourself, then. Where are you when Alice is here?"

"Oh, that's stupid. I'd rather talk about what we'll do when we are married. Shall we go abroad right off?"

"It will be time enough to talk about that when there's any prospect of our being married."

"You would n't kiss me the other day," Jenny said, looping the necklace about his throat and bending forward so that her face was close to his.

A feeling of anger so strong that it was almost brutal came over him. He tore the necklace out of her hands and threw it across the room. Then as on the pre-

vious occasion he caught the girl by the wrists.

"Go away!" he commanded. "Let Alice come back!"

"Oh, you hurt me!" she cried. "I can't bear to be hurt! Let me go!"

He tightened his grasp.

"If you don't go, I'll really hurt. I won't have you fooling with Alice like this."

Her glance wavered on his; then the eyelids drooped; and he loosened his hold with the consciousness that Alice had come back.

"Why, George," she said in her natural voice; "I did n't know you were here."

He took her in his arms with a feeling as near to the hysterical as he was capable of, and then instantly devoted himself to dissipating the anxiety which his obvious agitation aroused in her.

As time went on the appearances of Jenny became more frequent. The fact that this secondary personality had once been in control of the body which it shared with Alice seemed to make its reappearance more easy. Alice evidently became more susceptible to whatever conditions produced this strange possession. It was clear to Carroll that each time the elfish Jenny succeeded in gaining possession of consciousness, — for so he put it to himself, entirely realizing what a confusing paradox the phrase implied, — she became stronger and better able to assert herself. He grew more and more disturbed, but he was also more and more completely baffled. Sometimes the matter presented itself to his professional mind as a medical case of absorbing interest; sometimes it appealed to him as a freak of gigantic irony on the part of fate; and yet again he was swept away by love or by passionate pity and sorrow for Alice. He felt that, all unconscious of her peril, — for she knew nothing of her mysterious double, — she was being robbed of her very personality.

Most curious of all was his feeling toward Jenny, who had come in his mind to represent an individual as tangible, as human, and as self-existent as Alice herself. He never allowed himself to encourage her presence, despite the fact that natural curiosity and professional interest might well make him eager to study her peculiarities. He insisted always upon her speedy departure from the body into which she had intruded herself — or so he doggedly insisted with himself — like an evil spirit. He had soon learned that her fear of physical pain was excessive; that, like the child that she often seemed, she could be managed best by dread of punishment; and he for a considerable time had been able to frighten her away by threats of hurting her. As the days went on, however, she began to laugh at his menaces, and he was obliged to resort to trifling physical force. The strong grasp on the wrists had sufficed at first, but it had to be increased as Jenny apparently decided that he would not dare to carry out his threats, and one day he found himself twisting the girl's arm backward in a determined effort to drive off this persistent ghoul-like presence. The idea of injuring Alice came over him so sickeningly that, had not his betrothed at that instant recovered her normal state, he felt that he must have abandoned the field. As it was, he was so unmanned that he could only plead a suddenly remembered professional engagement and get out of the house with the utmost possible speed.

There were other moods which were perhaps even worse. Now and again he was conscious of a strong attraction toward this laughing girl who defied him, looking at him with the eyes of Alice, but brimming them with merriment; who tempted him with Alice's lips, yet ripened them with warm blood and pouted them so bewitchingly; who walked toward him with the form of his betrothed, but swayed that body with a grace and an allurement of which Alice knew nothing. He felt in his nostrils a quiver of desire, and shame and self-scorn came in its wake. Not only did he feel that he had been false to Alice,

but by a painful and disconcerting paradox he felt that he was offering to her a degrading insult in being moved by what at least was her body, as he might have been moved by the sensual attractiveness of a light woman. Jenny was at once so distinct, so far removed from Alice, and yet so identified with her, that his emotions confounded themselves in baffling confusion. It was not only that he could not think logically about the matter, but he seemed also to have lost the directing influence of instinctive feeling. Jenny represented nothing ethical, nothing spiritual, not even anything moral. He was filled with disgust at himself for being moved by her, yet humanly his masculine nature could not but respond to her spell; and the impossibility of either separating this from his love for Alice or reconciling it with the respect he had for her left him in a state of mental confusion as painful as it seemed hopeless.

He became so troubled that it was inevitable Alice should notice his uneasiness, and he was not in the least surprised when one evening she said to him, —

"George, what is the matter? Are you worrying about me?"

He had prepared himself over and over to answer such a question, but now he only hesitated and stumbled.

"Why, — what makes you think anything is the matter?"

"I know there is; and I'm sure it's my fainting spells."

She had come to speak of her seizures by this term, and George had accepted it, secretly glad that she had no idea worse than that of loss of consciousness.

"Why, of course I am troubled, so long as you are not well, but" —

"You don't like to tell me what is the matter," she went on calmly, but with an earnestness which showed she had thought long on the matter. "I dare say I should n't be any better for knowing, and I can trust you; but I know you are worrying, and it troubles me."

His resolution was taken at once.

"See here, Alice," he said, "the truth is that you need to get away from Boston and have an entire change of scene and climate. You used to be a good sailor, and a sea voyage will set you up. I'm going to marry you next week and take you to Italy."

"Why, George, you can't!"

"I shall."

"Even if I were well, I could n't be ready."

"Who cares? As to being well, you are going so you may get well. When I order patients to go away for their health, I expect them to go."

She became serious and looked at him with eyes of infinite sadness.

"Dear George," she said, "I can't marry you just to be a patient. You must n't go through life encumbered by an invalid wife."

"I've no notion of doing anything of the kind," he responded brightly. "It would be too poor an advertisement, and that's the reason I insist on taking you abroad. What day do you choose, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday? We sail Saturday."

He would listen to no objections, but got Thursday fixed for the wedding, and pushed forward rapidly his preparations for going abroad. He enlisted the coöperation of a cousin of Alice, an efficient lady accustomed to carry everything before her, and, as Abby warmly approved of his decision, he felt that Alice would be ready. He saw Alice but briefly until Sunday evening, when he found her in a state of much agitation.

"I am really out of my mind," she said. "What do you think I have done?"

"I don't care, if you have n't changed your mind about Thursday."

"I ought to change my mind. O George, I've no right" —

"That is settled," he interrupted decisively. "What have you done that is so dreadful?"

She produced a waist of dove-colored silk. "Of course I could n't be married in black, you know, and this was to be my dress. See here."

The front of the waist was cut and slashed from top to bottom.

"I must have done it some time to-day. O George, it's dreadful!"

For the first time in all the long, hard trial of their protracted engagement, she broke down and cried bitterly. He took her in his arms and soothed her. He told her he knew all about it, and that she was going to be entirely well; that he asked only that she would not worry but would trust to him that she would come safely and happily out of all this trouble and mystery. She yielded to his persuasions, and, indeed, it was evident that she had hardly strength to resist him, even had she not believed. She rested quietly on his shoulder and let him drift into a description of the route he had laid out, and in her interest she seemed to forget her trouble.

Before he left, she asked him what she could tell the dressmaker, who would suspect if she was given no reason for being called upon to make a new waist. He took the injured garment, went to the writing-table, and splashed ink on the cut portions.

"You showed it to me," he said gayly, "and I was so incredibly clumsy as to spill ink on it. Men are so stupid."

She laughed, and he went away feeling that he could gladly have throttled Jenny, could he but succeed in getting her in some other body than that belonging to his betrothed. If he was irritated by this experience, however, he had one to meet later which tried him still more. Abby, on letting him into the house on Tuesday, once more led him mysteriously into the reception room.

"Miss Alice's been writing to herself, sir."

She held toward him a sealed and stamped envelope addressed to Alice. He took it half mechanically, and as he wondered how he was to circumvent this new trick of the maliciously ingenious Jenny, he noted that the handwriting was strangely different from Alice's usual style.

"Did she give you this to post?" he asked.

"It was with the other letters, and I noticed it and did n't mail it."

"I'll take it," he said. "You did perfectly right."

He wondered whether the prescience of Jenny would enable her to discover that he had destroyed her note to Alice; then he smiled to realize how he was coming to think of her as almost a supernatural demon, and reflected that nothing could be easier than for her to leave a paper where Alice must find it. A couple of days later he found his thought verified when Alice said to him,—

"George, who is Jenny?"

As she spoke she put into his hand an unsigned note which said only, "George loves Jenny." The instant which was necessarily taken for its examination gave him a chance to steady himself.

"You wrote it yourself," he said quietly. "Don't you recognize your paper and your writing? It's a little strange, but sleep-writing always is."

"Then I am a somnambulist!" she exclaimed, with flushing cheek.

"There is nothing dreadful in that," he replied. "You have promised to trust me about your health. I know all about it, and if you write yourself forty notes, you are not to bother."

She sighed, and then bravely smiled.

"I'll try not to worry," she told him; "but I am a coward not to send you away. I wonder why I should have chosen Jenny as the name of your beloved."

"I'm sure I don't know; it's an ugly name enough," he responded, with a quick thought that he hoped Jenny could hear. "At any rate, I tell you with my whole heart that you are the only woman in the world for me."

He did not see Jenny again until the evening before his marriage. He fancied she was avoiding him, especially as once Alice sent down word that she was too busy to see him. He received, however, a note on Wednesday. The hand, so like that of Alice and yet so unmistakably

different, affected him most unpleasantly, nor was he made more at ease by the contents.

"You think you got ahead of me by telling Alice she was a sleep-walker, did n't you! Well, I don't care, for I'm going to get rid of her for always when we are married. I did n't mean to be married in that nasty old gray dress, and I won't be, either. You see if I am. You are very unkind to me. You might remember that I'm a great deal fonder of you than she is, because I've got real feeling and she's a kind of graven image. You'll love your little wifie Jenny very dearly."

Dr. Carroll began to feel as if his own brain were whirling. He could not reply to the note, since he could hardly address a letter to Jenny somewhere inside the personality of Alice. He realized that a strain such as this would soon so tell on him that he would be unfit to care for Alice, and he made up his mind that the time had come for the strongest measures. To tell what the strongest measures were, however, was a problem which occupied him for the rest of the day, and about which he consulted the specialist. Even when, that evening, he walked down West Cedar Street, he could hardly be sure that he would carry out his plan. He was told at the door by Abby that Miss Alice had given strict orders against his being admitted.

"When did she do that?" he inquired.

"This forenoon, sir, when she gave me that note to send to you. She was queer, sir. She had a cab and went down town shopping, and came back with a big box. Then she had a nap, and to-night she's all right."

"I'll go up, Abby. It is necessary for me to see her."

As he came into the drawing-room Alice sprang up to meet him.

"I began to be afraid you would n't come," she said. "I've been queer to-day, I know; and there's a dressmaker's box in my room I never saw, and it's marked not to be opened till to-morrow. O George, I am so frightened and miserable. I know I ought to send you away, and not let you marry me."

"Send me away, by all means, if it will make you feel any better. I shan't go. Sit down in this chair; I want to show you something."

She took the seat he indicated. He trimmed the fire and left the poker in the coals. Then from his pocket he took a ball of silvered glass as large as an orange, and began to toss it in his hands. She stared at it in silence for half a minute. Then the unmistakable laugh of Jenny rang out.

"So you really wanted to see me, did you?" she cried. "I knew you would some time."

"Yes," was his reply. "You may be sure I wanted to see you pretty badly before I'd take the risk of doing something that may be bad for Alice."

"Oh, it's still Alice, is it?" Jenny responded, pouting. "I hoped you'd got more sense by this time. Honest, now," she continued, leaning forward persuasively, "don't you think you'd like me best? The trouble is, you think you're tied to her, and you don't dare do what you want to. I'd hate to be such a coward!"

He looked at the beautiful creature bending toward him, and he could not but acknowledge in his heart that she was physically more attractive than Alice, that she stirred in him a fever of the blood which he had never known when with the other. All the attraction which had drawn him to Alice was here, save for certain spiritual qualities, and added was a new charm which he felt keenly. He could not define to himself clearly, moreover, what right or ground he had for objecting to this form of the personality of his betrothed, to this potential Alice, who in certain ways moved him more than the Alice he had known so long. He had only a dogged instinct to guide him, an unescapable inner conviction that the normal consciousness of the girl had inalienable rights which manhood and honor called upon him to defend. In part this was the feeling natural to a physician, but more it was the

Puritan loyalty to an idea of justice. The more he felt himself stirred by the fascination of Jenny, the more strongly his sense of right urged him to end, if possible, this frightful possession forever. Both for himself and for Alice, he was resolute now to go to any extreme.

"You are at liberty to put it any way you please," he responded to her taunt, with grave courtesy. "I called you to tell you that I am going to marry Alice tomorrow, and that I will not have her personality interfered with any more."

"Oh, you won't? How are you going to help it?"

He looked at her eyes sparkling with mischievous defiance, at her red lips pouted in saucy insolence, and he wavered. Then in the instant revulsion from this weakness he turned to the fire and took from the coals the glowing poker.

"That is how I mean to help it," he said.

She shrank and turned pale; but she did not yield.

"You can't fool me like that," she said. "You would n't really hurt the body of that precious Alice of yours. You can't burn me without her being burned too."

"She had better be burned than to be under the control of a little devil like you."

For the moment they faced each other, and then her glance dropped. She fell on her knees with a bitter cry, and held up to him her clasped hands.

"Oh, why can't you let me stay!" she half sobbed. "Why won't you give me a chance? You don't know how good I'll be! I'll do every single thing you want me to. I know all your ways as well as she does, and I'll make you happy. Why should n't I have as much right to live as she?"

The wail of her pleading almost unmanned him. He felt instinctively that his only chance of carrying through his plan was to refuse to listen. The thought surged into his mind that perhaps she had as much claim to consciousness as Alice; he seemed to be murdering this strange creature kneeling to him with streaming eyes and quivering mouth. He had to turn away so as not to see her.

"I will not listen to you," he said doggedly. "I will not have you trouble Alice. As sure as there's a God in heaven, if you come back again when I am with her, I'll burn you with a hot iron; and I mean to watch her all the time after we are married."

"If you married me, you'd have to help me against her," Jenny said, apparently as much to herself as to him.

He made no other answer than to bring the heated iron so near to her cheek that she must have felt its glow. She threw back her head with a cry of fear. Then a look of defiance came over the face, and the red lips took a mocking curve; but in the twinkle of an eye it was Alice who knelt on the rug before him.

The strain of this interview, with the after-necessity of reassuring Alice, left Carroll in a condition little conducive to sleep. All night he revolved in his head the circumstances of this strange case, comforting himself as well as he was able with the hope that at last he had frightened Jenny away for good. He reflected on the scriptural stories of demoniacal possession, and wondered whether hypnotism might not have played some part in them; he speculated on the future, and now and then found himself wondering what would have come of his choosing Jenny instead of Alice. A haggard bridegroom he looked when Abby opened the door to him the next forenoon, and he grew yet paler when the old servant said to him with brief pathos,—

"She's queer again."

Carroll set his teeth savagely. He hardly returned the greetings of the few friends assembled in the drawing-room, but went at once to the fireplace, applied a match to the fire laid there, and thrust the poker between the bars of the grate. The clergyman came in, and in another moment the rustle of the bride's gown was heard from the stairs outside. Then, on the arm of a cousin of the Gaylords, appeared in the

doorway a figure in white. The sweat started on Carroll's forehead. He realized that Jenny was making one more desperate effort to marry him. He remembered her last words of the evening before, and saw that then she must have had this in mind. He looked her straight in the eyes, and then turned to the grate. As he stooped to grasp the poker the bride stopped, trembled, put her hand to the door-jamb as if for support. Then George, watching, put the iron down and advanced to Alice. What the assembled company might think of his stirring the fire at that moment he did not care. He felt that he had triumphed; and at least it was Alice and not Jenny whom he married.

So far as Carroll can determine, Jenny never again intruded upon Alice's personality. Renewed health, varied interests, and the ever watchful affection of her husband gave Mrs. Carroll self-poise and fixed her in a normal state. But there is a little daughter, and now and then the father catches his breath, so startlingly into her face and into her manner comes a likeness to Jenny.

REMARKS AT THE PEACE BANQUET[1]

BY WILLIAM JAMES

I AM only a philosopher, and there is only one thing that a philosopher can be relied on to do. You know that the function of statistics has been ingeniously described as being the refutation of other statistics. Well, a philosopher can always contradict other philosophers. In ancient times philosophers defined man as the rational animal; and philosophers since then have always found much more to say about the rational than about the animal part of the definition. But looked at candidly, reason bears about the same proportion to the rest of human nature that we in this hall bear to the rest of America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Polynesia. Reason is one of the very feeblest of Nature's forces, if you take it at any one spot and moment. It is only in the very long run that its effects become perceptible. Reason assumes to settle things by weighing them against one another without prejudice, partiality, or excitement; but what affairs in the concrete are settled by is and always will be just prejudices, partialities, cupidities, and excitements. Appealing to reason as we do, we are in a sort of a forlorn hope situation, like a small sand-bank in the midst of a hungry sea ready to wash it out of existence. But sand-banks grow when the conditions favor; and weak as reason is, it has the unique advantage over its antagonists that its activity never lets up and that it presses always in one direction, while men's prejudices vary, their passions ebb and flow, and their excitements are intermittent. Our sand-bank, I absolutely believe, is bound to grow, — bit by bit it will get dyked and breakwatered. But sitting as we do in this warm room, with music and lights and the flowing bowl and smiling faces, it is easy to get too sanguine about our task, and since I am called to speak, I feel as if it might not be out of place to say a word about the strength of our enemy.

Our permanent enemy is the noted bellicosity of human nature. Man, biologically considered, and whatever else he may be in the bargain, is simply the most formidable of all beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that preys systemati-

[1] This banquet was given in Boston on the closing day of the World's Peace Congress, October 7, 1904.

cally on its own species. We are once for all adapted to the military *status*. A millennium of peace would not breed the fighting disposition out of our bone and marrow, and a function so ingrained and vital will never consent to die without resistance, and will always find impassioned apologists and idealizers.

Not only men born to be soldiers, but non-combatants by trade and nature, historians in their studies, and clergymen in their pulpits, have been war's idealizers. They have talked of war as of God's court of justice. And, indeed, if we think how many things beside the frontiers of states the wars of history have decided, we must feel some respectful awe, in spite of all the horrors. Our actual civilization, good and bad alike, has had past wars for its determining condition. Great-mindedness among the tribes of men has always meant the will to prevail, and all the more so if prevailing included slaughtering and being slaughtered. Rome, Paris, England, Brandenburg, Piedmont, — soon, let us hope, Japan, — along with their arms have made their traits of character and habits of thought prevail among their conquered neighbors. The blessings we actually enjoy, such as they are, have grown up in the shadow of the wars of antiquity. The various ideals were backed by fighting wills, and where neither would give way, the God of battles had to be the arbiter. A shallow view, this, truly; for who can say what might have prevailed if man had ever been a reasoning and not a fighting animal? Like dead men, dead causes tell no tales, and the ideals that went under in the past, along with all the tribes that represented them, find to-day no recorder, no explainer, no defender.

But apart from theoretic defenders, and apart from every soldierly individual straining at the leash, and clamoring for opportunity, war has an omnipotent support in the form of our imagination. Man lives *by* habits, indeed, but what he lives *for* is thrills and excitements. The only relief from Habit's tediousness is periodical excitement. From time immemorial wars have been, especially for non-combatants, the supremely thrilling excitement. Heavy and dragging at its end, at its outset every war means an explosion of imaginative energy. The dams of routine burst, and boundless prospects open. The remotest spectators share the fascination. With that awful struggle now in progress on the confines of the world, there is not a man in this room, I suppose, who does n't buy both an evening and a morning paper, and first of all pounce on the war column.

A deadly listlessness would come over most men's imagination of the future if they could seriously be brought to believe that never again *in saecula saeculorum* would a war trouble human history. In such a stagnant summer afternoon of a world, where would be the zest or interest?

This is the constitution of human nature which we have to work against. The plain truth is that people *want* war. They want it anyhow; for itself; and apart from each and every possible consequence. It is the final bouquet of life's fireworks. The born soldiers want it hot and actual. The non-combatants want it in the background, and always as an open possibility, to feed imagination on and keep excitement going. Its clerical and historical defenders fool themselves when they talk as they do about it. What moves them is not the blessings it has won for us, but a vague religious exaltation. War, they feel, is human nature at its uttermost. We are here to do our uttermost. It is a sacrament. Society would rot, they think, without the mystical blood-payment.

We do ill, I fancy, to talk much of universal peace or of a general disarmament. We must go in for preventive medicine, not for radical cure. We must cheat our foe, politically circumvent his action, not try to change his nature. In one respect war is like love, though in no other. Both leave us intervals of rest; and in the intervals life goes on perfectly well without them, though the imagination still dallies

with their possibility. Equally insane when once aroused and under headway, whether they shall be aroused or not depends on accidental circumstances. How are old maids and old bachelors made? Not by deliberate vows of celibacy, but by sliding on from year to year with no sufficient matrimonial provocation. So of the nations with their wars. Let the general possibility of war be left open, in Heaven's name, for the imagination to dally with. Let the soldiers dream of killing, as the old maids dream of marrying. But organize in every conceivable way the practical machinery for making each successive chance of war abortive. Put peace-men in power; educate the editors and statesmen to responsibility; — how beautifully did their trained responsibility in England make the Venezuela incident abortive! Seize every pretext, however small, for arbitration methods, and multiply the precedents; foster rival excitements and invent new outlets for heroic energy; and from one generation to another, the chances are that irritations will grow less acute and states of strain less dangerous among the nations. Armies and navies will continue, of course, and will fire the minds of populations with their potentialities of greatness. But their officers will find that somehow or other, with no deliberate intention on any one's part, each successive "incident" has managed to evaporate and to lead nowhere, and that the thought of what might have been remains their only consolation.

The last weak runnings of the war spirit will be "punitive expeditions." A country that turns its arms only against uncivilized foes is, I think, wrongly taunted as degenerate. Of course it has ceased to be heroic in the old grand style. But I verily believe that this is because it now sees something better. It has a conscience. It knows that between civilized countries a war is a crime against civilization. It will still perpetrate peccadillos, to be sure. But it is afraid, afraid in the good sense of the word, to engage in absolute crimes against civilization

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BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

It is remarkable that with all our diligence in resuscitating such of our early literary works as are from time to time discovered to be still breathing, two books which we have in hand[1] should have been so long out of print and nearly inaccessible. Of the merits of one, at least, we have been sufficiently advised by literary historians. Yet, though during the five years after its first publication it went through two English editions, and, as translated by the author himself, through two French editions, the latest version, till the present moment, has remained that published by Carey in Philadelphia, in 1793. These letters are in some danger of confusion with those *Letters from a Farmer of Pennsylvania*, which are also celebrated by historians and ignored by the laity. Dickinson wrote for an immediate and parti-

[1] *Letters from an American Farmer.* By J. Hector St. John Crèvecœur. Reprinted from the Original Edition. With a Prefatory Note by W. P. Trent, and an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1904.

Memoirs of an American Lady. By Mrs. Anne Grant. With unpublished Letters and a Memoir of Mrs. Grant by James Grant Wilson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

san effect; Crèvecœur's theme is political only in the vaguest sense. A book published, and in part, no doubt, written, not long after the outbreak of the Revolution, contains, until its final chapter is reached, no allusion to the possibility of such a conflict. The author is speaking in the name of the private citizen or subject, and his plea is for personal, not political, liberty. His theme in the last chapter is therefore not the beauty of independence, but the useless horror of warfare from the point of view of the individual: "It is for the sake of the great leaders on both sides, that so much blood must be spilt; that of the people is counted as nothing. Great events are not achieved for us, though it is *by* us that they are principally accomplished; by the arms, the sweat, the lives of the people. . . . After all, most men reason from passions; and shall such an ignorant individual as I am decide, and say this side is right, that side is wrong?" The means of escape from these difficulties which he proposes to himself is characteristic of the man and of his school: to abandon civilization to its own resources and seek peace and simple happiness in the bosom of an Indian tribe. This impassioned farmer belongs, in fact, with Rousseau, Châteaubriand, St. Pierre, and Goldsmith. The curious thing is that experience should have done for him what inexperience did for the others. Crèvecœur actually was for many years a farmer in Ulster County, New York, and came out of the experience as enthusiastic and eloquent as any of those urban rhapsodists — and infinitely more healthy-minded than any of them but Goldsmith. They were sufficiently in love with the return-to-simplicity idea, but he put it to the test of sober wedlock.

But it must not be suggested that he is always in this lofty vein. He has a good deal of range as a descriptive writer. A chapter on the customs of Nantucket is followed by a gruesome description of the torture of a slave at Charleston, and this in turn by a charming discursus "On Snakes and on the Humming-bird." In short, while Crèvecœur moralizes too much for the taste of this impatient day, he has a charm of essential simplicity which ought to give him place on our shelves beside the more sophisticated sentimentalists of his time.

This is equally true of Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*. The observations upon which her reminiscences are based were made at no great distance in time or space from Crèvecœur's. Otherwise the conditions were utterly different. The youthful daughter of an English army officer could not very well see American life from the point of view of a frontier farmer. It is the Knickerbocker society, of which Albany had already come to be the centre, that she interprets best. Madame Schuyler is properly the central figure rather than the subject of these memoirs. The narrative possesses a certain pleasant garrulity readily to be connected with the strong and kindly features of the portraits which really adorn the present reprint. Her style is not always free from the conventional rhetoric of that age. She has also her chapters of Indian lore, without which no book on America was considered complete till, say, the third decade of the nineteenth century. Her good breeding keeps her in the main within bounds of taste. But her sense of humor is not proof against her reverence for her heroine; the fact is, Madame Schuyler, with all her relatives and social connections to the third and fourth generation, is now and then in danger of becoming a bore. It is a good deal to be asked to look solemn over a passage like that which describes the worthy Colonel Schuyler's fatal seizure: "He began the day, as had for many years been his custom, with singing some verses of a psalm in his closet. Madame observed that he was interrupted by a most violent fit of sneezing; this returned again a little after, when he calmly told her that he felt the symptoms of a pleuritic attack, which had begun in the same manner with that of his friend; that the event might possibly prove fatal; but

that, knowing as she did how long a period of more than common felicity had been granted to their mutual affection, and with what tranquillity he was enabled to look forward to that event which is common to all, and which would be earnestly desired if withheld, he expected of her that, whatever might happen, she would look back with gratitude, and forward with hope; and in the meantime honor his memory, and her own profession of faith, by continuing to live in the manner they had hitherto done, that he might have the comfort of thinking that his house might still be an asylum to the helpless and the stranger, and a desirable place of meeting to his most valued friends; this was spoken with an unaltered countenance, and in a calm and even tone."

II

It was not to be expected that a new collection of letters by Thackeray would materially add to our knowledge of him. These letters [1] were written to an American family who had made him feel at home in a strange land, and of whom he had in consequence become genuinely fond. Thackeray had few, if any, spiritual intimacies, and the bond that held him to his friends was the bond of common affection rather than of what used to be called "affinity." There is something very engaging in this; there is something also which corroborates our sense of his limitations. We feel more plainly than ever his extreme worldliness, his extreme susceptibility. This correspondence is, in effect, the latest exhibit in evidence of Bagehot's contention that Thackeray has more in common with Sterne than with any other English writer. The earlier letters in themselves constitute a record of a species of modern sentimental journey. The great novelist has more to say of the pretty girls he is meeting and of the pretty girls he has left behind than of the new country and sensible people with whom he is making acquaintance. He carols much of the personal charms of the Misses Baxter, to whom most of the letters are addressed. He is jealous of the attentions of younger bucks. He carries his middle-aged coquetries even farther, as these passages indicate with sufficient clearness: "I hope you young ladies were not offended by that parting benediction the other day — could n't help myself. I was n't in the least aware of it, and was so astonished when I had done it, that I hardly knew where I was. I never will do it again, young ladies, unless you let me, — and upon my word, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, I ask your pardon; but I did n't mean any harm, and I hope Mr. Baxter shall kiss my daughters, though they are not so pretty as his." And later he writes to Miss Lucy Baxter, the editor of the letters as now published: "Well, I'm not at all frightened now that I had that little parting — ahem! dass ich dich, mein liebes schönes Mädchen, so herzlich einmal geküsst habe — that's between you and me, is n't it? though you may show it to your mamma, if you like."

As for the great writer's worldliness, it is here displayed in the fullness of its amiable frailty. By his own frank admission, he writes and lectures in the hope, not so much of producing work excellent in its kind, as of securing his daughters a competency. One grows in the end a little weary of his insistence upon this as the chief motive of his labors. It was, at all events, a fruitful motive, perhaps the most fruitful motive by which it was possible for him to be actuated. Thackeray was not precisely an heroic figure, and there may have been more truth than he fancied in the admission with which this little dialogue (now first reported in Miss Baxter's Introduction) concludes: "Turning over the pages of *Pendennis*, as it lay on the table beside him, he said, smiling from time to time: —

"'Yes, it is very like — it is certainly very like.'

[1] *Thackeray's Letters to an American Family.* With an Introduction by Lucy D. Baxter and original drawings by Thackeray. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

"'Like whom, Mr. Thackeray?' said my mother.

"'Oh, like me, to be sure; Pendennis is very like me.'

"'Surely not,' objected my mother, 'for Pendennis was so weak!'

"'Ah, well, Mrs. Baxter,' he said, with a shrug of his great shoulders and a comical look, 'your humble servant is not very strong.'"

But a robust personality (so much we must concede to the theory of the "artistic temperament") is not always the effective personality in art. Thackeray's work stands, and it is the destiny of sentimentalists who are also artists to be loved somewhat beyond their fellows. We are grateful for these newly unearthed relics of one of the best-cherished of that favored class.

III

Even in these piping times of commerce, life has still its sentimental commentators. Here, for example, is Mr. Darrow's *Farmington*.[1] The writer's account of the origin of his book is interesting; and I, for one, am compelled to think it ingenuous. A man beyond the prime of life determines to write a kind of informal autobiography. Actually, he does not succeed in getting beyond the record of his early boyhood. This fact surprises him, but he is not disposed to take it to heart, for facts have always surprised him. "Even now," he says in abrupt and yet most effective conclusion, — "Even now I might sum up my story in a few short words. All my life I have been planning and hoping and thinking and dreaming and loitering and waiting. All my life I have been getting ready to begin to do something worth the while. I have been waiting for the summer and waiting for the fall; I have been waiting for the winter and waiting for the spring; waiting for the night and waiting for the morning; waiting and dawdling and dreaming, until the day is almost spent and the twilight close at hand." In fact, the writer must have felt that his immediate task was accomplished. Improvising in the elegiac strain, he has been unable to abandon the child-motive, in developing which he is able, at least, to suggest the character of a more profound theme. Mr. Darrow is, we understand, not only a man of brilliant professional achievement, but has chosen to ally himself with movements which have their origin in a deeper faith in human nature than respectability is able to countenance. This book makes no distinct allusion to such experiences, it is not a socialistic tract; it is, in its simple way, a threnody of unattained ideals. It cannot, therefore, despite points of superficial resemblance, be fairly compared with other books of childish reminiscence that come to mind; they are more coolly analytical or more whimsical, or, in one sense or other, more artificial.

In Miners' Mirage-Land[2] likewise brings forth treasures from a much worked claim; two distinct veins are, in fact, reopened, and with surprisingly good results. The desert has had not a few celebrators of late, among them such writers as Mr. Muir, Professor Van Dyke, and Mrs. Austin. Mrs. Strobridge is a less finished writer, and her work differs in other ways. Intimate as she is with the desert, and much as she loves it for its own sake, it appeals to her most of all as a human scene; and she is successfully daring in harking back to the more picturesque aspects of that scene: to the forty-niners and to their immediate successors. This is a book of yarns, a kind of treasury of fables handed down along the camp-fires of half a century. It is, moreover, a book of frank moralizing; the tales are interspersed with little essays: "The Charm of the Desert," "The Myths of the Desert," "The Toll of the Desert," and so on. The essays strike one, perhaps, as a little less happy, a little less spontaneous, than the fables; but

[1] *Farmington.* By CLARENCE D. DARROW. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904.

[2] *In Miners' Mirage-Land.* By IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE. Los Angeles. 1904.

the book as a whole is fascinating: it somehow gives one the impression of first-hand contact with a phase of the national experience which we are already half inclined to regard as mythical.

IV

The Mountains [1] is also a record of adventures in the far West, but they are adventures of a very different kind. Mr. White has established himself as one of the most popular of our out-door writers, and this book is in his usual vein. He has apparently found it pretty safe to address himself to the ignoramus; we set out from the pleasing assumption that nobody but the author knows anything. We learn what a trail is, what a bronco is, that it is better to use dry wood in building a fire, that "open-air cooking is in many things quite different from indoor cooking. You have different utensils, are exposed to varying temperatures, are limited in resources, and pursued by the necessity of haste. Preconceived notions must go by the board." That is, our preconceived notions have probably been that wet or green wood makes the best fire, that a large cooking-range is ordinarily a part of the camp equipage, and so on. We feel humble, we peruse our author with care, and, it is to be hoped, we learn. This is, in short, a book of out-door sport addressed by the amateur to the tyro. The writer does not neglect his descriptive passages, and he has some sensible instructions on scenery, which we may trust will be attended to in the proper quarter. But in the ordinary course of routine he regards the desert simply as a hot place (Inferno is the word he aptly uses), and the mountains as a means of exercise. His main concern is with the process of getting nowhere in particular by the hardest possible road; which is to be strenuous, and a sportsman!

There are, at all events, other forms of sport which seem to entail not only a process but an end. It is a pity if that fine old word cannot be applied in any sense to the true naturalist — not the mere bird-glass marksman, but the Gilbert White or the Jefferies, the John Muir or the John Burroughs. One is impressed anew in reading two recent out-door books of this class,[2] with the pure zest which has attended the pursuit and the record of those studies. These men study nature because they love it, not because they want to write about it. They take pains, they have adventures, they are distinctly rewarded. The first part of Mr. Burroughs's present book will be, although reprinted, fresher to most of his readers than the rest. In its original form as part of an elaborate work on the Harriman Alaska Expedition, it was comparatively inaccessible; and it records the more general impressions in a new field of an observer whose work has been mainly intensive. Mr. Burroughs's descriptions happily lack the sensational "vividness" which is now so much the fashion with us, but they are clear and vigorous, they are likely to bear a second reading. The unusual situation does not deprive him of his balance; here is an illustration to the point: —

"In crossing the Rockies I had my first ride upon the cowcatcher, or rather upon the bend of the engine immediately above it. In this position one gets a much more vivid sense of the perils that encompass the flying train than he does from the car window. The book of fate is rapidly laid bare before him and he can scan every line, while from his comfortable seat in the car he sees little more than the margin of the page. From the engine he reads the future and the immediate. From the car window he is more occupied with the distant and the past. How rapidly those

[1] *The Mountains.* By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

[2] *Far and Near.* By John Burroughs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Nature's Invitation. By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

two slender steel rails do spin beneath us, and how inadequate they seem to sustain and guide this enormous throbbing and roaring monster which we feel laboring and panting at our backs. The rails seem ridiculously small and slender for such a task; surely, they will bend and crumple up or be torn from the ties. The peril seems imminent, and it is some time before one gets over the feeling."

Of similar interest for its unfamiliarity of theme is the final paper of the collection, "A Lost February," the story of a month spent in Jamaica; but the rest of the book, in which the good naturalist deals with more familiar material, will be hardly less delightful to many of his audience who have come to possess a comfortable feeling of joint-proprietorship in "Slabsides" and its environment.

Mr. Torrey has also made profitable excursions into regions somewhat remote from his native habitat; and some of his present chapters succeed in giving those ornithological, botanical, and humane charms to Florida and Texas and Arizona which his skillful and sympathetic interpretation has already given to Massachusetts and New Hampshire. His is the best of out-of-door talk, always provided that we are willing and able to put aside our hurries and our mechanical habits of being busy, and to enter into his mood of casual inquiry and genial rumination.

V

The season is, we are told, to produce an unusual number of books of essays; several of those which have already been issued are of uncommon interest.[1] Mr. More's work is of a finished and at times somewhat formal order. His subjects are of considerable range, from English Verse to Tolstoy, and from Arthur Symons to Humanitarianism. To say that these papers lack discursive charm is to say nothing to their disadvantage. A sensible man does not deck his brow with roses, and caper, however gracefully, to a tune of his own inventing, while he is delivering a public discourse on a serious theme. This essayist has some sober criticism to present to us, and he presents it suitably. It is reassuring to note that two of the best of the purely literary papers belong to that criticism of contemporaries which, we have been assured, is nothing better than conversation. The essays on Arthur Symons and on the Irish Movement seem to me remarkably keen and remarkably sound,—quite as keen and sound as the equally valuable paper on Hawthorne and Poe, which nobody would think of calling mere talk. The best and the worst that can be said of Mr. Symons is said here; perhaps the sum of it is most nearly expressed in these two sentences: "Mr. Symons impresses us as being absolutely sincere, as being the only genuine and adequate representative in English of that widespread condition which we call decadence. And sincerity in verse is a quality of inestimable value." We confess to having read the two volumes of Mr. Symons's collected poems upon which this essay is based, with an eye to reviewing them; and we confess to having laid them down in despair of being able to speak of them adequately. Mr. More has not needed to despair. In the paper on Mr. Yeats and his associates in the "Irish Movement," there is nothing more suggestive than the opening sentence: "If one were to ask Mr. W. B. Yeats what he considered the chief characteristic of the movement he so ably represents, no doubt the last word to come to him would be *defeat*, and yet, if properly considered, this so-called Gaelic Revival, this endeavour to resuscitate a by-gone past and to temper the needs of the present to outworn emotions, is, when all is said, just that and nothing more — a movement of defeat." The volume concludes

[1] *Shelburne Essays*, First Series. By Paul Elmer More. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

Imaginary Obligations. By Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

The Queen's Progress, and Other Elizabethan Sketches. By Felix E. Schelling. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

with two striking and somewhat extended papers on Tolstoy and on humanitarianism as Tolstoy and others conceive it.

To pass from this book to *Imaginary Obligations* is to take something of a step, for Mr. Colby's method is primarily personal, uncompromising, whimsical, brilliant. The worst fate that is likely to befall him among reviewers is to be dubbed the American Chesterton; and there are worse fates than that. There exist, indeed, not a few points of resemblance between that Englishman and this American. They are parallel, if not equal, in audacity, saliency, wit. Mr. Colby's essays, many of them of extreme brevity, have, like Mr. Chesterton's, been written mainly for newspapers. They are often brusque and sharp in substance and form. There is, perhaps, a personal note in one of the concluding sentences: "It is just the place for a writer to go and forget his minor literary duties, the sense of his demanding public, the obligation of the shining phrase, the need of making editorial cats jump, the standing orders for a *jeu d'esprit*." Mr. Colby may very well have been exposed to the pressure of such an order; and it is a wonder that his book does not show more traces of haste and scrappiness. The defect of the book is that it contains too much; not in bulk, but in material. There is stuff in these fifty little essays to have made half a dozen volumes. Not that we wish to see a good idea or fancy coddled and padded into folio; but there is something a little suggestive of waste or of indolence in a prodigality of suggestion like Mr. Colby's. It may be that he has hit upon a form of expression which is not only good in itself, but absolutely the best for him. The world may be moved by a series of jolts from a hand whose steady pressure is ineffective. He is a brisk tonic force, and his book is "a good place" for a writer who, incapable of *jeux d'esprit*, is inclined to take himself and his work a little too seriously, and needs a thorough shaking up. Let us take our medicine and be thankful. There may be a wry twist to the beaming look with which we try to conceal our momentary discomfiture; but we shall be all the better for it in the end. We should mightily like to be given a chance to feel Mr. Colby's steady pressure. As it is, he has produced a book more brilliant, more pregnant of suggestion, than anything of the kind which has so far been done by an American.

The Queen's Progress is a book of essays in the less formal sense; the author prefers to call them sketches. They constitute a record of certain minor adventures in a favorite region. Students of the Elizabethan period are already acquainted with Professor Schelling's more formal studies in that field. They are all of humane interest. The latest and perhaps the most valuable of them was, as the author put it in his sub-title, "a study in the popular historical literature environing Shakespeare."[1] That was a work of minute scholarship. The present book, though it could have been written only by a scholar, is for the general reader rather than for the student. It is a kind of by-product, lighter, but in its way not less worthy of acceptance, than the solid literary merchandise which preceded it. Though these papers are properly to be called sketches, they are finished sketches. In each instance the subject is firmly if lightly handled. Such gleanings can hardly be too often made by scholars who have the exceptional fortune to be also men of letters. One comes upon no especially quotable passages, but as a whole the book will be felt to possess, both as to substance and as to form, a quiet distinction which is rare enough in this day.

VI

This is precisely the quality which we continue to find lacking in the casual work of Professor Matthews. Outside his own special field, in which his accomplishment is indubitable, he seems too

[1] *The English Chronicle Play.* By Felix E. Schelling. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

often a kind of lesser Andrew Lang. He is amiable, he is indefatigable, he produces very many informing articles upon very many interesting subjects. He is a capable editor and an assiduous collector. Whether or not his talk is illuminating, it is always ingenious and always audible. In his *Recreations of an Anthologist*[1] he is at his best. How varied in substance these relics of a collector's zeal are is indicated by the titles of his chapters: "The Uncollected Poems of H. C. Bunner," "The Strangest Feat of Modern Magic," and "Carols of Cookery," for example. (It is remarkable, by the way, if it can be said ever to be remarkable that there should be specific omissions from any anthological performance, that Burns's luscious description of the haggis should not be noted in a paper which records Barlow's celebration of hasty-pudding and Thackeray's of bouillabaisse.) Two or three of the present essays have, as the author intimates, been suggested by a late research of his into American light verse. The main product of that research has, it happens, just been put before us in a volume which, with two others,[2] inaugurates a new series of American anthologies that bids fair to be more extensive than any similar enterprise which has been thus far undertaken. Professor Matthews is the general editor; two of these initial volumes are by other hands. The plan is that the Introduction shall in each instance trace the history of the given form in universal literature, and that there shall follow a series of examples taken by the editor to be the best in the several types which America has produced. The work of writers born after the middle of the nineteenth century is excluded. As applied to the short story, this plan does not work very well. The Introduction is excellent in substance, but overloaded with detail, and the selection of examples seems to me amazingly maladroit. Half the stories in the book are classics in their kind, and the rest are simply insignificant. But what we are looking for is, we are warned, not stories, but exhibits, — of "narrative adjustment," of "imaginative realization," or what not. The volume on *American Literary Criticism* is admirable, the introduction compact and untechnical, the selections valuable for their own sake as well as in their representative character. The same remark may be made of the work of Professor Matthews himself. He prefers the term "familiar verse" to the exotic and misleading phrase *vers de société*, or to Mr. Stedman's "patrician rhymes." He makes a composite of Locker-Lampson's definition and of Tom Hood's: "Brevity, brilliancy, buoyancy, — these are qualities we cannot fail to find in the best of Locker-Lampson's own verses, in Praed's, in Prior's, — and also in Lowell's, in Holmes's, in Bret Harte's." For the substance of the historical sketch which follows one has only praise; for its form only that toleration which is possible toward a writer who is so blunt of ear as to say "to happen on the happy mean," and so barbaric in diction as to discourse of "Herrick's brightsome balladry."

The taste, or the market, for minor anthologies appears to be increasing. We had occasion not long since to mention a *Treasury of Humorous Poetry* and a *Nonsense Anthology*. We have before us two books of a similar nature.[3] Apparently no distinct plan has been followed in the compilation of "humorous verse." Rollicking verse, nonsense verse, rhymed

[1] *Recreations of an Anthologist.* By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

[2] *American Familiar Verse.* Edited by BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

American Short Stories. Edited by CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

American Literary Criticism. Edited by WILLIAM MORTON PAINE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

[3] *A Book of American Humorous Verse.* Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 1904.

A Parody Anthology. Collected by CAROLYN WELLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

satire, parody, familiar verse, all have a share in these pages; and as is ordinarily true of such collections, the individual reader is likely to find here and there a number which seems to him not humorous in any sense; it may be facetious, it may be serious, it may be simply dull. As a whole the collection seems a good one, though in its character of anthology it is somewhat overbalanced by the large representation of very recent work. Miss Wells has had a less dubious field to work in, and has made a good companion volume for her *Nonsense Anthology*. We wish there were a little more of Calverley and Owen Seaman in it,— but perhaps nothing less than the whole of them would have satisfied us. And we note a sin or two of commission. There is a flat piece of doggerel after "Beautiful Snow;" and a fanciful chronological arrangement gives unfortunate prominence to a bit or two of ribaldry at the expense of a notable English (not Persian) masterpiece. These errors are few; it is to be hoped that Miss Wells will some day be moved to make an anthology of rhymed satire of the less bookish kind. It would not be a simple task, but it would be worth doing.

Parody and caricature are forms of satirical expression of which parody is far the narrower. Now and then a given caricature turns out to be nothing but a parody made visible; but as a rule it scores its success, not by subtle reminders of objects which have stirred the imagination, but by direct pictorial commentary upon special persons and events. We confess that on first turning over the pages of a new book which has succeeded in making a serious study of caricature,[1] we had small expectation of finding it anything but an amusing picture-book, furnished with a more or less perfunctory commentary on the prints. A glance at the text proved this inference to be hasty. The substance of the book is to be found in the careful and interesting critical narrative; the pictures are really illustrations of it. The first part goes a little back of the general title. It presents a compact but valuable account of the beginning of political caricature in England, of the work of Hogarth, and of the caricature of "the Napoleonic era." The authors are to be congratulated, not only upon having produced a very attractive book, but upon having made a distinct contribution to the general knowledge of an art which has too often been considered a trivial exercise of inferior talents or a mere by-play and diversion on the part of draughtsmen of real power.

[1] *The Nineteenth Century in Caricature.* By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

THE POEMS OF FRENEAU

There is still room for debate as to who was the first American bard. It is open to any one to hold a brief for Sandys or Wigglesworth or another; but with the first two volumes of Mr. Pattee's noble edition of *The Poems of Philip Freneau*[2] before us, we do not hesitate to assert roundly that Freneau was the first really interesting American poetical character, and the first citizen of these States to write poetry of real distinction.

It was a happy judgment that led the Princeton Historical Association to choose the work of Freneau, the first and best Princeton poet, for their initial publication, and the result proves that the selection of Mr. Pattee as editor was equally felicitous. He has performed his difficult task with exceptional intelligence and taste. He has spared no pains in giving us a complete and accurate text of Freneau's copious and widely scattered poetry; and he has searched many and hardly accessible sources to provide a full and authoritative record of the poet's multifarious life.

How romantic and significant that life

[2] *The Poems of Philip Freneau*, Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee, vol. i, vol. ii. Princeton: The University Library. 1902, 1903.

was, it is now, for the first time, possible to realize. It would be a pleasant affair to recount in detail the "rubs, doublings, and wrenches" that made up Freneau's career, to narrate in order his adventures as student, publicist, sailor, pamphleteer, sea-captain, British prisoner, magazine editor, poet, and country gentleman; but for this the interested reader must be referred to the book itself, where he will find an admirable narrative of American life in Revolutionary days.

But it is the poetry of Freneau that is the most interesting thing in these volumes. Reading through it all, as it is now first collected in its entirety, one is struck by the extraordinary measure in which it shows a rich poetic temperament, guided by a good knowledge of the best literature, and fed by the experiences of an adventurous life. The range of Freneau's reading was remarkable for his time and place. We find clear traces of his liking for Virgil and Horace; for Ariosto; for Sackville, Spenser, Waller, Cowley, Dryden, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, "Ossian," and Falconer. But his reading was less important to his poetic quality than either his experience or his temperament. His best days were spent on shipboard, and he is almost the best poet of the sea since Camoëns. The chief trait of his intellectual constitution was his sincere sensitiveness, hence he is almost never academic or conventional. By reason of this same trait, his dealings with nature are at their best of a fresh, imaginative simplicity that is very rare.

Freneau's vigorous political satire has doubtless been the most potent factor in his posthumous repute, as it was in his prominence in his own time, but neither this nor any other branch of his very various work is likely to maintain his fame so long as those few odes wherein he handles an imaginative American subject with a firm delicacy of touch that is quite worthy of Collins. Had he written nothing but these stanzas of *The Dying Indian*, his place as a poet of quality would have been secure: —

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow —
Such is the picture in my boding mind!
Fine tales, indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills,
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the western hills;
But when did ghost return his state to shew;
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I too must be a fleeting ghost! — no more —
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below!
Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods,
Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams
Whose aspect still was sweet
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams —
Adieu to all!
To all that charmed me where I strayed,
The winding stream, the dark sequestered shade;
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies — farewell,
For some remoter sphere!

To our ears to-day there is inevitably a touch of falsetto in a poet's "adieu;" but with a little exercise of the historic imagination, and a little re-reading of the English poets who preceded and were contemporary with Freneau, we may not only understand why Freneau's work of this type was so highly praised by Scott, by Campbell, by Jeffrey himself, but we may also feel the better how truly poetic it is.

Freneau's final place and distinction in the history of American poetry can be no better stated than they are by Mr. Pattee:

"Before Freneau, American poetry had been full of the eglantine, the yew, the Babylonian willow, the lark — the flora and fauna of the Hebrew and British bards. In our poet we find, for the first time, the actual life of the American forest and field, — the wild pink, the elm, the wild honeysuckle, the pumpkin, the blackbird, the squirrel, the partridge, 'the loquacious whip-poor-will,' and in

addition to this the varied life of the American tropic islands. We find for the first time examples of that true poetic spirit that can find inspiration in humble and even vulgar things; that, furthermore, can draw from low nature and her commonplaces deep lessons for human life."

THE HISTORY OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

TWENTY years have passed since the last volumes of Sir Spencer Walpole's *History of England*, from the end of the great war in 1815 to the Indian Mutiny, were published; but a history at once so accurate and so popular in the best sense must be in constant use both by readers and students, who will welcome the beginning of a new work,[1] which is practically a continuation of the old — with a difference. An English history of the twenty-five following years, years so momentous for Europe and America as well, cannot be confined for the most part, as in the earlier period, to a résumé of the domestic legislation of Great Britain. The epoch of the reconstruction of Italy, the formation of the German Empire, the culmination and downfall of the second Napoleonic régime, and the American Civil War, was naturally a time of abnormal activity in the Foreign Office.

As before, Sir Spencer Walpole's point of view is that of a Whig, perhaps we should now say, a conservative Liberal, and his admirable qualities as a historical writer are even more marked in the present than in the earlier volumes. As is fitting in one of his traditions and training, his outlook is always statesmanlike. His judgments are sober, temperate, and well-considered, and, so far as is possible in one with clearly defined opinions, impartial. Fine writing is not attempted, nor the production of epigrams; but the straightforward and always lucid style is a proper exponent of the clear thought and sure grasp of the subject in hand, no matter how complicated it may be or how much darkened by diplomacy. From this book the general reader actually may obtain some understanding even of the Schleswig-Holstein question, and of the way in which Bismarck — as yet strangely ignored or undervalued by the chancelleries of Europe — used it in laying the foundations of his great plan for Prussian aggrandizement. There is an eminently fair and accurate account of the American Civil War, and, in connection with it, of the Mexican imperial tragedy. But the most striking portion of the work is that which treats of the union of Italy, the advance of Prussia, and the decline and fall of the Second Empire. These chapters are of absorbing interest, so skillfully does the writer use the mass of material now available, in constructing what must perforce be a rigidly condensed narrative.

In contrast with these great themes, fifteen years of parliamentary history might seem somewhat colorless. But the historian has so lively an interest in his subject, having now reached a time within his own cognizance, in whose works those near to him bore honorable part, that his narrative is full of vitality. Especially — and with abundant reason — does he wax eloquent over the achievements of Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that changed a period of extravagance into one in which "economy, or even parsimony, was popular." His account of the close of Lord Palmerston's long career, which extended from the old order into the new, and his summing up of that statesman, are peculiarly intelligent and discriminating. Indeed, most of his characterizations deserve that praise, though, as is inevitable, sympathetic portraits are contrasted with studiously fair ones. Ten years remain to fill the scheme of Sir Spencer Walpole's latest work, and his review of that decade is something to be looked forward to with a very real interest. *S. M. F.*

[1] *The History of Twenty-Five Years.* By Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K. C. B. Vol. i, 1856–1865; vol. ii, 1865–1870. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OF TIME

Two recent utterances by members of the Club have struck an answering chord in the bosom of at least one fellow contributor. He had, as it chanced, flung off in his brilliant and painless way (that is, by means of three days' hard labor and four drafts) a few notes of his own on a kindred theme, in which, he believes, other insubordinate persons will find something not altogether to their disadvantage. With Early Rising pronounced a fetich, the Calendar a tyrant, and the Chronometer a bore, we ought, even in New England, to face the new year with a fairly easy mind.

The contributor finds himself reflecting with a certain satisfaction, innocent he trusts, that he has not carried a chronometer for three years and more. He has in the end lost his civilized conception of time as something that winds up and runs down, and perceives that, unassociated with dials, fobs, and pockets, it is capable of being a decent and even comfortable companion. His emancipation was, he hastens to admit, consequent upon a happy release from an employment full of little punctualities. A boyish impulse led him, on the red-letter day which gave him liberty, to fling his watch (a battered and ancient and merely silver one, he confesses) into an inner corner of his desk. It has never been dislodged. He owns, indeed, to a kind of superstitious feeling of precaution which prevents its dislodgment by housekeeping hands. That drawer is not dusted. There, while this machine is to it, the sleeping dog is to lie, a pleasantly mute and studiously neglected symbol of drudgery outlived.

The contributor has been surprised to discover how easy it is to get on without the ministrations of this conventional bore. The routine of the day seems to arrange itself altogether commodiously without the officious reminder of a disk, a dozen numerals, and two pins. When the chickens and the children make so much noise that one can't sleep o' mornings, one knows it is time to get up. And when the house and the neighborhood grow so quiet that one can't stay awake o' nights one knows it is time to go to bed. For the rest, there are signals of sorts to announce luncheon and dinner; and what more can a peace-loving man of letters ask for? — There are, of course, occasional contacts to be made with the outer world; the city is to be visited now and then, and consequently trains to be "caught," as the hurried phrase is. The man without a watch never hurries; his spirit is untroubled by considerations of time and tide. Yet he seldom misses appointments. "Biddy," he says placidly at breakfast, "I'm going to town on the 10.29 train. If you don't hear me moving about at quarter past ten or so, you might thump on the door." Perhaps Biddy thumps; but the chances are the contributor comes to in the nick of time, and Biddy has to call after him not to forget the stockings for Tommy.

The man without a watch has, indeed, a sense of time which does not belong to the time-servers. Day or night he can tell you within ten minutes, by the feeling of things merely, what the hour is of which your precious gold repeater prates so loud. Naturally he comes to look with no little commiseration upon victims of the chronometrical habit; frankly, he considers them not quite normal, not quite responsible. Not long since the contributor had an experience way down East with a man who, honestly desiring to profit by the wilderness, remained hopelessly linked to civilization by way of his watch-pocket. If it was a question of planning to do something, there was continual traffic between his right hand and his fob; if the programme was to stay about

camp and do nothing, idleness was given a religious cast by faithful observance of its arithmetical divisions. It was an hour and forty-three minutes since breakfast, and, by a singular chance, an hour and fifty-seven minutes before luncheon. The recitation of these details gave the contributor no joy, but it was clear that the process soothed his companion inexpressibly. It seemed to tickle his brain and ear into a comfortable sense of the reliability of things. It offset solitude, it suggested adventure. Time, to be sure, waits for no man, but to keep an eye upon it — is not that almost like making it wait upon him? Personally, the contributor would not be much put about if the sun saw fit to vary its somewhat mechanical habit of rising and setting at stated hours, like a boarding-school boy. The variation would not cause him and other animals half the embarrassment it would cause astronomers, school-teachers, wheat-operators, almanac-makers, newspaper editors, cooks, and most other stupid persons. For himself, at least, he has had his illuminating experience. He has dared to taste of freedom, and there is no danger of his ever again becoming a Slave of the Turnip.

FICTION IN OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Our public libraries are supported by the public purse. Is the public purse supposed to contribute toward the purchase of luxuries? And is fiction a luxury or a necessity to modern life? — questions, I fear, as uninteresting as they are antiquated. Nevertheless, if the reader will be patient, I have a theory to propound.

From inquiry I find that the circulation of fiction ranges from — well, to be quite safe, let us say from forty to fifty and even sixty per cent as against all other kinds of reading. In Mr. Carnegie's own library at Pittsburg it once reached seventy per cent. And this, be it remembered, is exclusive of "Juveniles," that is, books for the young, of which, of course, a very large proportion is fiction also. So that, as a matter of fact, the reading of fiction comprises at least eighty or ninety per cent of all the reading done by the users of our expensively supported libraries.

And doubtless this fiction consists, not so much of the great masters, — Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Defoe, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Meredith, *et al.*, — but probably of the newest and those most in vogue. Is it the function, I ask, of a public library, that is, is it the duty of the public purse, to cater to this appetite for novel, and for the most part ephemeral, fiction?

This particular contributor speaks feelingly on this point; for, being a property-owner who rarely reads ephemeral fiction, I am nevertheless compelled by statutory legislation to pay annually a quarter of a mill on the dollar (it used to be half a mill) upon the assessed value of my (fortunately little) property toward the support of a library whose circulation of fiction is, though comparatively low, high enough and to spare. However, I do not want to be selfish. I am quite willing that those of my neighbors who really cannot read heavier literature, — though I think I could tell them of some essays and biographies and travels and histories, and even of some scientific works that were much lighter (and, to my thinking, much more interesting, and certainly more instructive) than their beloved novels, — that such neighbors should be able to get such books as they like. But — *on certain conditions.*

Emerson recommended people never to read a book that was not a year old! — preposterous advice that sounds nowadays, when a "successful novel" is usually dead, buried, and forgotten in half that brief interval of time. Nevertheless, it was good advice: it was tendered by Emerson. Well, suppose our libraries made it a rule never to buy a novel till it was a year old — except, let us say, one copy for purposes of reference only. Nobody could complain, for it is open to everybody to buy a book at once if he thinks it worth having.

Of course, every reader has his pet writers, and he likes to see the productions of his pet writers at once. But is it the function of the public purse to help people to purchase pet writers, any more than it is to help them to purchase pastry or puppies? One novel in several hundreds may possess so great an educational value, or so high a moral tone, that its purchase by the State, that is, by the money of the community, might be plausibly upheld, as the money of the community is expended upon education or sanitation — I say, might be. But for the sake of one such novel among hundreds, are the shelves of our libraries to be crowded with trash, trash that collects dust and costs money to catalogue and keep? Surely the function of a state-aided or privately endowed library is primarily and chiefly, if not solely, to aid and encourage research, — historical, political, literary, scientific, or artistic research; not to instill a taste for light reading. In the British Museum and in the Boston Library, I believe, some such rule as that advocated by Emerson obtains. I have the temerity to suggest that, so far as fiction is concerned, it shall be carried out in all libraries under public control.

This particular contributor was once a librarian in a public library himself. Accordingly he knows whereof he speaks. It was pitiful to see the crowds that thronged the "receiving desk" and the "delivery desk," all seeking the latest novels — and they were generally "out!" It was heart-breaking to see the clerks — nice, intelligent young ladies, many of them well educated, and all of them adding to their education by becoming daily more conversant with all sorts of books — to see his clerks rushing about, taking in and giving out tons, literally tons, of the veriest trash, trash that in a year or two would be worse than useless, trash that was crowding the already overcrowded shelves. To keep out fiction altogether is, *I suppose*, impossible; but I am sure my fellow librarians and my clerks would have welcomed some such little proposal as I am here advocating.

For think, not only how much time and labor would have been saved, but how much money — money for the purchase of really good and valuable books, documents, maps, reports, manuscripts, engravings, music, and what-not, that would increase, not decrease, in value, and in years to come would prove an asset instead of a nuisance!

If a year were to pass before the purchase of four or five copies of thousands of indifferent novels, I venture to say that not ten per cent of those novels would be thought of or asked for: those who wanted them would have bought them (thus putting legitimate profits into their writers' pockets); those who were accustomed to demand them out of mere curiosity or habit (a pernicious habit fostered by this very prodigality and indiscriminateness of purchase on the part of the libraries) would have forgotten all about them.

A year is not long to wait for a novel. A statesman preparing a bill, or a scholar writing a book, must of course be able to have recourse to the latest information as rapidly as possible; but would the course of civilization really be so greatly retarded if the reading public had to wait twelve months or ere it had an opportunity to peruse gratis, say, some Dialogues of Dolly or some Slangy Fables — delightfully entertaining as, no doubt, these are?

The modern world is under the obsession of fiction, and our public libraries have wantonly allowed themselves to come under its spell. It is time some one tried to exorcise the evil spirit.

BETTER THAN THE BEST

Who of us has not known that type of man which is never content to like that best which by a general consensus of opinion is so labeled, but must ever seek out the unknown, and place it on a pedestal that o'ertops all others as the Sphinx o'ertops a plaster cast of it?

Now I love that spirit of enthusiasm

and open-mindedness that is willing to believe that there are giants in these days. Giants there have always been and giants there will always be, but the type of man of which I write never by any chance picks out the one in whom you yourself have confidence; he never picks out a fellow American either, — it is almost always a Russian, or a Dane, or a Pole, of whom you have never heard, and so great are his powers of dogmatic utterance, and so magnetic his personality, that he makes you believe his belief — while you are with him.

Drop into his rooms some sunny afternoon, feeling that you are progressive and ever young in your own enthusiasms, and in five minutes' time he will cover you with cobwebs, and make you feel that you are a superannuated mossback.

By way of opening the conversation make some chance reference to Shakespeare and the delight that you have lately had from seeing *Twelfth Night* adequately played.

His lip will curl and he will say, —

"My dear fellow, Shakespeare is all very well for the ordinary mind; indeed, I'll go so far as to say that some very cultivated people find much to admire in him, but when I want to hear the last word in drama I go to the unpublished works of Ivan Stepnovitch. They are dramas that will not act and were not meant to act, and that, after all, is the highest form of dramatic art. I want meat, not milk for babes."

Already you are beginning to feel that Shakespeare is pretty soppy mental pabulum, and you wonder that you have never heard of Stepnovitch. But I think that if our friend felt that his opinion had already been shared by others he would cease to hold it himself.

"Drama that will act," he continues, "is easy. Any one can write it. Clyde Fitch gives us plays that will act, but I do not place him even alongside Shakespeare. The real master, however, is the man who writes us plays that were never intended to be acted, and that could not be acted, and yet seem so real as we read them that we can imagine the greatest actors in the world playing the various parts. That's what happens when I read Stepnovitch, a Russian who is as much greater than Tolstoy as Tolstoy is greater than Howells."

It is the same in the arts. You say something about the perpetual strength, the eternal beauty revealed in the statues of Michael Angelo, and our friend shakes his head, elevates his eyebrows, sighs prodigiously, and says, —

"My dear man, we of the future are away past Michelangelo [note his form of the name]. Michelangelo was possessed of a certain power, and at his best there is a charm in his work that still lingers, and I admit that his influence in the art world has been wholly good, but we of to-day need not look to Michelangelo when we can revel in the work of that godlike sculptor, Edouard Petrovitski."

You tell him that you never heard of Petrovitski, and he looks at you with holy compassion for a moment, and then he says, —

"My dear fellow, why do you try to give your opinion of Michelangelo when you admit that you have never even heard of Petrovitski?"

"Is he alive to-day?" you ask.

"No. He died forty years ago in Warsaw, and all of his works were destroyed by the Russian government because they were too revolutionary; but luckily for posterity photographs were taken of them, very poor ones, but still sufficient to place Petrovitski on a pinnacle that makes the height of poor Michelangelo seem like a depression."

You know that when you get out into the light of day your old ideas will reassert themselves, and you will once more love Michael Angelo's work, but just now you feel that he is not much better than the sculptor who did the atrocious statue of "Sunset" Cox that has been retired temporarily from its scarecrow position in Astor Place.

Your friend, with real eloquence, shows you how "Michelangelo" has no chance

to run in the same class with this Titanic Pole, and you find yourself sneering at the veneer of culture that could find so much to praise in the Italian sculptor.

Your friend is an all round man. It is not alone in literature and sculpture that he is fully awake, and taking special notice; in the field of landscape art he is not only abreast of the times, but several decades ahead of them.

Perhaps you yourself feel that in art matters you are very much alive and open to the impressions of to-day, and so you say to him with all the confidence of a man who expects to be supported in his opinion, that, much as this country has been decried by Europeans as a dollar-loving land, we are yet advancing to the front in at least one of the arts, and that the best exponents of landscape art to-day are Americans, — that France already knows this, and that America is beginning to realize it.

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you," says he, and once more the lip curls gracefully (he must put it up in curl papers). "From the time of Lorraine and Poussin, up through the English and French schools to the modern American, there has never been a school that really produced an art creation in landscape fit to cause enthusiasm in a really thinking man, a man who appreciates his Stepnovitch in literature, and his Petrovitski in sculpture. The only superlatively imaginative and poetic, and yet absolutely truthful landscapes that have ever been painted are those of Eric Finsen."

You gasp and ask him who Eric Finsen may be.

Again that holy smile that pardons all your lack of knowledge of the really necessary, and then he tells you that Eric Finsen is a Finnish fisherman, or perhaps a Danish carpenter, who only paints on Sundays, and that his work is known only to an inner circle of appreciative souls, but that by it Corot and Turner and Millet and Constable and Israels and Inness and Wyant and Rousseau become mere Christmas card-makers.

Once more — in his presence — you see how fatuous you have been really to like anything in American art, or the school of 1830, or the Englishmen; and you feel, without having seen anything of Finsen's work, that he alone of all painters has struck the true note, and that future painters had better try some other profession, as Finsen has already distanced them.

And speaking of true notes, let us sound our friend on composers, — for he is nothing if not musical, and ten years ago he felt so mortally tired of orchestral music, as utterly inadequate to express the thoughts that arose in him, that he now never attends a concert of any sort, preferring to read the music scores in his own room, and thus getting an absolutely perfect representation of the master work of master minds.

You ask him whether in naming the three great composers of all time he would include Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner, or whether he would leave out Bach and put in Richard Strauss (Strauss is really a sop to him).

"Oh, how puerile a selection! Why mention any of those three? Bach I might allow to remain for historical reasons, but Beethoven and Wagner I left behind me ages ago, and Richard Strauss, — the main fault that I find with Richard Strauss is that he is so old-fashioned, so hopelessly melodic and conventional. *Till Eulenspiegel* is a tune to be whistled by kindergartners.

"No, if you want the music of the future, the real thing, the last word for all time in music, get the scores — if you can, they are not published in this country — of Johann Rübernek of Prague, a young man not yet twenty-five, but already past master of orchestra of the future. He has invented six instruments for the purpose of making sounds that hitherto never existed, and when I read his scores all else in music seems banality. Rubernek is the finis in music."

It is time to reel out, and you do so, and find the old-fashioned sun still shin-

ing, and a piano organ is playing a "crudity" from *Aïda*, and you rejoice in it. You go up to the park, and look at St. Gaudens's statue of Sherman, and you actually like it, and feel that in spite of the photographs of Petrovitski's statues St. Gaudens is among the immortals. Then you go to the Metropolitan Museum and you dare to drink in the everlasting beauty of one of Inness's dreams of God's country, and in the evening you venture to like a performance of one of Shakespeare's "attempts" at the drama, and you thank God that you never before heard of Stepnovitch, Petrovitski, Finsen, or Rübernek.

But, nevertheless, you have a sneaking feeling that your friend represents the *crême de la crême* of culture. Dogmatism, great is thy power!

HOW I CAME TO DO IT

It had never been my intention to adopt literature as an exclusive profession. A publisher's cheque for an occasional book notice, or something equally unimportant, had been a handy means of securing a new hat, a fishing rod, or something else not on the regular programme; but after all a $1700 salary was not to be thrown overboard for such bits of driftwood as these. So I should doubtless still have been meeting my old engagements with my pupils and cashing my monthly orders for $141.66, if one of the Muses had n't plucked me by the ear and put me up to writing that little poem. I did not think there was very much in it at first, — just a little conceit that popped into my head and lent itself readily to rhyme and metre, and quit when it was done. After it was down on paper, however, I thought it might as well see the light if any magazine was willing to print it, and so I started it off to one of the big metropolitan monthlies. It came back in due time — in fact, in most excellent time — and I started it off again, just to see whether the mails and the ready rejecters could make such a record twice in succession. They could and did, but a repeated act soon gets into a habit, and I still had some stamps left. By the time that the rest of the metropolitan monthlies had had their turn at it, I was beginning to get a little nettled. Of course I did not yet believe that the verses had any real literary merit, but I did not exactly see why I should be so unanimously discriminated against on that account. So I turned the index finger of my ambition a few points farther south and mailed a neat and new typewritten copy to a great publication whose name I am precluded by an innate modesty from divulging. A few weeks of waiting convinced me that my production was at least the subject of profound deliberation, — something that the alacrity of previous rejections did not suggest. Then came a formal notice that the poem had been accepted. There was no particular elation in that, as I had had a few things accepted before. It was only when the cheque came, some days later, that I was swept off my feet and found the whole course of life suddenly altered. Perhaps even the cheque itself might not have moved me seriously, but the accompanying document awoke me at once to the serious importance of my position. It read substantially as follows:—

"Received of the —— Company, Two . . . . Dollars, in full compensation for the manuscript entitled (here modesty again enjoins silence) and for all rights of publication thereof whatsoever, and for copyright thereon and for all renewals thereof, which rights are hereby irrevocably assigned to the said —— Company and to its successors and assigns forever. And it is further understood that the acceptance of the aforesaid manuscript is upon the good faith of my assertion that it is entirely original and has never before been published in any publication whatsoever. And I hereby further agree that it shall not be published elsewhere with my knowledge and consent except by previous agreement, duly entered into and attested with the aforesaid —— Company. $2.00 (Signature.) . . . . . .

"Sign and return to the —— Company."

My hat went off and my right hand involuntarily went up as I read, and as the last words passed beneath my eye I solemnly uttered the words, I DO. Pedagogy may have its charms, but it takes literature to raise a man into a creature of solemn importance. For better or for worse, through good report and through ill, the Muse shall be my bride till death do us part. As for the $2.00, my first thought was to get a pin attached to it and wear it; I have since concluded to use it in the purchase of postage stamps.

ON THE NECESSITY OF HAVING AN OPINION

I have recently been asked to read a paper wherein were set forth my opinions regarding the ethics of the novel. I was to say what I thought it should be and is not, and to give the reasons why.

The suggestion filled me with discomfort. In this age and place it is humiliating to discover that one has no opinion on a given point of ethics; but I cannot decide whether a novel should be an undisguised sweetmeat, or a pill of information in the gilding of a story, — cannot even decide which I prefer. It seems to me the height of unreason to expect any normal person to do this. Why should I find fault with any kind of novel, provided it be good of its kind? No art has so wide a field as the art of fiction, this field being nothing less than the whole of human life; and as life is many things, so must the novel be. It seems as foolish to find fault with different kinds of novels as with different kinds of food. There is a large and worthy class of people who start the day on baked beans and brown bread, with possibly a chop thrown in. There is another equally large and equally worthy class for whom a roll and a cup of coffee will suffice; but shall I condemn either of these because of a personal preference for muffins and marmalade?

There are people who read novels to make them think. There are those who read them in order that they may not think. There are people who read novels in order to experience emotions. There are those who read them in order to escape emotions. There are people who read novels because they have not enough to do. There are others who read them because they have too much to do, and need relaxation. Does it not seem foolish to say that one is more right than the other?

If I must confess to a personal preference, as I have done on the subject of breakfast foods, I will say that I do not like a story to end badly, and never read such an one unless tempted by a promise of some unusual significance of life or literary art. It is easy to be harrowed by real life. I can involuntarily and without the aid of a book be as miserable as any one could wish. Why, then, should I be voluntarily miserable, and pay a dollar or so, according to bindings, for the experience?

I know that this is a primitive point of view, one that is justly censured by all literary artists, but I must confess to never having "grown up" in my attitude toward stories. I do not (like my friend of exalted intellect) read a novel to see how it is done, but to find out what happens, and the people and incidents are appallingly real to me. But whatever my personal feelings may be, I do not therefore condemn all novels with bad endings. Though I have a weak-minded preference for being cheerful as often as I can, shall I find fault with those who are willing to pay for being miserable?

Why this feverish need of classifying our mental states, this defining, or, what is usually the same thing, confining our opinions? I dare not reflect upon the number of organizations that exist for the sole purpose of enabling people to say what they think, and why they think it. But some of us find it inconvenient to be asked to proclaim, for instance, the name of our favorite composer, for perhaps we do not at the moment know which he is;

or we may have liked Chopin yesterday, but prefer Schumann to-day, and cannot in any case give any reason for preferring one to the other.

Confession of such a mental condition subjects us to being charged with inconsequence and inconsistency, — two qualities which cannot be tolerated in a discussion club. So there is nothing left but to sit in silence, and regret the halcyon days when inconsequence and inconsistency were considered a part of feminine charm; or else, when, having no opinion, speak we must, to defend the lack of one as eloquently as we may.

BOOKS FOR A COLD

I remember reading some time ago about a Russian composer who made his living in a bank or an office. He had no time to devote to composition, except an occasional short period when he was confined to the house by a severe attack of influenza. Composition was his heart work, his ruling passion, so the attacks of influenza — and they were asserted to be genuine — were welcomed by him as angels' visits.

As we who are living — or trying to live — in New York are pretty sure to have colds next spring if we have not got them now, it might be well for us to show a spirit of what the statesmen awkwardly term "preparedness," if we cannot attain to the thankful mind of the inspired Russian. That this is not a Christian Scientific attitude the writer is perfectly conscious; but the writer is suffering from a cold in the head and does not care.

My cold was, perhaps, well timed in coming just after Christmas, when, besides the What is Worth While and Friendship series, and the calendars, cards, and Henry van Dykelets symptomatic of the time, some real books found their way into the house. The writer feels that he has hit upon some that are really adapted to the needs of a cold, and is willing to prescribe them to others.

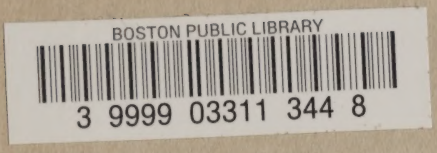
The very best of all his discoveries is Tolstoï's *War and Peace*. You have in the first place the change of climate so beneficial to the sufferer. You simply exchange this atmosphere of drafts and sniffles for another quite as real and human, — indeed more so. For if dear stupid Pierre and the little Princess with the downy upper lip, and Natasha in love with all the world, and Prince Andrei, and Dolukhof, and the entire Restof family are not more real and more human than many of the people you meet, then you have been singularly fortunate in your New York acquaintance.

Of course it is long — one really *needs* a slight cold as a pretext for escaping so long from one's duties, or from the many distracting pursuits that we who might have leisure make duties of. But life is long while we are living it, and *War and Peace*, Mr. Howells has said, is life. It is Russia and a hundred years ago, but it is also America and to-day, for life is eternal in the sense of being continuous and unchanging. Here we are, then, in a new society, privileged to listen to their diverting talk; to see with divining eyes into a thousand wonderfully various souls; and this without having to raise our husky voices in reply, or feel the least conscious in blowing our noses. I have not yet finished *War and Peace*, and I may tire of it, as I may tire of life before I get through with it; but I do not expect to tire of either.

I have found another book, and I anticipate that some to whom I prescribe it will put themselves out to thank me as I intend to thank the lady — of course it was a lady — who called my attention to its "delicate air." This is Henry James's *French Poets and Novelists*. It is not a new book (the first edition appeared in 1878), but if there were any new books of such clarity, such elegance of style, such flattering, tickling wit, and such discriminating enthusiasm, how gladly would we read them, and even buy them! There are eloquent little essays (constructive criticism indeed) on George Sand, Balzac, Baudelaire, de Musset, etc., and we

have in each its subject preserved for us in miniature perfection, and in the permanent amber of an unapproachable style. The charm of this little book cannot be written down; to do it justice would be to write another such book, and who to-day is to write it? How illuminating it would be to have such a writer turning his lantern on the literary productions of our day, — for example, on *The Sacred Fount!* These two "discoveries" are, I admit, balancing the egg considerably after Columbus; but I will do worse and affirm that during this same beneficent cold I have discovered also two excellent plays, *Hamlet* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, besides *The Gentle Reader* and the *Essays* of Douglas Jerrold. I will not claim for all an equal efficacy, but the fact that the fair Beatrice is "stuffed and cannot smell" proves that one touch of influenza makes the whole world kin.

I take the thanks of my fellow sufferers for granted. I congratulate them on their opportunity. "The writer of these lines," says Henry James in the essay on Madame de Sabran, "has read the book with extreme pleasure, and he cannot resist the temptation to prolong his pleasure and share it with such readers as have a taste for delicate things."

I have shared my pleasure, — or my medicine, and I hope I shall be rewarded by hearing of the discoveries of others in this same direction, or, at least, an explanation as to why some books are a sovereign remedy, while others, like *The Making of an American*, Robert Browning's poems, the books of Elinor Glyn, the magazines with their interesting articles on radium (it is needless to say that I cite at random) are, however valuable they may be at other times, distinctly not to be recommended as books for a cold.

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